

Flanagan's Running Club – Issue 30

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. Details of how to sign up is in the epilogue.

There is no need to panic, there is no actual running involved, it is not a running club in that sense. The title is made up from extending the title of my favourite book – Flanagan's Run by Tom McNab.

A new year brings a bit of an amendment to the contents of Flanagan's Running Club, a couple of items have fallen by the wayside, a couple of new bits have been added, and the Leicestershire section has been expanded as I've been updating and expanding my own writing on its history over the last few months. In the epilogue I've added a number of links out to my writing on other sites, so it is all collated in one place. Various issues may even be broken up with a few more pictures than in the past now that I've given up trying to get it through the work e-mail system.

So, enjoy the read.

On This Day – 15th January

1759 - The British Museum opens to the public.

1844 - University of Notre Dame receives its charter from the state of Indiana.

1889 - The Coca-Cola Company, then known as the Pemberton Medicine Company, is incorporated in Atlanta.

1892 - James Naismith publishes the rules of basketball.

1967 - The first Super Bowl is played in Los Angeles. The Green Bay Packers defeat the Kansas City Chiefs 35-10.

It's John Chilembwe Day (Malawi)

Ocean Duty Day (Indonesia)

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

An old house in London's Great Russell Street opened its doors today in 1759 and forever changed the world of antiquities and academia. Inside were the artefacts and library owned by London physician and famous collector Sir Hans Sloane (yes, as in Sloane Square). This was the genesis of a revolutionary institution that would be owned by the nation, free to all, and would collect everything – the British Museum. It now has more than seven million objects and is one of the world's most comprehensive records of human culture. Curiously, the first choice of venue, Buckingham Palace, was rejected for its unsuitable location.

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

Run D.M.C release the single "King Of Rock" on Profile.

The hit single and title track from their sophomore album released a week later, followed in the rep-rock fusion mode of their hit single "Rock Box". It reached #14 on the R&B chart.

"King Of Rock" featured a popular music video, which became a fan favourite on MTV. It featured Calvert DeForest, aka Larry 'Bud' Melman of NBC's 'Late Night with David Letterman' fame.

Births

1622 - Moliere

1929 - Martin Luther King, Jr.

1972 - Claudia Winkleman

1981 - Pitbull

Deaths

1990 - Gordon Jackson

2011 - Nat Lofthouse

2018 - Dolores O'Riordan

Number 1's

Number 1 single in 1995 - Rednex - Cotton Eye Joe

Number 1 album in 2007 - Amy Winehouse - Back To Black

Number 1 compilation album in 2010 - Anthems - Electronic 80s

Top 10

The top ten in the UK singles chart on this day in 1988

Position	Last Week's Position	Title	Artist	Label	Peak Position	Weeks on Chart
1	2	HEAVEN IS A PLACE ON EARTH	BELINDA CARLISLE	VIRGIN	1	6
2	1	ALWAYS ON MY MIND	PET SHOP BOYS	PARLOPHONE	1	6
3	7	HOUSE ARREST	KRUSH	CLUB	3	8
4	8	STUTTER RAP (NO SLEEP TIL BEDTIME)	MORRIS MINOR AND THE MAJORS	10	4	6
5	9	I FOUND SOMEONE	CHER	GEFFEN	5	8
6	5	ANGEL EYES	WET WET WET	PRECIOUS ORGANISATION	5	7
7	19	ALL DAY AND ALL OF THE NIGHT	THE STRANGLERS	EPIC	7	2
8	29	SIGN YOUR NAME	TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY	CBS	8	2
9	21	COME INTO MY LIFE	JOYCE SIMS	LONDON	9	2
10	23	RISE TO THE OCCASION	CLIMIE FISHER	EMI	10	7

Drabble

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

Angry Man

The man is shouting at me, I see his mouth moving and the hateful look on his face, but I can't make out what he is saying. Part of this is because of my drunkenness, but also because of his drunkenness, making his words a bit nonsensical.

However, the loud music coming from all around, is what is stopping the shouting getting through, it's difficult to hear anything over the music. Cameo's "Word Up", and it's all I can do not to sing, but I doubt it will help the mood of the angry red-faced man in front of me.

Joke

A man went to the perfume counter of a big department store and said he wanted a bottle of Chanel No. 5 gift wrapped for his wife's birthday.

"A little surprise, is it?" asked the sales assistant.

"Yes," said the man, "She's expecting a new car."

Random Items

Facts

Lorne Greene had one of his nipples bitten off by an alligator while he was host of "Lorne Greene's Wild Kingdom."

Cat's urine glows under a blacklight.

If you bring a racoon's head to the Henniker, New Hampshire town hall, you are entitled to receive \$.10 from the town.

Thoughts

Why do fat chance and slim chance mean the same thing?

Have you ever imagined a world with no hypothetical situations?

How does the guy who drives the snowplough get to work in the mornings?

Forgotten English

Satyriasis

An irresistible desire in man to have frequent connexion with females, accompanied with the power of doing so without exhaustion. Sometimes the abuse of aphrodisiacs has occasioned it. The principle symptoms are; almost constant erection, irresistible and almost constant desire for venery, and frequent nocturnal pollutions. Cold lotions, the cold bath, a mild diet, active exercise, are the only means that can be adopted for its removal.

Words You Should Know

Supererogation

More than is required, with the implication of officiousness: 'It was an act of supererogation for her to explain what I had to do, given that I've done it every day for the last six months.'

Popular Expressions – What They Mean And Where We Got Them

Clean Round The Bend

Completely crazy or eccentric. The phrase was described by F.C. Bowen in the Oxford English Dictionary in 1929 as 'an old naval term for anybody who is mad'.

In a neat play on words, the phrase has been used to advertise the lavatory cleaner Harpic since the 1930s: 'It cleans right around the bend.'

Darwin Award

Midnight Special

Jacob, forty seven, accidentally shot himself to death in December 1992 in Newton when, awakening to the sound of a ringing telephone beside his bed, he reached for the phone, but grabbed instead his loaded Smith & Wesson .38 special, which discharged when he drew it to his ear.

What The Hygge!

Hygge

1) (n.) the Danish art of reaching a state of near catatonic cosiness by sitting around a fire in a knitted jumper and felt slippers, scoffing cookies, downing glygge, and (best of all) pretending to have special words for ordinary things.

2) (n.) utter nonsense.

3) (v.) to laugh all the way to the bank; often used of knitwear manufacturers at Yuletide.

The Secrets Lives of Colours

A great book that goes into details about how colours got their names and their history of use. By Kassia St. Clair, it is well worth buying.

Isabelline

Isabella Clara Eugenia was, by the standards of her day, exceedingly beautiful. Like her English near contemporary, Queen Elizabeth I, she was very pale, with fine, marmalade-coloured hair, only the merest suggestion of the Habsburg lip and a high, wide forehead. She was also powerful, ruling a large tract of northern Europe called the Spanish Netherlands. This makes it seem all the more unfair that her namesake in the colour world is a dingy yellow white. As the author of A History of Handmade Lace described it in 1900: 'a greyish coffee colour, or in plain English, the colour of dirt'.

The story goes that in 1601 Isabella's husband, Archduke Albert VII of Austria, began the siege of Ostend. Isabella, believing the siege would be short-lived, vowed she would not change or wash her underwear until he won. Isabelline is the colour the queen's linens had become when the siege finally ended three years later. Luckily for the poor queen, proof that this story is nonsense isn't difficult to find. The tale only appeared in print in the nineteenth century – an aeon in Chinese-whisper years – and two exculpatory dresses in the hue crop up in the wardrobe of Queen Elizabeth I. Inventories, one taken a year before the start of the siege, show she owned both an isabelline kirtell (a long dress or tunic; she had 126 in total) and a 'rounde gowne of Isabella-colour satten ... set with silver spangles'.

Mud, however, sticks, so despite royal endorsement, the colour's fashionable career was short-lived. But it has managed to carve out another niche in the natural sciences, particularly in descriptions of animals. Pale palomino horses and Himalayan brown bears are isabelline, and there are several species of bird, including the Oenanthe isabellina or isabelline wheatear, that owe their names to the colour of their pale dun plumage.

'Isabellinism' is also the name of a genetic mutation that renders feathers that ought to be black, grey or dark brown a pallid yellowish colour instead. A handful of the king penguins on Marion Island in the Antarctic make up one prominent group of sufferers.⁵ Among the huddled ranks on the island, the wan mutants are the highly visible odd men out, the weaklings, and anyone who has ever watched natural-history documentaries knows what usually happens to them. A dubious legacy indeed for the poor Archduchess Isabella.

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 Slasher

The morning brought another victim. The passenger side tyres on the Peugeot belonging to the couple at number twenty-three were flat as pancakes. There were little slashes in them. It was by no means the first occurrence on the street.

Two of the monster trucks belonging to the muppet from the next street had been done. He hadn't got any sympathy. "Should park on his own street really". Then there was the little old battered Micra of Mrs Taylor at number forty-one. There was a lot of sympathy there.

The fool with his BMW at number thirty two had his tyres done one night when he'd parked on the pavement in front of his house, and the same night young Callum next door had his motorbike slashed despite it being in one of the garages in the block at the end of the close.

No one had seen anything for any of the attacks. If it had been just the builder and the pavement parker then it could be said it was some kind of self-righteous vigilante, hacked off at the irresponsible and inconsiderate parking. But the old lady's Micra and the kid's motorbike, and the couple's Peugeot weren't in anyone's way.

It wasn't even as if it was a through road. There was no footpath through the close to anywhere else. The only people coming down this part of the close would be those who lived here. No passing drunks at chucking out time from the pub up the road. No random teenage gangs. There was very little motion up the close after about ten at night. I was just thankful my tyres hadn't been slashed.

There was somewhat of an atmosphere in the close now. The creeping suspicion was infecting all of us. No nods to others in the street, or a sunny hello, just the narrowing of eyes and accusatory looks, as if to say. "Is it you?"

Someone had set up CCTV outside their house with cameras pointing both ways. They'd reviewed the footage this morning and no had walked along the close between 11:04 PM and 5:31 AM. Even the people who had walked along at those times hadn't been anywhere near the Peugeot. It was a mystery.

Fast forward three nights and there was another slashing. The puke green Hyundai people wagon of number sixteen had been done. Again, there was no sign of anyone having been near the car during the night.

The police had been called in and were investigating. The slashes on the tyres were all the same. They were being done by a small thin blade. The cuts weren't very deep, so it suggested it was only a short blade as well.

The next night my bicycle, which was sat in my back garden got done. The same small thin slashes showed up on the tyre of the bicycle as well.

I got that sinking feeling as I looked at the cat playing with its rubber mouse. I'd seen these slashes before in the cat's playthings. The damn little pest had taken to trying to sharpen its claws on tyres now. It gave the chair legs a break I supposed. But it was causing carnage down the street. And it wasn't as if the claws needed sharpening.

It would also explain how someone had got into a locked garage to slash Callum's motorbike tyres. I wondered whether the cat had shown up on the CCTV, but I wasn't going to be asking. I could do without the bill for half a dozen or so new tyres. I'd get the little pest's claws trimmed instead.

Leicestershire

Beacon Hill

Beacon Hill, near Loughborough, in Leicestershire, England, is a popular country park. It is one of several beacon hills in the United Kingdom. It is part of Beacon Hill, Hangingstone and Outwoods Site of Special Scientific Interest.

The park consists of over 135 hectares (330 acres) of grassland and woodland and offers recreational walking, and some short climbs. With a maximum height of 248 metres (814 ft.), it is the second highest point in Leicestershire after Bardon Hill, although the OS map shows Birch Hill, which is near Copt Oak to be 254m.

An extinct volcano, in Whitwick, 4 miles (6 km) to the west, was responsible for the fine-grained igneous rocks that the hill consists of. Beacon Hill was the site of a Bronze Age hill fort. Today a toposcope indicates landmarks which can be seen from the summit. These include Lincoln Cathedral and the hills of the Peak District.

Ratcliffe-on-Soar Power Station is aligned so that, seen from the summit, only two of its eight cooling towers are visible.

On a clear day Belvoir Castle can be seen as well as the hills in the Peak District. Derby, Nottingham, and the tower of Lincoln Cathedral can be seen with a pair of binoculars. Loughborough is seen below the hill as is Beaumanor Hall. You can also hear and see steam trains on the Great Central Railway which has stations at Loughborough, Quorn and Woodhouse.

It was featured on the 2005 TV programme Seven Natural Wonders as one of the wonders of the Midlands. There are some very interesting rocks on the summit.

Nearby are two small woods both accessible to the public. Jubilee Wood is 2 miles (3 km) north-west of the lower Beacon hill car park on the Woodhouse Eaves to Nanpantan road and the Outwoods which is adjacent to Jubilee Wood.

The park has been awarded the Green Flag Award. The park contains a collection of native trees, first planted in 1996. Many of the trees are labelled, and there are several boxes that provide audio commentary on the biology and historical interest of selected tree species at the push of a button.

St. Bartholomew's Sproxton

The church of St Bartholomew was extended and restored in 1882 by architect Henry Woodyer, and is a Grade II* listed building. There is evidence of Norman building in the west wall of the south aisle and the west tower is thirteenth century. The top part of the tower was rebuilt in the restoration of 1882. There is a Saxon cross in the churchyard - the only complete one in Leicestershire.

The following items are from 1882-83 in Henry Woodyer's restoration: the belfry, south porch, south aisle, south chancel including transept and chapel and the chancel arch. Ironstone with limestone dressings is used throughout. There is an unbuttressed 3-stage tower. There is a lancet west window and a lancet to south, the south lancet goes through to the ringing chamber.

A limestone belfry stage with 2-light windows has a crenellated parapet and crocketed pinnacles. The 3-light south aisle Perpendicular windows are under 4-centered arches. The south porch is gabled. The north nave wall has a blocked doorway, just pointed, and a 2-light cusped window under a swore head. There are 3 2-light cusped clerestory windows each side and no openings to north chancel wall.

Plain triple lancet east window. Gabled south transept with one high south window. East of this a sloping chapel with doorway and a 2-light window to south; also, an east window. There are 2-light chancel window east of this. Inside a 3-bay south arcade of octagonal piers with moulded polygonal bases and capitals exists with double chamfered arches.

The wide tower arch on circular responds with polygonal capitals below double chamfered arch. The 7-bay nave roof of crenellated moulded tie beams on arched braces drops on wall posts to corbels. The corbels are stone grotesques and animals. On ties are King post spurs to moulded ridge piece and struts to moulded purlins.

Only corbels, King spurs and struts are pre-1882. There is a late fourteenth century font with shafts to stem and encircled quatrefoils to bowl panels. Chancel arch re-uses a pair of crocket capitals. The nineteenth century chancel roof is as the nave but with traceried spandrels to the arched braces. The head corbels are nineteenth century.

Ashby Magna

Ashby Magna is a small English village and civil parish in the Harborough district of Leicestershire. The parish has a population of 294, increasing at the 2011 census to 347. It is in the west of the district, and lies midway between junctions 20 and 21 of the M1. Nearby places are Willoughby Waterleys, Peatling Parva and Dunton Bassett.

The village is of Danish origin and recorded in the Domesday Book as 'Essebi' or 'Asseby'. Its name derives from the 'ash' tree, from 'by', Old Danish for a farmstead or settlement, and from 'Magna', Latin for great. It was large by medieval standards, but the population has remained static at around 300-400.

The Anglican church of St Mary's is a grade II* listed building currently on Historic England's Heritage at Risk register as being in a poor state and it has been the subject of heritage crime.

Ashby Magna had the first grass tennis court in Leicestershire - Constructed in 1846 by a sporting vicar.

Top Ten

The first 10 Superbowls

No	Date	Winner	Loser	Score
1	January 15th 1967	Green Bay Packers	Kansas City Chiefs	35 - 10
2	January 14th 1968	Green Bay Packers	Oakland Raiders	33 - 14
3	January 12th 1969	New York Jets	Baltimore Colts	16 - 7
4	January 11th 1970	Kansas City Chiefs	Minnesota Vikings	23 - 7
5	January 17th 1971	Baltimore Colts	Dallas Cowboys	16 - 13
6	January 16th 1972	Dallas Cowboys	Miami Dolphins	24 - 3
7	January 14th 1973	Miami Dolphins	Washington Redskins	14 - 7
8	January 13th 1974	Miami Dolphins	Minnesota Vikings	24 - 7
9	January 12th 1975	Pittsburgh Steelers	Minnesota Vikings	16 - 6
10	January 18th 1976	Pittsburgh Steelers	Dallas Cowboys	21 - 17

Poetry Corner

Clutter

There is a space just under the stairs.
There was a time it was just full of air.
But that was long ago before I moved in.
Carrying more boxes than a factory of gin.
First there were the records, seven inch single galore.
Along the back wall from the ceiling to floor.
Two thousand of them all crammed into shelves.
To move them I wish I'd had helper elves.
To the lower end more shelves, this time books.
On subjects like history, geography and ducks.
Hundreds of them in all sizes and shapes.
Ooh, look, there is one that is all about grapes.
Four foldaway chairs made of metal and leather.
Looking slightly faded having been beaten by weather.
Sit at the back between the shelves of "I bought this why"?
Collecting dust and some rust as time goes by.
Then in plastic crates in front there are some tools.
Garden shears, paint brushes and the gloves of a fool.
Two left hands and not one for the right.
Black as pitch that can't be seen in the night.
A crash helmet sits on top of a box.
A box that is empty that used to hold rocks.
A rucksack is dumped in front of it all.

It happens to be my writing holdall.
 Fruit boxes sit precariously placed.
 Empty, ready to hold items not going to waste.
 By the side of it all sit two skateboards.
 A pirate outfit complete with a plastic sword.
 There is no space left from the edge of the mat.
 Nowhere to hide in there for the dog or the cat.
 It looks really messy; it is quite a state.
 Trying to find any item in there we all hate.
 It's time to get curtains to draw in front of it all.
 To tidy up the view that people get of the hall.

Cathedral Fact Files

Cathedral	Lancaster Cathedral		
Dedicated To	St. Peter		
Type	Catholic	Architecture	Neo-Gothic
Religion	Catholic	Tower / Spire	1 Spire
Site Founded	1847	Height (External)	165
Church Founded	1859	Height (Internal)	64
Bishopric Founded	1924	Length	157
Current Bishopric Founded	1924	Width	80



Thirty-Three And One Third Revolutions Per Minute

Amy Winehouse – Back To Black

Back to Black is the second and final studio album by English singer and songwriter Amy Winehouse, released on 27 October 2006 by Island Records. Winehouse predominantly based the album on her tumultuous relationship with then-ex-boyfriend and future husband Blake Fielder-Civil, who temporarily left her to pursue his previous ex-girlfriend. Their short-lived separation spurred her to create an album that explores the themes of guilt, grief, infidelity and heartbreak in a relationship.

Influenced by the pop and soul music of 1960s girl groups, Winehouse collaborated with producers Salaam Remi and Mark Ronson, along with Sharon Jones' band The Dap-Kings, to assist her on capturing the sounds from that time period while blending them with contemporary R&B and neo-soul music. Between 2005 and 2006, she recorded the album's songs with Remi at Instrumental Zoo Studios in Miami and then with Ronson and the Dap-Kings at Chung King Studios and Daptone Records in New York. Tom Elmhirst mixed the album at Metropolis Records in London.

Back to Black was acclaimed by music critics, who praised Winehouse's song writing and emotive singing style as well as Salaam Remi and Mark Ronson's production. The album spawned five singles: "Rehab", "You Know I'm No Good", "Back to Black", "Tears Dry on Their Own" and "Love Is a Losing Game". It has also been cited as being a key influence to the widespread popularity of British soul throughout the late 2000s, paving the musical landscape for artists such as Adele, Duffy, and Estelle.

At the 50th Annual Grammy Awards ceremony, Back to Black won Best Pop Vocal Album and was also nominated for Album of the Year. At the same ceremony, Winehouse won four additional awards, tying her with five other artists as

the second-most awarded female in a single ceremony. The album was also nominated at the 2007 Brit Awards for MasterCard British Album and was shortlisted for the 2007 Mercury Prize. *Back to Black* sold 3.58 million copies in the UK alone, becoming the UK's second best-selling album of the 21st century so far. The album has sold over 16 million copies worldwide.

A deluxe edition of *Back to Black* was released in November 2007, containing a bonus disc of B-sides and live tracks. Winehouse's debut DVD *I Told You I Was Trouble: Live in London*, released that same month, includes a live set recorded at Shepherd's Bush Empire in London and a 50-minute documentary detailing the singer's career over the previous four years.

"She [Winehouse] was in Miami only for ten days for *Back to Black*. Her vocals were quick. She'd give a couple takes that were effortless and honest, and we'd [the Instrumental Zoo personnel] have it. People think of studio sessions as all-nighters, but we'd get there at 10 a.m. to set up; she'd come at noon. By 8 or 9 at night, we were done, and we'd be back up in the morning getting it done in the daylight."

—Frank Socorro, sound engineer for *Back to Black*

Most of the songs on *Back to Black* were solely written by Winehouse, as her primary focus of the album's sound shifted more towards the style of the girl groups from the 1950s and 1960s. Winehouse worked with New York singer Sharon Jones's long-time band, the Dap-Kings, to back her up in the studio and on tour. Her father, Mitch Winehouse, relates in his memoir, *Amy, My Daughter*, how fascinating watching her process was; mainly with her perfectionism in the studio, and how she would put what she had sung on a CD and play it in his taxi outside to know how most people would hear her music.

In 2005, Winehouse returned to Miami (as she went there previously to produce her debut album) to record five songs at Salaam Remi's Instrumental Zoo Studios: "Tears Dry on Their Own", "Some Unholy War", "Me & Mr Jones", "Just Friends", and "Addicted". The recording process of Remi's album portion was "intimate", consisting of Winehouse singing while on guitar and Remi adding the other instruments played mostly by himself (chiefly played the piano and the main/bass guitars on the album), or by instrumentalist Vincent Henry (primarily played saxes, the flute, and the clarinet).

Winehouse and producer Mark Ronson both shared a publishing company, which encouraged a meeting between the two. They conversed in March 2006 in Ronson's New York studio that he used to have. They worked on six tracks together: "Rehab", "Back to Black", "You Know I'm No Good", "Love Is a Losing Game", "Wake Up Alone", and "He Can Only Hold Her". Ronson said in a 2010 interview with *The Guardian* that he liked working with Winehouse because she was blunt when she did not like his work. She in turn thought that when they first met, he was a sound engineer and that she was expecting an "older man with a beard". Ronson wrote "Back to Black" the night after he met Winehouse, explaining in a 2010 *Mojo* interview: "I just thought, 'Let's talk about music, see what she [Winehouse] likes.' She said she liked to go out to bars and clubs and play snooker with her boyfriend and listen to the Shangri-Las. So, she played me some of those records [...] I told her that I had nothing to play her right now [...] [B]ut if she [lets] me work on something overnight [...] she could come back tomorrow. So, I came up with this little piano riff, which became the verse chords to 'Back to Black.' Behind it I just put a kick drum and a tambourine and tons of reverb." Winehouse's father later recalled the formulation of "Rehab" in his memoir:

The majority of the songs produced by Ronson were completed at Daptone Records—along with the instrumental help of The Dap-Kings—in Brooklyn, New York.] Three of the horn players from the group played a baritone sax, a tenor sax, and a trumpet. Ronson recorded the trio to create the "'60s-sounding metallica" on the album. The drums, piano, guitar, and bass were all done together in one room, with the drums being recorded with one microphone. There was also lots of spill between the instruments. Additional production of the album was located at Chung King and Allido Studios in New York City, and at Metropolis Records in London. In the Allido studio, Ronson used synthesisers and vintage keyboards to display the sound landscape for the album, including the Wurlitzer electric piano. In May of that year, Winehouse's demo tracks such as "You Know I'm No Good" and "Rehab" appeared on Mark Ronson's New York radio show on East Village Radio. These were some of the first new songs played on the radio after the release of "Pumps" and both were slated to appear on her second album. The 11-track album, completed in five months, was produced entirely by Remi and Ronson, with the production credits being split between them.

Back to Black was released on 27 October 2006. A deluxe edition of *Back to Black* was released in mainland Europe in November 2007 and in the United Kingdom on 3 December 2007. The reissue features the original studio album remastered as well as a bonus disc containing various B-sides and live tracks, including Winehouse's solo rendition of the single "Valerie" on BBC Radio 1's *Live Lounge*; the song was originally available in studio form on Ronson's *Version* album. Winehouse's debut DVD *I Told You I Was Trouble: Live in London* was released in the UK on 5 November and in the US on 13 November. It includes a live set recorded at London's Shepherd's Bush Empire and a 50-minute documentary chronicling the singer's career over the previous four years.

The first single released from the album on 23 October 2006 was "Rehab". On 22 October 2006, based solely on download sales, it entered the UK Singles Chart at number 19, and when the physical single was released the following week, it climbed to number seven. Following a performance of "Rehab" at the 2007 MTV Movie Awards on 3

June 2007, the song rose to number 10 on the US Billboard Hot 100 for the week of 23 June, peaking at number nine the following week.

"You Know I'm No Good" was released on 8 January 2007 as the album's second single, reaching number 18 on the UK Singles Chart. Back to Black was released in the United States in March 2007, with a remix of "You Know I'm No Good" featuring rap vocals by Ghostface Killah as its lead single. A third UK single, "Back to Black", was released on 30 April 2007. Having previously peaked at number 25 on the UK chart, the track climbed to number eight in late July 2011, following Winehouse's death. Two further singles were released from the album: "Tears Dry on Their Own" was released on 13 August 2007, and peaked at number 16 in the UK, while "Love Is a Losing Game", released on 10 December 2007, reached number 33.

Back to Black debuted at number three on the UK Albums Chart on 5 November 2006 with first-week sales of 43,021 copies. On the week of 21 January 2007, the album topped the UK Albums chart with nearly 48,000 copies sold. Back to Black was the biggest-selling album of 2007 in the UK, having sold 1.85 million copies. The BPI certified the album 13-times Platinum on 30 March 2018, and by October 2018, it had sold 3.93 million copies, making it the UK's second best-selling album of the 21st century so far, as well as the 13th best-selling album in the UK of all time.

Back to Black debuted at number seven on the Billboard 200 in the United States with first-week sales of 51,000 copies, becoming the highest debut entry for an album by a British female solo artist at the time—a record that would be broken by Joss Stone's *Introducing Joss Stone*, which debuted at number two on the Billboard 200 the following week. Following Winehouse's multiple wins at the 50th Annual Grammy Awards, the album jumped from number 24 to a new peak of number two on the Billboard 200 chart issue dated 1 March 2008 with sales of 115,000 copies. The album was certified double-Platinum by the Recording Industry Association of America (RIAA) on 12 March 2008, and has since sold nearly three million copies in the US.

Track listing

All tracks written by Amy Winehouse except where noted

No. - Title - Writer(s) - Producer(s) - Length

1. - "Rehab" - Mark Ronson - 3:34. 1st single release from the album, reached number 7 on the UK singles chart. Has been sampled in eight tracks and covered seventeen times.
2. - "You Know I'm No Good" - Ronson - 4:17. 2nd single release from the album, reached number 18 on the UK singles chart. Has been sampled a dozen times and covered numerous times, including by the Arctic Monkeys for *The Live Lounge*.
3. - "Me & Mr Jones" - Salaam Remi - 2:33. Sampled by one other song, and covered twice.
4. - "Just Friends" - Remi - 3:13. Covered by St Etienne.
5. - "Back to Black" - Amy Winehouse/Ronson - Ronson - 4:01. 3rd single release from the album, reached number 8 on the UK singles chart. Has been sampled five times and covered eighteen times.
6. - "Love Is a Losing Game" - Ronson - 2:35. 5th single release from the album, reached number 33 on the UK singles chart. Covered ten times.
7. - "Tears Dry on Their Own" - Winehouse/Nickolas Ashford/Valerie Simpson - Remi - 3:06. 4th single release from the album, reached number 16 on the UK singles chart. Sampled Marvin Gaye & Tammi Terrell's "Ain't No Mountain High Enough".
8. - "Wake Up Alone" - Winehouse/Paul O'Duffy - Ronson - 3:42. Covered by Smooth Jazz All Stars.
9. - "Some Unholy War" - Remi - 2:22. Sampled once and covered once.
10. - "He Can Only Hold Her" - Winehouse/Richard Poindexter/Robert Poindexter - Ronson - 2:46. Sampled The Icemen's "My Girl (She's A Fox)", and has been sampled in other songs twice.
11. - "Addicted" - Remi - 2:45. Covered by The View.

Total length: - 34:56

Musicians

Amy Winehouse – vocals (all tracks); guitar (tracks 3, 4, 9, 11); background vocals (tracks 3, 7, 9, 11)

Nick Movshon – bass guitar (tracks 1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 10)

Homer Steinweiss – drums (tracks 1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 10)

Thomas Brenneck – guitar (tracks 1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 10)

Binky Griptite – guitar (tracks 1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 10)

Victor Axelrod – piano (tracks 1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 10); Wurlitzer, claps (tracks 1, 2)

Dave Guy – trumpet (tracks 1, 2, 10)

Neal Sugarman – tenor saxophone (tracks 1, 2, 10, 11)

Ian Hendrickson-Smith – baritone saxophone (tracks 1, 2)

Mark Ronson – claps (track 1); band arrangements (tracks 1, 2, 5, 6, 8); tambourine (track 5); snaps (track 10)

Vaughan Merrick – claps (tracks 1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 10)

Perry Montague-Mason – violin, orchestra leader (tracks 1, 5, 6)

Chris Tombling – violin (tracks 1, 5, 6)

Mark Berrow – violin (tracks 1, 5, 6)

Warren Zielinski – violin (tracks 1, 5, 6)

Liz Edwards – violin (tracks 1, 5, 6)

Boguslaw Kostecki – violin (tracks 1, 5, 6)
Peter Hanson – violin (tracks 1, 5, 6)
Jonathan Rees – violin (tracks 1, 5, 6)
Tom Pigott-Smith – violin (tracks 1, 5, 6)
Everton Nelson – violin (tracks 1, 5, 6)
Bruce White – viola (tracks 1, 5, 6)
Jon Thorne – viola (tracks 1, 5, 6)
Katie Wilkinson – viola (tracks 1, 5, 6)
Rachel Bolt – viola (tracks 1, 5, 6)
Anthony Pleeth – cello (tracks 1, 5, 6)
Joely Koos – cello (tracks 1, 5, 6)
John Heley – cello (tracks 1, 5, 6)
Helen Tunstall – harp (tracks 1, 6)
Steve Sidwell – trumpet (tracks 1, 6)
Richard Edwards – tenor trombone (tracks 1, 6)
Andy Mackintosh – alto saxophone (tracks 1, 5, 6)
Chris Davies – alto saxophone (tracks 1, 5, 6)
Jamie Talbot – tenor saxophone (tracks 1, 5, 6)
Mike Smith – tenor saxophone (tracks 1, 6)
Dave Bishop – baritone saxophone (tracks 1, 5, 6)
Frank Ricotti – percussion (tracks 1, 5, 6)
Gabriel Roth – band arrangements (tracks 1, 2, 5, 6, 8)
Chris Elliott – orchestra arrangements, orchestra conducting (tracks 1, 5, 6)
Isobel Griffiths – orchestra contractor (tracks 1, 5, 6)
Salaam Remi – upright bass (track 3); drums (tracks 3, 9, 11); piano (tracks 3, 7); bass (tracks 4, 7, 9, 11); guitar (tracks 7, 9)
Vincent Henry – baritone saxophone, tenor saxophone (tracks 3, 7); guitar (tracks 3, 4, 7, 9, 11); clarinet (tracks 4, 7); bass clarinet (track 4); alto saxophone, flute, piano, celeste (track 7); saxophone (track 11)
Bruce Purse – bass trumpet, flugelhorn (tracks 3, 4, 7, 11); trumpet (tracks 4, 7, 11)
Troy Auxilly-Wilson – drums (tracks 4, 7, 11); tambourine (track 7)
John Adams – Rhodes (tracks 4, 11); organ (tracks 4, 9, 11)
P*Nut – original demo production (track 10)
Sam Koppelman – percussion (track 10)
Cochemea Gastelum – baritone saxophone (track 10)
Zalon – background vocals (track 10)
Ade – background vocals (track 10)
Technical
Mark Ronson – production (tracks 1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 10); recording (tracks 1, 2, 5, 6, 8)
Tom Elmhirst – mixing (tracks 1, 2, 5–8, 10)
Matt Paul – mixing assistance (tracks 1, 2, 5–8, 10); recording (track 10)
Salaam Remi – production (tracks 3, 4, 7, 9, 11)
Franklin Socorro – recording (tracks 3, 4, 7, 9, 11)
Gleyder "Gee" Disla – recording assistance (tracks 3, 4, 7, 9, 11)
Shomari "Sho" Dillon – recording assistance (tracks 3, 4, 7, 9, 11)
Gary "G Major" Noble – mixing (tracks 3, 4, 9, 11)
James Wisner – mixing assistance (tracks 3, 4, 9, 11)
Dom Morley – recording engineering assistance (tracks 1, 5, 6, 10); recording (track 10)
Vaughan Merrick – recording (tracks 1, 2, 5, 6, 8, 10)
Jesse Gladstone – recording assistance (tracks 1, 2, 5, 6, 8)
Mike Makowski – recording assistance (tracks 1, 2, 5, 6, 8)
Gabriel Roth – recording (track 10)
Derek Pacuk – recording (track 10)
Stuart Hawkes – mastering engineer
Artwork
Mischa Richter – photography
Harry Benson – centre page photography
Alex Hutchinson – design

Charts

Chart (2006–11) - Peak position
Australian Albums (ARIA) - 4
Austrian Albums (Ö3 Austria) - 1
Belgian Albums (Ultratop Flanders) - 1
Belgian Albums (Ultratop Wallonia) - 2
Canadian Albums (Billboard) - 4
Croatian Albums (HDU) - 1

Czech Albums (CNS IFPI) - 4
Danish Albums (Hitlisten) - 1
Dutch Albums (Album Top 100) - 1
European Albums (Billboard) - 1
Finnish Albums (Suomen virallinen lista) - 2
French Albums (SNEP) - 1
German Albums (Offizielle Top 100) - 1
Greek Albums (IFPI) - 1
Hungarian Albums (MAHASZ) - 3
Irish Albums (IRMA) - 1
Italian Albums (FIMI) - 1
Japanese Albums (Oricon) - 23
Mexican Albums (Top 100 Mexico) - 6
New Zealand Albums (RMNZ) - 1
Norwegian Albums (VG-lista) - 1
Polish Albums (ZPAV) - 1
Portuguese Albums (AFP) - 1
Russian Albums (2M) - 7
Scottish Albums (OCC) - 1
Spanish Albums (PROMUSICAE) - 1
Swedish Albums (Sverigetopplistan) - 4
Swiss Albums (Schweizer Hitparade) - 1
UK Albums (OCC) - 1
US Billboard 200 - 2
US Top Alternative Albums (Billboard) - 2
US Top R&B/Hip-Hop Albums (Billboard) - 4

Certifications

Region - Certification - Certified units/sales
Australia (ARIA) - 3x Platinum - 210,000
Austria (IFPI Austria) - 7x Platinum - 210,000
Belgium (BEA) - 3x Platinum - 60,000
Brazil (Pro-Música Brasil) - Diamond - 250,000
Canada (Music Canada) - Platinum - 100,000
Denmark (IFPI Denmark) - 3x Platinum - 120,000
Finland (Musiikkituottajat) - Platinum - 33,884
France (SNEP) - 2x Platinum - 400,000
Germany (BVMI) - 6x Platinum - 1,200,000
Greece (IFPI Greece) - Platinum - 15,000
Hungary (MAHASZ) - Platinum - 6,000
Italy (FIMI) - 3x Platinum - 240,000
Japan (RIAJ) - Gold - 100,000
Netherlands (NVPI) - 5x Platinum - 350,000
New Zealand (RMNZ) - 3x Platinum - 45,000
Norway (IFPI Norway) - Platinum - 40,000
Poland (ZPAV) - 2x Platinum - 40,000
Portugal (AFP) - 2x Platinum - 40,000
Russia (NFPP) - 2x Platinum - 40,000
Spain (PROMUSICAE) - 2x Platinum - 160,000
Sweden (GLF) - Platinum - 40,000
Switzerland (IFPI Switzerland) - 7x Platinum - 210,000
Turkey (MÜ-YAP) - Gold - 5,000
United Kingdom (BPI) - 13x Platinum - 3,930,000
United States (RIAA) - 2x Platinum - 3,000,000

Story Time

Clandestine

When Terry had been told the meeting place, he had assumed they were taking the piss. Or being ironic, or just being downright stupid. This was supposed to be a quiet out of the way clandestine meeting. He hadn't been impressed when it was mentioned it was going to be in Berlin. He had vowed never to go back there. And yet he had flown into Tegel and got public transport across to Potsdamer Platz and beyond to the Crowne Plaza. It was low key enough not being on the main stretch, but comfortable enough for him and the soft standard he had become used to over the years.

He got the message about the meeting place, read it, closed his eyes and shook his head as if he was seeing things and then read it again. It really did say that the meeting was to take place in the Checkpoint Charlie museum. Terry had nearly blown the whole thing off there and then. One of the biggest tourist traps in the whole damn city and they want to meet there. He wondered if they were doing it on purpose to goad him into losing his temper and giving them some edge that wasn't intended.

Terry had nearly lost his life at Checkpoint Charlie. Well not the silly mocked up booth they had recreated for tourists that stood there now. The actual one on Friedrichstrasse, called Charlie due to the American laziness in trying to pronounce the tongue twisting German street names, and using the phonetic alphabet to give the checkpoints under their control their names. Alpha and Bravo just didn't get the coverage Charlie did.

The British may have had the iconic Brandenburg Gate to deal with, but it just seemed all the action was at Charlie. He hadn't been here in thirty years. He had been invalided out of the army because of what happened that night in 1989.

It was a normal rostered guard duty. Eight hours in the little sentry box on the open side of the border. Per functionary checks on any idiot wanting to head over to East Berlin. A misnomer from where he had stood as the checkpoint ran south to north. There was little point in those checks as they would be done far more thoroughly at the other side. They were more interested in checking what was coming the other way. Looking out for notables, and making sure there were no weapons or munitions on board. If there were, they'd confiscate them. They would give them back if they returned this way.

The idiots returning from their trip to the east rarely needed checking, they would have been inspected within an inch of their lives before being allowed to drive across no man's land to their sentry post. There was a joke doing the rounds that the East German guards were even checking the ashtrays to make sure that cremated relatives weren't trying to escape. They had laughed but back then they'd have not put anything past the DDR Stasi.

That night was different though. Somehow, suddenly there was a runner who had made it to within ten yards of his sentry box. And then the gunfire started. Normally it only took a single shot, but the man running was weaving all over the place, something most runners forgot all about. Terry had left the sentry box and raised the barrier and stood on the line. More shots rang out and there were more misses.

But there were ricochets, one of the bullets hit the tarmac and bounced up into his knee, shattering the kneecap and causing him to fall to the ground. His colleagues returned fire, something they had been told not to do under any circumstances, but seeing their colleague hit and down on the ground, they had fired out of instinct.

And then the shooting stopped. The runner had been hit and collapsed on top of Terry, knocking the air from his lungs. Both he and the runner were dragged away. The runner was dead, and Terry would never walk without a limp again. He hadn't even got out of his cast when the wall came down later that year. The runner had been the last logged victim of trying to escape at Checkpoint Charlie. Another wasted life.

As Terry made his slow and steady way from the hotel to Friedrichstrasse his knee ached more than it had for years. Did it know it was returning to where it had been shattered, or was his subconscious psychosomatically causing it to seem more painful than it was?

His face had been on the news a lot in Berlin back in 1989. Although he was thirty years older, he hadn't changed facially at all. The only difference was the framing of his face, having changed from black to grey. He had worried since getting off the plane that someone would recognise him, that they would know who he was. He wanted to avoid being known or recognised while he was here.

It was stupid to meet in a tourist trap. The dangers of being caught in a photograph were real. There would be a whole host of snap happy morons clicking every couple of seconds at anything that didn't move. Barely aware they were catching lots of passers-by who were.

He was early, he wanted to get a coffee and watch the entrances to the museum to see when they turned up, and if they had additional members to their party, or if they had tails. His slow pace made him difficult to follow easily, he had been checking behind him in every reflective surface he had walked by. He had scanned every face, every vehicle, storing them in memory and checking for any appeared more than once.

Terry ignored the KFC and McDonalds that sat either side of the junction near the mockery of a sentry box, and had gone into a local bakery café. It sat in the middle of the block opposite the museum and it was cheap and cheerful, not the kind of place anyone who knew him now would expect to find him in. He got the largest coffee they did, and a pretzel stuffed with cream cheese and ham. His wife wouldn't have approved, but she wasn't here to moan at his dietary habits. He dragged himself up the stairs and took a seat looking out over the road to the museum.

The entrances at either end had a mass of people outside them. The gift shop entrance directly opposite him was clear. He couldn't believe something as horrific as the wall was being trivialised so much. The gift shop seemed to be twice the size of the museum from his vantage point. As he ate his pretzel, he repeatedly scanned the various entrances for a sign of those he was here to meet. He had expected them to be early as well, so they could set themselves up for the meeting.

A limousine pulled up to a halt in the road outside the café. It was black and shiny and must have been thirty feet long. Stopping as it did in the moving lane of traffic caused a series of horn happy locals to beep at the limo. He had noticed in the few hours he'd been back in Berlin that they had become just as bad as the Italians for leaning on their horns for the slightest thing. He couldn't remember ever hearing a horn when he was posted here in the eighties.

The limo had also boxed in a couple of brightly painted Beetles. Tour bugs they were calling themselves. Tourists were crammed into seats as the drivers took them all over the city. The driver of a bright yellow and green Beetle got out of his car and rapped on the limo's window. The limo driver ignored him. Then the driver of the other Beetle got out and went around to bang on the driver's side window. A crowd was now gathering to watch the entertainment, but still the limo driver ignored the two Beetle drivers. And then the middle doors of the limo opened, and two men got out, one on either side.

Terry recognised the two men as the ones he was here to meet, and his heart sank. This private meeting was turning into a farce and it hadn't even started. It appeared as if the two of them had gone out of their way to call as much attention to themselves as possible. As soon as they had got out of the limo and closed the doors the limo drove off, and the Beetle drivers turned their ire on the two men, who ignored them and walked across the road as if they owned it, paying no heed to any of the traffic and headed into the gift shop.

There was no way in hell he was going across there to meet them under these circumstances. He stayed where he was and watched them in the gift shop. The agreed meeting time came and went, and the men paced around the shop. Five minutes after the agreed meeting time he felt his phone vibrating in his coat pocket, but he ignored it. He wanted to see what they would do. At ten past four his phone vibrated again, and the two men stepped out of the shop. The elder of the two stood outside the gift shop talking on his phone as the younger one went to both of the other museum entrances. As he returned the limo reappeared and pulled up in front of them.

Terry got up and left his tray where it was and hobbled down the stairs as quickly as he could and stood in the doorway to the café looking to see if there was a taxi in sight. As the limo pulled away, he spotted one and flagged it down. The driver of the taxi looked amused as Terry got in and shouted follow that limo, but the driver did a U-turn and headed up Friedrichstrasse keeping the limo in sight.

The limo turned into Leipziger Strasse and through Potsdamer Platz to the edge of the Tiergarten, following the edge of the park before turning in to Budapester Strasse. It wasn't a long journey before the limo pulled up at the Hotel Intercontinental Berlin. Anyone who was anyone tried to stay there, the famous, the ridiculously rich, and those that wanted to be noticed. Any paparazzi worth their salt would have set up residence in or around the lobby.

Terry got the taxi driver to drop him around the corner and to let him out there. He paid the driver a large tip to forget about following any limo, he didn't want him to be telling his friends to be on the lookout for a limping man following limos.

He made his way into the hotel through a side door, nodding to the doorman and walked through the grand atrium. The two men had already entered the hotel and were at the lifts. They were deep in conversation and didn't notice him slip into the lift behind the three women who were also waiting. Why would they, the three women all looked stunning. The two men were much too busy looking at them rather than the little old guy in the corner.

They all got out on the seventh floor. Terry let the doors of the lift almost close completely before stopping them by putting his foot in the gap. The doors reopened slowly, and he cautiously looked out of the lift to see where the men were going. The three women had gone in the opposite direction, and so he slipped out of the lift and followed the men as they made their way along the corridor. He could hear them talking but couldn't make out what they were saying. They were still talking as the older man stopped to let himself into his suite, the younger man followed.

Terry for to the door as the spring closed it behind the men and pushed it back open before the lock could catch. The younger of the two men turned in surprise.

"What the?"

The older of the two just looked irritated.

"What the hell do you think you're playing at? What are you doing here, why didn't you show up at the agreed meeting point?"

“Because it was a stupid place to meet in the first place, and then you pair of clowns make sure you draw as much attention to yourselves as possible with the limo stunt. This was supposed to be a low-key private meeting on neutral ground, not a bloody stage show.”

“You need to calm down; you’re not in a position where you should be calling us anything, let alone clowns. And what does it matter if we did turn up in a limo, nobody knows us here.”

“If you think that then I don’t think I should be dealing with you at all anymore. You really can’t be stupid or naïve enough to think no one will know or recognise you just because you are in Berlin.”

“Even if someone does recognise us, why does it matter? A chance meeting on vacation.”

“I’m not worried if the pair of you are recognised whilst gallivanting around Berlin or any other city for that matter, but not when I’m meeting you, we can’t be seen together at this juncture.”

“Which is why we chose somewhere no one would dream of imagining we would meet.”

“A tourist trap full of hundreds of photo mad tourists. One where you made such an entrance that dozens of them were filming you and taking pictures.”

“Don’t be so dramatic.”

“I’m not, I was there. I saw them from the seat in the café. I watched them taking photos until your limo came back to pick you up.”

“If you saw us arrive why didn’t you come on over.”

“For the reasons I’ve just said. It would have been madness.”

“So, what did you do then, follow us here.”

“Yes, I came up in the lift with you. You’re so arrogant you didn’t even notice me. You were both too busy thinking you had a chance with those young ladies to notice a little old man with a limp in the corner.”

“Well, you’re here now, so let’s get down to business.”

“There is no business. I’m not willing to deal with the pair of you anymore.”

“You can’t afford not to.”

“Want to bet?”

“We’ve got enough on your previous dealings to throw you to the SEC and let you spend the rest of your life in jail.”

“What? And you don’t think I’ve got anything on you? Do you think I don’t know, and have evidence about the Huawei deal?”

“You can’t have, no one knows about that.” But the old man didn’t look certain, and the younger one had a panicked look on his face.

“And yet I do.”

“So, what do you want if you don’t want to deal with us then?”

“I want to retire. I want to leave all this bullshit behind. The shady deals, beating the system, and all the secret handshakes and knowing nods.”

“But that leaves us in a big hole.”

“That isn’t my problem. Not anymore, there will be plenty of people who would happily jump into my space. I was willing to stay involved, but you brought me to the wrong place.”

“What do you mean?”

“Do you know how I got my limp?”

“Something to do with the army a long time ago.”

“What? Nothing more specific?”

“No.”

“I got it here. Hit by a stray bullet from a DDR guard tower. A bullet meant for an escape at Checkpoint Charlie.”

“I had no idea.”

“If you say so, but I can’t believe that someone setting up this meeting didn’t know about it, it’s far too much of a coincidence for me to overlook. That’s why I didn’t come over to the gift shop. I was well known here years ago. My hair may be different, but everything else is the same.”

“I swear it wasn’t us.”

“Well, if it wasn’t perhaps it’s time for the pair of you to get out of the game as well. Whoever set this meeting up deliberately chose the location to get photographs of us together in an unusual place.”

“It has to only be a coincidence.”

“I don’t believe in coincidence. I’m not telling you to get out, but I’m packing it in, and if you’re not then look out, as someone is gunning for us all.”

“What about all the records?”

“Don’t worry about them, once I’ve given my notice, they’ll put me on gardening leave. I’m going to burn the fucking lot. Every paper file, every hard drive, every USB stick, and I’d advise you to do the same.”

“I still think you’re being too hasty.”

“I think I’ve not been hasty enough. I should have done this years ago. As it is it’s going to take me years to rid myself of the smell of the sewer I’ve been living in for the last ten years.”

“You can’t just wash that kind of stink off Terry.”

The old man nodded to him as he turned and headed for the door. Terry didn’t see the additional nod that the old man gave to his cohort.

He didn’t register the gunfire this time as the younger man shot him in the back. As he slumped to the ground his last thought was that this time Berlin really had been the death of him after all.

Dilbert



Epilogue – Where To Find More Of My Writing

To get people to sign up, point them in the direction of my website’s homepage of <http://www.onetruekev.co.uk/> scroll down past the menu and then enter their e-mail address and select whether they want Flanagan’s Running Club or blog post updates or both and then hit submit.

If you want to catch up on old issues, go to the website at <http://www.onetruekev.co.uk/frc.php> where all the issues are available.

For blog posts go to <https://onetruekev.co.uk/Mutterings/> which will have the most current post and the ability to scroll back in time.

Some of the blog posts also get published on my Medium account, especially ones that are picture heavy, as there are no hosting costs to store all the photos there, the link is <https://medium.com/@onetruekev>

For all previous works including the old Surerandomality pieces go to <https://onetruekev.co.uk/Mutterings/else/> where pretty much everything I've written before is linked through to.

Then there are my books. Nothing published yet, but I have one full book available online, it's called "Where The Lights Shine Brightest". 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>

In addition, the first chapter of "Where The Lights Shine Brightest", and my other completed book, "The Talisman", are available on my Goodreads page <https://www.goodreads.com/story/list/77442053-kev-neylon> and the first chapters of the four books I have in progress will go on there in time.

I have had a number (seventy three) of Drabbles published on the BookHippo web site, and they can all be found at <https://bookhippo.uk/profiles/kevin.neylon/drabbles>

You can also follow me on Twitter, where I will occasionally put up some micro fiction or micro poems, my Twitter handle is @Onetruekev – <https://twitter.com/onetruekev>

Speak to me about getting a pen, there are currently six colours available; yellow, apple green, dark green, blue, purple and orange, but apple green ones are nearly out.

E-mail any ideas or suggestions to kev@onetruekev.co.uk

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