

Flanagan's Running Club – Issue 24

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>

The Brighton & Hove Pub Crawl Write Up

(Originally published on my blog on the 24th June.

<https://onetruekev.co.uk/Mutterings/2019/06/24/brighton-pub-crawl/>)

The 11th annual pub crawl hit Brighton for the very first time, and the role of route master changed hands to Liam for the year.

After two weeks on holiday touring round the country in constant rain, the thought of trudging around twelve pubs and a curry house in the rain again wasn't something I was looking forward to. However, as tends to be the case most years, it happened to be a nice day. Enough of a nice day that even the shorts could be busted out. (The kind you wear, not the ones you drink. Certainly not at pub 1 anyway.)

The theme this year was Brighton & Hove, and the twelve pubs and one curry house would spell out the words Brighton, Hove and the ampersand. Though not in order, as we may well have been still walking around now, plus no one wants the Curry before any beers have been consumed.

Pub 1 was Idle Hands, and there was a second best ever turn out for a pub one (only beaten by last year) of nine people. I will name some, and forget some as I go on, this is due to the fact that I'm an ignorant so and so, and I'm rubbish with names, I only get my own right fifty percent of the time. Besides myself, there was Helen, Liam, Simon, Hewitt, Cooper, Ian, Mike (I think) and his girlfriend, whose name escapes me completely, although I'm fairly sure she is a Kiwi.

Initial drink of choice was going to be a pint of Snake Head, but having a pint that is 8.6% abv in pub one is just asking for trouble. Instead I went for the somewhat tamer, but excellently named – Disco Forklift Truck, a mere amateur at 5.2%. Food in pub one due to a lack of time for a Charlie's at Three Bridges, and saying eat early and eat often. It didn't happen; it was twelve establishments later before any more food was taken on.

The pub crawl's accompanying CD was running the same competition as the year before, one of them had writing in a different colour to the rest, and meant a free drink at the next pub for whoever selected it at random. Last year it had been pub seven before anyone had managed to select it, this year it was pub one, and it was the organiser – Liam – who managed to pick it. If he had made the cd's then the cries of fix could have been justified, but he didn't. It was keeping it in the family though, as the winner from last year was Ellie, his other half.

When Hewitt kicked off the chat about Love Island in pub one my heart sank, if that was coming out that early I might end up chucking myself in the sea by the time we got to the front. Fortunately the level of chat did pick up during the day. Whilst in pub one we did see someone stumble on what appeared to be thin air outside the pub. And laughed. We'll come back to the inevitable outcome of that later.

It has to be said; I thought that making notes as I went round to aid writing this would be a good idea. However I failed to take into account that a. my handwriting is horrendous to start with; and b. it was only ever going to go downhill as the level of alcohol intake increased during the day. There may be some entries as this goes through that make no sense. I'm doing my best to translate from spiderese.

On the map it didn't look that far to pub two, and to be fair it wasn't, however the rise in altitude was almost as much as the distance. And Liam said that he took us on the gentler slope. Damn, if we had gone the other way, it wouldn't have been a drink needed, it would have been oxygen.

Pub two was Good Companions. The climb in the hot weather made me glad to get drink two. A pint of wonderfully named Identity Theft at 5.3% abv. We were joined by Liam's other half – Ellie, and Ellie's sister's other half, another name I can't remember. Jana joined for one drink with her husband and daughter which meant there were fourteen at pub two, a new record.

Sat outside in the sun with no breeze wasn't doing me any good, so walking in the shade on the way to pub three was a relief. As was the fact that we appeared to be heading back down hill, after all, what goes up must come down. Only for it to be like one of those marble games, where it gets to the bottom and then starts heading back up the other side. It was the longest trek of the day as well.

Pub three was Open House. A pint of Mangolicious at 4.6% abv was the choice here. Unfortunately the choice was also to sit out in the middle of the beer garden with no shade whatsoever. We were joined by Barry, which made the running total twelve people in pub three (and fifteen for the day). Simon ordered some chips when we got there. When

we got around to leaving thirty five minutes later, the chips still hadn't turned up. Whoever took the sun drenched table after us would have had some bonus chips turn up at some point.

After a brief up – to cross the footbridge over the station at London Road, it was mainly a gentle downhill sweep to pub four. Well, not just a pub, but a brewery. Holler Brewery, where a pint of West Coast IPA at 5.5% abv was the chosen tittle. Food was ordered by some, as they have a deal with a local pizzeria to do send in. Ross and Angie (I think) joined us to make the running total fourteen (seventeen for the day). The toilets were playing classic video game themes, as played on a Casio keyboard. It sounded to me like someone was managing to play the most epic game of Pac-Man ever. Only for it to change to Tetris. Apart from the single smoker amongst the group, we were all glad to sit inside in the air conditioned cool

Time to move on again came rapidly, and it was all downhill this time on the way to pub five. Passing a building that was said to have been built based on the dimensions of Noah's Ark (only upside down).

Pub five was The Office, smack bang in the middle of Sydney Street's very hipster market. It was a gin bar, but I stuck to beer, but with a limited choice, it was Pilsner Urquell at 4.4% abv. We were joined by Lewis making it fifteen as the running total (and eighteen for the day). Whilst we were sat in the cool, someone came in wearing a full bright red Adidas tracksuit, zipped up to the neck, with a camo thick gilet over the top, whilst sporting a long greasy mullet. He was making me feel warm just looking at him. That much polyester in the same place was a fire risk waiting to happen.

The shortest transfer of the day followed as it was only a couple of minutes to pub six – North Laine. We timed this one about right, as it was going to be shut between six and nine so that they could get it ready for a glitter party that night. I had a pint of Chaos Theory, back up to 6.0% abv, but still not as strong as the other two possibilities I was eyeing up which were both 6.5%. Amy joined us, and was extremely happy to tell us that she had handed her notice in and was escaping from the tyranny of payroll at work. The sixteen of us (total nineteen) sat with the empty window frame between us, some inside able to hear the set of eighties cheesy retro tunes playing, and others outside in the shade being drowned out by the passing traffic.

The next journey had us going back up hill again, there has been far too much of this hilly terrain today. You forget just how hilly Brighton is, bloody pita.

Pub seven was The Ranelagh and again there wasn't a massive choice of beers, so it was a pint of Birra Moretti, 4.6% abv. Half of the crowd of attendees had detoured to Grubbs for burgers on the way. Somehow it was thought a good idea to bust the darts out for a game of killer. No one seemed to have improved since Liam's birthday tournament. No one! Hewitt eventually won the game of killer, which goes to show just how poor the standard was. Especially since he asked "Is that Ellie's sister?" On being told yes, he continued, "Well that makes sense then, they look alike." We were joined by Vinay, making the running total seventeen, and pushing the total for the day through the twenty barrier.

The route to pub eight was the most touristy part of the day, walking back down towards the sea front, you could see the pier, and we passed the pavilion, wandering across roads ignoring any potential traffic hazards. Or, thinking about it, we were probably becoming the potential traffic hazards.

Pub eight was The East Street Tap. A pint of Sunburst at 4.8% abv. All the seats outside were already taken and no one could be bothered to climb the stairs, so we found a table and an inadequate number of chairs and hovered. There was an additional female, who, even if I tried until I was eighty I wouldn't be able to tell you what their name was joined us. The running total was eighteen now (twenty one for the day). Definitely seemed a cool place. Even the guy at the bar with the cowboy hat on covering a comedy green mullet. Well done sir.

Winding back into the lanes to get to pub 9 – The Victory. We lost Amy, as she had a gig to go to, or was it dinner? I was a bit confused at all the mentions of Hot Chip(s). We were joined by Annie, (another) Ellie and Melinda, making the running total twenty (and twenty four for the day). I had a pint of Hip Hop (with a name like that what else was I going to have?) at 4.0 % abv. The weakest of the day. It was the time of day when the beers begin to kick in, but it's still daylight so you feel like you're invincible.

Just a hint.

You're not!

But it's worth the try.

It really was a case of hitting the seafront next as we were virtually on the beach for pub ten – double figures – ooh! The Tempest, one of the bars and cafes underneath the promenade between the pier and the 360 thingamabob. We had lost Vinay, Ross and Simon along the way, a great effort from Simon who had been fighting illness all day, well that plus a lack of chips back at pub three. Out of the front of the pub you can see the sea. Inside, in their very atmospheric (and nice and cool) caves you can't. Such is life. We were joined by Dot, which made the running total eighteen again, and the total for the day twenty six, the final total for the day. I had a pint of Amstel at 4.1 abv, due to the fact that they had nothing else that passed for a drinkable beer.

I was loving the cool of the caves on the sunny day, but could have done with a kebab by this stage, but unlikely to get one here, at this point, the curry seems too far away.

On the way to pub eleven, Liam lost a bunch of stragglers, myself included, as we made our way back up from the beach and onto the border between Brighton and Hove. We lost Miranda to her home, which meant the running total was down to seventeen. Just about managed to find the right street for pub eleven – The Lion & Lobster (getting that all important ampersand in there.) Once you had found the street, there was no way of missing the bright salmon pink paint job of the pub. Even this late in the evening it is still far too hot for me, though most other humans appear to be enjoying the weather. I went for a pint of the usual – Stella Artois at 4.8% abv, seeing as they've wussed it right down from its original 5.4% over the last few years due to people not being able to handle their drink. Elsewhere the Pimms had been cracked out with a massive jug floating around. Certainly different for a pub crawl.

On the way to pub twelve it showed why laughing at people stumbling will bite you in the ass. I stacked it big time walking along, I hit a phone booth's jammed open door at an angle and went careering off at an angle and ended up in a heap on the floor. If it had been more comfortable down there I might well have called it a night at that point and gone to sleep. As it was I was helped up by other stragglers and made it to pub twelve. Hove Place, and a pint of Copper Hop, again because I liked the name, and that was all the decision making I was capable of by that time. 4.2% abv. We sat in the garden, which also appeared to house a massive bronze Gromit statue, although the fading daylight may have been playing tricks on me by that stage. I counted seventeen, I may have been wrong.

Then it was time for a curry, and trying to make sense of my notes now is heavy going. Certainties first. There were fourteen of us in the Bali Brasserie. Annie and Ellie (number 2) had gone, so had someone else; couldn't tell you who though. I had Cobra (well, two of them) 4.8% abv.

Now for the more subjective pieces. Their ordering system was chaotic. I could say that it is a good Indian restaurant for side dishes, but I would be lying. Their menu tried to be as abstract as possible, and to be fair to them, if that is what they were aiming for, they did a great job of it. Just I was having none of it. There were no bread options. At all. They forced me to have rice with my meal. I hate rice with curries. Then the bill came, and the bunfight started about not splitting it fourteen ways, and everyone paying for exactly what they ordered. We put in more than we had spent and headed out as needed to get back to Crawley.

It was going to be cutting it fine to get the last train from Hove, so rang a taxi to get to Brighton station instead. Hewitt, Iain and Cooper had tried to get to Hove, but only Iain had made it. Cooper did manage to get the last train from Brighton. Just. No sign of Hewitt though.

The train did stop at Burgess Hill for an inordinate amount of time. The announcement on the train was that there was a drunken idiot on the line. I leave it to the readers to think whether it was just a coincidence that this is where Iain was getting off. Looking around the train it appeared that everyone else is asleep.

It was another great pub crawl. Congratulations to Liam for arranging the route, and to keeping us to time in each pub. Absolutely spot on at every location.

Roll on 2020 and whatever the pub crawl theme will be next year.

On This Day – 19th July

1545 – The Tudor warship Mary Rose sinks off Portsmouth; in 1982 the wreck is salvaged in one of the most complex and expensive projects in the history of maritime archaeology.

1832 – The British Medical Association is founded as the Provincial Medical and Surgical Association by Sir Charles Hastings at a meeting in the Board Room of the Worcester Infirmary.

It's Martyrs' Day in Myanmar, and Sandinista Day or Liberation Day in Nicaragua.

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

Brunel Bridges The World

When it comes to engineering excellence, there is one Londoner who stands in particular esteem; Isambard Kingdom Brunel. He built famous bridges (including the Clifton Suspension Bridge), dockyards and the Great Western Railway, for which he designed the viaducts, tunnels, stations and even the locomotives. He constructed the world's first tunnel under a river (the Thames Tunnel) and his 'Great Britain' was the first steamship driven by a screw propeller, while the 'Great Western' (launched today in 1837) was the largest and fastest ship in the world and made the transatlantic voyage in record time.

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

1994 - Coolio releases his debut solo album "It Takes A Thief" on Tommy Boy.

Produced by Bryan Dobbs, Coolio's laid-back party jams featured thoughtful and often humorous rhymes about trying to get by in a hard world. Singles include "Country Line", "I Remember", "Mama I'm In Love Wit' A Gangsta", and the platinum-selling remake of the 1980 Lakeside funk classic "Fantastic Voyage", which reached #3 on the Billboard Hot 100 and #2 on the Rap charts. Its massive success helped the album reach #8 on the Billboard 200.

Births

1834 – Edgar Degas

1946 – Ilie Nastase

1970 – Nicola Sturgeon

Deaths

2013 – Bert Trautmann

Number 1's

Number 1 single in 1966 - The Kinks - Sunny Afternoon

Number 1 album in 1994 - The Prodigy - Music For The Jilted Generation

Number 1 compilation album in 2014 - Various - The Nation's Favourite Motown Songs

Drabble

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

Billy And The £2 Coin

Billy was sat watching the £2 coin on the ground, people had been walking past it for a few hours. Most people had walked straight on by, but every so often someone would notice the coin on the floor and go to pick it up. All of them had failed, they had tried picking it up with their fingers, some had tried kicking it, but it wouldn't budge.

There was a woman desperately trying to prise the coin off the ground without much success.

Billy sat there smiling, knowing it was no use, he'd super-glued the coin to the pavement.

Joke

Two scientists, one Russian, and one Czech, devote their lives to studying Ursus Arctos, the mighty grizzly bear. Having petitioned their respective governments for years for a budget to allow them to journey to Yellowstone and study the bears, their requests are finally granted and they fly immediately to the states. They report to the ranger station and are told that it's mating season and therefore too dangerous to be in the field with the beasts. But the pair are having none of it and plead with the ranger. Against his better judgement, he finally gives in but tells them to report in every day on their phones. For several days everything is fine, then nothing. The ranger calls a tracker and after a few hours search, the duo's camp is found completely ravaged with no sign of the missing scientists. The tracker quickly locates a trail from a male and female bear, and before long the search party finds the female bear asleep. One shot and she's dead, and inside her belly the remains of the Russian scientist. "You know what this means don't you?" says the tracker. "Yep," replies the ranger, "the Czech's in the male".

Random Items

Facts

In Casablanca, Humphrey Bogart never said "Play it again, Sam."

The international telephone dialling code for Antarctica is 672.

Thoughts

Does anybody really brush their teeth three times a day?

Is there scientific proof that those little windshield wipers on car headlights are worthwhile?

Forgotten English

Fardel

A quantity of valueless articles. A burden or load of sin, sorrow, etc.

Words You Should Know

Churlish

A churl was originally an uneducated farm worker (English has a long tradition of assuming townspeople have better manners than country ones), and is similar to a boor. Churlish has come to mean surly, ill-mannered, but in a quieter, more sulky way than boorish. A churlish person would refuse an invitation briefly and ungraciously; a boorish one might well say, 'Good God, no, wouldn't be seen dead at Katie's wedding. Can't stand the girl!'

Popular Expressions – What They Mean And Where We Got Them

Put A Sock In It!

A plea to be quiet, to shut up, to make less noise.

It comes from the end of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth centuries when the early gramophones, or 'phonographs', had large horns through which the sound was amplified. These mechanical contraptions had no volume controls, and so a convenient method of reducing the volume was to stuff a woollen sock inside the horn.

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.

Sports Day

Greg looked anxiously at his watch for the umpteenth time since getting into work that morning. He had managed to persuade his boss to let him take the afternoon off, despite the horrendous workload following the project go-live. Greg hadn't really been able to concentrate properly on any of the work that had crossed his desk that morning. He was consumed with the fact that he had to leave at noon so he could get to his daughters' sports day on time. He really couldn't afford to be late; it was the first sports day that he would be attending alone, now that Kristen wasn't around.

Jemima and Tabitha had been most insistent about his attendance; it was the first school event that had parental participation available since Kristen had moved on. Greg had struggled to come to terms with being alone and looking after the two girls. Kristen had worked part time in the local charity shop, so had always sorted out the school run and meals during the week. Greg had quite often worked long days, and even away from home, and now found himself trying to juggle work with sole care of the girls.

Thankfully the girls were a great help; despite their young age they took the fact that their mother had gone in their stride a great deal better than Greg had done. In fact he wondered if they really understood what had happened. In fact that quite often took the opportunity to tease him if he forgot to do something that Kristen would have done. "No silly daddy, mummy would have done this," was their favourite expression.

Greg looked at his watch again; it was almost time to go now. He logged off of his computer and packed up his stuff, before heading for the car. The traffic was a little heavier than he had hoped, but he made it to the school playing fields on time and in one piece.

Jemima waved to him as she stood on the start line, looking as if she didn't have a care in the world; and then she was off, sprinting down the field, well ahead of the others, it looking like the egg was stuck to the spoon. Greg then saw Tabitha at the long jump, sailing through the air, jumping further than anyone else could manage, even the boys. He watched the pair of them win every event they entered, until they had run, jumped and thrown themselves out. They were now dragging him over for the parent's race.

It was the first family defeat of the day, and the girls asked him why he couldn't run faster? "I was never any good at sport; the two of you get all your talent from your dearly departed mother."

Greg hugged the girls, happy in the knowledge that they had Kristen very much a part of their being, and that he would always have her as long as the girls were around.

Leicester

Random Historic Item

The Newarke Houses

In the Newarkes stands the Newarke House museum, which as it stands today, forms one building but is in fact made up from two separate buildings, Wygston's Chantry House, and Skeffington House. They house the Leicester museum of social history, which is a very interesting and varied collection showing Leicester life going back almost a thousand years. The two buildings have now been connected and it is possible to pass between them without realising which of them you are in. The gardens have been developed as well and they back on to the Castle walls / walls of St. Mary de Castro. Within these walls can be seen a number of Gun Loops (essentially holes in the walls that could be used to point guns out of). These gun loops were put into the wall during the English civil war in the 1640's however this wasn't the best piece of planning as the two Newarke houses would have covered any line of fire.

Wygston's Chantry House

Built from approximately 1511 by the family of William Wygston, who was Leicester's richest citizen, as a two storey building. It was built to house two priests (known as Chantry priests) who would have sang masses for William

Wygston in the Church of the Annunciation of St. Mary that used to stand across the road where the de Montfort University Hawthorn building is today.

The church was disbanded and then destroyed just after the reformation in 1548; however the Chantry house survived and was used as a private dwelling right up to 1940.

In the late 1500's a third storey was added to enlarge the dwelling's capacity.

The building was damaged by a bombing raid by the German Luftwaffe during World War II in November 1940, and it was restored during the 1950's.

Looking at the outside of the building signs can be seen of both the additional storey, and the restoration work.

Skeffington House

Thought to have been built between 1560 and 1583 by Sir Thomas Skeffington. It was originally a stone built building and was only one room wide.

At various stages between it being built and 1790 it was added to and altered so that the accommodation was a lot larger and so that it offered more privacy with the addition of rooms to the rear of the house, and therefore not overlooking (or being overlooked from) the street.

The white (cream) stucco plaster that can be seen on the front of the house was added in 1790 to disguise the many changes and different types of brick and stone work, however the rear was not done in this stucco, and the stages of development, and the mix of stone and brickwork can be seen.

A Leicestershire Church

St. Mary's, Humberstone

Humberstone is an ancient village approximately three miles to the north east of Leicester city centre, which was swallowed up by Leicester as it expanded in the early 20th century.

St. Mary's dates back to the 13th Century, though little of the original structure remains, in fact only the base of the tower can be seen from this date, the tower and spire were completed in the 14th century. The large continuous nave and chancel date from the late 14th and early 15th centuries and the roof from this date still survive. The font, although damaged still survives from the 13th century, and the 3 seat cedilla still survives, although it has been moved to the new chancel. There is a Tudor arch to what was the former south chapel.

The interior remains from the elegant and suburban work done by Raphael Brandon in 1857-1858, and the eight windows date from 1859 to 1895 and were done by Hardman of Birmingham. The north porch was added in 1876, and the church was much restored by Ewan Christian in 1894.

The church had a much needed enlargement done between 1960 and 1962, by G.A. Cope, the old church effectively became the north aisle, and a new large nave, and a south aisle were added. The old south windows were moved from their original positions and were incorporated into the new south aisle positions.

Top Ten

The Lego sets with the most bricks in them.

No	Set Name	Set Code	Year Releases	Number of Bricks
1	Ultimate collector's series: Star Wars Millennium Falcon	75192	2017	7541
2	Creator: Taj Mahal	10256	2008	5923
3	Ultimate collector's series: Star Wars Millennium Falcon	10179	2007	5195
4	The Ninjago Movie: Ninjago City	70620	2017	4867
5	Ghostbusters Firehouse Headquarters	75827	2016	4634
6	Creator: Tower Bridge	10214	2010	4295
7	Creator: Big Ben	10253	2016	4163
8	Disney Castle	71040	2016	4080
9	Star Wars Death Star	75159	2016	4016
10	Creator: Assembly Square	10255	2017	4002

Poetry Corner

Colours In Unexpected Places

The black lump sitting in the butter dish.
The white scales on the side of a coral fish.
The yellow mark in the middle of an ace of spades.
The sky turning green as the day's light fades.
Pink flowers bursting forth from the concrete wall.
Prussian blue paint splatted in the oak panelled hall.
Grey flowers in a meadow on midsummer's day.
Scarlet puddles in the corner of a field of hay.
Aquamarine road markings on the M25.
Fluorescent neon green lights sat on the bee hive.
One navy blue uniform amongst two hundred red.
Bright orange flares worn when honouring the dead.
One brown page in the middle of a new book.
Pink feathers in the plumage of an eider duck.
Blue liquid sat in the bottom of your coffee mug.
Orange with green spots on the back of a ladybug.
Yellow blood streaming out of a cut on your hand.
Purple patches on the runway when the plane lands.
Lilac hair on the back of a Siamese cat.
The wrong colours everywhere who would have thought that?

Cathedral Fact Files

Cathedral	Southwell Minster		
Dedicated To	Blessed Virgin Mary		
Type	Medieval	Architecture	Norman
Religion	COE	Tower / Spire	1 Tower
Site Founded	1108	Height (External)	105ft
Church Founded	1108	Height (Internal)	50ft
Bishopric Founded	1884	Length	318ft
Current Bishopric Founded	1884	Width	137ft

Thirty-Three And One Third Revolutions Per Minute

Oasis – (What's The Story) Morning Glory

(What's the Story) Morning Glory? was the second studio album by English rock band Oasis, released on 2 October 1995 by Creation Records. It was produced by Owen Morris and the group's guitarist Noel Gallagher. The structure and arrangement style of the album were a significant departure from the group's previous record *Definitely Maybe*. Gallagher's compositions were more focused in balladry and placed more emphasis on huge choruses, with the string arrangements and more varied instrumentation on the record contrasting with the rawness of the group's debut album. *(What's the Story) Morning Glory?* was the group's first album with drummer Alan White, who replaced Tony McCarroll.

The record propelled Oasis from being a crossover indie act to a worldwide rock phenomenon, and according to various critics, was a significant record in the timeline of British indie music. Although a commercial smash, the record received initially lukewarm reviews from mainstream music critics; many contemporary reviewers deemed it inferior to *Definitely Maybe*, with the song writing and production particular points of criticism. In the ensuing years, however, critical opinion towards the album reversed, and it is now generally considered a seminal record of both the Britpop era, and the 1990s in general. At the 1996 Brit Awards, the album won Best British Album. Over several months in 1995 and 1996, the band performed an extensive world tour in support of the album. Among the most notable of these concerts were back-to-back nights at Earls Court in London in November 1995, which were the biggest ever indoor gigs in Europe at the time. They also performed two 'homecoming' gigs at Maine Road in Manchester in April 1996. In August of that year, the band played to 80,000 people over two nights at Balloch Country Park at Loch Lomond in Scotland, before two performances a week later at Knebworth House to a combined crowd of 250,000 people.

The album was released to a fanfare and amongst great expectation. And to a great extent rightly so, despite early indications that the Gallagher brothers were disappearing up their own arse (the two 40 second instrumental tracks for starters), the rest of the album bangs along quite nicely, and most of the remaining 10 tracks are good quality memorable songs. It spawned two number 1 and two number 2 singles, plus 3 more tracks that would have probably

been released by more money grabbing record labels. The album probably marked the high point for the group, and was by far and away their best-selling album, and is in the top 3 best-selling albums in the UK ever. The road was only ever going to be downhill from there, and despite record first week sales of their disappointing follow up album "Be Here Now", they would never match this.

Cover

The cover is a picture of two men passing each other on Berwick Street in London. The two men are London DJ Sean Rowley and album sleeve designer Brian Cannon (back to the camera). The album's producer Owen Morris can be seen in the background, on the left footpath, holding the album's master tape in front of his face. The location was chosen because the street was a popular location for record shops at the time. The cover cost £25,000 to produce.

Release

What's the Story was released on 2 October 1995. The album sold quickly; the Daily Mirror reported the day after release that central London HMV stores were selling copies of the album at a rate of two per minute. At the end of the first week of sales, the album had sold a record-breaking 347,000 copies, making it (at the time) the second-fastest-selling album in British history, behind Michael Jackson's *Bad*. After initially entering the UK charts at number one, it hovered around the top three for the rest of the year before initiating a six-week stay at the top in mid-January, followed by a further three weeks at number one in March. In total, the album didn't leave the top three for an astonishing seven months. After the fourth single from the album, "*Wonderwall*", hit the top ten in several countries, including stays at number one in Australia, New Zealand and Spain, and a peak at number eight in the US, the album began to enjoy prolonged international success. Eventually the album had a five-week run at the top of the Australian albums chart and an eight-week run at the top of the New Zealand albums chart before topping charts in Canada, Ireland, Sweden and Switzerland. The album was also making significant waves in the US market as well, thanks in part to the success of the "*Wonderwall*" and "*Champagne Supernova*" singles on American modern rock radio. Both songs reached number one on the Modern Rock Chart and stayed there for ten and five weeks respectively. By early 1996, *What's the Story* was selling 200,000 copies a week, eventually peaking at number four and being certified four times platinum by the end of the year for shipments of over four million units.

Track listing

All tracks written by Noel Gallagher, except where noted.

No. - Title - Length

1. - "*Hello*" (writers: Noel Gallagher, Gary Glitter, Mike Leander) - 3:21. A fairly low key start for the album, and featured a sample of "*Hello, Hello, I'm Back*", by chief kiddie fiddler Gary Glitter
2. - "*Roll with It*" - 3:59. The 2nd single from the album, which spent more weeks in the UK charts than any other of their singles. It reached number 2, being kept from the top spot in the great Britpop battle against Blur's "Country House".
3. - "*Wonderwall*" - 4:18. 3rd Single off the album and another number 2 hit single. A song everyone seemed to know before the album came out, and managed to attract a charting cover version within a month by Mike Flowers Pop.
4. - "*Don't Look Back in Anger*" - 4:48. 4th and final single release off the album, yet managed to get to number 1, a feat rarely achieved by any artist, as the more releases from an album normally results in lower chart placings
5. - "*Hey Now!*" - 5:41. Probably the least known full track on the album, and for good reason, it actually shows where Oasis were going to go in years to come, and would probably been a standout track on some of the later albums.
6. - *Untitled (also known as "The Swamp Song — Excerpt 1")* - 0:44. Why???? Random instrumental – totally mental more like.
7. - "*Some Might Say*" - 5:28. 1st release from the album some 4 months prior to release, and Oasis's first UK number 1 single.
8. - "*Cast No Shadow*" - 4:51. For a change, not a wall of sound, and a good solid album track.
9. - "*She's Electric*" - 3:40. Could well have been a follow up to some of the barking lyrics from "Supersonic" from their first album.
10. - "*Morning Glory*" - 5:03. The title track (well, with a few words missing – must be 2nd album syndrome – think The Jam "*The Modern World*", and the title gives the game away really.
11. - *Untitled (also known as "The Swamp Song — Excerpt 2")* - 0:40. Without wanting to repeat myself see track 6.
12. - "*Champagne Supernova*" - 7:27. At over 7 minutes long, this was made to be the lead out anthem that most albums aspire to and most fail, but this is probably the best example. Release as a single in the USA, and was the biggest hit from the album. And to top it off, lead guitar and backing vocals were supplied by the Modfather – Paul Weller.

Personnel

Oasis

Liam Gallagher – lead vocals, tambourine

Noel Gallagher – lead and acoustic guitar, vocals (lead on "*Don't Look Back in Anger*"), bass guitar on "*Wonderwall*", piano, mellotron, e-bow, production

Paul "Bonehead" Arthurs – rhythm and acoustic guitar, piano, mellotron, melodica on "*Champagne Supernova*".

Paul "Guigsy" McGuigan – bass guitar (except on "*Wonderwall*")

Alan White – drums, percussion (except on "*Some Might Say*")

Tony McCarroll – drums on "*Some Might Say*"

Additional musician

Paul Weller – lead guitar and backing vocals on "*Champagne Supernova*" and harmonica on "*Untitled*" (excerpt 1 and 2)

Additional personnel

Owen Morris – production

Neil Dorfsman – multichannel mixing (SACD version)

David Swope – assistant mixing (SACD version)

Barry Grint – original audio mastering at Abbey Road Studios (now at Alchemy Soho)

Vlado Meller – mastering (SACD version)

Michael Spencer Jones – photography

Brian Cannon – artwork, design

Mathew Sankey – assistant design

Charts

Chart - Peak position

Australian Albums Chart - 1

Austrian Albums Chart - 3

Belgian Albums Chart (Flanders) - 7

Belgian Albums Chart (Wallonia) - 3

Canadian Albums Chart - 1

Danish Albums Chart - 3

Dutch Albums Chart - 4

European Albums Chart - 1

Finnish Albums Chart - 8

French Albums Chart - 8

German Albums Chart - 3

Hungarian Albums Chart - 32

Icelandic Albums Chart - 1

Irish Albums Chart - 1

Italian Albums Chart - 5

Japanese Albums Chart - 8

New Zealand Albums Chart - 1

Norwegian Albums Chart - 5

Portuguese Albums Chart - 6

Spanish Albums Chart - 1

Swedish Albums Chart - 1

Swiss Albums Chart - 1

UK Albums Chart - 1

US Billboard 200 - 4

Zimbabwean Albums Chart - 5

Certifications

Region - Certification - Certified units/Sales

Argentina (CAPIF) - Gold - 30,000

Australia (ARIA) - 8× Platinum - 560,000

Austria (IFPI Austria) - Gold - 25,000

Belgium (BEA) - Gold - 25,000

Canada (Music Canada) - 8× Platinum - 800,000

Denmark (IFPI Denmark) - Gold - 25,000

Finland (Musiikkituottajat) - Gold - 27,540

France (SNEP) - Platinum - 300,000

Germany (BVMI) - Gold - 250,000

Hong Kong (IFPI Hong Kong) - Gold - 10,000

Ireland (IRMA) - 6× Platinum - 90,000

Italy (FIMI) - Platinum - 100,000

Japan (RIAJ) - Platinum - 200,000

Netherlands (NVPI) - Gold - 50,000

New Zealand (RMNZ) - Platinum - 15,000

Norway (IFPI Norway) - Platinum - 50,000

Spain (PROMUSICAE) - 2× Platinum - 200,000

Sweden (GLF) - Platinum - 100,000

Switzerland (IFPI Switzerland) - Gold - 25,000

Thailand - Gold - 25,000

United Kingdom (BPI) - 14× Platinum - 4,700,000

United States (RIAA) - 4× Platinum - 4,000,000

Released - 2 October 1995
Recorded - March 1995, May–June 1995
Studio - Rockfield Studios, Monmouth, Wales
Genre - Britpop, rock
Length - 50:06
Label - Creation
Producer - Owen Morris, Noel Gallagher

Club Fact File

Oakland Raiders	
Founded	1946
First Season Played	1946
First Season in NFL	1950
Ground	Oakland-Alameda County Coliseum
Capacity	56,057
Previous Stadium(s)	Kezar Stadium, Candlestick Park, Frank Youell Field, Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum
Previous Names	Los Angeles Raiders
Trophies	
AFL Champions	1967
Superbowl Winners	1977, 1981, 1984
AFC Champions	1977, 1981, 1984, 2003
AFC West Division Winners	1970, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1982, 1983, 1985, 1990, 2000, 2001, 2002
AFL West Division Winners	1967, 1968, 1969
Wildcard Playoff Berths	1977, 1980, 1984, 1991, 1993, 2016
League Seasons	
Seasons in NFL/AFL	59
Seasons in AFC	49
Seasons in AFL West Division	10
Seasons in AFC West Division	49

Story Time

Burning Issues Part 2

Stan

Mark didn't know how long his eyes have been shut for when there was a knock at the door. He didn't move, he wasn't expecting visitors and had had enough human interaction for one day. The knocking didn't stop. Then the voice started.

"Come on Mark, I know you're in there." More banging followed, and then the voice again. "Come on son, open up, we need to have a chat."

Mark recognised the voice and the patronising tone of Stan. He dragged himself off the sofa; there would be no peace and quiet until he answered the door. Stan wouldn't just go away, and left to his own devices for too long he would get around to breaking the door down. He moved to the door quietly and then with a sudden burst of speed pulled the door wide open. Stan who was mid furious banging fell into the suddenly open space, only just managing to stop himself falling to the floor.

"What?"

"Alright son, no need for the attitude."

"I'm not your effing son you patronising old git."

"I'm grateful for that; I'd die of shame to have raised such a soft, snivelling piece of sh1t like you. Your dad was far too easy on you; he should have beaten all the delusions of adequacy out of you long before you ran off to your poncey university life."

“What, to stay around here, wandering around acting like a big man when in reality you’re a two bit crook in a small poisoned pond.”

“Why you.”

“Don’t give me any of your false indignity, you know what you really are, that’s why none of you ever moved away, you’d have been crushed as bugs anywhere else in the city, let alone moving to another city.”

“Who the hell do you think arranged everything today?”

“Which part? The crematorium service? The feed the world and sink a battleship display at the community centre? Or the fires?”

“Don’t go blaming me for them, that’s beyond the pale.”

“It’s someone who knows my father that’s doing it all. It’s far too much of a coincidence for someone not in the know to be able to find and torch my father’s car, find and torch my father’s house, and to find my address and send me letters saying none of it’s an accident. If it’s got nothing to do with you Stan then you really need to be looking over your shoulder to see if anyone is coming for the rest of you rather than banging down my door to say what a pussy I am.”

“What letter?”

“The one that was on my mat when I got back today. The one that’s been puzzling me. I’m not on the Electoral Roll; I’m not in the phone book. My dad may have known my address but he’s never been here. So how the hell did someone get my address to send me an anonymous letter? And furthermore, how the hell did you end up banging on my door? Where did you get my address from?”

“From the solicitor of course. Brian has looked after all of our affairs over the years, it’s kept him in business, and any other clients he gets are just a bonus. He’s so tied in to us he couldn’t refuse a request from one of us for an address relating to any of us.”

“And how many of you are there in this “Us”?”

“With Brian, and your dad, nine.”

“And of the remaining eight of you alive, who can’t you rule out for this?”

“I could rule all of them out. I’d trust any of them with my life.”

“So could my father, and look how that turned out. If I were you Stan, I’d think about getting life insurance, and make sure you’re well insured for fires.”

Stan had no snappy comeback for that. In fact he turned pale. Mark smiled inwardly. Under it all Stan was a coward, just like all bullies. He looked scared now. He looked like any other small sixty-something year old man. The bluster was all gone.

“You have a point so.... I mean Mark. I’m going to have to call a council meeting with the others, this is serious sh1t. Look, Mark, I feel a bit of a chump now, I’d come here to berate you for leaving the wake. I wasn’t aware of everything going on. Let me give you a call tomorrow, it would be good to have you at the council meeting in lieu of your dad, if you’d come that is?”

“I’ll think about Stan. Sort out what you need to sort out, and I’ll take your call when it comes if I’m not already engaged. The police will be around at some point tomorrow.”

“Of course, of course, I’ll leave you be. There will still be food and drink at the centre, I’ll catch up with most of the others there and see what I can sort out.”

Stan headed out the door with the parting words of “sorry son” coming out as he did so. Mark slammed the door behind him and went back to the couch. He felt glad that he’d passed some of the concern on.

Mark went to the fridge; he should have brought some of the alcohol from the wake home with him. There was nothing to drink, and he didn’t fancy heading out to get anything. He made do with a cup of tea, and picked up a book to read. He tried for a couple of hours, but he just couldn’t get into it, he was distracted. There were too many thoughts

running through his head for him to concentrate on the words on the page in front of him. He turned the telly on, it was out of the daytime slot now, and it would act as a distraction until he went to bed.

The Police Call

The police seemed more organised when they came to see Mark the following morning. They had joined up the cases on the two fires and were pursuing enquiries based on the premise they were linked. Both fires had been called in at exactly the same time – 11.52, both appeared to have been started deliberately, and initial fire scene reports would suggest the same type of accelerant was used in both cases.

Similar questions to the previous afternoon were trotted out: Any idea who could have done this? Do you have any enemies? Did your father have any enemies?

Mark gave the same answers as before. He wasn't as close to his father as a son might normally be. He didn't think that he had any enemies himself. Yes his father probably had made some enemies over the years. Then Mark showed the police the letter he had received the day before. They were most interested in that. They took it away for testing. Then they asked Mark if he minded giving them fingerprint and DNA samples – purely for elimination purposes you understand. Mark didn't mind, he had nothing to hide, 'anything to help' he told them. Though after the samples there was little else he could help them with.

The police left. Police had always made him nervous; they had done since he was a boy. It was probably his father's influence. The mantra had been there since Mark was old enough to understand. "Don't speak to the cops, and if there is no way to avoid speaking to them, don't say anything. A simple yes, no or dunno is an adequate answer to everything. They are not to be trusted."

It was only after he left Northfields and moved away from Leicester that he realised the mantra wasn't all true. The police had a job to do, and it wasn't easy most of the time, especially with people like his father around. He was well aware by his teenage years why his father didn't want any dealings with the police. It was a miracle he didn't have more. Perhaps he did, he was just good at hiding it away from Mark and his mum.

It was early afternoon when his phone rang. Stan's voice booming down the line, shouting as if he still didn't fully understand the concept of how phones worked and he was trying to be heard from a long distance away.

"The council meeting is on for this evening son, 7.30 in the Bader room at the Legion."

"Which Legion?"

"The Royal British Legion soft boy."

"Stan, stop being a patronising old git. Which effing Legion location? There are still plenty of branches even in this day and age."

"The usual one."

"For feck's sake Stan, just give me a straight answer for once in your stupid life. I'm not one of your or my father's effing cronies. How the feck would I know what your usual Legion is?"

"The Humberstone one of course, it's the only one left in our stomping grounds."

"Right, I'll see you there then."

Mark hung up before Stan could carry on. The events of the previous day must have had a galvanising effect. To get a meeting so quickly couldn't have been easy. Getting a private room at the Legion probably wouldn't have been that difficult though. Mark went out to the local shops, got a paper and a few other bits and pieces and headed back to the flat to relax for a bit.

Council Meeting

One of the local buses meandered through Humberstone on its way into the city centre, and Mark got one that got him to the Legion in plenty of time. He hated being late for anything. The doorman didn't want to let Mark into the club as he wasn't a member. Mark thought they should be outside trying to throw people in to get some custom. However, when he told the doorman he was here for a meeting in the Bader room and gave him his name, they couldn't get him inside quick enough. They showed him up to the room and asked what he wanted to drink.

Despite being twenty minutes early himself, Mark found he was nearly the last one to turn up. There were only two empty seats around the table set up in the room. He also felt seriously underdressed compared to the others in the room. His shirt, jeans and shoes were no match for the two and three piece suits and ties everyone else wore.

He recognised all the faces apart from one, and he could see that the only person missing was Stan. He assumed that the person he didn't recognise was Brian the solicitor, and wondered how he had never actually met the man. He could hear him speaking to Joe and Mick and he recognised the voice that he had spoken to several times on the phone recently. Bill and Cliff were sat either side of the head of the table, which was empty and was apparently Stan's domain. Thomas and Graham were sat in silence next to each other on the left hand side of the table. There was one other space, an extra chair had been crammed in down one side around the table that must normally only have held eight. If he was here in his father's place then he surmised that the solicitor wasn't usually part of proceedings.

None of the men spoke to him as he entered the room and made his way to the spare chair. He did think about going and sitting at the head of the table for the sheer hell of it, but he decided against prodding the hornets' nest any more than was absolutely necessary. He took his seat and put a single sheet of paper on the table. It was a print of the letter he had received; he'd taken a photo of it before giving it to the police, and had printed it off before coming here. He noticed that there were papers in front of all of the men sat around the table.

Stan arrived pretty much spot on time, striding around the table and taking his seat at the head. He looked around, nodding at each man in turn, although with a sneer as he saw Mark. Mark ignored it; he was used to this bunch of semi-illiterate, wannabe criminal masterminds' attitude to him. Once Stan had scanned the room and acknowledged everyone in it he took a deep breath and started speaking.

"Gentlemen, thank you for convening on such short notice for this emergency council meeting. We have two outsiders at the meeting this evening. This is unusual, but the circumstances surrounding the calling of this meeting make it necessary. First, we have Mark, who is here in place of his recently deceased father, George. He has been affected by yesterday's fires, and has had correspondence regarding them. Then we also have Brian, who you all know as he looks after a number of our business arrangements. His knowledge may prove invaluable during our discussions."

No one else made to speak; in fact as Mark looked around the room it appeared that none of them made to move either. It was as if they were waiting for something else to happen. Stan continued,

"We will not be going through all of our usual procedures for a council meeting this evening. With outsiders here and the seriousness of what needs discussing I think it is best to forgo much of the formalities."

Mark had visions of them usually rolling up their trouser legs and slapping each other with wet fish as if they were some kind of Masonic lodge. Although with this lot it was more likely to be a Moronic lodge instead. He suppressed a smile and let Stan continue.

"As you all know, George was stabbed and killed in a seemingly random incident in Sandhill's Chippy a month ago. Then yesterday while he was being cremated his car was torched in the crematorium car park, where Mark had driven it to the service, and George's house was burned down. The car and the house fires were called into the emergency services at exactly the same time. When Mark got back to his flat there was a letter in the post saying 'none of them were accidents'. It is unsure whether this also relates to the stabbing. Mark, have you anything to add?"

"The police were most interested in the letter and have taken it away to run tests on it. They took my fingerprints and DNA for elimination purposes. They are dealing with the fires as being linked, and they are checking for any possible link to the stabbing. I have no doubt they are linked. What I don't know is who would have done this. To my mind it must be someone close to home to know my father's address, to know he would be in that chippy at that time, to know where his car would be, and to know where I live to send me the note. If it isn't someone in this room, then I think you should all be looking over your shoulders."

Mark sat back in his chair and let that sink in. There were a lot of mutterings and objections around the table. He hadn't expected anything else. What they hadn't been expecting was that most of those around the table had received anonymous printed letters that morning. Six of the other eight around the table had copies of the letter in front of them; the only two that didn't were Stan and Brian, though he wouldn't have expected the solicitor to get one. It appeared that all of the letters were identical. Once Stan had managed to quell the noise level in the room he asked Cliff to read out the contents of the letter.

"By now you will have seen what I am capable of. The death of your associate and the timing of the fires destroying his property were no accidents. Your pathetic little cabal has gone on for far too long. You are old men, and no longer relevant here. I am therefore serving notice on all of you. Get out of Leicester whilst you still can. Sell up and eff off before the next one of you gets erased from history. If I do not see positive motion to leave the city in the next four weeks then it may just be you that meets an untimely end. Do not bother going to the police, they are all sick to

death of you as well, and won't be lifting a finger to help any of you. You are entirely alone. You have moved from Northfields, now it is time to move away from Leicester. Buy yourselves retirement cottages by the sea somewhere, just get out of town whilst you still can. I will be watching you all."

There was a silence in the room, one which Mark broke.

"You all received these letters this morning?"

They all nodded or murmured yes.

"At your home addresses?"

Again a round of yeses.

"So why did you not get one Stan? If everyone else round the table got one, why not you?"

This piqued the interest of the others, yes, why not Stan?

"How the hell would I know? Do I look like I work for the Post Office? You didn't get one either sonny boy, and neither did Brian."

Brian responded to that, "Why on earth would I get one, I'm only your solicitor, not a member of your bloody council. And why would Mark get one, he clearly got a different letter yesterday?"

The murmuring around the table increased at that, voices were raised, and fingers were pointed. Mainly at Stan, who was getting more indignant by the second. The council meeting descended in to farce as more accusations were made. Mark couldn't help but find it funny. Stan kept repeating he didn't know why he hadn't received a letter. Stan started haranguing Brian, asking who he'd given addresses to of anyone in the room recently. Brian's response of "only Mark's and that was to you Stan" went down like the proverbial lead balloon.

Mark didn't catch who called out the words, but had a good idea who had said them. "I bet you're on the phone Monday morning, telling everyone you got a letter too, it was just held up in the post." There was a reason his nickname was doubting Thomas. Stan didn't like that insinuation either, and the shouting match continued for a while until eventually the noise level dropped and they all started settling back down into their seats. Once it was quiet in the room Brian stood up and addressed them all,

"I act as your solicitor, both in as a group under your association company, and individually for each of you in the majority of your dealings. I've known all of you in this room for more years than I care to remember, apart from Mark of course. I've known you from the days when we all had thick heads of hair and thin waistlines instead of the other way around as we find ourselves today."

A few nervous laughs came from the men sat around the room.

"It has to be said that over the last few years, the association's dealings have reduced in size quite considerably, and most of your individual dealings are of a probate nature. You give the impression that you have been winding down. This may be the case, I don't know the full inner workings of your association, nor do I want to, there is a limit to what I really need to know from a deniability perspective. But from my dealings with you, that is what I see. Therefore I feel I need to ask you all the question. Do you take the threat seriously?"

Stan immediately answered, full of bluster.

"Of course I don't, it's just some soppo sod trying it on."

Bill and Cliff nodded in agreement. Mark hadn't expected anything else, they would probably agree with Stan if he had suggested invading North Korea. It was Graham who spoke up to offer a rebuttal to Stan.

"That's OK for you to say Stan, you haven't had a letter. Not only that, you're a single man with no family. The rest of us have wives and children to think about. What Brian said is true; we have been winding down operations for a few years now. We probably weren't even aware we were doing so at first. We're all getting old. To me, retirement to the sea doesn't sound such a bad thing. And for me that's the case whether this threat is for real or not. It seems a good juncture to get out."

There were some murmurs of agreement from around the table, but Stan looked furious.

"So we're just going to run away at the first sign of trouble, like a bunch of little school kids?"

Joe responded first to that, "That's not what Graham was saying, and you know it Stan. There's been plenty of times over the years where we've been threatened and stood and faced it. I can see both points of view here, but I have to say that a bungalow by the sea somewhere would be good. Mary has been nagging at me to move to Cromer of Hunstanton for years. She never used to mind all this when we were in the old house on the estate, but she's never taken to the new little boxes on the Hamilton. Too many stuck up little feckers who look down their noses at us, as if their sh1t don't smell just as bad."

Graham carried on, "I know this is a sudden thing for us all, but if these threats are for real we haven't got much time to start sorting our sh1t out."

Stan still wasn't happy, "So what do you suggest then? Just wind the association up and go on out merry little ways?"

"Possibly yes, I think we should seriously consider putting it to the vote."

"What? Tonight? That's a bit of a knee jerk reaction isn't it? Playing right into the hands of whoever may or may not be threatening us."

Joe spoke again, "A vote might be a good idea, and tonight is as good a time as any. We're already in council; we have Brian in attendance to make sure things are done properly. You know how difficult it is normally to schedule impromptu council meetings, we were lucky tonight."

Brian spoke again, "Should we have a show of hands for who wants to take a vote tonight?"

Mark couldn't help himself now, and laughed. Stan stared daggers at him.

"What's so funny son?"

Mark sighed, "As I keep telling you, you patronising old git, I'm not your effing son. And I'm laughing because I'm wondering at whether you should have a little vote on whether to have a show of hands on whether you should have a vote, it just sounds comical."

Stan built up as if he was going to have another go, but Mick got in first.

"You shouldn't take the piss Mark, it means a lot to us, and it meant a lot to your dad, whether you like it or not. Let's just have a show of hands and get it over with."

Brian asked them to raise their hands if they thought they should have a vote. Mark felt exempt so kept his arms on the table. Besides him and Brian, the only other person in the room who didn't raise their hand was Stan.

"Carried then," said Brian, "We'll have a vote on the dissolution of the association. If you would like to go and get yourselves drinks from the bar, I'll see if I can find something to use for the vote."

They all traipsed out of the room and down to the bar. No one spoke to each other. A few words of greeting were exchanged with other punters in the bar. Mark was surprised as how many people were in there. It hadn't struck him as a go to venue for a Saturday night out, and there were quite a few twenty-somethings in there. Then on being asked for the money for his drink it struck him, the place was cheap. They were all probably pre-loading before heading on into the city centre.

When they got up to the room a ballot box had appeared on a table to the side of the room, and pens and papers were sat next to it. Brian addressed them again.

"Gentlemen, form a queue, take a piece of paper and vote. Write yes for dissolving the association, no for keeping it intact as it is, or abstain if you want to abstain. When you have all voted I will check the votes and give the result."

Mark sat watching them get up one by one and make their way up to the ballot box. They didn't queue; they got up one by one, making their way around the table, skipping over where Mark sat. Brian stood by the table with the box on it. When no one else got up Brian asked if they had all voted and got barked at to just count the bloody votes. He opened the box and took the pieces of paper back out, and counted them.

"Gentlemen, there were seven votes cast, three said yes, to dissolve the association."

Stan grinned broadly.

"Three said no, to keep it intact."

The grin changed to a look of confusion.

“And there was one abstention.”

“What does that mean?” Stan asked.

“It means that one of you didn’t vote.”

“But all seven of us did, you’ve just said there were seven votes, so we all voted.”

“According to the articles of your association, when one of the association dies, their share passes to their nominated heir. George’s nominated heir is his son Mark, who I’m sure, did not vote just now.”

“You what? That snivelling little sh1t gets a vote on this?”

“Yes and the deciding vote as it would happen.”

“I’m not having that.”

“It’s not your decision Stan. All of you agreed to the articles of the association when you were set up. It is binding. Mark inherits George’s share and voting rights.”

Mark looked as shocked as Stan. He hadn’t been aware that he would have inherited his father’s business holdings, let alone voting rights. He sat there thinking about what it meant. Stan shouted at him,

“Well, don’t just sit there; get your vote written down.”

Mark was about to move when there was a knock on the door. It was the doorman; he had a thick manila envelope in his hand.

“This was just delivered for your meeting. A motorcycle courier dropped it off.”

Dilbert



10/10/2018

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.

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