1066 – Hastings - Whilst advising Harald, king of the Saxons, on military matters, Porridge quickly checks the current cloud formations and exclaims ‘Oh look up at that one, Sir, looks a bit like a castle’; awkward moment involving an arrow.

1853 – After a particularly entertaining night in good company, involving gin and opiates, on the outskirts of Kidderminster, Porridge awakens dishevelled in a wood in Northern Scotland near an open body of water, with minimal recollection of travelling there. A sudden noise drew his attention to the shoreline, where he encountered a strange being of approximately 8ft in height, reptilian in appearance and with all the charm and grace of roadkill. Hours passed as these two creatures observed each other. Eventually due to a combination of primitive stick drawings, luck and the novel use of fish innards, the creature gave its name as ‘Grrrgl, hkurf, cllng’. Deciding this was a little difficult to pronounce in polite company,
Porridge names the creature ‘Barnaby’ and a legend was born. They spend many days, heading back to civilisation in the hope of finding a hostelry…..they discover Glasgow….

1854 – Blurry.

1855 – Blurry. Something involving chickens.


1857 - Porridge meets his mother and in a convoluted ‘grandfather paradox moment’ saves her from the untimely advances of Lord Woderick, Earl of Dutton-on-the-naze. As a consequence he is forced to spur the advances of his unsuspecting mother as even for Porridge this would be awkward. He would later recant the tale to Robert Zemeckis in a bar in lower Brooklyn, thus becoming the inspiration for a famous 1980s time travel movie.

1876 – Bristol. – Porridge born into poverty, abandoned and left on the doorstep of Mr. & Mrs. Stroopwaffle, The Blindings, Cowpat way, nr Bristol. Heritage unknown.

1898 – Martian landings on Horsham common. Porridge leads the charge against the Martian cylinder and discovers the Martians struggling to move in Earths’ gravity, their bloated squid-like bodies flailing in the late summer evening. In the interests of diplomacy, Porridge appropriates a 3 legged alien carrier to help them move around and engage with humans in a peaceful manner. Due to an unfortunate miscommunication however, said Martian expires. War is declared. Sushi brought to the capital a few months later.
1901 – After the ‘First Martian War’, Porridge becomes an Exploring officer for the Crown, heads up research project involving Martian technology. Superiors believe the best place for Porridge is somewhere quiet and away from others. He is nevertheless allowed to tinker with a few apparently safe objects. Working on translating the Martian code, leads to the discovery of a red button on a small Martian cylinder. Due to a terrible miscalculation, ‘Push button’ and ‘only in an emergency’ leads to Porridge absorbing the complete Martian database and he gains the ability to time travel. No one has been able to understand how this temporal ability works but it probably involves beer. Barnaby becomes trapped in a parallel dimension and becomes only visible to Porridge, this causes Porridge to be viewed by some as a renegade Eccentric.

1906 – Porridge discovers he has family after the recent death of a great uncle Archibald, a hitherto unknown relative. Great uncle Archibald, owner of the popular Mr Fruity’s Brand, bequeaths all his wordly goods to Porridge who then receives a small fortune from the sales of the company’s most popular products; Mr Fruity’s Canned Salad for One (*contains at least 1% lettuce), and Mr Fruity’s Child Pacifier (*Warning* May contain Lead). Being an Exploring Officer, Porridge decides to leave his noble companion Barnaby in charge of company policy.

2012 – Materialises in the modern world without finances or direction, possessing only his exploring Corp attire and a thirst for beer. To his consternation he realises that in his glorious apparel he is eliciting unwanted attention. Until, one dusky mid-week evening he stumbled upon a group of marvellously dressed individuals known as Steampunk who welcomed Porridge with open arms and copious quantities of gin. The rest (as they say) is history.