

# **Flanagan's Running Club – Issue 32**

## **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.

So, enjoy the read.

## **Special Announcement**

As part of a group of writers who have set up a peer group to aid each other's writing, I will be on stage reading some of my work out. This open mic night is one of many events taking place throughout March for Crawley WordFest 2020. Check out their Facebook page for all the events taking place during the month

<https://www.facebook.com/WORDfestcrawleysussex/>

The open mic night is taking place on Tuesday March 24<sup>th</sup> at Ifield Barn (2 Ifield St, Crawley RH11 0NN). Doors open at 7pm, and there is a bar. Readings will start at 7.30pm, the first hour will be works from the peer group on the topic of Attitudes to Crawley, and then the second hour is open to anyone who wants to read some of their own work on any topic. The open mic session should be done by 9.30pm and the theatre will be closing at 10pm.

Tickets for the event are £2.50 and are available on Eventbrite at the link below. There are still forty tickets available, but sales have started to increase recently so get yours as soon as possible.

<https://www.eventbrite.co.uk/e/crawley-wordfest-2020-attitudes-to-crawley-poetry-and-prose-open-mic-tickets-91319921343>

## **On This Day – 3<sup>rd</sup> March**

1923 - TIME magazine is published for the first time.

1931 - The United States adopts The Star-Spangled Banner as its national anthem.

1985 - Arthur Scargill declares that the National Union of Mineworkers' national executive voted to end the longest-running industrial dispute in Great Britain without any peace deal over pit closures.

1991 - An amateur video captures the beating of Rodney King by Los Angeles police officers.

It's Sportsmen's Day (Egypt)

Teacher's Day (Lebanon)

World Hearing Day

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

Some alarmingly dressed youths strutted about a west London cat part today in 1984 and rather than get arrested they started something amazing – London Fashion Week. There were catwalk classics by Ghost and Zandra Rhodes as well as Joh Galliano's show-stopping debut collection. Now the event is one of the 'Big Four', alongside New York, Paris and Milan fashion weeks, drawing 5,000 press and buyers to Somerset House and pulling in orders of £100 million. Unlike many other weeklong festivals, there isn't much call for burger stands.

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

### **De La Soul release their debut album "3 Feet High And Rising" on Tommy Boy.**

Along with producer Prince Paul, the Long Island Trio, made up of Trugoy the Dove, Posdnous, and Maseo, crafted a revolutionary sonic landscape of sampled songs, sounds, and snippets unheard of before in the hip-hop genre.

At that point, most hip-hop producers usually sampled artists like James Brown to P-Funk. De La Soul and producer Paul borrowed from recordings by an unlikely host of artists not affiliated with hip-hop sampling, such as Johnny Cash, Hall & Oates, Otis Redding, the Turtles, and a French Language instructional record. The album also introduced the 'skit' concept, which is now almost too prevalent on rap albums. The groovy 1960s and 1970s attitude coupled with the group's concept of 'The D.A.I.S.Y. Age', an acronym for 'Da Inner Sound Y'all,' caused people to inaccurately refer to the group as 'hippies'.

"3 Feet High And Rising" spawned hits and rap classics like the chart topping "Me Myself And I", "Potholes In My Lawn", "Plug Tunin'", "Buddy", "Say No Go", "The Magic Number", and "Eye Know". The song "Transmitting Live From Mars" led to a lawsuit with 1960s psychedelic group The Turtles over an uncleared sample. The inventive album

featured guest appearances by members of their musical collective the Native Tongues, including Q-Tip of A Tribe Called Quest and The Jungle Brothers.

### **Births**

1847 - Alexander Graham Bell  
1882 - Charles Ponzi  
1961 - Fatima Whitbread  
1968 - Brian Cox

### **Deaths**

1959 - Lou Costello  
2018 - Roger Bannister

### **Number 1's**

Number 1 single in 1982 - The Jam - Town Called Malice / Precious  
Number 1 album in 2009 - The Prodigy - Invaders Must Die  
Number 1 compilation album in 2004 - The Brit Awards Album 2004

### **Top 10**

The top ten in the UK singles chart on this day in 2019

Position	Last Week's Position	Title	Artist	Label	Peak Position	Weeks on Chart
1	3	SOMEONE YOU LOVED	LEWIS CAPALDI	EMI	1	9
2	4	GIANT	CALVIN HARRIS & RAG'N'BONE MAN	COLUMBIA	2	7
3	2	BREAK UP WITH YOUR GIRLFRIEND I'M BORED	ARIANA GRANDE	REPUBLIC RECORDS	1	3
4	1	7 RINGS	ARIANA GRANDE	REPUBLIC RECORDS	1	6
5	5	DON'T CALL ME UP	MABEL	POLYDOR	5	6
6	6	DANCING WITH A STRANGER	SAM SMITH & NORMANI	CAPITOL	3	7
7	9	OPTIONS	NSG FT TION WAYNE	NSG	7	9
8	New	WALK ME HOME	PINK	RCA	8	1
9	8	BURY A FRIEND	BILLIE EILISH	INTERSCOPE	7	4
10	19	JUST YOU AND I	TOM WALKER	RELENTLESS	10	7

### **Drabble**

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

### **eBay**

He'd had his eye on the item for a couple of days. There was only one bid on it as the clock ticked down to the end of the auction.

With under a minute left he lined his bid up, putting in a value way over the current bid on the item, at the top end of what he was willing to pay, but still under any other lots on the site for similar items.

It ticked down past ten seconds, and he clicked on the submit bid button and waited. The screen froze and Chrome crashed.

He missed out.

## **Joke**

One morning, a crippled man hobbled into a Catholic church on crutches. He stopped in front of the holy water, rubbed some on both of his legs and threw away his crutches.

An altar boy witnessed the scene and ran into the rectory to tell the priest what he had seen.

"Son, you've just witnessed a miracle!" said the priest. "Tell me, where is the man now?"

"Flat on his backside over by the holy water," said the boy.

## **Random Items**

### **Facts**

Cats have over one hundred vocal sounds, while dogs only have about ten.

Pinocchio is Italian for "pine head."

In every episode of Seinfeld there is a Superman somewhere.

### **Thoughts**

Ah, but if all the world is a stage, where is the audience sitting?

If love is blind, why is lingerie so popular?

Most car accidents occur within five miles of home... why, then doesn't everyone move 10 miles away?

### **Forgotten English**

#### **Hallihoo**

Children born with a hallihoo, a holy of fortunate hood, or caul around their heads, are deemed lucky, but the caul must be preserved carefully, for should it be lost or thrown away, the child with pine away or die.

### **Words You Should Know**

#### **Persiflage**

From the French for teasing, this means light hearted, good natured banter, or a flippant way of treating something: 'He was a great one for persiflage when he was talking about money, but it didn't alter the fact that he was heavily in debt.'

### **Popular Expressions – What They Mean And Where We Got Them**

#### **The Buck Stops Here**

A declaration meaning 'this is where the ultimate responsibility lies.'

The most likely origin for the phrase is the poker table, where a buckhorn knife was placed before the player whose turn it was to deal. 'Passing the buck' meant passing responsibility on to the next player.

#### **Darwin Award**

#### **One for the birds**

A man cleaning a bird feeder on the balcony of his condominium apartment in the Toronto suburb of Mississauga slipped and fell twenty-three stories to his death said police. Stefan, fifty-five, was standing on a wheeled chair when the accident occurred, said Inspector D'Arcy Honer of the Peel regional police. Chairs with wheels are notoriously unstable as footstools. "It appears the chair moved, and he went over the balcony", Honer said. "It's one of those freak accidents. No foul play is suspected."

#### **What The Hygge!**

#### **Jygge, Mick (n.)**

ancient Danish rock star; gathers moss.

## **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.

### **Beige**

Dulux sells a Brobdingnagian array of paint colours to its non-trade customers. Beige lovers riffling through the thick colour-card wads are in for a treat. If 'Rope Swing', 'Leather Satchel', 'Evening Barley' or 'Ancient Artefact' don't appeal, 'Brushed Fossil', 'Natural Hessian', 'Trench Coat', 'Nordic Sails', or any of several hundred others may well do. Those who are in a rush, however, and who don't want to trawl through lists of evocative names, may find themselves a little stuck: not one of these pale-yellow greys is actually called 'beige'.

Is this because the word, with its glutinous-vowelled centre, is unappealing? (Marketers have an ear for that kind of thing.) The word was loaned in the mid-nineteenth century from French, where it referred to a kind of cloth made from undyed sheep's wool. As has often happened, 'beige' attached itself to the colour too. It rarely seems to have incited strong passions. It was mentioned in London Society magazine as being in vogue in the late autumn of 1889, though this was only because it 'combines pleasantly with the fashionable tones of brown and gold'. Nowadays it is rarely mentioned in fashion, having been cast aside by more glamorous synonyms.

It was the favourite tint of Elsie de Wolfe, the 1920s interior designer who is credited with inventing the profession. Upon seeing the Parthenon in Athens for the first time, she was enchanted, exclaiming: 'It's beige! My colour!' But while she was clearly not alone – it crops up in many of the twentieth century's key palettes – beige has chiefly been used as a foil for colours with more character. When two scientists surveyed over 200,000 galaxies and discovered that the universe, taken as a whole, is a shade of beige, they immediately sought a sexier name. Suggestions included 'big bang buff' and 'skylvory', but in the end they settled on 'cosmic latte'.

There is the nub of beige's image problem: it is unassuming and safe, but deeply dull. Anyone who has ever spent any time visiting rental properties soon comes to loathe it – a few hours in and all the properties seem to be merging together into a sea of determined inoffensiveness. A recent book about how best to sell your home goes so far as to advise against it completely. The chapter on colour opens with a diatribe against its tyrannical hold over the property market. 'It seems,' the author concludes, 'that somehow beige is interpreted as a neutral – an ambiguous colour that everyone will like.'<sup>4</sup> In fact the situation is even worse than that: the hope is not that everyone will like it, but that it won't offend anyone. It could be the concept-colour of the bourgeoisie: conventional, sanctimonious and materialistic. It seems strangely apposite, then, that beige has evolved from being sheep-coloured to being the colour adopted by the sheep-like. Is any other hue so redolent of our flock instincts for tasteful, bland consumerism? No wonder Dulux's colour-namers wanted to shun it: beige is boring.

## **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.

### **Their Fate Was Sealed**

They had run along the city walls. Completed a full circle of them. The river ran around on three sides as it looped around the city to head back to the north where it had come from. It was almost a complete natural moat to the city, and it had made a great barrier from invaders several times before.

The three men made their way up through the narrow cobbled streets of the city to the castle. The castle sat resplendent on top of the hill in the centre of the city, with views out over the surrounding country for miles. They needed to report back what they had seen from the walls. Even if it was almost totally unbelievable. The city was under siege from seals. Tens of thousands of them were out beyond the city walls in the river.

Why would be one of those questions that may never be answered. Yet there was almost no water to be seen, just a plague of biblical proportions. This one of seals. Someone had suggested throwing buckets of salt over the walls onto them. Almost as if they thought it was a seething mass of slugs down there and not seals. They were sea creatures, and would be used to the salty brine of the oceans. The fact they were surrounding the city, one over a hundred miles upstream from the sea was one of the most perplexing things about the situation. The captain had stopped the people and soldiers from throwing salt, mainly as he thought that this far inland it could actually aid them.

As the men crossed the drawbridge and walked through the gatehouse into the castle courtyard, they could hear the constant slapping sound that came from thousands of seals slapping the base of the city walls with their flippers. It was a strangely hypnotic sound. It had been a random cacophony of sound when it had started out, but within a minute it had become synchronised. A constant drumbeat pounding on the city walls.

Then it suddenly stopped. One of the lookouts from the castle's keep shouted down to those in the courtyard.

"The walls have been beached."

The three of them looked at each other in confusion, had they heard correctly? Had he really said beached? One of the generals in the courtyard must have heard the same thing and shouted back up.

"Don't you mean breeched?"

The lookout looked uncomfortable and paused before shouting back down.

"No, I mean beached. The walls have just turned to sand and the seals are now coming up it as if it was a beach."

Someone laughed at the preposterousness of the declaration. The laugh was drowned out by screams coming from the city. Citizens were now rushing across the drawbridge and into the castle. Looking for somewhere they could hide from the invading tide of seals. The sounds of flippers slapping down on the cobbled streets could be heard reverberating up from the city. There was now a constant stream of people pouring into the castle. The order was given to raise the drawbridge and lower the portcullis.

It took six of them to wind the drawbridge slowly into place, the weight of people upon it making it so much more difficult than it was normally. Anguished cries came from beyond the castle walls. Those that hadn't made it inside were pleading to be allowed in. The cries died out and the rough barking sounds of the seals could be heard instead. The barks themselves overtaken by the rhythmic slap of slippers on the walls of the castle.

Archers fired down on the grey mass and boiling oil was called for. It wasn't known how many, of any of the seals they managed to kill. The slapping of the walls continued unabated, and the seals just seemed to increase in number.

Where had they all come from, and why were they so intent on destroying the city. It was a little crazy that they were being invaded by the world's first known army of killer seals.

And then the slapping stopped, and the castle walls turned to sand as the city walls had done before them. The seals were upon them now. It was barely minutes before the castle was overrun and every human was dead on the floor. Once everyone had been killed the seals left the city, slipped back into the river and disappeared.

Hours later when the first travellers arrived at what had been the city gates all they found was a trail of destruction. There was no indication of what had happened. Nothing to say that the seals had ever been there. If any of them had been killed, they had taken their dead with them as they left.

No one was ever able to work out what had caused the city and castle walls to turn to sand. All the citizens had died without a single weapon mark on them. Supplies were taken from the city, and it was left empty. No one wanted to live in the city. The bodies were left where they lay, and it was left for nature to reclaim.

Seven hundred years later it was a green hill in the middle of the river's meander. The bridges had gone, and the land side of the old city was fenced off. Tales are told of strange barking noises coming from the hill, and loud slapping sounds once a year. But not even the bravest of children cross that fence. The old city is sealed off from the modern world.

## Quotes

I know I said a lot of issues ago I wasn't going to do this anymore, only for it to keep reappearing at regular intervals.

Following on from her success of declaring Prostrate Cancer UK to be Prospect Cancer UK (an easy mistake to make in some companies), we have another wrong word quote.

Kara

They are going to move into demolishing power stations.

At some stage in the future that may be true, but hopefully they will **decommission** them first.

## Leicestershire

### Anglo-Saxons and Danes

The times between the Romans leaving and the Norman Conquest don't seem to have left a great deal of impression in Leicester and the County, and for that matter most of the country, and for this reason this period is often referred to

as the dark ages. Many of the possible finds have been destroyed by generations of rebuilding in the city, often careless rebuilding.

It would appear that the town was still occupied after the fall of the Roman empire, and it can be seen that there were pagan Saxon burial grounds in the city at Little Lane, St. Peters Lane and Causeway Lane, and outside the city boundaries at Westcotes, Rowley Fields, Churchgate, Belgrave Gate, Glen Parva, Wigston, Oadby, Thurmaston & Birstall, because they are pagan burial grounds they are known to be from before 653AD, as this is when the town converted to Christianity.

Leicester came under the control of the Kingdom of Mercia during the 7th century under King Paend, he gave the Kingdom to his son Paeda in 653AD, and he was to marry a princess from the kingdom of Northumbria, and to do so he converted to Christianity and therefore with it the kingdom of Mercia. From this time we can see the first Saxon churches appearing, with both St. Nicholas, and St. Margaret's appearing at this time, it is likely that St. Nicholas would have been the cathedral church when Leicester had its Bishopric from 679-697 & 737-877AD, and it is likely that much of the Saxon church would have been built with stones from the nearby Roman remains.

Churches were also established at Misterton and Buckminster and these would have been Minsters, or mother churches. Also St. Mary & St. Harulph at Breedon on the Hill was started and stands in the grounds of the 8th century Mercian monastery of Brindum. The church itself contains over 30 pieces of Saxon sculpture. The remains of Anglo-Saxon crosses have been found in the churchyards at Sproxtton, Rothley, Asfordby and Great Glen. It is during this time that the name of Leicester changed from the Roman Ratae to the Latinised Legarensis Civitas, and then later to Ligera Ceaster.

Mercia was ruled by the King of Wessex from 802, and it would have been at this time that the division of the kingdom into shires or counties was probably done. So, Leicestershire and Rutland would date from this time.

Mercia was defeated by the Danish Vikings in 877, and Mercia down to Watling Street became part of Danelaw, which meant the whole of Leicestershire. There are a whole number of settlements that are now on the outskirts of the modern city that would have been settled at this time and are indicated by the suffix of '-by'. In Leicester itself the Danes took the north east part of the town as their main settlement and settled beyond the east wall.

Also, at this time a pottery kiln was established in Southgate Street. A number of current Leicester streets have names that originate from Danish. The word gata is Danish for Street, and many of the current city centre streets have gate in them (i.e. Belgrave Gate, Humberstone Gate, Church Gate, Gallowtree Gate, and Sanvey Gate). The last of the examples came from the Danish Sancta Via or holy way as it led to St Margaret's Church. Cheapside came from the Danish word Kjope (pronounced chirper) meaning to buy.

During the reign of Edward (901-925) the town walls and gates were completely rebuilt following the same lines as the Roman walls that stood there previously, and the gates, with the exception of the south gate, were in the same places as the Romans had originally built them. The walls were said to be 9ft tall with ramparts on the town side and a ditch on the outside. The gates were positioned as follows:

The North Gate was at the northern end of the ancient High Street, which today would be the junction where Highcross Street meets Northgates and Sanvey Gate. The East Gate stood between what is now the main Shires shopping centre entrance and Cheapside on what is today Eastgates. The South Gate stood to the south of Friar Lane at the Southgate Street end, and the West Gate stood on the town side what is now the West Bridge, but was then the ford crossing to the river.

Leicester was retaken from the Danes by Aethelflaed in 918, but again fell to the Danes in the shape of Olaf Guthfrithsson in 940, but was again recovered by Edmund in 942. During this time a coinage mint was created in Leicester (during the reign of Athelstan (925-939)), and was well established by the reign of Edgar (959-975), and in fact by the reign of Edward the Confessor (1042-1066) there were 4 mints up and running in Leicester.

During this later period a number of other churches had been founded. It is thought that, due to its location on the original High Street, All Saints was started in the late 10th Century, and that the 'lost' church of St. Clement's was founded in 1016 to celebrate the arrival of King Cnut, just after the sack of the city by Edmund Ironsides, as he tried to prevent anything of worth being taken by the invading Danes. It is thought that this church stood somewhere in the North West of the town on what would then have been St. Clement's Lane which ran from Black Friars to the Old High Street. This church though was gone from all records by the year 1526, and the last known mention of it was in 1313.

It is also said that the original St. Martins was a Saxon church but there is little evidence of this or the claim that it stands on the site of a former Roman Temple. It is known that St. James the Greater at Birstall, and St. Michael's at Harston both have Saxon origins, and it is believed, but not certain that St. Andrew's at Aylestone was Saxon in origin. St. Nicholas was substantially rebuilt from approximately 1000.

The Anglo-Saxons were not road makers but the paths and tracks which connected their villages with those nearby form the basis for the modern road system. There are some green tracks in the county of probable Anglo-Saxon origin which are also followed by parish boundaries (these are often called "The Mere", mere meaning boundary). One of these runs from Countesthorpe towards Gilmorton and another, long known as "The Old Mere", from the Wigston Magna - Newton Harcourt road nearly to Houghton on the Hill. It would be the origin for road names such as Mere Road, which meanders its way from close to Victoria Park, between Highfield and Spinney Hills to a point just short of Humberstone Road.

The first recorded use of the name *Lægrecastriscir* was in 1087. In Domesday Book (1087) the county is recorded as *Ledecestrescire* and in 1124 *Lebecæstriscir* occurs. Leicestershire's external boundaries have changed little since the Domesday Survey. The Domesday Book has the county split in to four Wapentakes (they were named Hundreds in Norman times); they were Guthlaxton, Framland, Goscote and Gartree.

### **St. Nicholas', Little Bowden**

The 13th-century Church of England parish church of Saint Nicholas, which is part of the Diocese of Leicester. It is a Grade II\* listed building, and a church has been on the site since the middle of the twelfth century.

Nothing survives of the original twelfth century church.

The earliest surviving part of the church is the arcade between the nave and the north aisle, which is from approximately 1300. The two bays to the chapel at the end of the north aisle are from a little later. The north aisle and the Redlich Chapel were probably built at the same time. The chapel was originally dedicated to St Mary.

The south porch is mentioned in a survey of the church in 1637, but is thought to date from the late 15th century.

On the exterior of the east end of the church is a date stone from 1776, which is said to commemorate a previous restoration of the church during which the chancel had been shortened.

The oldest windows in the church are in the Redlich Chapel and date from approximately 1300. The windows in the south wall date from the fifteenth century, and the ones in the clerestory from a little later. The chancel windows date from the nineteenth century. All of the stained-glass memorial windows in the church date from the nineteenth or twentieth centuries.

These include one to Canon's Redlich's youngest son Peter, who drowned in the River at the bottom of the rectory garden when aged only 3. Another commemorates the Canon's elder son who died in the Second World War whilst in Papua New Guinea, at the hands of local tribesmen. The Redlich chapel also contains an arch from a stone tomb from the fourteenth century.

In 1878, a new cemetery was opened on Northampton Road, and the churchyard was closed for burials. It was decided that flowerbeds should be set out around the churchyard for the benefit of the local community. In recent years a part of the old churchyard has been set aside as a memorial garden for ashes to be laid.

A new font was provided in 1889 in memorial to Reverend George Fisher, not of the parish, but the brother of Sophia West who lived at the Manor House.

The new bell cote which was finished in 1900 houses two bells. It replaced a wooden turret which had held three bells, which was erected in the late eighteenth century. That itself had replaced a stone cote which had held five bells.

Major renovation work was undertaken at the end of the nineteenth century by G. Bodley. Most of the features in the church date from this time. The roof was replaced, and a new stone bell cote was added. The floor which had been raised fourteen inches at the end of the eighteenth century was restored to its original level. The painted ceiling was added at this time.

The south porch was rebuilt in the 1920s, and the north porch was added at this time. The vestry was added in 1925, and the pews were updated in the same year.

### **Goadby**

Goadby is a village and civil parish in the Harborough district of Leicestershire, England, about 8 miles north of Market Harborough. It had a population of 204 according to the 2011 census.

Goadby has a Church of England Parish church, St John the Baptist, which is of 13th-Century origin. The church was extensively renovated in the 19th Century. Services are held on the first Sunday of every month. The church is part of a group of churches ministered to from Billesdon. Every year, a fundraising fete is held in Goadby on the Saturday of the August Bank Holiday weekend to provide funds for the Church.

Goadby has no industry, and is notable chiefly for its stud farm, at which the celebrated racehorse Desert Orchid was foaled.

Goadby's name, with the "-by" suffix, indicates that it is of Danish origin. Goadby is recorded in the Domesday Book as "Goutebi".

"Goadby, Leicester, is a chapelry in Billesdon parish near a branch of the river Welland. This is annexed to the vicarage of Billesdon, in the diocese of Peterborough. The church was restored in 1854."

## Top Ten

The first ten Charles Dickens' novels.

Pos	Title	Released
1	The Pickwick Papers	April 1836 - November 1837
2	Oliver Twist	February 1837 - April 1839
3	Nicholas Nickleby	April 1838 - October 1839
4	The Old Curiosity Shop	April 1840 - February 1841
5	Barnaby Rudge	February 1841 - November 1841
6	Martin Chuzzlewit	December 1842 - July 1844
7	A Christmas Carol	1843
8	Dombey and Son	October 1846 - April 1848
9	David Copperfield	May 1849 - November 1850
10	Bleak House	March 1852 - September 1853

## Poetry Corner

### Fear of Candyfloss

Fear and candyfloss

Sweet and pink and as fluffy as clouds, every child's dream.  
Apart from me that is, well I suppose it still is a dream  
A nightmare is still a dream just one you want to forget  
One that means you wake up and the bed underneath you is wet  
Fear of candyfloss

What is there to be afraid of it's just a very light sweet treat  
The queue to buy it is huge; it's what children want to eat  
I want to eat it, but the very sight of it makes me feel cold  
I doubt I'll ever eat it again, not even when I grow old.  
Fear of candyfloss

It's not even the candyfloss that caused my fear to appear  
Something else traumatised me, but the machine was so near  
It was all I could focus on, and it was all I could smell  
The day that I thought I would die and go to hell  
Fear of candyfloss

The rest of the fairground doesn't bother me at all  
Not even the Ferris wheel standing about me so tall  
When it broke and the basket I was in dangled down  
The day I turned the inside of my underpants brown  
Fear of candyfloss

I hung above the candyfloss stall with people looking aghast  
The basket swayed and I thought every breath would be my last  
That I would plummet into the sugar filled vat of sticky doom  
And be impaled on a stick just like the head on a broom  
Fear of becoming candyfloss



It seemed like hours I hung there until the fire brigade came  
 And ever since that day I've never looked at candyfloss the same  
 To see it or to smell it makes me want to run far away  
 If someone has it in the same room as me I can't stay  
 Fear of being near candyfloss

So if you see me run away when you approach me with sugar on a stick  
 It's not you I'm running from, I'm not trying to play on you a trick  
 The fluffy sweet treat you hold so dear holds just fears for me  
 So please eat it all up before you come over and invite me to tea  
 Fear and candyfloss

## Cathedral Fact Files

Cathedral	Liverpool Cathedral		
Dedicated To	Christ The King		
Type	Catholic	Architecture	Modern
Religion	Catholic	Tower / Spire	Circular
Site Founded	1967	Height (External)	290ft
Church Founded	1962	Height (Internal)	90ft
Bishopric Founded	1850	Length	302ft
Current Bishopric Founded	1850	Width	194ft

## Thirty-Three And One Third Revolutions Per Minute

### The Rolling Stones – Let It Bleed

Let It Bleed is the eighth British and tenth American studio album by English rock band the Rolling Stones, released in December 1969 by Decca Records in the United Kingdom and London Records in the United States. Released shortly after the band's 1969 American Tour, it is the follow-up to 1968's *Beggars Banquet*.

The album was recorded during a period of turmoil in the band; Brian Jones, the band's founder and original leader, had become increasingly unreliable in the studio due to heavy drug use, and during most recording sessions was either absent, or so incapacitated that he was unable to contribute meaningfully. He was fired in the midst of recording sessions for this album, and replaced by Mick Taylor. Jones appeared on this album on only two songs, playing backing instruments, and went on to die within a month of being fired. Taylor had been hired after principal recording was complete on many of the tracks, and likewise appears on only two songs, having recorded some guitar overdubs. As such, Keith Richards was the band's sole guitarist during most of the recording sessions; being responsible for nearly all of the rhythm and lead parts. The other Stones members (Mick Jagger, Bill Wyman and Charlie Watts) appear on nearly every track, and significant additional contributions were made by percussionist Jimmy Miller (who also produced the album), keyboardists Nicky Hopkins and Ian Stewart, and numerous other guest musicians.

The album charted as a top-ten album in several markets, including reaching number one in the UK and number three in the US. While no highly-charting singles were released from the album, many of the album's songs became staples of Rolling Stones live shows and on rock radio stations for decades to come, including two gospel-infused songs, "Gimme Shelter" and "You Can't Always Get What You Want", both of which ranked highly on retrospective "best ever" songs lists, including 2004's "500 Greatest Songs of All Time" by Rolling Stone magazine. It was voted number 40 in Colin Larkin's *All Time Top 1000 Albums 3rd Edition* (2000).

Although the Stones had begun the recording of "You Can't Always Get What You Want" in November 1968, before *Beggars Banquet* had been released, recording for *Let It Bleed* began in earnest in February 1969 and continued sporadically until early November. Brian Jones had, over the course of the recording of the previous two albums, become increasingly unreliable. Though present in the studio, he was frequently too intoxicated to contribute meaningfully, and after a motorcycle accident in May 1969, missed several recording sessions whilst recovering. Always a talented multi-instrumentalist, Jones had previously contributed extensively on guitar, forming an integral part of the dual-guitar sound that was central to the band's groove. He was fired from the band during the recording of *Let It Bleed*, having performed on only two tracks: playing autoharp on "You Got the Silver", and percussion on "Midnight Rambler". As with the previous album, most of the guitar parts were recorded instead by the band's other guitarist, Keith Richards, during the period of principal recording. Jones's replacement, Mick Taylor, appears on just two tracks, "Country Honk" and "Live with Me", having contributed some overdubs during the May 1969 London Olympic Studio recording sessions. He also appears on "Honky Tonk Women", a stand-alone single recorded during the *Let It Bleed* sessions.

Keith Richards sang his first solo lead vocal on a Rolling Stones recording with "You Got the Silver", having previously sung harmony and background vocals with primary vocalist Mick Jagger on "Connection" and shared alternating lead

vocals with Jagger on parts of "Something Happened to Me Yesterday" and "Salt of the Earth". Additional vocals were provided by The London Bach Choir, who sang on "You Can't Always Get What You Want". The choir distanced themselves from their contribution, however, citing what author Stephen Davis terms its "relentless drug ambience". Bassist Bill Wyman appears on every track except for two, on which Richards played bass. Drummer Charlie Watts performed on all of the tracks except for "You Can't Always Get What You Want"; he struggled to attain the sought-after rhythm, so producer Jimmy Miller filled in for him instead.

Let It Bleed was originally scheduled for release in July 1969. Although "Honky Tonk Women" was released as a single that month, the album itself suffered numerous delays and was eventually released in December 1969, after the band's US tour had completed. The majority of the album was recorded at Olympic Studios in London, with further work taking place at Elektra Sound Recorders Studios in Los Angeles, California, while the Stones prepared for the tour. The Los Angeles-recorded portions included overdubs by guest musicians Merry Clayton (on "Gimme Shelter"), Byron Berline (on "Country Honk"), and Bobby Keys and Leon Russell (on "Live with Me").

The album cover displays a surreal sculpture designed by Robert Brownjohn. The image consists of the Let It Bleed record being played by the tone-arm of an antique phonograph, and a record-changer spindle supporting several items stacked on a plate in place of a stack of records: a film canister labelled Stones – Let It Bleed, a clock dial, a pizza, a motorcycle tyre and a cake with elaborate icing topped by figurines representing the band. The cake parts of the construction were prepared by then-unknown cookery writer Delia Smith. The reverse of the LP sleeve shows the same "record-stack" melange in a state of disarray. The artwork was inspired by the working title of the album, which was Automatic Changer.

Jagger originally asked artist M. C. Escher to design a cover for the album; Escher declined. The album cover was among the ten chosen by the Royal Mail for a set of "Classic Album Cover" postage stamps issued in January 2010.

Released in December, Let It Bleed reached number 1 in the UK (temporarily demoting The Beatles' Abbey Road) and number 3 on the Billboard Top LPs chart in the US, where it eventually went 2× platinum. In a contemporary review for Rolling Stone magazine, music critic Greil Marcus said that the middle of the album has "great" songs, but "Gimme Shelter" and "You Can't Always Get What You Want" "seem to matter most" because they "both reach for reality and end up confronting it, almost mastering what's real, or what reality will feel like as the years fade in."

Let It Bleed was the Stones' last album to be released in an official mono version, which is rare and highly sought-after today. This mono version is merely a 'fold-down' of the stereo version. Nevertheless, it was included in the boxset The Rolling Stones in Mono (2016). The album was released in US as an LP record, reel to reel tape, audio cassette and 8-track cartridge in 1969, and as a remastered CD in 1986. In August 2002, it was reissued in a remastered CD and SACD digipak by ABKCO Records, and once more in 2010 by Universal Music Enterprises in a Japanese only SHM-SACD version.

The track listing on the back of the album jacket did not follow the one on the album itself. According to Brownjohn, he altered it purely for visual reasons; the correct order was shown on the record's label. Additionally, "Gimme Shelter" is rendered as "Gimmie Shelter" on the jacket. Some releases have "Gimmie Shelter" on the cover, the inner sleeve and the LP label.

All tracks are written by Mick Jagger and Keith Richards, except "Love in Vain" by Robert Johnson. Early US editions of the album credit the song to Woody Payne, a pseudonym used by a music publisher of the songs of Robert Johnson.

### **Side one**

No. - Title - Length

1. - "Gimme Shelter" - 4:31. Not released as a single, but hit number 76 on the UK charts on the album's re-release in 2010. Sampled in eleven tracks and covered over thirty times.
2. - "Love in Vain" - 4:19. Cover of the Robert Johnson song of the same name.
3. - "Country Honk" - 3:09. Sampled once.
4. - "Live with Me" - 3:33.
5. - "Let It Bleed" - 5:26. Covered twice.

Total length - 20:58

### **Side two**

1. - "Midnight Rambler" - 6:52. Has been covered three times.
2. - "You Got the Silver" - 2:51. Covered once.
3. - "Monkey Man" - 4:12. Has been sampled in eleven songs and covered once.
4. - "You Can't Always Get What You Want" - 7:28. Sampled by George Michael in "Waiting For That Day", and by Weird Al Yankovic in his "The Hot Rocks Polka". Has been covered fourteen times.

Total length - 21:23

### **Personnel**

## The Rolling Stones

Mick Jagger – lead vocals (all but 7), backing vocals (1, 3, 8), harmonica (1, 6), acoustic guitar (9)

Keith Richards – electric guitar (all but 3), acoustic guitar (2, 3, 5, 7, 9), backing vocals (1, 3, 4, 8), bass guitar (4), lead vocals (7)

Brian Jones – congas (6), autoharp (7)

Bill Wyman – bass guitar (1, 2, 5-9), autoharp (5), vibraphone (8)

Charlie Watts – drums (all but 9)

Mick Taylor – slide guitar (3), electric guitar (4)

Additional personnel

Ian Stewart – piano (5)

Nicky Hopkins – piano (1, 4, 7, 8), organ (7)

Byron Berline – fiddle (3)

Merry Clayton – co-lead vocals (1)

Ry Cooder – mandolin (2)

Bobby Keys – tenor saxophone (4)

Jimmy Miller – percussion (1), drums (9), tambourine (8)

Leon Russell – piano and horn arrangement (4)

Jack Nitzsche – choral arrangements (9)

Al Kooper – piano, French horn and organ (9)

Nanette Workman – backing vocals (3, 9) (not actress Nanette Newman as credited on the LP)

Doris Troy – backing vocals (9)

Madeline Bell – backing vocals (9)

Rocky Dijon – percussion (9)

The London Bach Choir – vocals (9)

## Charts

Chart (1969–70) - Peak position

Australia (Kent Music Report) - 2

Canada Top Albums/CDs (RPM) - 4

Dutch Albums (Album Top 100) - 1

German Albums (Offizielle Top 100) - 3

Norwegian Albums (VG-lista) - 2

UK Albums (OCC) - 1

US Billboard 200 - 3

## Certifications

Region - Certification - Certified units/sales

Canada (Music Canada) - Platinum - 100,000

United Kingdom (BPI) - Platinum - 300,000

United States (RIAA) - 2x Platinum - 2,000,000

## Story Time

### The Bridge To Freedom

I had made it through the jungle to the river, but I was a good way downstream from where I had expected to be. I was sure that I would pop out only a few yards away from the only bridge for miles in either direction. I had been staying off the road. It was too easy to have a vehicle creep up on you on the road in the jungle, where the trees absorbed so many of the sounds. I couldn't afford for a vehicle to creep up on me. I needed to avoid being recaptured.

I could see the bridge in the distance. I had come further away from the road than I had intended to by quite a way. I had been turned around and disorientated by the jungle and the fact that there were no straight routes between the trees. The river below me looked calm. There hadn't been any rain for days, and the spring melt of the snow from the mountains had been and gone. It looked like it would be easy enough to swim across it, but I couldn't do it out on the open river. I would be seen; I needed the cover of the bridge and its numerous arches to creep across unseen.

I made my way up through the jungle to the bridge, stopping every thirty steps or so to check I was still near the river, and not wandering back into the jungle. As I got closer to the bridge, I could see its reflection on the still water of the river and the hills beyond it. There was an early morning mist rolling down the hills between the trees and shrubs on those chalk and limestone hills. There was an ethereal quality about the morning. One that I would love to be able to sit and enjoy, reflecting on the beauty of the surroundings and the day.

But I needed to keep moving. It couldn't be long before the alarm would be sounded, and they would notice I was no longer in my cell. Perhaps it had already been noticed and there were search parties out there now hunting me down. If I could make it to the bridge and across the river, I was nearly free. The border was only a mile away over the hills

on the other side of the river. There were no border crossings in the trees of the jungle, only the one on the road. Once across the border there was no way anyone would be sending me back to my cell.

I came to the road that led onto the bridge. It was already walled off from the jungle here as the first arch of this magnificent ancient stone bridge began to form leading down to the river. The bridge had stood here for more than six hundred years and had seen its ownership change from one Empire to another nearly twenty times in its lifespan. Its current owners didn't deserve to own such a piece of medieval ingenuity. But they could keep it for all I cared if it helped me escape from them.

I gingerly lowered myself into the water. It was slow moving, but I could definitely feel the current trying to pull me downstream. I waded upstream until I was directly under the bridge and started to cross the river. Unless there was someone in the trees, they wouldn't be able to see me. The only road was above my head and it was straight as a die, so there were no bends to spot me from.

The water was soon deeper than I was tall, and I had to start swimming. I kept pulling to my left to fight where the current was trying to take me. I got to the first base of an arch in the river and pulled myself around the upstream side of it to prevent being dragged away by the current. By the ninth base I was feeling exhausted, but I was nearly there, only the one more arch to get across. Swimming fully clothed against a current was sapping my energy, and when I felt the bottom of the river below me, I breathed a sigh of relief. I dragged myself onto the bank and lay on my back trying to catch my breath.

I could hear vehicles now. Their engine sounds reverberating off the stone walls of the bridge. I rolled back into the river and under the bridge to wait for them to pass and go away. Then I would continue with my break for freedom.

The vehicles stopped on the bridge and I could hear raised voices. My heart sank. It sounded like they were putting a roadblock in place. There was no way I could sneak out, as it sounded as if they were right above me. If I tried to make it into the jungle, they would be able to see or hear me. If they didn't move soon, I would have to wait until nightfall, a bad twelve hours or so away, before I could leave my hiding place. If I could survive the cold of the river for that long that was.

As the day went on, I could hear more vehicles crossing the bridge above my head. All of them stopped at a point very close to me. I could make out voices, but couldn't really hear what was being said. Not that I thought I'd be able to understand most of it anyway. My captor's language was a strange one to understand, and in the three years I had been imprisoned I had failed to pick up more than a dozen words of it. The slamming of doors and trunks were easier to define. Every vehicle was being thoroughly searched.

I was having difficulties feeling my feet. I could move my legs one at a time and flex them under the surface of the water, but I could only do it slowly so as not to splash or to cause ripples on the smooth surface of the slow running river. I didn't want to make any kind of sign in case anyone was looking down at the river and decided to investigate.

Then I could hear the dogs. They hadn't even occurred to me. There hadn't been any at the prison camp, but someone had decided to bring them in to help with the search. I moved as far as I could upstream whilst remaining under the bridge to make the angle I could be seen from as small as possible. If the dogs could find my scent, they would lead their handlers to the riverbank in a few places.

I lowered myself further into the water so that I was covered up to my chin. I hoped that my pale almost grey skin and the sun-bleached hair would blend in with the light-coloured stone of the bridge arch support.

When I saw the dogs, they were halfway between where I had originally come across the river and the bridge. Their handlers were a few seconds behind. I kept a hold of the stone as best as I could and dropped further under the water so that only my hair and eyes were above the surface. The dogs and handlers followed my earlier footsteps up the river inside the jungle until they were out of sight. I pushed myself back up out of the water as far as I could. It wouldn't be long until they found where I went into the water, and I wondered what they would do when they did.

Although I could no longer see them, I could still hear the dogs and their handlers. There was a lot of barking and raised voices. I could hear voices above me now as well, and then an engine started up overhead and the voices disappeared as the vehicle moved across the bridge to where the dogs were.

I stood in the water trying to ignore the cold waiting to see what would happen next. I didn't know how long it was I'd been there since the vehicle above me had moved, but I could now hear another engine. This one wasn't coming from the road or the bridge; this was coming from the river. I saw the small gun boat as it emerged from between the trees at the bend in the river downstream.

I needed to move right now, regardless of what may be above me. I would be a sitting duck in the water if that gun boat got anywhere near me. They would definitely shoot first and say to hell with the questions.

I stuck as close to the stone wall of the bridge as I could, but was struggling to walk once out of the water. I kept stumbling. I wasn't able to tell when my feet were making contact with the ground.

There was a three-yard-wide strip between the side of the bridge and the jungle. I stood with my back to the stone bridge and spent a few seconds trying to wriggle my toes and get some sense of feeling back into my feet. I took a few deep breaths and then pushed myself off the stone wall behind me and ran for the tree line. As I did so I expected to hear the retort of gunfire from above me and the feel the pain of hot bullets penetrating my flesh, but there was nothing. No voices, no gunfire, just silence.

I sank to my knees when amongst the trees and breathed another sigh of relief. I began to crawl up the slope between the trees. The further I moved, the more I started to feel my feet again, until I was confident, I would be able to stand. As I stood, I looked around and tried to get my bearings. I hadn't come as far as I had hoped. I could still see the river through the trees behind me, and the road wasn't far away from me to my right.

I started to walk, trying to keep the road in sight, trying to put as much distance between myself and the river. I didn't have too far to go to make it to the border. I would need to get further away from the road when I got closer. There would be soldiers there, and doubtless they would be on the lookout for an escaped prisoner.

It was only a few minutes later when I slowed to scramble up a rocky outcrop amongst the trees when I heard them again. Dogs, and by the sound of it, this side of the river. They had probably found the wet footprints I would have left as I exited the river and made my way up the side of the bridge.

They would have picked up my trail again and the chase was on. I did the only thing I could under the circumstances, and I ran for my life. Moving as quickly as I could I threaded a way through the trees. It sounded to me like I was an elephant rampaging its way through the undergrowth. I was sure I was making enough noise to attract anyone for miles around. There was a loud pounding noise in my ears and my blood pumped ever faster through my body. I felt that I could smell myself as well. Smell the fear that now seeped out through every pore in my body.

Away to my right I could hear voices shouting and then I could hear the gunfire starting. I didn't slow my pace, not even as I saw splinters of wood flying out from the trees around me. If I stopped, they would be guaranteed to hit me. If I kept running it would be more difficult for them to hit a moving target. As I turned slightly to get around a tree, I could see a sentry building through the trees. I was almost at the border.

And so, I tried picking up my pace. Every time another tree showed a bullet slamming into it, I flinched a little bit. I had splinters in my arms and suspected I had them in the side of my face as well. Better splinters than bullets I thought. I glanced to my right and could no longer see the sentry huts. I risked looking over my shoulder to see where they were and made out, they were now slightly behind me.

I now made an effort to move to my right as I ran forward. I wanted to make it back over to the road. If I was now across the border it would be the safest place for me. On the road it was obvious I was across the border and out of their country. The jungle had no such demarcation line.

I heard the dogs again; they were a lot closer now. I didn't risk a look back; I feared they would be just behind me ready to pounce. I could see the road through the trees now and made another effort to increase my pace. I counted down inside my head how many more trees I needed to pass to get to the road.

The count was at two when I felt it. I hadn't heard the particular gunshot that had propelled the bullet into my ribcage. I cried out in pain and started to go down to the ground. My momentum carried on taking me forward and I ricocheted off the last tree before the road and spun around, falling so my head and torso lay on the rough stones of the road. I could see the wispy clouds in the pale blue sky above me through the gap in the tree cover. The sky started to darken, only it wasn't the sky changing, it was my sight fading as I slipped into unconsciousness.

I had no idea of how long I was unconscious for. There is no time in that dreamless darkness. When the darkness faded, and I was able to open my eyes I found myself in a bed in a sterile looking white room. There was no window and everything in the room was white. Apart from the man stood staring at me from the foot of the bed. His tanned face and dark hair and clothes gave no indication of who he was or where he came from.

Once the man was sure I was awake and had noticed him he began to speak in heavily accented English.

"Mr Barratt, a lot of people have been looking for you. Some of them for a number of years. You probably have no idea of the trouble you have caused. But those days are at an end for you. You will soon be back to where you belong, where you will no longer be of a concern to anyone."

I closed my eyes. My head hurt too much to try and work out what the man meant. If I was going home, then I would never leave it again. If I was going back to my captors, then I would be dead soon enough. All I knew for certain was I would not be running anymore.

## 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 two of the four books I have in progress at the moment are on there now and the others will go on there in time. The follow up to "The Talisman" – "The Magicusians" is at <https://www.goodreads.com/story/show/1253978-the-magicusians> and "The Repsuli Deception" is at <https://www.goodreads.com/story/show/1253979-the-repsuli-deception>

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>

You can also follow all my writing on the Facebook page Onetruekev which is at <https://www.facebook.com/Onetruekev-102649357993650/>

Speak to me about getting a pen, there are currently six colours available; red, black, dark green, blue, purple and orange, the apple green ones are completely out and there is one yellow one left, but is showing signs of having being carried around for a long time.

E-mail any ideas or suggestions to [kev@onetruekev.co.uk](mailto:kev@onetruekev.co.uk)

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