

Flanagan's Running Club – Issue 22

Introduction

The first rule of Flanagan's Running Club is everyone should be telling everyone they know about Flanagan's Running Club! After all, sharing is caring.

Feel free to forward on to anyone you want, tell people about it the works, and just get them to sign up. It's quick and easy at the website homepage of <http://www.onetruekev.co.uk/> enter the e-mail address and select whether you want Flanagan's Running Club or blog post updates or both and then hit submit.

Can I ask you all a favour, please can you review my book on Inkitt, and the link is below. Even if you don't take time to read it properly, please flick through a few chapters, give it ratings and a review and vote for it please. It may help me get it published.

<https://www.inkitt.com/stories/thriller/201530>

Pub Crawl

The 2019 Pub Crawl is fast approaching. This year it is going to be a trip through Brighton & Hove, and it will be happening on Saturday 22nd June. Usual 12pm start, 12 pubs and a curry.

Liam has organised the route, and he has now finalised it, the details are below.

<u>#</u>	<u>Pub</u>	<u>Area</u>	<u>Time</u>	<u>Food Available?</u>
1	Idle Hands	Brighton Station	12:00	American
2	Good Companions	Seven Dials	13:00	Classic pub grub
3	Open House	London Road Station	14:00	Classic pub grub
4	Holler	London road	14:45	Pizza
5	Office	North Laines	15:40	Thai
6	North Laine	North Laines	16:25	Classic pub grub
7	Ranelagh	Kemptown	17:20	N/A
8	East Street Tap	South Lanes	18:05	Veggie
9	Victory	South Lanes	18:50	Classic pub grub
10	Tempest	Seafront	19:35	Seafood
11	Lion & Lobster	Brighton/Hove border	20:25	Classic pub grub
12	Hove Place	Hove	21:15	Classic pub grub
Curry	Bali Brasserie	Hove	22:00	

On This Day – 20th May

325 – The First Council of Nicaea is formally opened, starting the first ecumenical council of the Christian Church.

1983 – First publications of the discovery of the HIV virus that causes AIDS in the journal Science by Luc Montagnier.

It's World Bee Day and,
World Metrology Day.

365 Reasons To Be Proud To Be A Londoner - Magical Moments in London's History

Shiny Happy People

The first Pearly King was Henry Croft, a Victorian rat catcher. London's costermongers (street fruit sellers) then wore suits decorated with pearl buttons on the seams. Henry went one step further and completely covered a suit in pearls, including top hat and tails. He became famous and used his celebrity to raise money for charity. His colourful look and voluntary work were embraced by those embodiments of happy cockneydom, the Pearly Kings and Queens. Today they hold their annual Memorial Service in Trafalgar Square.

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

1997 - KRS-One releases his third solo album "I Got Next" on Jive.

Peaking at #3 on the Billboard 200 and #2 on the R&B chart, the gold-selling album was the Blastmaster's biggest selling album to date. Featuring production by Puff Daddy, Showbiz, DJ Muggs of Cypress Hill, Stevie J, Jesse West, KRS himself, and others, the hard-hitting album featured guest appearances by Angie Martinez of Hot 97 FM, Redman, Keava, G. Simone, Anthony Mills, Thor-EI, Lamont Fields, and Mic Vandalz.

"I Got Next" spawned the hit singles "Heartbeat", "Can't Stop, Won't Stop", and the classic "Step Into A World (Rapture's Delight)", which sampled the classic hip-hop breakbeat of "The Champ" by The Mohawks and an interpolation of Blondie's 1981 ode to hip-hop "Rapture", and reached #70 on the Billboard Hot 100.

Births

1944 – Joe Cocker
1961 – Nick Heyward
1970 – Louis Theroux
1985 – Chris Froome

Deaths

1506 – Christopher Columbus
1996 – Jon Pertwee

Number 1's

Number 1 single in 2013 - Daft Punk feat Pharrell Williams - Get Lucky
Number 1 album in 1966 - The Rolling Stones - Aftermath
Number 1 compilation album in 1995 - Various - On A Dance Tip 2

Drabble

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

Bike Sales 2

Another bike to go and look at, it was virtually new, as if it had never been ridden, but the problem was the price. In so much as the person there when he turned up didn't know what the price was supposed to be for the bike.

Their own web site had said fourteen hundred, yet the auto trader price had it as thirteen hundred, but the hapless salesman didn't know what the correct price was.

Additionally he wouldn't take a deposit because he couldn't guarantee the price.

It was a shame, but some things just aren't meant to be.

Joke

A little girl was failing math. Her mother enrolled her in Catholic school in the hopes to improve her math grades. During the first marking period, her mother noticed a dramatic improvement in her math studies. The girl would refuse playing with friends and eating dessert after dinner in order to study more. On report card day, her mother was astonished to see that her daughter got an A+ in math. She asked her daughter, "Why the sudden change of attitude about math -- do the nuns punish you?" The girl replied, "No, but when I saw the little man on the wall nailed to the plus sign, I knew that this school is very serious about math!"

Random Items

Facts

The title Mayor of Leicester dates back to 1209, and was made in to the post of Lord Mayor in 1927, and to date there have been more mayors called William (86) than any other name.

Snails are hermaphrodites, and produce both eggs and sperm, but cannot fertilise their own eggs, they have to swap sperm with another snail before they can lay their eggs.

Thoughts

Why is "abbreviated" such a long word?

If Superman is so smart, why does he wear underpants over his trousers?

Forgotten English

Phrenomagnetism

An excitement of the brain by animal magnetism.

Words You Should Know

Meretricious

Nothing to do with merit (you might be thinking of meritorious); this is right at the other end of the scale. It means flashy, gaudy, superficially attractive but, underneath all that, cheap. It can be used literally (meretricious jewellery is bling by any other name) or figuratively (a meretricious argument would be plausible but false). Meretricious derives from the Latin for prostitute, which in turn comes from the word for to hire.

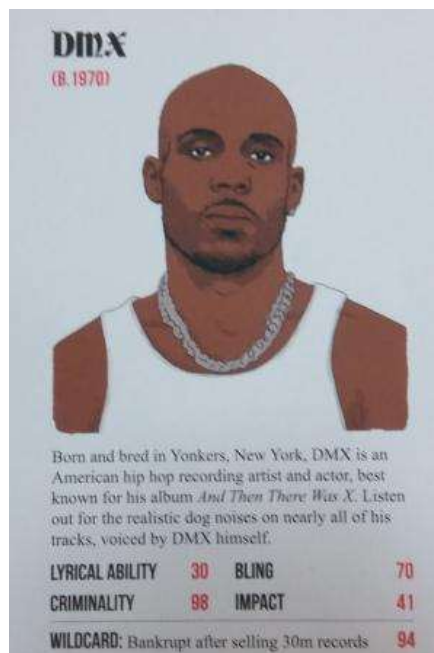
Popular Expressions – What They Mean And Where We Got Them

One Sandwich Short Of A Picnic

A Derogatory description of someone who is not terribly bright. It is one of many such cartoon-like expressions, such as 'one prawn short of a cocktail' and other variations.

'The lights are on but no one's at home' and 'the lift doesn't go to the top floor' have very much the same meaning.

Rappers of the Nineties Trumps



Flash Fiction

Something between the 100 word shortness of a Drabble, and the short story, these are works of fiction somewhere between five hundred and seven hundred words.

The Woods

He'd been in those woods before the fence had gone up. A 6ft high corrugated iron spike topped fence, leaving only a thin strip of woods between the stream and the fence, half of which was the footpath. The footpath led from the industrial estate to the river half a mile away. He had no idea why the fence had been erected; he just wanted to get over it.

He checked the length of the path and found two spots where it could be breached. The wall at the industrial estate end was easy to climb onto, walk along and then drop back into the woods, but that was easily seen by anyone working in the estate, or by those living in the houses whose gardens backed onto the stream. At the other end of the

path, a steep bank meant there were gaps under the fence and in effect steps to get over it, at a point where it was hidden from sight to anyone not walking through the woods.

He went under, easy for a boy of ten to do. He made his way deep into the woods, weaving between the trees until he came to the pond. The water looked almost black; as if it was oil in there instead. The last time he'd been here the water had been clear and there had been fish in it. The plants around the pond were brown and withered; it was as if death was creeping out of the pond and claiming anything around it. There was a bad smell emanating from the pond as well, the same kind of smell he found at home when the toilet was blocked.

He carried on through the woods, gasping for fresher air to push the foul smell out of his nostrils. There was little noise to be heard this deep into the woods. He was alone with nature. All he could hear were bird calls, somewhere above his head in the trees. He had no idea which kinds of birds were calling, but there seemed to be a number of different sounds. He looked up to the trees, trying to see the birds he could hear as he carried on walking. He looked so hard he didn't notice the ground getting boggy underneath his feet.

The smell was back, and then he was sinking into the ground. He cried out for help, but there was no-one to hear him, only the birds. Their calls stopped as they flew off en masse, leaving him alone in the woods, sinking deeper. He was up to his chest now, and was struggling hard to get out, not knowing it was making it worse.

They found him six months later as they drained the almost dead woods from the foul waste of the sewerage plant leak that the woods had been fenced off for. A man made catastrophe had ruined the woods forever.

The keep-out signs hadn't been enough to save him.

Leicester

Random Historic Item

Roger Wygston's House

Probably the best preserved medieval house in Leicester, it was built in the 15th century, although only the centre part of the building still survives from this date. It is believed to have belonged to Roger Wygston, a leading wool merchant of the time, who was 3 times mayor of Leicester, and twice Member of Parliament, and died in 1507. The reason for believing this is that the initials RW were found painted on one of the windows. It is believed that Roger Wygston is the most likely incumbent, however this is not certain, as the initials could have belonged to another rich merchant of the time William Rowett, who himself was twice mayor of Leicester.

Its position on today's Applegate would have put it on the medieval High Street, before the focus of the town moved to the opposite end of the current High Street.

Only the centre part of the original house survives today, and the ground level of this would have been a large hall, which would have been used for entertaining and eating. Above this there would have been a number of chambers which could have had any number of uses.

The front of the building on Applegate was rebuilt in its current Georgian style in 1796, and replaced the original medieval structure, which was thought to have consisted of a Shop on the ground level, with chambers above on one, and possibly two levels.

The 'new' rear of the building dates from the 19th century, and would have formed the kitchen in the original building. The building was used to house the Leicester costume museum for a number of years. The museum showed the progression of fashions from the 18th century to the present day, including two recreated 1920's shops. The exhibits were moved to the Newarke Houses museum in the noughties.

The building now houses a restaurant and bar overlooking Jubilee Square.

A Leicestershire Church

St Mary the Virgin - Lutterworth

Set in the most southerly part of Leicestershire, close to the Roman road Watling Street (now the A5), stands the town of Lutterworth, an Anglo-Saxon settlement. The parish originally had a wooden built Saxon church, of which there are no remains, and the current structure was started in the 13th century.

The present building was started in the 13th century by the De Verdun family, and consisted of the nave, chancel and west tower, which had a short spire at the time. The north and south aisles were added during the 14th century and their roofs are a fine example of the period.

During the late 14th century, from 1374 to 1384, John Wycliff, known as 'the morning star of the reformation' was the parish priest. Ostracised by the church for his English translation of the bible, and his loathing of the religious order, he was saved by the patronage of the 2nd Duke of Lancaster, John of Gaunt, and placed in Lutterworth parish, where he lived until his death in 1384, nearly 150 years after his death his translation of the bible is believed to be instrumental in Luther's stand against the catholic church.

In the 15th century the walls of the nave were raised to form a clerestory, and a new roof was added. The existing lancet windows were replaced by windows in the perpendicular style.

In 1703, the spire was destroyed in a great storm, and a tower was built to replace it. However during the rest of the century the church was neglected, and had deteriorated in to a fairly bad state. This was restored in 1867 and 1869 by the restoration king Sir George Gilbert Scott, leaving the building that we see today.

Top Ten

The 10 largest Goat Producing countries and the number they have

No	Country	Goats
1	China	157,361,699
2	India	123,000,000
3	Pakistan	49,100,000
4	Bangladesh	33,800,000
5	Iran	25,200,000
6	Nigeria	24,300,000
7	Ethiopia	16,000,000
8	Indonesia	14,121,000
9	Somalia	12,500,000
10	Tanzania	10,000,000

Poetry Corner

Strange Day

All the leaves are dead and lying on the ground.
I fell into a puddle and I almost drowned.
The wind picked up and houses started to sway.
It was really gusty and blew the clouds away.
The sun came out and the puddle disappeared.
It felt very hot and my skin was seared.
Now that I could breathe, I got up from the floor.
I looked all around and couldn't believe what I saw.
A snow drift behind me, it was eight foot high.
More worrying to me was the purple coloured sky.
I heard a dog barking and I turned to see,
Thirty springer spaniels, all staring at me.
I closed my eyes, and then looked again.
All the dogs had gone, replaced by a plane.
The snow had gone too; there was none to be seen.
Where it had been white, it was now all green.
The plane flew away, with an almighty roar.
I looked at my watch; it said it was ten past four.
Yet it had been eight thirty only five minutes ago.
I was so distracted that I stubbed my toe.
I hopped about, cursing at the throbbing.
Then suddenly I heard a woman behind me sobbing.
When I turned around, it was plain to see,

They were tears of laughter, she was laughing at me.
 I would have found it funny if it was someone unknown.
 I started to smile myself, but then I heard my phone.
 I pulled it out of my pocket and it started to grow.
 How big it would get, I didn't know.
 In a matter of seconds it was three feet wide.
 Before it transformed into a children's slide.
 A dozen toddlers were suddenly using it.
 A kid was sliding down when it suddenly split.
 The slide had changed into a Venus fly trap,
 It ate the kid whole as its jaws went snap.
 I had had enough now and I ran for home.
 I opened the front door, the house was filled with foam.
 I couldn't take any more and I started to scream.
 Then I woke up in bed, it had all been a dream.

Cathedral Fact Files

Cathedral	Salisbury Cathedral		
Dedicated To	St Mary		
Type	Medieval	Architecture	Old English
Religion	COE	Tower / Spire	1 Spire
Site Founded	1220	Height (External)	404ft
Church Founded	1220	Height (Internal)	84ft
Bishopric Founded	705	Length	473ft
Current Bishopric Founded	1075	Width	230ft

Thirty-Three And One Third Revolutions Per Minute

Madness - Absolutely

Absolutely is the 1980 second album from the British ska band Madness. The album reached number 2 in the UK album charts.

Absolutely spawned some of the band's biggest hits, most notably "*Baggy Trousers*", which peaked at number 3 in the UK singles chart. "*Embarrassment*" reached number 4 in the charts, and the instrumental song (albeit with the single word - Waiter - said in the middle) "*The Return of the Los Palmas 7*" climbed to number 7. Although the album reviews were generally less enthusiastic than those of *One Step Beyond...*, they were mostly positive. Robert Christgau gave the album a favourable B- grade, but Rolling Stone awarded the album just one out of five stars. Rolling Stone was particularly scathing of the ska revival in general, stating that "The Specials weren't very good" and Madness were simply "the Blues Brothers with English accents".

The album is named after one of the oft-said expressions of the band's then tour manager and sound man Tony Duffield.

The front cover sees the band standing in front of Chalk Farm tube station in Camden. When the original vinyl was released the first, more sombre, cover photograph was changed to a more animated pose after around 10,000 albums were pressed. The two sleeves can be distinguished by Mike Barson's holding of the umbrella: in the earlier pressing he holds it up to his chin while in the later, and subsequently used, releases the umbrella is on the ground. The inner sleeve features a London Underground-style roundel for a railway station called "Cairo East" on one side (this roundel later reappeared in the video for "*(Waiting For) The Ghost Train*") and a history of the group on the other.

Track listing

No. - Title - Writer(s) - Length

Side 1

1. - "*Baggy Trousers*" - Graham McPherson, Chris Foreman - 2:45. First single off the album and was their biggest hit to that point, and probably their best known song. I have murdered this quite a few times on karaoke over the years.
2. - "*Embarrassment*" - Lee Thompson, Michael Barson - 3:13. Second single off the album.
3. - "*E.R.N.I.E.*" - McPherson, Foreman - 2:45
4. - "*Close Escape*" - Thompson, Foreman - 3:29
5. - "*Not Home Today*" - McPherson, Mark Bedford - 2:30
6. - "*On the Beat Pete*" - Thompson, Madness - 3:05
7. - "*Solid Gone*" - Cathal Smyth - 2:22

Side two

1. - "*Take It or Leave It*" - Thompson, Barson - 3:26. Became the title track of the short film the group made in 1981.

2. - *"Shadow of Fear"* - McPherson, Barson - 1:58
 3. - *"Disappear"* - McPherson, Bedford - 2:58
 4. - *"Overdone"* - Thompson, Foreman - 3:45
 5. - *"In the Rain"* - McPherson, Madness - 2:42
 6. - *"You Said"* - McPherson, Barson - 2:35
 7. - *"The Return of the Los Palmas 7"* - Barson, Daniel Woodgate, Bedford - 2:01. Third single off the album.
- Total length: - 39:15

Personnel

Madness

Graham McPherson (Suggs) – lead vocals, percussion

Mike Barson (Monsieur Barso) – piano, organ, vibraphone, marimba, harmonica

Chris Foreman (Chrissy Boy) – guitars, sitar, slide guitar

Lee Thompson (Kix) – tenor and baritone saxophones

Daniel Woodgate (Woody) – drums, fire extinguisher

Mark Bedford (Bedders) – bass guitars

Cathal Smyth (Chas Smash) – backing vocals, trumpet, lead vocals on "Solid Gone"

Production

Clive Langer – producer

Alan Winstanley – producer

Chart performance - Chart Peak position - Total weeks

Dutch Albums Chart - 2 - 43

German Albums Chart - 21 - 9

New Zealand Albums Chart - 31 - 4

Norwegian Albums Chart - 26 - 4

Swedish Albums Chart - 15 - 3

UK Albums Chart - 2 - 47

US Billboard Hot 200 - 146 - 4

Released - 26 September 1980

Recorded - 1980

Label – Stiff

Club Fact File

Miami Dolphins	
Founded	1965
First Season Played	1966
First Season in NFL	1970
Ground	Hard Rock Stadium
Capacity	64,767
Previous Stadium(s)	Miami Orange Bowl
Previous Names	None
Trophies	
AFL Champions	None
Superbowl Winners	1973, 1974
AFC Champions	1972, 1973, 1974, 1983, 1985
AFC East Division Winners	1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1979, 1981, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1992, 1994, 2000, 2008
Wildcard Playoff Berths	1970, 1978, 1982, 1990, 1995, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2001, 2016
League Seasons	
Seasons in NFL/AFL	53
Seasons in AFC	49
Seasons in AFL Eastern Division	4
Seasons in AFC East Division	49

Story Time

Late Registration

The thing about going to a Catholic school in Leicester in the eighties was that the catchment area was huge. The majority of the eleven hundred pupils were bussed in from nearly half the county; there weren't the hundreds of Chelsea tractors that blight the roads around schools today all individually dropping their little darlings off. It was a case of, there's the bus - get on it.

On most days, the bus I caught was late getting to the school. This was due to the fact that the main part of its route was still public service, it wasn't a charter special. Therefore we had the usual kind of delays that plagued public transport. However on the day in question my bus was actually early, something that only happened about once a month. Being early, I took the opportunity to head down to the local shops instead of straight into school. I could get myself a sausage and onion bap for breakfast. The best use of twenty-eight pence I could think of at the time. In the sandwich shop I bumped into Andy Wilson and Mark Williams and we started chatting. We were people who weren't really in any of the cliques that form in a school year, sort of independents, not "in", but on the whole not total outcasts either.

Once we had our food we started to wander back up to the school. I was going to miss the start of registration as usual, but my form teacher was used to that. There was no one else in my form that caught the same bus as me, so the usual "the bus was held up" excuse could be rolled out again.

We had nearly made it all the way back to school when Andy stopped at the phone box just outside the school, he told us he had an important phone call to make, and that he'd see us later on. The good old red telephone boxes being the only way to make phone calls whilst on the move back then; none of this mobile phone malarkey you get nowadays.

Mark and I climbed up the steps and wound up the rest of the sloped drive to the school buildings. Mark headed off in the direction of his form classroom and I wandered across the courtyard and up some more steps to mine. I was surprised to find that I had arrived before my form teacher. Bonus, even though I was late, it wouldn't be noticed. It was unusual though, our harridan of a form teacher, Mrs Hamilton, lived in that room, I wouldn't have been surprised to find she slept in its stationery cupboard.

The reason for her absence from the room was soon explained as the head of our year walked into the classroom a few moments after I had arrived, and slammed the door behind him.

"Mrs Hamilton is off sick today, and with the lack of anyone else to do it, I'll be doing your registration this morning."

There was a collective groan, even though Mrs Hamilton was a harridan, she was miles more approachable than Mr Dean was. In the days when beeping watches were all the rage, he had confiscated a number during his lessons when they had gone off, threatening to smash them with a mallet if they did so again before the end of the lesson.

He was in a bad mood.

"Before I start though, I have some sad news to share. We've had a telephone call this morning to say that, unfortunately, Andy Wilson passed away overnight."

There was a collective intake of breath from the classroom and even the start of some tears, well, all apart from a solitary laugh. A laugh that I couldn't keep inside. With a look that could have burnt through a non-stick pan, Mr Dean glared at me and thundered,

"Mr Murphy, is there something you find amusing about Andy Wilson's death?"

Twenty odd pairs of eyes turned to face me, not that I paid them much attention.

"Mainly the fact that I don't think it is true. I was talking to him this morning, less than five minutes ago, whilst walking up to the school from the shops. So unless I was talking to a ghost or an imposter, it would appear that someone is having you on."

"Are you sure?"

To be honest at that moment in time I was having serious doubts. Had I actually been speaking to him? I couldn't show that though.

"Of course, I know who I've been talking to.

"You better be."

With that Mr Dean was gone, shouting “no one move until I get back” as he rushed out the door. He had gone to investigate whether what I had said was true. The rest of my form sat staring at me, muttering threats in my direction as if I had done something wrong.

Meanwhile in Andy’s form classroom, his form teacher was reading out the same message Mr Dean had just read out to us. Mr Jones, was visibly upset as he read the message out to his form in his softly spoken Welsh lilt,

“I’ve got some very sad and upsetting news to tell you all this morning. The school has been notified that your classmate Andy Wilson has passed away.”

“I’ve what?” Andy piped up.

Mr Jones had been late to registration that morning as well. All of our year’s teachers had been as the news had been passed on. He slumped from upright to being in his chair, all the colour draining from his face, thinking full well he had seen a ghost. The poor man found himself in no state to teach that day and ended up taking the rest of the week off. He was never the same, and retired a couple of years later after the actual death of one of his form members.

After a few tense, almost silent minutes, Mr Dean stormed back into our form classroom, slamming the door behind with such force that all the windows in the room rattled in their frames. If he was in a bad mood when he had first been with us, he was positively boiling now.

“It appears Mr Murphy was entirely correct, Andy Wilson is alive and well and in the building.”

I couldn’t help it.

“Ha, told you so.”

Mr Dean fixed me with a death stare, and the murmuring in the classroom died off in an instance. As the silence fell he continued,

“Mr Jones is not faring well after being faced with telling his class of the death of someone who was sat in the room at the time. We are currently investigating who made the telephone call to the school this morning and are treating this matter very seriously. If anyone has any further information they should let me know immediately.”

The last sentence of that statement was said whilst staring at me. I was looking anywhere except at Mr Dean. It had become apparent to me exactly who had made that phone call. The important phone call Andy had to stop to make at the telephone box just before we got back to school. It was exactly the kind of thing that would have appealed to his sense of humour.

We were all sent on our way to the first lessons of the day. There wasn’t a lot of interest being paid in Mrs Lambe’s maths class. Everyone was having conversations about the fake death of Andy Wilson. Some of the class hadn’t known it wasn’t true until they had got into the class, the message saying it was a hoax hadn’t reached all of the forms before they had broken up to head to their lessons.

The geography lesson in the next period saw two classes become one. The partition doors between the classrooms were opened, as there wasn’t an available replacement for My Jones on site. There wasn’t much learning done either. There was only one subject on the mind on most of the children.

I sought Andy out over the lunch period. I climbed up the bank at the back of the playing fields and slipped into the woods beyond the school boundaries. Sure enough, Andy was sat by the pond, hiding out from everyone.

“What’s it like to be dead then?”

“I wouldn’t know; I had a miraculous resurrection before I even knew I was dead.”

“Was it you then?”

“Was what me?”

“Your stop at the phone box this morning, did you ring them up and tell them you were dead?”

“Yep.”

“Do you think they’ll work out it was you?”

"I don't care either way. Thought it broke up the monotony very well though. I did think Jonesy was going to actually kark it on the spot."

We laughed and I headed back into the school grounds, making sure there were no teachers nearby.

No one ever found out for sure who had made that original phone call, as no action was taken over the event, but Mr Dean and others had their suspicions. When Andy had committed a few indiscretions during our final year, mainly around not turning up, or leaving the school grounds during the day, he ended up getting expelled. He was only going to be allowed back for exams.

Of course, from the day he was expelled, Andy was in school every day, wandering the corridors, and pulling faces at classroom windows.

"If I'm dead then I may as well spend my time doing some haunting."

Dilbert



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Epilogue

If you want to catch up on old issues, Drabbles I've had published, or the random scribbling from a bored mind on my blog then they are all available at <http://www.onetruekev.co.uk/> there are links to a number of older publications I have done in the past, with more of the old stuff being added as time goes by.

Pens are available in green or yellow if you ask nicely.

Sign up to the mailing list on the home page there. E-mail any ideas or suggestions to kev@onetruekev.co.uk

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