

KEY

1. Commemorative Bench
2. Steve Redgrave Park
- 2a. The Worksop Wolfman
3. The Plaza & The Fountain of Piss
- 3a. Continental Market
4. Gossip's Bar (the No. 1 Talking Spot)
5. Le Pew's nightclub
6. Mes Amis Coffee Shop (formerly The Cob Shop)
7. The Cop Shop
8. Milton Towers
9. Zebedee's the Chemist
10. Mr Stitch (clothing alterations)
11. Doctor Powers' & Doctor Kohlrabi's Surgery
12. We Never Close Ever
13. Mr Chippy
14. War Memorial
15. The Sandwich Factory
16. 007 Snacks - licensed to grill
17. The Graveyard
18. Oil Refinery
19. Garden Centre (opening soon, subject to removal of Tinkers)
20. The Nikki Milican School for Young Unruly Boys & Girls
- 20a. Beef Future
21. Kernel Cob's Road Safety Roadshow
22. The old Mecca Bingo (formerly The Regal Cinema - Cliff Richard performed here in 1962)
23. Lovers' Lane
24. The Lido
25. Skateboard Park
26. The Zen Garden
27. The First Church of Christ on a Bike
28. Empty shop unit 'To Let'
29. Byron Heights (including Tantalise formerly Tantastic)
30. Big Davie's Garage
31. Mick Hucknall's Quality Pies and Savoury Snacks
32. The Slaughterhouse
33. Organon Research
34. Haunted House
35. George at Walmart
36. Barabbas Module 101001100001*
- 36a. The Nuclear Power Station
- 36b. Statue in tribute to the god Air Guitar
- 36c. Statue in tribute to the god Bring It On
- 36d. Statue in tribute to the god Xtra Factor
- 36e. Statue in tribute to the god Cannon Fodder

***A NOTE ON NUMBER 36: BARABBAS MODULE 101001100001**

The cloistered inhabitants of Barabbas Module 101001100001 worked for the international giant conglomerate Barabbas Incorporated and ran quite efficiently on Windows Horizon (implanted into their vestibulocochlear¹ nerve).

At the core of this infrastructure was the nuclear power station which not only harnessed enough might to blast the whole of North 'Once-you-are-born-ere-you-can-never-get-out' to kingdom come but also produced a nutritional, gelatinous-like by-product that was processed into tablet form and served as the Barabbian's staple diet. This mushy pea coloured, tasteless, odourless product was trademarked under the nom de plume of Radiobites and Radiolites (for those watching their waistline).

Although the Barabbians harboured certain pretensions to be far superior in every walk of life and rather self-righteously categorized those below as 'twonks', they were wholly dependent upon said 'twonks' for three things:

1: Pickled Onion Monster Munch. Produced cravings like no other fried maize snack could. The Monster-like shapes made scoffing them down even more fun. "I 'so' could die for a bag of Pickled Onion Monster Munch right at this very precise moment in which I am standing here thanks to the gravitational pull of this planet!" was a common Barabbian saying. Monster snacks were delivered by the Kiltonites² every Wednesday teatime.

2: Bear Baiting. A rather sadistic underground practice which took the form of a covert Barabbian ring thieving a Barabbas Inc teddy bear from the grasping mitts of some Barabbian brat then chucking it down waste disposal. Collection was made by the shameless Mantonians³ who in turn lobbed it over the gates of Beef Future at lunch break. Proceedings were watched (verging on onanism) from telescopes as the unfortunate little ones tore poor ted asunder. Bets were placed on which needful little one would bag the head. The undisputed title-holder in the field of Bear Baiting was a kid by the name of Febreze⁴.

3: Loose Fitting Clothing. Tracky bottoms and slippers were in constant demand. Both the Mantonians and Kiltonites dealt in this seedy trade and unashamedly shopped for these items in George at Walmart (delivering them every Wednesday teatime along with the Monster snack delivery).

¹ The vestibulocochlear nerve is the eighth of twelve cranial nerves and is responsible for transmitting sound information from the inner ear to the brain.

² Kiltonites - enemy of the Mantonians.

³ Mantonians - enemy of the Kiltonites.

⁴ Reputedly, after bagging the head, Febreze lordly held aloft her trophy, then did cast the dismembered Barabbas Inc ted head to concrete as if it meant fuck all.

Other than that, not an awful lot can be written upon this race, other than that they had extremely dry facial skin which they were most proud of - for the more flakes upon the shoulders, the more comely they were to each other. Any Barabbian citizen caught in possession of illegal moisturiser faced immediate deportation and removal of their Windows Horizon implant without local anaesthetic. The only other interesting fact is they were quite dotty about their Barabbian gods, namely Cannon Fodder, Air Guitar, Bring It On and Xtra Factor.