

Flanagan's Running Club – Issue 33

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.

Yes, this is six days late, that is what you get when you write like demented spider and you zeroes end up looking like sixes. Plus, the fact that in lockdown, over an Easter Bank Holiday weekend with additional leave booked around it, I absolutely have no fucking idea what day it is.

On This Day – 10th April

837 - Halley's Comet makes its closest approach to Earth at a distance equal to 0.0342 AU (5.1 million kilometres/3.2 million miles).

1858 - After the original Big Ben, a 14.5 tonnes (32,000 lb) bell for the Palace of Westminster, had cracked during testing, it is recast into the current 13.76 tonnes (30,300 lb) bell by Whitechapel Bell Foundry.

1912 - RMS Titanic sets sail from Southampton, England on her maiden and only voyage.

1998 - The Good Friday Agreement is signed in Northern Ireland.

It's Feast of the Third Day of the Writing of the Book of the Law (Thelema)
Siblings Day (International observance)

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

The piracy of creative works is nothing new. Before this day in 1710 the Stationers' Company (one of the Livery Companies of the City of London) had a monopoly on the printing trade. All books had to be entered on their register and only a Company member could do so; corruption, censorship and illegal copying were rife. Then the Statute of Anne introduced the world's first copyright legislation. Now publishers had 14 years' legal protection and the author was identified as the legal owner of the work.

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

Public Enemy release their third album "Fear Of A Black Planet" on Def Jam

Considered by many to be the magnum opus of hip-hop recordings, the sonically adventurous, chart topping, platinum album sold one million copies in its first week.

Fuelled by numerous hit singles, the twenty track album contained "Fight The Power" (featured in the classic Spike Lee film 'Do The Right Thing' released the previous summer), "Welcome To The Terrordome", "911 Is A Joke", "Brothers Gonna Work It Out", "Can't Do Nuttin' For Ya Man" (featured in the films 'House Party' and 'Jungle Fever'), "Burn Hollywood Burn" (featuring Ice Cube and Big Daddy Kane), "Anti 'N' Machine", and "Revolutionary Generation". "Fear Of A Black Planet" was the last album produced solely by the original Bomb Squad team consisting of Hank and Keith Shocklee, Eric 'Vietnam' Sadler, and Public Enemy leader Chuck D.

Influenced by Dr. Frances Welsing's 1970 essay 'The Cress Theory Of Color - Confrontation And Racism (White Supremacy)', the album was added to the National Recording Registry in the Library of Congress in 2004.

Births

1847 - Joseph Pulitzer

1952 - Steven Seagal

1953 - David Moorcroft

1979 - Sophie Ellis-Bextor

1992 - Daisy Ridley

Deaths

1966 - Evelyn Waugh

2014 - Sue Townsend

2015 - Richie Benaud

Number 1's

Number 1 single in 1980 - The Jam - Going Underground / Dreams Of Children

Number 1 album in 2016 - The Last Shadow Puppets - Everything You've Come To Expect

Number 1 compilation album in 1989 - Now 14

Top 10

The top ten in the UK singles chart on this day in 1985

Position	Last Week's Position	Title	Artist	Label	Peak Position	Weeks on Chart
1	1	EASY LOVER	PHILIP BAILEY WITH PHIL COLLINS	CBS	1	6
2	2	WELCOME TO THE PLEASUREDOME	FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD	ZTT	2	3
3	5	EVERYBODY WANTS TO RULE THE WORLD	TEARS FOR FEARS	MERCURY	3	3
4	3	PIE JESU	SARAH BRIGHTMAN AND PAUL MILES-KINGSTON	HMV	3	4
5	6	WE CLOSE OUR EYES	GO WEST	CHRYSALIS	5	8
6	4	THAT OLE DEVIL CALLED LOVE	ALISON MOYET	CBS	2	5
7	New	WE ARE THE WORLD	USA FOR AFRICA	CBS	7	1
8	14	MOVE CLOSER	PHYLLIS NELSON	CARRERE	8	10
9	7	EVERY TIME YOU GO AWAY	PAUL YOUNG	CBS	4	6
10	12	COULD IT BE I'M FALLING IN LOVE	DAVID GRANT AND JAKI GRAHAM	CHRYSALIS	10	4

Drabble

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

Jam

Start!

In the city, ghosts in the crowd, disguises the great depression, the dreams of children.

Pity poor Alfie, going underground, down in the tube station at midnight. London girl, Liza Radley, I need you precious. Takin' my love, a solid bond in your heart, happy together in the midnight hour.

Little boy soldiers – David Watts, Smithers Jones, thick as thieves, set the house ablaze. The Eton rifles' private hell.

A bomb in Wardour Street, Carnaby Street, in the street today, the planner's dream goes wrong.

Slow down! Time for truth, just who is the five o'clock hero?

Billy Hunt.

Joke

The defendant's barrister said: "Madam, could you please explain to this court how you came to stab your husband ninety-three times?"

"Yes", she replied. "I couldn't turn off the electric knife."

Random Items

Facts

A size 3 egg has to weigh between 60 and 65 grams.

A 'jiffy' is an actual unit of time for 1/100th of a second.

The average person falls asleep in seven minutes.

Thoughts

If you take an Oriental person and spin him around several times, does he become disoriented?

If people from Poland are called Poles, why aren't people from Holland called Holes?

Forgotten English

Sibberidge

The bans of matrimony. It is often called sibrit, which would lead us to suppose it was connected with Sibrede, relationship, kindred, and the latter was the more ancient and correct form. This word has been peculiar to the Eastern counties, more especially Suffolk.

Words You Should Know

Incumbent

From the Latin for to lie on or to devote one's attention to, this can be either an adjective or a noun. As a noun, it means the present holder of a position, especially one in the church: "He hopes to become a bishop when the incumbent retires." As an adjective, usually in the expression incumbent upon someone to do something, it describes a moral obligation or duty: "It was incumbent upon him to look after his sister's children after she abandoned them."

Popular Expressions – What They Mean And Where We Got Them

To Act The Giddy Goat

To fool around. Goats are known for their unpredictable behaviour.

In the literal sense, 'giddy' means 'insane' or to be 'possessed by a god', but it has been used to mean 'silly' or 'foolish' since the early Middle Ages.

Darwin Award

Wife tossing in Buenos Aires

During a heated marital dispute in a Working class Boedo neighbourhood, a twenty-five-year-old man picked up his twenty-year-old wife and threw her off their eighth-floor apartment balcony.

To his dismay she became tangled in the power lines below. He immediately leapt from the balcony and fell towards his wife. We can only speculate as to his reasons. Was he angrily trying to finish the job, or remorsefully hoping to rescue her? He did not accomplish either goal. He missed the power lines completely and plunged to his death.

The woman managed to swing over to a nearby balcony and was saved.

What The Hygge!

llygge (n.)

the Welsh art of creating unpronounceable words using strings of duplicated consonants interspersed with dubious wannabe vowels, preferably around a llwg ffyr.

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.

Orpiment

In his *Il Libro dell'Arte*, Cennino Cennini writes that orpiment is 'made by alchemy'. It is true that by the early Renaissance most of the pigment that artists were using was manufactured, but orpiment is actually a naturally occurring mineral: a canary-yellow sulphide of arsenic (As_2S_3) that is around 60% arsenic.

In its glittering natural form, which was thought to resemble gold, it was one of the mineral pigments (like azurite and the green copper ore malachite) and one of two yellows, along with ochre, used in ancient Egyptian art. It appears on papyrus scrolls and decorates the walls of Tutankhamun's tomb, where a small bag of it was discovered on the floor. The intense yellow can also be found illuminating the ninth-century Book of Kells, the walls of the Taj Mahal and the medieval text the *Mappae clavicula*. The Romans, who called it *auripigmentum*, 'golden', were much enamoured with it too. As well as using orpiment as a pigment, they believed gold could be extracted from it using a mysterious method. Pliny recounts a story about the emperor Caligula who, greedy for riches, smelted a vast quantity of raw orpiment, with little success. Not only were such experiments futile – orpiment does not really contain any trace of the precious metal – it could also prove fatal for the slaves who mined it.

Cennini warned his readers: 'Beware of soiling your mouth with it, lest you suffer personal injury.' In fact, orpiment is deadly. Although it was occasionally taken in minute amounts as a purgative in Java, Bali and China, where it occurs naturally and was popular as a pigment until the nineteenth century, the risks of abusing it were well known. A delightfully named German merchant called Georg Everhard Rumphius recalled seeing a woman who had taken too much in Batavia (now Jakarta), in 1660, in his book *The Ambonese Curiosity Cabinet*. She had become mad, 'and climbed up the walls like a cat'.

Even as a paint orpiment was not without its drawbacks. It dried badly in oils and could not be used in frescoes. It also reacted with a host of other pigments, particularly those that contained copper or lead. Prudent artists could make use of it, as the Venice-based Renaissance colourist Paolo Veronese did in his *The Dream of Saint Helena* (c. 1570), only if they made sure it was carefully removed from other pigments it might discolour. Orpiment really had only one thing going for it: its colour. It was, in the words of Cennini, 'a handsome yellow more closely resembling gold than any other colour'. And that, it seems, was enough.

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 Killer

If someone had asked me why I did it then my response would be what it always is. I did it for the money. That is what drives the majority of people on the planet to do anything. Money. We need it to live in these crazy times. The more we have however, the more we want of it. It's one of life's little paradoxes. The line between us working to live and living to work is so blurred it is difficult to tell if it is even there anymore.

So yes, I did it for the money. I did it because it was my job. I don't need the money. Hell, I've got enough to last several lifetimes. I'm extremely well paid for what I do. And up to today I was very happy in my job. Anyone who only has to work a couple of hours a month would be; and when you get right down to the nuts and bolts of it, mine isn't the most difficult job in the world. The biggest problem is usually getting away from the job at the end of the day. It's like that for most people isn't it?

I was always a good shot. I didn't grow up in an environment that had guns on show. My early experience was with fairground stalls. Shoot the ducks; hit the target, that kind of thing. I instinctively knew how to aim and hit the target. How to ignore the deliberately poor sights on their guns, designed to make the paying suckers miss. I did a couple of years in my teens doing the whole laser quest thing. Twenty years down the line, I'm still the record holder for most points and kills in a single session at my old regular haunt.

Somehow along the way I transitioned from targets and toy guns to shooting at real live people. And getting paid to do so. For the last seventeen years, that has been my job. A hitman for hire, a contract killer, an assassin. I've never questioned the deeper reasons why that target for any hit I've done. On the whole it's been old white males, perhaps an occasional woman, and even some twenty somethings along the way. But this was the first time ever I'd been given a target that was a child.

I should have known there was something hinkie about this job when I got a deposit on it twice the size of my usual fee, before I'd been given the target's details. A six-year-old girl. When I saw the pictures, I had baulked at doing it. What the hell could a six-year-old child have done to cause someone to shell out a total of two million euros for the hit? The money wasn't enough here.

I tried to refuse, only to have pressure applied on me. I saw the dossier they had, all the evidence from years of executions. Enough for me to never see the outside of a jail cell for the rest of my life. Granted I probably deserve that. Then they took all my money. Every account cleared out in seconds, only to be repaid once the job was done. Finally, the in the crosshairs pictures of all my family and friends. All targeted if I didn't do what they wanted me to.

And so, I shot that little six-year-old girl. I took aim and pulled the trigger. I closed my eyes and prayed for the first time in my life as the bullet flew through the air on its way to embed itself in the little girl's head. I didn't watch it as I had so many times before. I heard the thud of the body hitting the ground, and the screams of the people. I knew the bullet had found its target.

Did I believe the reasons those that had hired me had given as to why the girl was targeted? Not at all. I didn't like the fact they had insisted on telling me. I've never asked before. And their reasons were just plain crazy talk. How on Earth could they know that this girl would grow up to be anything, let alone the woman who would spell the end of mankind by starting a nuclear war as the Prime Minister of the UK?

That was pure fantasy talk. There was no such thing as time travel. I had read a lot about it. Theoretically it was possible, but it wouldn't be possible to come back to change the world. As soon as there was a change then the future where the time travel was discovered would be altered and it wouldn't exist. Then they wouldn't be able to travel back to make that change. It had taken me a lot of time and damaged brain cells to get my head around that loop. If they were claiming clairvoyance then I would laugh at them, it was just a myth. Something used by tricksters to prey on the mind of the weak.

My money had all reappeared along with my fee. I was a rich man. But I was tainted now. I have spent the last few hours setting up the required paperwork to give it all away. I wouldn't need any of it anymore.

And now I sit here with a gun in my mouth. I can't forgive myself for what I did. I press the trigger and the bullet travels through my head, and I'm dead within a split second.

Just long enough to have one final thought. What if that was the plan all along? The girl was collateral damage. I was the target all the time. Play with my mind to push me over the edge. It had all been a play and I had been paid to kill myself to prevent me killing anyone else in the future.

Damn.

Leicestershire

William Wygston

His name has been spelt as Wyggeston and Wigston over the years.

William was born in 1467, he was a native of Leicester, and was a wealthy wool merchant. He was the son of Alderman John Wygston of the Newarke, Leicester, twice Mayor of Leicester. His uncle Roger was Mayor of Leicester three times, and another relative William was Mayor of Leicester five times

William himself was twice the mayor of Leicester, in 1499, and in 1510, and in addition to this and through being a merchant he was also four times the mayor of the staple of Calais. He was elected as MP for Leicester in 1504, in the Seventh Parliament of Henry VII

In 1512, he built the Chantry house on the Newarkes which today forms part of the Newarke Houses museum, for two priests that sang masses for him at the now disappeared Church of the Annunciation of St. Mary that stood across the road.

In 1513 he founded a hospital for 12 poor men and 12 poor women, and provided a chaplain and confater. Originally sited to the west of the cathedral, they were moved to the corner of Fosse Road and Hinckley Road in 1869. The hospital still exists as a retirement home.

By 1522 he was so wealthy that he paid twenty two percent of all the tax levied on Leicester.

The endowments made for the hospital, from the income of his Swannington estate were so large that they enabled the establishment of a grammar school set up by his brother Thomas the trustee of the estate. This school became defunct, but in Victorian times, both a boy's and a girl's grammar schools were set up under his name. The Wyggeston Grammar School for Boys is now the Wyggeston and Queen Elizabeth I College, and the Wyggeston Grammar School for Girls merged the Leicester Collegiate Girls' School. It stopped taking girls at eleven and became the Wyggeston Collegiate Sixth Form College, which is now called the Regent College.

He was twice married, first to Isabella, the sister of Alderman Richard Gillot (three times Mayor of Leicester); and then to Agnes. However, neither of them produced any children, and therefore he went about devoting his money to charitable works in Leicester.

William Wygston stands as one of the four benefactors on the base of the Clock Tower, he died in 1536.

St. George's



Situated in what is now cultural quarter of the city centre, in its own grounds, almost opposite the Curve Theatre and virtually hidden from the casual passer-by, stands the church of St. George. It is from this church that the nearby road and Retail Park take their name.

Built from 1823-1827 by William Parsons at a cost of £16,600, it was the first church in Leicester, and only the third in the county to be founded after the reformation (after Oaks-in-Charnwood and Staunton Harold). (This doesn't include restored or rebuilt churches. It was also the most expensive church built in the county before the First World War, and the cost was met entirely by the Church Building Commissioners, from funds set aside under the Church Building Act 1818.

It had a large open nave and the tower with a spire, aisles with galleries around three sides, plaster ceilings, and a small sanctuary. Cast iron was used for the window tracery in the aisles, a practise that was dropped by 1840. In 1835 the stained-glass windows were added by the firm Ward & Nixon. The tracery on the north and south sides are of three lights and large. They are three different designs in a mixture of geometrical, decorated and perpendicular detail. The aisles have seven bays separated by tall buttresses. The tower has rich decorated detail in the ogee canopies, and the hoods over the belfry windows.

In 1846/47 the spire was destroyed by lightning, and was rebuilt, again by William Parsons. The sanctuary was replaced by a chancel in 1879 by A.W. Bloomfield, in a much more sombre and contrasting style to the rest of the church. The church yard has gravestones dating up to 1850, due to the fact that Welford Road cemetery was then opened, and no further burials took place at the church.

In 1892 the tower screen was added, and in 1908 the south chapel was fitted up. In 1911 there was a fire, which destroyed the galleries, and damaged the spire. The church was caught up in the fire that destroyed the original Rowley factory that stood next door. In 1912-1913 the spire was removed, and the nave and chancel were rebuilt by W. D. Caroe.

The parish dwindled during the 20th century until in the early 1970's the parish was disbanded. The church was taken over in 1983 by the Serbian Orthodox Church, which it remains to this day. Some renovations to the tower were completed in 1986.

The building has fallen somewhat into decline, but has been listed as a Grade II* listed building by Historic England.

Pick Everard have recently done some restoration paid for by English Heritage. The work involved significant gutter replacements and timber repairs to the nave roof, two west lobby roofs and the chancel roof. High level masonry repairs to stabilise the nave, chapel and lobby parapets. Structural timber repairs to areas affected by dry rot and work on the original ribbed plaster ceilings.

Further improvements to the area surrounding the church have been planned and are underway to try and improve the image of the area.

Cadeby

Cadeby is a village and civil parish in the Hinckley and Bosworth district of Leicestershire, England, about 6 miles north of Hinckley, close to Newbold Verdon and Market Bosworth. According to the 2001 census it had a population of 177, reducing to 169 at the 2011 census.

The name is Danish and would have been Kati's village.

Until 2005, Cadeby Rectory garden was home to the Cadeby Light Railway. This was a short narrow-gauge line and collection of railway artefacts belonging to the late Rev. Teddy Boston, a friend of the Rev W Awdry. The railway is closed and was dismantled in 2006.

Market Bosworth Steam Rally, also known as the Cadeby Steam & Country Fayre, was founded in 1964 by the Rev Teddy Boston, both as an alternative to transporting his steam roller to distant rallies by low-loader, and as a means to raise funds for his parish church. The rally continued annually for 44 years, held on the second weekend in August; the last rally was held in 2008.

Top Ten

The first ten Steven Seagal films.

No	Film Title	Released
1	Nico / Above The Law	1988
2	Hard To Kill	1990
3	Marked For Death	1990
4	Out For Justice	1991
5	Under Siege	1992
6	On Deadly Ground	1994
7	Under Siege 2: Dark Territory	1995
8	Executive Decision	1996
9	The Glimmer Man	1996
10	Fire Down Below	1997

Quotes

My mum rang me, but I missed the call, so I rang her back. She told me that she had rang me because she thought I would remember something. However, by the time I rang her back she had forgotten what she was going to ask me that she couldn't remember.

Linda – I've just cooked the sausages in the fridge.

And I couldn't let the Trump quote go. "People are dying of this Covid-19 thing that have never died before."

Poetry Corner

Do Clothes Define Me?

The clothes on my back define who I am.
According to others, but I don't give a damn.
I wear what I like, and I like what I wear.
If you don't like what you see, well I don't care.
It may be a clash of colours and styles.
They may have been picked up out of the bargain pile.
They might be a bit tight or baggy as a tent.
I might dress like a tramp or suit up like a gent.
A paisley pattern on a shirt or a tie.
A dirty t-shirt with gravy stains from a pie.
Tatty old jeans that have been worn for weeks.
Smell better than socks worn for hours that reek.

Posh shoes, bright red white and blue in suede.
 Or years old trainers that have started to fade.
 Hats, caps and beanies to sit on my head.
 Baggy old pants for when I'm lying in bed.
 All of these clothes are worn at some time.
 What I wear each day has no reason or rhyme.
 I will pull out the first thing picked out of the drawer.
 I'm sure it wasn't this creased before.
 I don't look in the mirror before leaving the house.
 When choosing an ensemble, I don't use my nous.
 Clothes are thrown on and carried around.
 I see the reaction from laughs to a frown.
 I used to worry, and I used to fret.
 That people would think I'm wearing this for a bet.
 But I've separated the clothes from the man.
 And I wear what I like whenever I can.
 When told what to wear I have to rebel.
 And I put twenty pin badges on my lapel.
 Novelty ties and belt buckles to lighten the mood.
 Sticks two fingers up at convention without being too rude.
 Character socks peek out from just above my feet.
 Shorts have to be worn when there's too much heat.
 All put together is ay I don't care about fashion.
 Where other people will say that it is their passion.
 But at the end of the day the clothes are on me.
 They form my character that others can see.
 They are an extension of my personality.
 They do define the very essence of me.

Cathedral Fact Files

Cathedral	Arundel Cathedral		
Dedicated To	Our Lady & St Philip Howard (formerly St Philip Neri)		
Type	Catholic	Architecture	Neo-Gothic
Religion	Catholic	Tower / Spire	1 Spire
Site Founded	1868	Height (External)	280ft
Church Founded	1873	Height (Internal)	71ft
Bishopric Founded	1965	Length	194ft
Current Bishopric Founded	1965	Width	82ft

Thirty-Three And One Third Revolutions Per Minute

Prince – Purple Rain

Purple Rain is the sixth studio album by American singer, songwriter, producer, and multi-instrumentalist Prince. It is the first to feature the billing of his band the Revolution, and is the soundtrack to the 1984 film of the same name. The album was released on June 25, 1984, by Warner Bros. Records.

In the United States the album debuted at No. 11 on the Billboard 200 the week of July 14, 1984 with approximately 1.5 million copies sold. After four weeks on chart, it reached No. 1 on August 4, 1984. The first two singles from the album, "When Doves Cry" and "Let's Go Crazy", topped the US singles charts, and were hits around the world, while the title track went to No. 2 on the Billboard Hot 100. Purple Rain was present on the Billboard 200 for a total of 122 weeks.

Prince and the Revolution won a 1984 Grammy Award for Purple Rain, for Best Rock Vocal Performance by a Duo or Group with Vocal, the four composers (Nelson, Coleman, Prince, and Melvoin) won Best Score Soundtrack for Visual Media, and the album was nominated for Album of the Year. Purple Rain also won an Oscar for Best Original Song Score in 1985. As of 2008, it has sold over 25 million copies worldwide, making it the third best-selling soundtrack album of all time. The album was certified 13-times platinum (diamond) by the RIAA. Purple Rain is regularly ranked among the best albums in music history and is widely regarded as Prince's magnum opus along with his 1987 double album Sign o' the Times. In 2012, the album was added to the Library of Congress's National Recording Registry list of sound recordings that "are culturally, historically, or aesthetically important".

Although it is not known if there is actually any connection, both Mikel Toombs of The San Diego Union and Bob Kostanczuk of the Post-Tribune have written that Prince took the title "Purple Rain" from lyrics in the America song "Ventura Highway". Asked to explain the phrase "purple rain" in "Ventura Highway," Gerry Beckley responded: "You got me."

Purple Rain was released by Warner Bros. Records on June 25, 1984. Prince wrote all of the songs on the album, some with the input of fellow band members. "I Would Die 4 U", "Baby I'm a Star" and "Purple Rain" were recorded live from a show on August 3, 1983, at the First Avenue club in Minneapolis, with overdubs and edits added later. The show was a benefit concert for the Minnesota Dance Theater and featured the first appearance of guitarist Wendy Melvoin in Prince's band, The Revolution.

"Take Me with U" was intended for the Apollonia 6 album with Jill Jones on backing vocals, but Prince pulled it for his own album and according to Matt Fink, Prince reportedly played all the instruments on the song save for the string overdubs. "Let's Go Crazy" was also recorded with The Revolution while an unreleased version of "Computer Blue" clocking in at 14 minutes was a full band studio recording as well with various cuts some that are at least 14min long. "The Beautiful Ones", "Darling Nikki" and "When Doves Cry" are all Prince recordings.

Purple Rain was the first Prince album recorded with and officially credited to his backing group the Revolution, though he had teased the name two years earlier on 1999, writing "and the Revolution" backwards on the album cover. The band had been performing and recording with Prince without an established name. Purple Rain was musically denser than Prince's previous albums, emphasizing full band performances, and multiple layers of guitars, keyboards, electronic synthesizer effects, drum machines, and other instruments. Musically, Purple Rain remained grounded in the R&B elements of Prince's previous work while demonstrating a more pronounced rock feel in its grooves and emphasis on guitar showmanship.

As a soundtrack record, much of the music had a grandiose, synthesized, and even—by some evaluations—a psychedelic sheen to the production and performances. The music on Purple Rain is generally regarded as the most pop-oriented of Prince's career, though a number of elements point towards the more experimental records Prince would release after Purple Rain. As with many massive crossover albums, Purple Rain's consolidation of myriad styles, from pop rock to R&B to dance, is generally acknowledged to account in part for its enormous popularity.

In addition to the record's breakthrough sales, music critics noted the innovative and experimental aspects of the soundtrack's music, most famously on the spare, bass-less "When Doves Cry". Other aspects of the music, especially its synthesis of electronic elements with organic instrumentation and full-band performances (some, as noted above, recorded live) along with its landmark consolidation of rock and R&B, were identified by critics as distinguishing, even experimental factors. Stephen Erlewine of AllMusic writes that Purple Rain finds Prince "consolidating his funk and R&B roots while moving boldly into pop, rock, and heavy metal," as well as "push[ing] heavily into psychedelia" under the influence of the Revolution. Erlewine identifies the record's nine songs as "uncompromising ... forays into pop" and "stylistic experiments", echoing general sentiment that Purple Rain's music represented Prince at his most popular without forsaking his experimental bent.

"Take Me with U" was written for the Apollonia 6 album, but later enlisted for Purple Rain. The inclusion of that song necessitated cuts to the suite-like "Computer Blue", the full version of which did not earn an official release, although a portion of the second section can be heard in the film Purple Rain, in a sequence where Prince walks in on the men of The Revolution rehearsing. The risqué lyrics of "Darling Nikki" contributed to the use of Parental Advisory stickers and imprints on album covers that were the record label's answer to complaints from Tipper Gore and the Parents Music Resource Center.

In the United States the album debuted at number 11 on the Billboard 200 the week of July 14, 1984 with approximately 1.5 million copies sold. After four weeks on chart, it reached number one on August 4, 1984. According to Billboard magazine, the album spent 24 consecutive weeks at number 1 on the Billboard albums chart (August 4, 1984 to January 18, 1985), and more than 32 weeks in the top 10, becoming one of the top soundtracks ever. Purple Rain traded the number 1 album chart position with Bruce Springsteen's Born in the U.S.A. twice, during 1984 and 1985. Purple Rain was present on the Billboard 200 for one hundred twenty-two weeks. The album was certified 13 times platinum by the RIAA on May 16, 1996 for shipments of thirteen million units. After the advent of the Nielsen SoundScan era in 1991, the album sold a further 3,107,000 copies.

In the week following Prince's death, the album sold 69,000 equivalent copies (62,000 in pure album sales), thus allowing the album to re-enter the Billboard 200 at number 2. The next week it dropped to number three with 150,000 units sold.

In the United Kingdom the album entered at number 21 on July 21, 1984, after thirty five weeks on the chart it reached and peaked at number seven during the week of March 16, 1985 and stayed there for a week, it fell off to number twelve the next week. The album remained on the chart for 86 weeks. It was certified two times platinum by the BPI on May 1, 1990 denoting shipments of 600,000 units.

The album has sold more than 20 million copies worldwide. The album further established him as a figurehead for pop music of the 1980s.

Singles from the album became pop hits worldwide, with Prince scoring four US Top 10 singles from the album. Of them, "When Doves Cry" and "Let's Go Crazy" reached number 1, "Purple Rain" reached number 2, and "I Would Die 4 U" reached number 8. The fifth and final single "Take Me with U" reached number 25, but became a top 10 hit in the United Kingdom, meaning all Purple Rain singles became worldwide hits.

Track listing

All songs written by Prince, except where noted.

Side one

No. - Title - Length

1. - "Let's Go Crazy" - 4:39. Fourth single release off the album, a double A side with "Take Me With U", it hit number 7 on the UK singles chart. Sampled twenty-one times and covered five times.
2. - "Take Me with U" - 3:54. Fourth single release off the album, a double A side with "Let's Go Crazy", it hit number 7 on the UK singles chart. Sampled twice and covered four times.
3. - "The Beautiful Ones" - 5:13. Sampled seven times and covered four times.
4. - "Computer Blue" (Prince, John L. Nelson, Wendy & Lisa; uncredited: Dr. Fink) - 3:59. Sampled once and covered once.
5. - "Darling Nikki" - 4:14. Sampled fourteen times and covered nine times.

Side two

6. - "When Doves Cry" - 5:54. First single release off the album, hit number 4 on the UK singles chart. Sampled thirty-two times, most famously in MC Hammer's "Pray", has also been covered thirty-two times.
7. - "I Would Die 4 U" - 2:49. Third single release off the album, hit number 58 on the UK singles chart. Sampled four times and covered eight times.
8. - "Baby I'm a Star" - 4:24. Sampled twice and covered twice.
9. - "Purple Rain" - 8:41. Second single release off the album, hit number 6 on the UK singles chart. Has been sampled nine times and covered over fifty times.

Personnel

Prince – lead vocals, background vocals, lead guitar, piano and various instruments
Wendy Melvoin – guitar and vocals (1-2, 4, 7-9)
Lisa Coleman – keyboards and vocals (1-2, 4, 7-9)
Matt Fink – keyboards and vocals (1-2, 4, 7-9)
Brown Mark – bass guitar and vocals (1-2, 4, 7-9)
Bobby Z. – drums and percussion (1-2, 4, 7-9)
Novi Novog – violin and viola (2, 8-9)
David Coleman – cello (2, 8-9)
Suzie Katayama – cello (2, 8-9)
Apollonia – co-lead vocals (2)
Jill Jones – additional background vocals (8)

Charts

Chart (1984–85) - Peak position
Australia (Kent Music Report) - 1
Austrian Albums (Ö3 Austria) - 8
Canada Top Albums/CDs (RPM) - 1
Dutch Albums (Album Top 100) - 1
French Albums (SNEP) - 8
German Albums (Offizielle Top 100) - 5
Japanese Oricon LPs Chart - 12
New Zealand Albums (RMNZ) - 2
Norwegian Albums (VG-lista) - 4
Swedish Albums (Sverigetopplistan) - 3
Swiss Albums (Schweizer Hitparade) - 7
UK Albums (OCC) - 7
US Billboard 200 - 1
US Top R&B/Hip-Hop Albums (Billboard) - 1

Certifications

Region - Certification - Certified units/sales
Australia (ARIA) - 3x Platinum - 210,000
Canada (Music Canada) - 6x Platinum - 600,000
France (SNEP) - Platinum - 338,600

Germany (BVMI) - 3x Gold - 750,000
Japan - 197,000
Netherlands (NVPI) - Platinum - 100,000
New Zealand (RMNZ) - Platinum - 75,000
Switzerland (IFPI Switzerland) - Platinum - 50,000
United Kingdom (BPI) - 2x Platinum - 600,000
United States (RIAA) - 13x Platinum - 13,000,000

Story Time

Timedog

It would have had to be me that was chosen for the mission. I wondered if they were somehow afraid of me. I supposed I wasn't the normal everyday springer spaniel that had been expected from the litter. When what should have been my first bark came out as the words "feed me", the humans were properly freaked out. I mean, what are the chances? Who had ever heard of a talking dog before?

I suppose I was lucky not to end up in a sack of rocks in the bottom of the river. Perhaps I would have done if I'd have shown the mind reading capabilities from the start as well, let alone the other powers. I was too young to realise that the humans weren't speaking to me, and I was hearing their thoughts. When I did realise, I didn't let on at first. It was only when they caught me raiding the secret food store they hadn't mentioned. I had been sure they weren't around, but they found me opening the locked door to the cupboard with my mind, and the game was up.

It didn't take long for the government to show up and take me away from my family of humans. The military wanted to use my skills to help them out. It appeared I could hear thoughts in any language. I just automatically translated them to dog. And then I could speak them in English. I suppose if I had been born in another country, I would have spoken that language instead.

I've been nearly everywhere on the planet. I mean, seriously, who would suspect that a springer spaniel is capable of any intelligence, let alone mind reading, telekinesis and speech. The rest of my breed's only superpowers were eating, pooping and barking at strangers.

I couldn't bark when on duty, it didn't come out right. I didn't sound like a dog; it came out as human speech and I couldn't do anything about it. Being silent, everyone assumed I was just a good dog.

And now I'm off on another journey. I'm not going to another place on Earth; I'm going to another time instead. To be specific a certain time in the past. I've no idea what is so special about the middle of the fourteenth century. Don't they know that's the biggest plague period in history? Unless they're expecting me to go on a rampage killing rats, I can't see why I'm going back to that time alone. That's right; they're not even sending a human with me. I suppose that even after all these years of service; I'm still the most expendable agent they have.

So here I am, sat in the middle of the ruins of Goodrich Castle, in some remote part of Herefordshire; waiting for the signal to go. I've been given my mission brief. Edward III is due to be at the castle on the date I'm being sent back to. Somehow, I need to be near him when he is in the great feast and from then until he leaves the castle. There is something about the grand treasure of the Welsh borders being held at the castle for onward transportation with the King when he leaves for London.

The treasure never made it to London. I'm to find out what happened to it, and then to return to the present day and report back.

I press the pad on my collar. There is no grand journey, no whoosh through time. I blink in the sunshine and then I find myself inside. The great hall had a roof now, and there is a throng of people in the room, all scurrying about in every direction, barely missing stepping on me. Tables are being set up, with benches along either side. Massive fireplaces are full of logs, warming the room and blackening the ceiling. I get myself under one of the tables so that I am out of the way and I can take in my surroundings.

At one end of the room was what looked like a stage. A grander table and a series of what could be thrones sat behind the table. The table was covered in cloth and surely that would be where the King would be sitting. I made my way up to the table ignoring the cries of the people setting up the hall. I squeezed myself under the cloth and lay in the dark underneath it. Gradually the room outside became quieter and I felt myself falling asleep in the dark and warmth.

My sleep was shattered by a fanfare screeching out somewhere in the room. There were people at the table I was under, I could see and smell their feet peeking through the cloth that covered it. I could smell the food as well, hopefully the King and the others on this table were messy eaters, and I could get the spillage. None of those at the table spoke in what I would recognise as English now, and I struggled to follow what they were saying. The thoughts

weren't much better, as they were in a strange version of French, which didn't translate to dog very easily. It took a couple of hours before any of it began to make any sense to me.

The King didn't seem to be enjoying himself. He told the owner of the castle, a Baron Talbot if I had understood correctly, that he was enjoying the feast, but his thoughts were just of leaving, and getting out of this hovel. There were plenty of scraps dropped on the floor along the table, so much so that I needed to push some out the other end of me before I exploded. Whoever was clearing up would find a little surprise later.

I caught a mention of the Despensers' trove. Ill-gotten gains of the previous owners of the castle that the Baron was giving to the King to help in the war against France. Was this what I had been asked to find? I nearly missed the important part of the conversation as I was trying to drag the deer leg under the table from where it had fallen.

There was going to be a decoy, a number of wagons were to be loaded up with empty chests for transport across country to London. Whereas all the real treasure was going to be loaded onto boats on the nearby River Wye and taken down to Chepstow where it could be transferred to ships to be transported to London by sea.

As the feast ended, I was stuck in two minds as to what to do. Should I follow the King as had been my initial brief, or find these boats the treasure was going to be moved on. I went with the latter. I needed to follow the treasure regardless of where the King was going, it was the treasure they were looking for. And so, I made my way out of the poorly guarded castle and down to the river. Sure enough four wooden barges were tied up to the bank of the river just below the castle. I found a tree near the riverbank close to the barges and settled down for the night.

It wasn't even light when I heard movement. Men were appearing out of the steep bank carrying wooden and metal chests. They loaded them onto the barges in what seemed like a never-ending trail of men and chests. By the time they had finished it was light, and I realised I should have already made a break for it and hidden on one of the barges. They set off without me, and I trotted down the bank after them. And then the bank ended, and I jumped in.

I didn't need to paddle much myself, there was a strong current pushing me along, which meant I kept up with the barges, as it was taking them along on the current as well. Less than a mile downstream the skipper of the lead barge let out a cry as his barge came to a shuddering halt. The second barge couldn't stop and careered straight into the first, the third and fourth joined the pile up and that sent the first one flying.

I went floating past them all, shooting down a small rapid before paddling out to the far bank to stop and look back upon the carnage behind me. There was a small rapids just below the village close to the castle. The barge skippers would have had to come up it the day before, but that was with empty barges. The weight of the treasure had caused the first barge to ground itself on the rocks beneath the rapids, and it had caught up the other three barges as well.

The first barge had shot through with the added weight of the other barges but had capsized at the end of the rapids. The second shot down not long after, and crashed into the first as well, and the skipper flew off the back into the water as the back of the barge came up out of the water and the chests on it slid off into the water. Barge three did pretty much the same. The skipper of barge four was frantically calling for help but he had only been stuck due to the barges in front of him, and was a lot less laden down than the other barges. He managed to avoid the two overturned barges steering hard to the right bank of the river, only to hit the unseen capsized barge that had gone first, and the last of the barges began to sink as well.

I watched it all. All those chests sinking into the river not a mile from the castle. None of the skippers made land as far as I could see, and within an hour all the barges had gone on their merry way, floating as ghost ships, empty, and in some cases upside down.

Who knows how far those barges floated down the river, did they make it to the sea and beyond? With no barges and no skippers to tell of what had happened, it was no wonder no one knew what had happened to the treasure. The barge skippers will have been wanted men. Stealing the King's treasure would have meant a death sentence. One the river had already given them.

I sat on the bank of the river for an age before I remembered about going back to the present day. I pressed the collar, only to find the sensor had moved. I pressed all the way around it frantically hoping it hadn't fallen off into the river to join the barges on their journey to oblivion. I was still tapping my collar in different places when I suddenly became aware of a change in scenery. I looked back up to the castle to see it a ruin once more, and so I headed in that direction.

I was intercepted by a helicopter as I walked through the wheat field bordering the river and jumped in as soon as it landed.

I told them my story as I was taken back to my base, but I heard nothing more about the treasure of the Welsh borders. I didn't get to time travel again, but at least I could say I did it. But who would I tell? I couldn't speak dog to tell

any of my own species, and I couldn't talk to random humans without freaking them out, and my handlers weren't interested in hearing my tales.

But at least I know I was the first-time travel agent.

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

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