

# **Flanagan's Running Club – Issue 2**

## **Introduction**

The first rule of Flanagan's Running Club is no one talks about Flanagan's Running Club! If you are on the mailing list it is because you are trusted not to talk about Flanagan's Running Club. Due to the fact that fun at work has been banned in these dystopian times, I'm not making the distribution list known, and I'm asking for you not to forward this on to anyone.

## **On This Day**

1978 – The last Volkswagen Beetle made in Germany leaves VW's plant in Emden.

1986 – The first IBM PC computer virus is released into the wild. A boot sector virus dubbed (c)Brain; it was created by the Farooq Alvi Brothers in Lahore, Pakistan, reportedly to deter unauthorized copying of the software they had written.

It is St Wulfstan's Day

## **Mapping The London Year**

1661 – Thomas Venner, rebel leader of the Fifth Monarchy Men, is executed after a failed coup. Venner was a cooper who had lived in New England for 22 years before returning to England to join the Fifth Monarchy Men, a quasi-political group of religious zealots who had unsuccessfully tried to overthrow Oliver Cromwell. After their previous leader had been killed, Thomas Venner was chosen to lead the uprising against the recently restored Charles II. At one point they drove back an army of 1,200, which was impressive as although they were reported to have 500 men, Samuel Pepys wrote that they were actually only about 50. Their last stand was against General Monck's men at the Helmut Tavern in Threadneedle Street, where soldiers used the butts of their muskets to break through the clay roof tiles before shooting them. Although wounded 19 times, Venner was captured and able to stand trial at the Old Bailey before being hung, drawn and quartered.

## **Chuck D Presents This Day In Rap And Hip-Hop History**

### **Oakland rapper Seagram releases his debut album “The Dark Roads” on Rap-A-Lot Records.**

The Oaktown MC's first set, which included guest appearances from label mates Geto Boys and Ganksta N-I-P, reached #74 on the R&B chart. The album produced the cult-favourite single “The Vill” as well as the album cut “Straight Mobbin” which was the first hip-hop track to utilise the -izzle slang started by rappers like E-40 and later popularised by Snoop Dogg.

## **365 – Great Stories From History For Every Day Of The Year**

1568 It is difficult to separate the truth from the legend when it comes to Don Carlos, eldest son of Philip II of Spain. Some reports claim that he was warped in both body and mind, slightly hunchbacked and almost small enough to be a dwarf. Others (more probably) say that he had been a fairly normal boy until at the age of eighteen he fell down a staircase, severely cracking his head in the process. For several days he lay blind and delirious, his head swollen to enormous size, and all despaired for his life.

In a last attempt to save him, his family and doctors called on the intervention of God. In the nearby monastery of Jesus Maria lay the mummified body of the holy Fray Diego, who had died a century before. Fray Diego's desiccated corpse was placed beside Carlos in bed, and after one night in such company the dying boy started to recover. Soon he was physically well, but all reports agree that before long it became clear that he was mad.

The more extreme stories have him torturing horses, whipping nubile girls and cooking rabbits alive. What is certain is that during the next few years Carlos revelled in sadism and suffered periods of manic and murderous fury. He once attacked the Inquisitor General, shouting, “A little priest dares to oppose me!” Proclaiming hatred for his father Philip, he tried to escape to Germany.

Finally Philip had no choice but to turn Carlos's room into a prison. Early on the morning of 19 January 1568, the king entered his son's chambers personally to supervise the incarceration: all

doors and windows were nailed shut and no one but his jailers was allowed to speak to the Prince. Carlos was never seen again in public.

On 24 July it was announced that Carlos had died. King Philip informed his court that his son had repeatedly attempted suicide, trying everything from self-starvation to lying naked on blocks of ice, to setting his bed on fire. Philip claimed that eventually he had succumbed to fever.

In all probability Carlos died of slow poisoning on his father's orders. The more lurid accounts say that the reason was Philip's fury on learning of Carlos's passion for his Queen, young Elizabeth of Valois, a theory embraced with more gusto than historical probability by Schiller and Verdi. Others claim that Carlos had repeatedly threatened to kill his father. But in all likelihood tough-minded Philip's reason was that only mad Carlos's death could keep him from inheriting the throne of Spain.

### **Births**

1736 – James Watt  
1809 – Edgar Allan Poe  
1946 – Dolly Parton  
1980 – Jenson Button

### **Deaths**

2000 – Hedy Lamarr  
2006 – Wilson Pickett

### **Number 1's**

Number 1 single in 2009 - 1964 - Dave Clark Five - Glad All Over (Played when the teams run out at Crystal Palace home games. They are thinking about having Captain Sensible's "Glad It's All Over" at the end of matches)

Number 1 album in 1982 - Human League - Dare

Number 1 compilation album in 2007 - Radio 1's Live Lounge

### **Random Results**

2014 – Swansea City 1 – Tottenham Hotspur 3  
2014 – Seattle Seahawks 23 – San Francisco 49ers 17

## **Drabble**

A drabble is a complete story that is exactly one hundred words long.

### **Clive**

There was an elephant called Clive. He was friends with a chicken called Jeminah.

One day they had an argument. No one knows how it started; they called each other names, getting madder as the argument proceeded. Clive used his trunk and squirted Jeminah with water. Jeminah retaliated by rushing up to Clive and pecking him.

Clive felt the slight sting of the pecking and was annoyed. He waited until Jeminah stopped pecking and then stamped on her.

The argument was over and the vultures had something to eat.

Clive moved on and became friends with a hyena called Trevor.

## **Joke**

A group of friends go deer hunting, separating into pairs for the day. As a huge thunderstorm rolls in, the group return to the ranch – only to spy Bill returning alone, staggering under a huge buck.

“Where’s Harry?” asks another hunter.

“He fainted a couple of miles up the trail.” Bill replies.

“You left him lying there alone and carried the deer back?”

Bill nods. “It was a tough decision,” he says, “but I figured no-one is going to steal Harry.”

## Random Items

### Fact

Movie trailers were originally shown after the movie, which is why they were called “trailers”.

### Firsts

1714 – Henry Mill is granted the first patent for a typewriter.

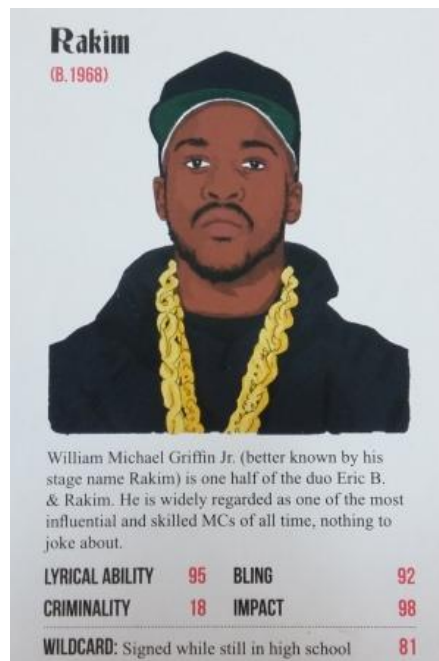
1871 – The QWERTY keyboard is introduced.

### Thought

Why are there 5 syllables in the word "monosyllabic"?

## Rappers of the Nineties Trumps

Might as well start with the greatest rapper of all time.



## Quote

Unknown female voice in the office – I really need a...

Kev (in the pause that followed) – Brain?

## Going Underground

### **Queensbury**

Really means ‘a fortified place’ but do not look for the remains in this part of north-west London. When the new Metropolitan Line to Stanmore was opened on 10 December 1932, one station was called

Kingsbury. Two years later, a further station was opened and the name *Queensbury* was invented for it.

The station was opened as QUEENSBURY on 16 December 1934.

## Top Ten

Ten countries with territories lying closest to New Zealand.

No	Country	Distance from New Zealand to closest Territory
1	USA	179 km
2	France	327 km
3	Tonga	419 km
4	Kiribati	445 km
5	Samoa	462 km
6	Australia	618 km
7	Fiji	872 km
8	Tuvalu	911 km
9	Vanuatu	1,562 km
10	Solomon Islands	2,222 km

## Cathedral Fact Files

Cathedral	Bristol Cathedral		
Dedicated To	Holy Trinity (Formerly St. Augustine)		
Type	Medieval	Architecture	Gothic
Religion	COE	Tower / Spire	2 Towers
Site Founded	1140	Height (External)	136ft
Church Founded	1140	Height (Internal)	52ft
Bishopric Founded	1542	Length	338ft
Current Bishopric Founded	1897	Width	137ft

## Thirty-Three And One Third Revolutions Per Minute

### Eric B & Rakim – Paid In Full

This was the debut album of American hip hop duo Eric B. & Rakim, and was released on July 7, 1987, on the 4th & Broadway Record label. It was recorded between Hip-Hop producer Marley Marl's home studio and the Power Play Studios in New York City. The album peaked at number 58 on the Billboard US chart and at number 85 on the UK album chart. All beats and samples were put together by Eric B. (real name Eric Barrier) and all lyrics were written by Rakim (real name William Griffin Jr) and they produced the album under executive producer Robert Hill. It was engineered by Patrick Adams, remixed by Marley Marl and mastered by Herb Powers. The cover's art direction was by Ruth Kaplan featuring photography by Ron Cantarsy.

The Album is credited as a benchmark album of golden age hip hop. Rakim's rapping, which pioneered the use of internal rhymes in hip hop, set a higher standard of lyricism in the genre and served as a template for future rappers. The album's heavy sampling by Eric B. became influential in hip hop production. The record has sold over a million copies and the Recording Industry Association of America (RIAA) certified it platinum in 1995. In 2003, the album was ranked number 228 on Rolling Stone magazine's list of the 500 greatest albums of all time. MTV ranked it at number one in "The Greatest Hip-Hop Albums of All Time", stating it raised the standards of hip-hop "both sonically and poetically" and described it as "captivating, profound, innovative and instantly influential". It is one of the most sampled albums of all time, and the most sampled Hip-Hop album of all time (with over 1000 samples from it). Two remixes of each of three singles from the album "*Paid In Full*", "*I Know You Got Soul*", and "*Move The Crowd*" were put out as a white label / bootleg mini LP called "The Mixpak Elpee", before a 1988 limited edition repackaging of the album included these remixes as a second disc.

## Track listing

Track 1 - "*I Ain't No Joke*" was the second single released by the duo on the album, and was released just prior to the album's release. It had the beat made up from "*Pass the Peas*" by The JB's, and Dexter Wansel's "*Them From The Planets*" and had a much stripped back sound. This track has been sampled 75 times by other artists, mainly in Hip-Hop and R'n'B, something that was used to try and get around trying to get the clearance to use the original source samples.

Track 2 - "*Eric B. Is On The Cut*" was an instrumental beat and scratching track showing off the skills of Eric B., and contained samples of The Jackson 5's "*It's Great To Be Here*", Z.Z. Hill's "*I Think I'd Do It*" and their own first single "*Eric B. Is President*". This use of their own tracks as samples, of re-use of snippets of lyrics was something that the duo became known for over the years, and was a technique that many other Hip-Hop artists have borrowed.

Track 3 - "*My Melody*" was the original B-side of the first single release "*Eric B. Is President*" and was built over a sample of The Magic Disco Machine's "*Scratchin*" plus additional layering including Rufus Thomas' "*Do The Funky Penguin*", John Davis and the Monster Orchestra's "*I Can't Stop*", Beside's "*Change The Beat*", Keni Burke's "*Risin' To The Top*", and Mountain's "*Long Red*", and has been sampled in over 120 tracks itself.

Track 4 - "*I Know You Got Soul*", was the third single released from the album. It consisted of samples from Bobby Byrd - "*I Know You Got Soul*", Funkadelic - "*You'll Like It Too*", and Syl Johnson - "*Different Strokes*". M|A|R|R|S sampled the line; pump up the volume, on their number one UK single, "*Pump Up the Volume*", one of over 300 tracks to sample this. Reached number 13 in UK singles Chart under the "Six Minutes of Soul" remix by Double Trouble which used The Jackson 5's - "*I Want You Back*" as the main bassline, and also threw in tracks by Baby Huey - "*Listen To Me*", The JB's - "*The Grunt*", Kool & The Gang - "*Funky Stuff*" and Dennis Edwards & Seidah Garrett - "*Don't Look Any Further*". This was the track that catapulted Eric B. & Rakim into the big time hitting the charts in over thirty countries around the world and boosting the album sales and recognition.

Track 5 - "*Move the Crowd*", was the fourth single released from the album and it reached number 53 in UK singles chart. Built on samples from The JB's "*Hot Pants Road*", and Return To Forever's "*Flight Of The Newborn*", it also sampled their first single "*Eric B. Is President*". The single was remixed by The Wild Bunch and contained additional samples from Kool & The Gang - "*N.T.*" and Fancy - "*Feel Good*". The further remix by the Democratic 3 that got included on The Mixpak Elpee had another 18 samples of songs by Chocolate Milk, Little Richard, Maceo & The Macks, Barry White, The Honey Drippers, Manzel, The Jimmy Castor Bunch, James Brown, Graham Central Station, Boogie Down Productions, Kurtis Blow, Grandmaster Flash and themselves.

Track 6 - Side Two opened with the title track, "*Paid in Full*", which was released as a single in 1987 as the fifth single from the album, after originally being the B-side to "*Move The Crowd*" and it was later remixed in 1988 by the production duo Coldcut in their seminal Seven minutes of Madness remix, and also by Derek B in his Urban respray remix. The album version used a clip from The Soulsearchers' "*Ashley's Roachclip*" as a drum beat, and layered the bassline of Dennis Edwards & Seidah Garrett's "*Don't Look Any Further*" over the top, and then sampled scratches from Fab 5 Freddy's "*Change The Beat*". The remix used several vocal samples, most prominently "*Im Nin'Alu*" by Israeli singer Ofra Haza, film and TV dialogue by Geoffrey Sumner, Mikey Dread, Ronald Reagan, Don Pardo and Humphrey Bogart, and clips from James Brown - "*Hot Pants*", Original Concept - "*Pump That Bass*", Lyn Collins - "*We Want To Parrry, Parrry, Parrry*", Rick Jones - "*Bang On A Drum*", The Peech Boys - "*Don't Make Me Wait*" and The Salsoul Orchestra - "*Ooh I love It*". It has been sampled in over 100 tracks since its release as well. It was voted as number 24 on VH1's "100 Greatest Hip Hop Songs". Reached number 15 in UK singles Chart.

Track 7 - "*As the Rhyme Goes On*" was released as a UK only single in 1988 and reached number 81 in UK singles Chart. Sampling the same James Brown "*Funky President*" as the first single "*Eric B. Is President*", it also added samples from Barry White's "*I'm Gonna Love You Just A Little Bit More Baby*", Fausto Papetti's "*Love's Theme*", and The Beastie Boys' "*Hold It Now, Hit It*", though the single release was the "Pumpin' the Turbo" remix by Chad Jay and brought in other samples from Freda Payne's "*Unhooked Generation*", Fancy's "*Feel Good*", Genesis' "*Tonight, Tonight, Tonight*", 3-D's "*Once More (You Hear The Dope Stuff)*" and their own "*Paid In Full*."

Track 8 - "*Chinese Arithmetic*" was another instrumental beat and scratching track showing off the skills of Eric B., and contained a sample of AC/DC's "*Flick Of The Switch*". These instrumental tracks were pioneering in heightening the art of the DJ, as previously they had been in the background, just there to play some beats that the rappers or MCs would spit their lyrics over.

Track 9 - "*Eric B. Is President*" was released as the first single. The track sparked debate on the legality of unauthorized sampling when James Brown sued to prevent the duo's use of his music in the track. There were six tracks that were sampled to put the track together; two by James Brown

("Get Up, Get Into It, Get Involved" & "Funky President"), The Mohawks' "The Champ", Mountain's "Long Red", Fonda Rae's "Over Like A Fat Rat", and The Honey Drippers' "Impeach The President", the latter of which is said to be the most sampled track in history. The track's second verse is said to be a response to Janet Jackson's "What Have You Done For Me Lately".

Track 10 - "Extended Beat" was the final instrumental beat and scratching track showing off the skills of Eric B., and is the only track on the album not to contain any samples, it just contains beats put together by Eric B., who then uses them to create scratch sound effects. It is also the only track from the album not to have been sampled.

## Story Time

### The Perfect Murder

Rafe sat on the bed in his studio flat trying to read a random paperback book he had been given. He had been awake for hours, and should really have folded the bed away back into the sofa. However he was hung-over and lounging on the bed seemed like a good idea today, plus, as with most things to do with his home life at the moment he couldn't be bothered. He couldn't remember the last time he had folded the bed away. The flat was pretty much empty, the few scant possessions in it were items that had been given to him, or as was the case with the sofa bed, gotten from a charity shop.

His fourth divorce had cleared him out completely. He half sat, half laid there in isolation, with the early afternoon sun streaming through the single window on this unseasonably warm Christmas day. As he lounged there his mind wandered away from the paperback in his hand. He was going to swear off marriage for the rest of his life now. Married and divorced four times by the time he was twenty-eight was ridiculous by anyone's standards, even Hollywood movie stars.

The first two marriages were too much too young, and ended by youthful indiscretions. Seventeen years old when married, the first one had ended fourteen months later when his wife had caught him in bed with another woman. That other woman became his second wife not long after the divorce came through. He'd only really married number two because she was pregnant. A miscarriage two days after the ceremony spelt the beginning of the end before they had even got to the end of the beginning. Three days before his twentieth birthday he was a single man again.

Number three had seemed perfect at first, but apart from the sex, it became apparent they had nothing in common. They both tried to make it work, but eventually gave up after it was obvious they had nothing to talk about.

Number four was the cause of most of his woes now. She was a driven woman, as it turned out, driven by money. From the day that they had met she had been on his case to improve his own lot, mainly to improve hers by association. Get a better job, get a car, buy a house, have foreign holidays. He'd left his quite enjoyable clerical job working for a Government department for a job in banking. It was a big step up in salary, but he hated it. The mentality of the people he worked with was just horrible. He spent four hours a day commuting, something that after the totally unnecessarily over the top wedding ceremony, actually became a god send. It was less time he had to spend with an overbearing, never happy woman.

Nothing he did was right, or good enough for her. She told him how rubbish his taste in clothes, books, music, films and television was on a daily basis. He heard it so often that he began to believe it himself. When the divorce went through it was a relief from the mental abuse he had been suffering. However, the settlement terms suggested to him that his solicitor was from a village that had its idiot missing. His ex-wife had got the house and everything in it, including all his clothes, the car, and somehow a grand a month allowance to pay for the upkeep of it all. All this despite the fact that she had deliberately quit her job after proceedings had started. He had been fired from his own job not long after. He had finally snapped at the attitude of his co-workers and thrown a bucket of water all over his manager, deeply satisfying at the time, but seen as a deliberate attempt to stop payments to his ex, so he had to carry on paying anyway.

One of his friends had suggested applying to join the police, as they were always looking for new recruits, and as he didn't have a criminal record there shouldn't be any issues. His application

had been accepted quickly, and he'd done his induction and initial training at Hendon before starting as a uniformed constable working out of the Didsbury police station in Manchester.

When his colleagues in the station had heard he had been divorced four times before he was even thirty, the memorable response had been, "Damn, with a marriage record like that around here, you'll be Superintendent within a couple of years" He could see the funny side of it, and if he wasn't still paying out a grand a month he might have laughed along with the rest of them.

Being based in south Manchester there were plenty of cheap rental properties available, and although his rent was less than five hundred quid a month, with the other bills he didn't have any spare cash at all. He couldn't even afford to travel back to King's Lynn to see his parents for Christmas.

He put his paperback down and got up off the bed and walked the couple of steps over to the kitchenette. He looked in the fridge and grimaced as the empty whiteness shone back at him. He ignored the empty bottle of Bacardi Spice that sat on the counter, a reminder of why he was suffering with a hangover today. He opened the cupboards above it. Two tins of ravioli and a box of animal crackers sat on the bottom shelf. He considered the tins, but plumped for the biscuits when he realised he couldn't be bothered cooking.

He wandered over to the recycling tub and dug out an old empty plastic bottle that had had a soft drink in it at some point, but the label had been peeled off and he couldn't remember what it had been. He rinsed it out before filling it with water from the tap. He headed for the single rickety chair next to a table in a similar state that sat in the window space, and as he did so almost tripped over the half full box of records at the foot of the bed.

He cursed to himself; he'd picked up the box for free from a house clearance, a little start on a new collection after having lost all of his old stuff to his latest divorce. He didn't even have anything to play them on. In fact he had nothing to play any kind of media on. Just being able to read for entertainment was going to get boring very quickly.

He sat down on the chair and pulled the notepad across the table it was on to him. When he had gotten bored reading he had taken to writing notes on how to kill ex-wife number four without being found out. He knew from the short amount of time he had been working for the police just how difficult it was not to leave some trace evidence at any crime scene.

Fingerprints and DNA were the obvious human traces, and he'd given samples of both voluntarily when he'd joined the police. They could analyse anything now; shoe prints, fibres from clothes – well fibres from anything really, dust, earth, crumbs, you name it, they could analyse it, find out what it was, where it came from and who had put it there. All unexpected deaths were investigated. Even scene of crime clothing, those silly white plastic overalls, left fibres, though they would often be ignored as having come from the SOCO's investigating.

He had planned on being able to get one of those suits for when he broke into his old house and killed his ex, hence ending the maintenance payments that were crippling him and his social life. He had been considering the method he would use to kill her. He had ruled out shooting as too risky, the noise would attract attention, getting a gun on the quiet was difficult and career ending for a policeman. He didn't feel he could stab her or slash her throat, he was still a bit squeamish, something his new colleagues told him would disappear with time on the job. Strangling always had the danger of taking too long, and there would be the possibility that she would wake, break free and kick his ass, she was a scary piece of work.

He had worked out he could try and make it look like an accident; he could break in to the house, turn on all the outputs on the gas cooker and leave them running to fill up the house with gas. There was an overflow outlet pipe that ran from the sink up and out through the frame of the window. He was going to remove the pipe from the hole and replace it with a candle. He would light the wick that would be facing the outside and leave it burning in the hole. It would melt the wax and eventually the candle would fall from the hole into the kitchen and ignite all the accumulated gas.

Once he had planned the method he had moved on to working out how to get to and from his old house in Sheffield without being noticed. There were lots of ways and methods of getting from Manchester to Sheffield and back, and all of them had hundreds of CCTV cameras tracking the comings and goings of all and sundry. Public transport really was a no-no; there was no way he could make that journey without being logged all the way. He didn't have a car and it wasn't possible to hire one nowadays without having to produce at least half a dozen forms of ID and a couple of spare body parts. This meant he would have to steal a car, or even two, one for each leg of the journey. The car would bring another set of problems, fibres left in the car, the unknown factor of how long it would be before the owner reported it missing. Would it have enough fuel? Would something go wrong with it? Would there be any random police check points? Especially at this time of year when they were going after potential drink drivers.

He had worked out the best places in both Manchester and Sheffield to steal cars from. Car parks where there were always lots of cars left overnight. He had found out where all the CCTV cameras were placed locally to his old house, and from that had managed to work out where to be able to leave a stolen car, get to the house, and then get from the house to a good place to steal another one passing the fewest cameras and from the acutest of angles.

He wasn't on the duty roster until the twenty-eighth now. Then he was on for eight days straight. If he was going to do this then he would need to do it in the next couple of days to give himself a belated Christmas present and a very happy new year.

Rafe had just finished scribbling some additional notes in the notepad when there was a knock on his door. He closed the notepad and made his way over to the door and opened it, not knowing who was out there due to the lack of a spyhole in the door. Outside in the corridor stood two uniformed police officers that he didn't recognise, they certainly weren't from his station.

"Raphael Thompson?" The male officer asked,

"Yeah that's me, what can I help you with?"

"Can we come in?"

"What for?"

"We've some bad news unfortunately."

Rafe recognised the signs; it was the deceased relative squad at the door, the standard male and female duo. He'd been out on a couple of these himself and hated them. He felt sorry for the pair in front of him, drawing this duty on Christmas day must stink. He didn't even consider the fact they were here to tell him someone he was close to was dead.

"I suppose you better come in then, but if you want a seat you'll find yourselves right out of luck."

The two officers followed him into the room and looked around the small space. Rafe went and sat back down on the chair in the window. The male officer cleared his throat.

"I'm sorry to have to tell you Mr Thompson, but Louise Thompson died overnight."

Rafe was surprised, "I thought she had changed her name after the divorce."

The officer looked uncomfortable, "Erm... you're not married to the deceased then?"

"No, haven't been for getting on for a year now."

"Ah, well, this is a bit awkward then, as we were told you were still next of kin."

"No, that'll be her toxic parents."



The officer just looked like he wanted to get out of there as quickly as possible.

“Erm, well, we’ll need to speak to them then, sorry to have interrupted you Mr Thompson.”

“Just out of interest, how did she die?”

“Well, it’s still being investigated, but there was a gas explosion at her house in the early hours of this morning. It took out half of the neighbour’s house as well, but they were away for Christmas, so your wife was the only casualty.”

“Ex-wife.”

“Yes, sorry, of course.”

Rafe sat staring at the notepad on the table in front of him trying to keep the disbelief off his face. He glanced over at the bottle of Bacardi Spice and back to the notepad trying to hold himself together. So much so that he totally missed what the officer was saying next.

“Mr Thompson, are you alright?”

“Yeah, sorry, I’m fine, it’s just so unexpected, quite a shock really, despite the split.”

“Are you alright if we leave you?”

“Yes, yes, I will be fine, thank you for letting me know, and good luck with her parents.”

“It will probably be someone else for that one, we’ll be going then.”

“Okay.”

Rafe got up out of the chair again and escorted them to the door, seeing them out. He closed the door and leant against it getting his breath back. He looked across to the window and the notepad on the table.

He needed to find somewhere to burn that, and quickly, before some other officers came back and started asking questions.

## Dilbert



## Epilogue

If you want to catch up on old issues, Drabbles I’ve had published, or the random scribbling from a bored mind then they are all available at <http://www.onetruekev.co.uk/>