

Flanagan's Running Club – Issue 40

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.

On This Day – 10th October

1871 - Chicago burns after a barn accident. The fire lasts from October 8-10.

1957 - The Windscale fire results in Britain's worst nuclear accident.

It's Finnish Literature Day (Finland)

World Day Against the Death Penalty

World Mental Health Day

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

The summer of 1848 was so wet and horrible (some things never change) that there were serious fears for Britain's harvest. To assuage the public, or to scare them into buying more papers, the editors of the Daily News commissioned Mr J. Glaisher, Superintendent at the Royal Observatory and Britain's first full-time meteorologist, to create the world's first daily weather report. Glaisher got his daily information from 29 railway stationmasters (27 in England, 2 in Scotland) via telegraph. Today's report in that year was 'generally wet'. At least there were no leaves on the line.

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

Ice T releases his third album "The Iceberg / Freedom Of Speech...Just Watch What You Say" on Sire.

Produced by Afrika Islam and Ice T, the gritty album was released after Ice T encountered censorship issue on tour. The first part of the album's title was a reference to Iceberg Slim (aka Robert Beck), a hustler turned author and poet who Ice T admired. The latter part referred to an incident that happened to Ice while on tour in Columbus, Georgia, where he was told what profanities he could say on stage as well as what subject matter he could rap about.

Ice T's Rhyme Syndicate, which included future House Of Pain member as well as solo superstar Everlast, guested on the album. A spoken word performance by Jello Biafra called "Words From Our Sponsors" was sampled for the album's opening track called "Shut Up, Be Happy", which also sampled Black Sabbath, a precursor of Ice T's future metal-based band Body Count.

The hard-hitting album reached #37 on the Billboard 200 and #11 on the R&B chart and had three singles: "Lethal Weapon", "What Ya Wanna Do?", and "You Played Yourself".

Births

1813 - Giuseppe Verdi

1946 - Charles Dance

1950 - Nora Roberts

1959 - Kirsty MacColl

Deaths

1963 - Edith Piaf

1985 - Yul Brynner

1985 - Orson Welles

Number 1's

Number 1 single in 1987 - M/A/R/R/S - Pump Up The Volume

Number 1 album in 1983 - Paul Young - No Parlez

Number 1 compilation album in 2018 - Now 100

Top 10

The top ten in the UK singles chart on this day in 1994

Position	Last Week's Position	Title	Artist	Label	Peak Position	Weeks on Chart
1	New	SURE	TAKE THAT	RCA	1	1
2	1	SATURDAY NIGHT	WHIGFIELD	SYSTEMATIC	1	5
3	2	ALWAYS	BON JOVI	JAMBCO / MERCURY	2	4
4	6	BABY COME BACK	PATO BANTON	VIRGIN	4	3
5	4	HEY NOW (GIRLS JUST WANT TO HAVE FUN)	CYNDI LAUPER	EPIC	4	5
6	3	THE RHYTHM OF THE NIGHT	CORONA	WEA	2	6
7	9	SWEETNESS	MICHELLE GAYLE	1ST AVENUE	7	4
8	8	STAY (I MISSED YOU)	LISA LOEB & NINE STORIES	RCA	6	7
9	7	STEAM	EAST 17	LONDON	7	3
10	5	SECRET	MADONNA	MAVERICK / SIRE	5	2

Drabble

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

The Power of Prayer

It seemed that my prayers had been answered, I opened my eyes, finding myself staring up at a mass of theatre billboards on Broadway, miles from the wilderness, somewhere I hadn't been before, but I recognised from countless films, it was somewhere I had always wanted to go, and now magically I was here.

A great wave of relief washed over me, it was the last emotion that I ever felt, the Mack truck whose horn had dragged me to my senses, pulling me to this place and time, hit me at forty miles an hour and killed me instantly.

Joke

What did the Virgin Mary say when she saw the three wise men approaching?
"Huh, typical. You wait ages for one and then three come at the same time."

Random Items

Facts

An animal epidemic is called an epizootic.

Murphy's Oil Soap is the chemical most commonly used to clean elephants.

The United States has never lost a war in which mules were used.

Thoughts

Are there Seeing Eye humans for blind dogs?

If you try to fail, and succeed, what have you done?

And if you are born again, do you have two bellybuttons?

Words You Should Know

Rapacious

Grasping, from the same root as the birds of prey known as raptors. The context is normally financial, where it is used of bankers, lawyers and others who have a reputation for getting hold of other people's money and hanging on tightly to it.

Popular Expressions – What They Mean And Where We Got Them

By A Long Chalk

This is a sporting expression and means to win easily, far ahead of the competition. Before lead pencils became common, merit marks or scores used to be made with chalk: in a game of skittles or darts, for example, individual points were referred to as a 'chalk'; a long chalk, therefore, is a high score.

Darwin Award

Sequined Pastie

Burlesque clubs aren't as safe as they used to be. An unidentified twenty-nine-year-old man choked to death on a sequined pastie he had removed with his teeth from an exotic dancer at a Phillipsburg establishment. "I didn't think he was going to eat it," said a dancer identified only as Ginger, adding, "He was really drunk". If Ginger had a stronger pastie adhesive, this Darwin winner would still be swimming in the gene pool.

What The Hygge!

deja-vygge (n.)

the sense that one has experienced exactly the same moment of cosy domestic hygge many times before and that there might, in fact, be more to life than this.

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.

Sepia

If you were to surprise a *Sepia officinalis*, or common cuttlefish – and finding one would be the first challenge, as their camouflage is superb – it would respond in one of two ways. You might find yourself suddenly enveloped in a dense smokescreen of dark liquid, or confronted with a host of decoy cuttlefish – dark blobs formed out of a mixture of the same ink and mucus. The *S. officinalis*, meanwhile, would have made a dash for it, leaving you empty-handed.

Almost all cephalopods – a group that includes octopuses, squid and cuttlefish – can produce ink. This burnt coffee-brown liquid is made up almost entirely of melanin and has tremendous tinting strength. Although now squid ink is most often found lending seafood risotto the glossy black lustre of a raven's wing, sepia (the ink of the cuttlefish) has long been used as a pigment for writers and artists. Recipes and methods for separating cephalopods from their ink abound, but a common procedure involved removing the sac, drying and powdering it, and then boiling the extract with a strong alkali to extract the pigment. Once neutralised, it could then be washed, dried, ground up and made into cakes to be sold.

The Roman writers Cicero and Persius both mention, and probably used, sepia as ink, and it is likely the poet Marcus Valerius Martialis did too. Martial was born in the city of Bilbilis, around 150 miles north-east of where Madrid now stands, sometime between AD 38 and AD 41. His epigrams skewer the pretensions of his fellow city dwellers in Rome, and satirise stingy patrons and fellow poets. ("Write shorter epigrams" is your advice. / Yet you write nothing, Velox. How concise!', is one such witticism.) Martial's bravado, though, must have been, at least in part, a ruse to conceal all the usual writer's insecurities.

Once, when sending out his latest collection – probably written in sepia ink – he included a sponge in the package, so that his words could be wiped away if they did not please the recipient. Leonardo da Vinci was fond of using the warm-toned sepia in his sketches, many of which still survive. The colourist George Field described it in 1835 as 'a powerful dusky brown colour, of a fine texture' and recommended its use as a watercolour.

Today, although artists still value sepia ink for its foxy red undertones, the word is more likely to be used in the context of photography. Originally images were chemically toned to replace the silver in the silver-based prints with a more stable compound, making them longer lasting and a symphony of warm ochres. Now, of course, technology has rendered this unnecessary, but the tones have taken on the mantle of romance and nostalgia. Digital photography

tools mean that, with just a few clicks of a button, photographers can disguise their new, fresh images, making them look a century old.

Brewers Britain & Ireland

The history, culture, folklore and etymology of 7,500 places in these islands.

Kibworth Beauchamp

Kibworth 'Cybba's enclosure', Old English male personal name Cybba + worth (enclosure). Beauchamp denoting manorial ownership in the Middle Ages by the de Beauchamp family.

A village (pronounced 'bee-cham') in Leicestershire, about 9 miles south east of Leicester. The Roman Catholic priest and author Ronald Knox (1888-1957) was born here.

Kibworth Harcourt

Harcourt denoting manorial ownership in the Middle Ages by the de Harewecurt family.

A village in Leicestershire contiguous with KIBWORTH BEAUCHAMP but mainly on the other (north eastern) side of the A6.

Along with Smeeton Westerby (Smith's Settlement (Old English) West Farm (Danish)) the three villages formed a single settlement in medieval times, and were the base and main subject of Michael Wood's TV documentary and book – The Story of England.

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.

Karaoke Time

Alicia was fishing for compliments again. She'd just been up doing karaoke. To be fair to her, she had done a passable attempt at singing "You're So Vain", but she was no Carly Simon, that was for sure. But she bounded back over to the big table where our work's Christmas meal was taking place. Sixteen people pretending they liked each other and got on, as we ploughed our way through seven courses of Chinese cuisine.

I was sure Alicia had chosen "You're So Vain" as a direct pop at Richard, our erstwhile manager. Rumour was they had had a fling following the previous year's Christmas do, but it had died out not long afterwards. Apparently, he was more interested in looking in the mirror than he was at looking at Alicia.

"So, what did you think guys," Alicia asked, almost breathlessly.

"Of what?"

"My singing. I think I'm getting better; I might try out for X-Factor next year."

There were a few polite mutterings from around the table: 'yeah, it was good', 'you should do, and it's always worth a try'.

I wasn't convinced, but I was going to keep my mouth shut for a change, people didn't necessarily like the truth. Yes, my mouth was going to remain zipped, right up until the moment Andy piped up,

"You were wonderful Alicia, you should definitely go on X-Factor, you're much better than half the dross that have been on it this year. I'd definitely vote for you."

I laughed, partly at the fact that wasn't true, and partly at Andy's desperation to flatter Alicia in the vain hope he could get into her knickers later on. Alicia glared at me,

"What's so funny Steve?"

"A couple of things"

"Such as?"

"Well, the singing wasn't bad; you didn't murder a classic, though I'm not convinced the person you were aiming it at noticed."

I was interrupted by more karaoke caterwauling. Someone was really murdering "I Will Always Love You", and had just upped the volume for the crescendo finale.

"For example, you are a lot better than this particular murderess singing now, but I don't think you should give up your day job. Unless of course, singing is your day job, then you should definitely give up your day job."

Andy butted in, "That's a bit harsh Steve."

"And that's the other thing I was laughing at, Andy's effusive praise, mainly because he hopes that by flattering you, you'll cop off with him later on after a few more drinks."

Andy blushed and looked like he was trying to form a denial, but no words were coming out.

"Honest as always Steve," Alicia replied, "You couldn't sugar coat it for a girl once in a while?"

"I wasn't going to say a word until lover boy here chimed up."

"You were a bit brutal Steve," Mandy, Alicia's best friend at work joined in.

"I wasn't though. It's not like I said she was shit, that it was a cat's chorus, or that it would mean rain was on the way."

"Yeah, but saying don't give up the day job, unless the day job is singing isn't very nice."

I took a deep breath; I was getting into one of my hobby horse territories now.

"If I'm honest, which I normally am, and then there are thousands of wannabe singers who could do with being told something similar. The friends and families of some of the singers auditioning for X-Factor should be shot. Telling their loved ones that they are great, building them up, giving them false hope so that they can be shot down in flames by the first truthful assessment they've ever had. I know they say love is blind, but it would appear love is deaf far too often as well. The only other option would be if the friends or family were setting out to deliberately humiliate the singer."

"You're not one of the judges though Steve."

"Thank god for that, I couldn't imagine anything worse. Having to tell thousands, of mainly young, hopefuls that they aren't good enough. It's not reality TV, it's cruelty TV."

"But, if you got up and sang on karaoke, how would you like it if someone slagged you off?"

"At least I'd know they were telling the truth. Yeah, I like to get up and have a go at karaoke. I know all the words to hundreds of songs, but my voice is rubbish and I have difficulty holding a tune in a bucket. But it's just a bit of fun. I'm not professing to be a great singer, or fishing for compliments from it."

"He's right Mandy," Alicia said, smiling now. "I've seen some of those dreadful auditions before and wondered why on earth they were putting themselves through it. And it's true, someone they know should be telling them NO, don't do it. It might not be good for the ego, but if it prevents them humiliating themselves on national TV, it's got to be better in the long run."

As we had been having the conversation, the murderess of "I Will Always Love You" had been led away, hopefully to a lead lined room somewhere, and now someone was up there trying to sing Right Said Fred's "I'm Too Sexy". When I looked up, I saw it was our boss Richard. He probably believed every word he was trying to sing. From the other end of our table someone said,

"I didn't know Richard could sing."

"By the sounds of it, he can't."

There was a ripple of laughter around the table. When he had finished singing, Richard swaggered back over to our table.

"What did you think of that then people?"

We all kind of looked at each other before answering as a single voice.

"It was shit."

Leicestershire

Leicester Central Station



Leicester Central was a railway station in Leicester, England. It was situated to the west of the city centre, on Great Central Street which is today just off the inner ring road. It was closed in 1969.

Opened on 15 March 1899, the station was part of the Great Central Railway's London Extension linking Nottingham with Marylebone in London. The railway crossed built-up Leicester on a Staffordshire blue brick viaduct, incorporating a series of fine girder bridges.

In a detail typical of the high standards to which the London Extension was built, the abutments of the girder bridges that crossed public roads were lined in white-glazed tiles to increase the level of light under the bridges. In total the viaduct was in excess of a mile and a half in length and it was upon this that Leicester Central station would be constructed. At the time of construction, the station was the largest single building to be erected in Leicester.

The viaduct's construction required a large area of land to be acquired by compulsory purchase with the GCR agreeing to re-house at its own expense the inhabitants of around 300 houses which had to be demolished; the area principally affected by the works was the working class Blackfriars district (near modern-day Frog Island), where the slums in Sycamore Lane, Charlotte Street and Friars Road were entirely swept from the map, to be replaced by Great Central Street. Around 250 houses were constructed in Newfoundpool to the west of Leicester.

The station was comprised within a south-west facing rectangle, bordered on the one side by Blackfriars Street and Jarvis Street, and on the other side by the new Great Central Street. The tracks ran north-east to south-west, crossing the A50 Northgate Street on a "bowstring" girder bridge before splaying out on either side of a large 1,245 ft. H-shaped island-style platform upon which the station was built. Six running lines flanked either side of the station – the Up lines on one side and the Down lines on the other, with bays at either end to accommodate local workings to Nottingham and Rugby. A parcels office and stabling point for locomotives were also incorporated into the site.

The southern end of the new station and its viaduct required building over Jewry Wall Street and some of the houses that stood on it. In 1832 at one of these houses, number 53, a well-preserved and high-quality Roman mosaic floor was uncovered during enlargement of the cellar. The floor was preserved, and the owner allowed public access to view the mosaic on request. Although number 53 was demolished the Great Central undertook to preserve the Roman floor within the structure of the southern northbound platform that was built around it.

The mosaic was encased in a brick vault topped by a glass ceiling let into the platform so it could be viewed from above. A locked doorway at street level provided access to the vault and a local shopkeeper was entrusted with the key to continue to provide access to the public upon request. The main station entrance was on Great Central Street where a large ornate terracotta-lined archway crowned by an ornate clock tower led through to the entrance hall and cab waiting area; the station frontage itself had a red brick and terracotta facade, to the left of which was the entrance to the parcels office.

A second entrance was in Jarvis Street where a subway 20 ft. below the platforms led through to the main booking hall, a light and airy space topped by a glazed roof. Stairs led up to the platforms, whilst a hydraulic lift was used to transport luggage from the booking hall.

Upon nationalisation of the railways in 1947 the Great Central passed from the control of the London & North Eastern Railway into the newly created Eastern Region of British Railways, and then to the London Midland Region in 1958. The line was regarded by its new operators as an unnecessary duplication of existing North-South routes, and

services began gradually to be run down. The Leicester Central engine shed played host to increasingly old and worn-out locomotives; in 1958 the engine shed was made up of 11 LMS Stanier Class 5 4-6-0s, 3 LMS Stanier Class 4 2-6-4s, 2 BR Class 5 4-6-0s and 1 0-6-0 diesel shunter.

The publication of the Beeching Report in 1963 saw the Great Central identified as an unremunerative line earning less than £5,000 per week in revenue and it was proposed to withdraw passenger services from the line as far as Banbury.

So, began "several years of deliberate neglect and decline and retrenchment" designed to reduce the former busy trunk route into a state whereby closure could be easily achieved. It was announced that as from March 1964 12 stations on the Great Central Main Line (including Leicester Central) would close on Sundays which would allegedly save £250,000; 200 objections were lodged against the proposal and representations were made by local authorities to members of parliament.

The engine shed closed in 1964, and freight services were withdrawn from the line in June 1965. On 3 September 1966 the line ceased to be a trunk route with the withdrawal of services to Sheffield and Marylebone, leaving Leicester Central operating a sparse DMU local service to Nottingham and Rugby. The line north of Nottingham would be closed, and the track lifted, as would for most of the track between Rugby and Calvert. In the last few months before its own closure on 5 May 1969 the station was little but an unstaffed halt.

During 1970 Leicester Central's platform buildings, canopies and platforms were demolished and replaced by industrial premises; the signal boxes were removed, and the site of the turntable became a car park. The former booking offices were reused as part of a business; the station's clock tower had previously been removed by British Rail.

Much of the Great Central's viaduct through Leicester had been demolished by the beginning of the 1980s and the bowstring bridge over Northgate Street was dismantled in 1981. The Roman pavement was removed from the site in 1976 and is now on display in the close-by Old Jewry Wall Museum, about 100 metres (110 yards) from its original location.

The station buildings remained largely intact until the 2000s but are now scheduled to be restored as part of the regeneration of the waterside area. The arches will be made into shops. The front taxi waiting area still stands and has its original lights and glass roof. The booking office with ticket windows is intact and old timetables and signs are still on the wall. There is a sign above the entrance to the parcels office.

St. Mary de Castro



St Mary de Castro is an ancient, Grade I listed church in Leicester, England, located within the former bailey of Leicester Castle. Today it acts as a parish church in the Church of England's diocese of Leicester. "St Mary de Castro" is Latin for "St Mary of the Castle"; a name chosen to differentiate from nearby "St Mary de Pratis": "St. Mary of the Meadows".

The building was closed in 2011 to the public after the spire was found to be unsafe but as of April 2015 is open again. The spire has been demolished, and funds are currently insufficient to replace it and repair the tower beneath. It is believed to have been the first church in the UK to be viewable online using Google Streetview, having been photographed in August 2012.

The church dates its founding to 1107 after Henry I of England granted the lands and castle to Robert de Beaumont (1st Earl of Leicester), although Henry Knighton implies that an Anglo-Saxon college of St Mary had existed, and Robert merely refurbished it. Robert established it within the castle bailey as a college served by a Dean and 12 Canons (that is, a collegiate church) in honour of the Virgin Mary and All Souls and as a chantry chapel for the souls

of him, his family and the first three Norman kings. He endowed this and four other churches with £6 of his income and land in or near the city.

However, in 1143 these endowments were all transferred by his son Robert le Bossu, 2nd Earl of Leicester, to his own new Augustinian foundation of Leicester Abbey. The collegiate church retained, or had restored to it a Dean, six Clerks and a Chaplain, along with Robert de Beaumont's grant of 20 shillings for lamps. It also retained parish offerings and most of the tithes. The collegiate nature of the church lasted until the college was disbanded in 1548 under the Chantry act of Edward VI.

The early 12th-century church had no aisles, and various parts of these walls survive. It underwent a major expansion in the 1160, with a north aisle, doorways to north and west, and an extension to the chancel. The two doorways provide striking external Norman zigzag decoration, but it is the Sedilia and Piscina in the Chancel extension that Pevsner describes as "the finest piece of Norman decoration in the county". 13th-century alterations culminated in a major reworking of transepts and south aisle, to create an aisle wider than the nave, providing much more space for local parishioners. Also, the huge east window of the south aisle, with ingenious tracery, was created around 1300.

The south aisle is unusual due to the fact that it is larger than the original nave and chancel. This is because it was built to be a separate church within the same building. The font that was built at this time survives to the present day. The tower was built inside the south aisle, apparently as an afterthought, rising to a Quatrefoil frieze, four decorated pinnacles, and the needle like spire rising from the battlements.

In the 15th century the spectacular oak roof was fitted over the south aisle, and the spire was added to the tower. The spire was struck by lightning in 1753 and was completely rebuilt in 1783, but retained its crockets and three tiers of lucarnes. The church was restored by Sir George Gilbert Scott in 1860, and from this most of the fittings in the church are Victorian. There are many plaques and monuments around the church that celebrate the lives of many Leicester citizens, who had connections with the church, and the graveyard has many fascinating tombstones. The six main stained-glass windows that stand at the far end of the chancel are by William Wailes and are said to be his best and most impressive work.

The church contains a three manual pipe organ which was originally installed in 1860 by Forster and Andrews. It has been the subject of modifications and restorations in 1880 by Joshua Porritt, and R.J. Winn in 1960. A specification of the organ can be found on the National Pipe Organ Register.

The church was closed when the spire was found to be unsafe. The 14th-century octagonal spire, having been rebuilt in 1783, had developed 6-metre long cracks in 4 of its faces in September 2013. After inspections by structural engineers, it was deemed at risk of collapse. The severe condition of the spire meant it was demolished, at an estimated cost of £200,000. Over £358,000 has been raised since 2011, however, there are currently insufficient funds to rebuild the spire and repair the tower.

It is rumoured that here, around 1366, Geoffrey Chaucer married Philippa (de) Roet (a lady-in-waiting to Edward III's queen, Philippa of Hainault, and a sister of Katherine Swynford who later (ca. 1396) became the third wife of Chaucer's friend and patron, John of Gaunt). The infant King Henry VI was knighted in the church at Whitsuntide 1426 by his uncle, John of Lancaster, Duke of Bedford, the Regent of France (whilst the Parliament of Bats was being held at the Castle). Henry then proceeded to himself dub a further 44 knights on the same occasion, the first of whom was Richard Plantagenet, 3rd Duke of York.

Rumours of a Leicester bogeywoman have been linked to the building. The bogeywoman, or 'Black Annis', is said to haunt the church and its surrounding areas. Paranormal tales are so strongly linked to the church that 'ghost walks' are now being held for enthusiasts to survey the area for themselves.

Burton Overy

Burton Overy is a village and civil parish in the Harborough district of Leicestershire, about nine miles south-east of Leicester city centre, and not far from Great Glen. According to the 2001 census, the parish had a population of 289, increasing at the 2011 census to 440 (including Little Stretton).

In the year 2000, within the civil Parish, it has a population of 293 living in 129 households, eight working farms, a pub (The Bell), a new village hall and a thriving church community based in St. Andrew's Church.

A brief history of the village, undertaken to mark the new Millennium, spans many different aspects of life in this small Leicestershire village over the past 1000 years, and records some of the changes which have taken place.

One of the earliest mentions of this place is in the Domesday book, where it is listed amongst the lands given to Hugh de Grandmesnil by the King.

Quotes

Helen (at the first café we got to in Porto) – Do you have any Spanish beers?

After raised eyebrows from the owner – No, I mean Portuguese.

After we had ordered

Helen – Have you got the guidebook, I want to know how to say thank you in Spanish?

Me – That's not going to be much help in Portugal.

Top Ten

The first ten single releases on the Tamla Motown record label in the UK.

Pos	Artist	A Side	B Side	Catalog Number
1	The Supremes	Stop! In The Name Of Love	I'm In Love Again	TMG501
2	Martha Reeves & The Vandellas	Nowhere To Run	Motoring	TMG502
3	The Miracles	OOO Baby Baby	All That's Good	TMG503
4	The Temptations	It's Growing	What Love has Joined Together	TMG504
5	Stevie Wonder	Kiss Me Baby	Tears In Vain	TMG505
6	Earl Van Dyke & The Soul Brothers	All For You	Too Many Fish In The Sea	TMG506
7	The Four Tops	Ask The Lonely	Where Did You Go	TMG507
8	Brenda Holloway	When I'm Gone	I've Been Good To You	TMG508
9	Jr Walker & The All Stars	Shotgun	Hot Cha	TMG509
10	Marvin Gaye	I'll Be Doggone	You've Been A Long Time Coming	TMG510

Poetry Corner

The Bells

The bells doth toll, they peal, they ring
 They chime at night and in the day, they sing
 They sound out with joy on a wedding day
 They sound out glad tidings on the first of May
 A heavy clanging sound of doom echoes around
 When they sound out before a burial in the ground
 They act as a clarion call for worshippers
 They are rung out as a show just for day trippers
 As large as a car and as heavy as a whale
 Made to move by a strong rope or the wind from a gale
 Cast in brass or iron, but most commonly in bronze
 Sitting in bell towers often taller than pylons
 Their familiar sounds are becoming endangered
 As NIMBYs complain about everything that once mattered

Cathedral Fact Files

Cathedral	Coventry Cathedral		
Dedicated To	St Michael		
Type	New / Ruins	Architecture	Modern / Gothic
Religion	COE	Tower / Spire	2 Spires
Site Founded	1390	Height (External)	295ft
Church Founded	1956	Height (Internal)	71ft
Bishopric Founded	1095	Length	367ft
Current Bishopric Founded	1918	Width	227ft

Thirty-Three And One Third Revolutions Per Minute

Wham - Fantastic

Fantastic was the debut studio album by British pop duo Wham! released on 9 July 1983. It reached number one on the UK Albums Chart. It included the previously released singles "Young Guns", "Wham! Rap" and "Bad Boys". "Club Tropicana" was also released as a single, as was "Club Fantastic Megamix". In the U.S., this album was originally released as the group "WHAM! U.K.", due to a conflict with a U.S. group with the same name.

The album also features a hidden track (played on a honky-tonk-style piano), which is included in the final 20 seconds of "Young Guns (Go for It!)".

The album was released on the Innervision label, who, although they couldn't cope with the level of success the band generated from the album, had them tied up to a very restrictive contract, which took a lot of time and money to release them from for their second album.

The main four singles from the album had all been released and had been top ten hits by the time the album was released. An unheard-of state of affairs for a non-greatest hits' album release. In fact, there hadn't been an album planned, but it was force released by Innervision as part of the conditions to allow the group to move to the Epic label. Original

Side one

No. - Title - Writer(s) - Length

1. - "Bad Boys" - George Michael - 3:19. Third single release from the album, it hit number 2 on the UK singles chart.
2. - "A Ray of Sunshine" - Michael - 4:43. One of three tracks from the album that formed part of the album's fifth single release - Club Fantastic Megamix, along with "Love Machine" and "Come On". It reached number 15 in the UK singles chart. It was their only single not to hit the top ten.
3. - "Love Machine" - Pete Moore Billy Griffin - 3:19. One of three tracks from the album that formed part of the album's fifth single release - Club Fantastic Megamix, along with "A Ray Of Sunshine" and "Come On". It reached number 15 in the UK singles chart. It was their only single not to hit the top ten.
4. - "Wham Rap! (Enjoy What You Do)" - Michael Andrew Ridgeley - 6:41. Second single release from the album, it hit number 3 on the UK singles chart. Sampled four times.

Side two

5. - "Club Tropicana" - Michael Ridgeley - 4:28. Fourth single release from the album, it hit number 4 on the UK singles chart. Sampled three times and covered seven times.
6. - "Nothing Looks the Same in the Light" - Michael - 5:53. Covered once.
7. - "Come On" - Michael - 4:24. One of three tracks from the album that formed part of the album's fifth single release - Club Fantastic Megamix, along with "Love Machine" and "A Ray Of Sunshine". It reached number 15 in the UK singles chart. It was their only single not to hit the top ten.
8. - "Young Guns (Go for It!)" - Michael - 3:55. First single release from the album, it hit number 3 on the UK singles chart.

Reissue

The track listing of the first edition of the CD and the original cassette tape feature three bonus tracks interspersed within the original track listing, consisting of instrumental remixes. This track listing was again used for the 1998 reissue of the CD.

"A Ray of Sunshine" (Instrumental Remix) - 5:40

"Love Machine" (Instrumental Remix) - 3:28

"Nothing Looks the Same in the Light" (Instrumental Remix) - 6:40

Personnel

Raoul – horn

Robert Ahwai – guitar

Jess Bailey – keyboards

Baps – horn

Guy Barker – horn

Graham Broad – drums

Steve Brown – producer

Bob Carter – keyboards, producer

Jimmy Chambers – background vocals

George Chandler – background vocals

Paul Cox – horn

Chris Craymer – photography

Geoff Daley – horn

Martin Drover – horn
Anne Dudley – keyboards
Andy Duncan – drums, percussion
Deon Estus – bass
Tommy Eyre – keyboards
Colin Graham – horn
Janusz Guttner – photography
Linda Hayes – background vocals
Shirlie Holliman – background vocals
Chris Hunter – horn
Tony Jackson – background vocals
Josie James – background vocals
Luis Jardim – percussion
Katie Kissoon – background vocals
Brad Lang – bass
Stevie Lange – background vocals
D.C. Lee – background vocals
Roddy Lorimer – horn
John McKenzie – bass
Iain MacKintosh – horn
Sylvia Mason – background vocals
George Michael – producer, vocals, background vocals, keyboards on "Nothing Looks the Same in the Light"
Tony Moroni – percussion
Dave Mortimer – shouts
Trevor Murrell – drums
Andrew Ridgeley – guitar, vocals, backing vocals
Paul Ridgeley – guitar, shouts
Ian Ritchie – horn
Tony Taverner – engineer

Charts

Chart - Peak position
Australian Albums Chart - 5
Dutch Albums Chart - 8
Japanese Albums Chart - 17
New Zealand Albums Chart - 1
Norwegian Albums Chart - 8
Swedish Albums Chart - 15
Swiss Albums Chart - 25
UK Albums Chart - 1
US Billboard 200 - 83
West German Albums Chart - 7

Certifications

Region - Certification - Certified units/sales
Japan - 218,000]
Netherlands (NVPI) - Gold - 50,000
New Zealand (RMNZ) - Platinum - 15,000
United Kingdom (BPI) - 3× Platinum - 900,000
United States (RIAA) - Gold - 500,000

Michael and Ridgeley embarked on a UK tour to promote the album in October 1983, opening at Aberdeen's Capitol Theatre, before going on to dates in Scotland, England and Wales ending in November at the Centre in Brighton.

Story Time

The Key To The Kingdom

My name is Martin Eames, and I'm a seeker. I find items that are missing. Items not people. I'm good at it as well, my clients are happy. When I don't have missing item cases to work on, then I go looking for items that people don't know are missing. That's what I was doing that day. I was in a ramshackle shed hidden in a copse in some fenced off land in North East Leicestershire. According to Ordnance Survey maps and council documentation, this shed didn't exist. That's why I was poking around in it.

It was just lying there. In amongst the other random detritus of the seemingly abandoned shed. A rusty key; a long elaborately decorated key. The end for the lock was thick and in a simple symmetrical pattern. It would be a big old

lock to have taken this key. The spindle to the key was over six inches long, with swirls and raised lumps. Probably originally decorated, but they were covered by the dirt of years of neglect and abandonment. The end of the key had a large trefoil and each of the segments had a single letter in them. L, V and B.

I put the key in my bag and carried on searching through the shed, keeping an eye out for any sign of what the key might open. I pretty much turned the shed inside out. There was nothing even remotely looking like it might require a key. There was nothing else in the shed that was of any interest to me. It would turn out the key was more than interesting enough by itself.

As far as I knew there hadn't been any buildings in this part of the county for centuries. Bescaby Hall had been just over the brow of the hill that his little copse sat at the base of. But the hall and the small village that served it had been abandoned in the late seventeenth century. Only a few foundations of the old hall remained. If you didn't know there had been a village here, you wouldn't have thought so as you passed by on the main road that ran less than a quarter of a mile away.

Nature had reclaimed the lot. The archaeology team from Leicester University had done an extensive survey of the site back in the seventies, but apart from mapping its location, nothing else had been done. It had been left alone. Yet someone had put the shed up, and they had been keeping the undergrowth down.

The University survey hadn't included the shed, and it was certainly more recent than a seventeenth century construction. It shouldn't have been here at all. This was all fenced off property. It wasn't clear who owned the fenced off land of Bescaby, the records seemed to be deliberately vague, but it was likely to be the Duke of Rutland. They owned nearly all the other land around here.

It was said that the hall and village were abandoned after their original owner Lord Bourne had lost the lot in one of his gambling frenzies. It was never said who he lost it to. If the story was true, it was strange that the winner never came and claimed their prize. Never moved in, or even sold it on.

And then it hit me. The key, I took it out of my bag and checked the letters on it again. Yes, LVB; could this have belonged to Lord Vernon Bourne, the last lord of Bescaby Hall? I would need to clean the key and look for any hint of one of his sigels upon it. If it did belong to him, how did it end up in the shed over three hundred years later? Most importantly of course was what did the key open? Looking at the size of it, probably the hall itself, in which case it was as much use as a chocolate fireguard.

I spent the next few days frantically researching everything I could about the abandoned hall and village of Bescaby, and its former Lord, Vernon Bourne. It was heavy going. The village was unusual in that it didn't have its own church, and it was never covered by any of the surrounding civil parishes, so records regarding the area were sketchy at best. However, Lord Bourne was easier to track. There were lots of mentions of him in the records of Earls, and then Duke of Rutland, and their prized church at Bottesford.

There were reports that Lord Bourne had crossed the 9th Earl, soon to become the 1st Duke, in the year before he lost Bescaby Hall. There were also reports from the time in letters in the Manners family archive that it was the eldest son of the Earl, the Marquess of Granby who had won the hall and evicted Bourne and then left the hall and village to rot. Whatever had been the cause of the falling out between the Manners and Lord Bourne was vastly important to the Manners, and valuable. There was no mention of it having ever being returned to their possession since the falling out.

Lord Bourne had never married, but he did have two illegitimate sons with a Mrs Goodman, who lived in the village. It was easier to track them than I had thought it might be. Once the hall had been abandoned, the villagers had pretty much moved en masse to Sproxton. St Bartholomew's parish records were one of many I had in a digital format. I found the burial of a Mrs Goodman in the records for 1502, and a Vernon Goodman the year after. Addison Goodman was showing as being married in the church in 1508.

It was remarkable that the family had never had more than one or two surviving members from each generation, and that they had never moved away from Sproxton in the three centuries that followed. It showed that the Goodman family's latest generation were three boys, all in the thirties now if the birth records were correct. All records only mentioned a single address – Lavender Cottages.

I had cleaned the key as well. Lord Bourne's somewhat appropriate emblem of a snake was what was wrapped around the spindle of the key. Yet in the records there was no indication of what it might be for. I was fortunate in one respect, Bourne was obsessed with getting his portrait done, and one of these portraits was of him outside the old Bescaby Hall proudly holding the key to it in his hand. The key didn't match the one on my desk.

I had been intrigued with Bourne's link to the Manners family, and their falling out. Whatever it was that Bourne had crossed them over, they had not stopped searching for it, even if it was only sporadically. What I found interesting was the fact that none of the Manners family had been buried at St Mary the Virgin's church at Bottesford since the falling

out. Yet all of the Earls prior to that had large magnificent monuments to them in the church. They said that there was no more room in the church for further monuments, but they also paid a stipend to the parish to prevent any other monument being dedicated in it as well.

I had driven to Sproxtton and was sat opposite Lavender Cottages. The family home of the descendants of Lord Bourne. I wanted to know what they knew about the key, and about the shed I had found it in.

I knocked on the door in the gathering gloom of the evening, and a man answered it, looking at me with the kind of suspicion normally reserved for travelling salesmen. I launched straight in with a question about the shed, forgetting to introduce myself, and to confirm who I was speaking to. As soon as the words came out, he turned angry and slammed the door.

Not to be put off, I called through the letterbox asking about the key I had. The door opened and before I had stood back up straight, the man had pulled me into the house and slammed the door again.

"No one should be anywhere near that shed. It's private property."

"True, but no one knows for sure how owns it."

"Are you soft in the head, everyone around here knows who owns it. The Duke does, they own everything, but the tax dodging so and so's manage to keep their name off of the official papers."

"What about the key?"

"I thought it was lost, I hadn't seen it for a few years, it was getting to the stage where I was beginning to believe it hadn't existed, that it was just a family story."

"What do you mean?"

"The story is we had a key, and that if it was used it could bring down the Manners family, Duke or no Duke."

"Do you know where the key came from?"

"Well, if you are here you know some of the tale. My family are illegitimate descendants of Lord Vernon Bourne, the very high and mighty master of Bescaby Hall before he lost it and disappeared. The key is supposed to be from a time when he was one of the Earl's most trusted men. He was then supposed to have taken something important from them and hidden it away. The last Earl or first Duke and his sons tried everything to get it back, but Lord Bourne refused all they offered him. They knew about his love of gambling and so arranged a loaded game of cards, in which the Lord lost everything he had to the Marquess. It is said they offered him the hall back if he returned or told them where their property was. He refused and goaded them with hints of where it might be. They forced him out of the hall and razed the hall and village to the ground. Lord Bourne gave the key to his mistress with details of what it opened and that if the contents became public it would mean the destruction of the Manners."

"Do you know what the key opens?"

"No, there is a described location, but it doesn't name it outright."

"Do you have the description?"

"I do, but our family have been trying to work it out for generations without success. It is like something is missing. Something in it doesn't quite make sense."

"Perhaps it would if you could see things as they were three hundred years ago."

"But we can't can we?"

"I could help with that."

"Let me ask you a question first, why do you want to know?"

"Because I'm nosey, and I'm good at finding things. I find old secrets out for a living. It is also why I go poking around when I don't have an active client."

"Do you know what my family would want if the place the key opens in found?"

"No, I hadn't thought about it, I didn't know for certain if you even knew about the key. What do you want with it?"

"We want the tale to be true. We want whatever is hidden away to be able to ruin the Duke and his family. We have suffered enough working for that family for centuries."

Again, I realised I hadn't introduced myself, and I wasn't sure of this man's name, though I suspected he was the older of the sons I had seen in the birth registers, Alec.

"I'm Martin Eames by the way; we kind of missed out on introductions."

"Alec Fitzbourne."

That was a surprise; I hadn't found anything to suggest they had changed names.

"Fitzbourne? When did that happen, my research hadn't picked up on a change of surname, and not to one declaring your line's illegitimacy?"

"My father did it; it must have been when we were all quite young. I've always known my surname to be that. He said he was sick of hiding who we were, he wanted to show we were descendants of Lord Bourne, and that we weren't bothered that we had been illegitimate."

I tried not to let that name change put me off what I had come to ask,

"What about the shed, how long had it been there?"

"My grandfather put it there. Somewhere to stay when on searches, somewhere to store the tools needed to aid the search."

"The search for what?"

"For what the key opens obviously. For sixty years my grandfather, father and myself to a lesser extent, have been searching the whole of the area of what was Bescaby for anything that would need a key. With no success I might add. My father even managed to get onto the University Survey team. I still search occasionally, but it has been a few years now. We have run out of places to search on those grounds."

"What if I said that I think I know where the key could be used."

"I wouldn't believe you."

"Well, I can't be sure, but I wondered what you knew about the key and where it could be used and see if it would confirm what I suspect."

"Of course, we know about the key. My family has been cursed with the key since the Manners threw us out of our homes in Bescaby. We've had to keep it a secret. The Manners family's retainers have harassed us for generations. My father though by laying claim to the Fitzbourne name it would be striking a little victory back at them."

"Can you get the description now, and we can see if there is a possibility, I might be right?"

Alec sighed, then nodded and went off to another part of the cottage. I wanted to know I was on the right track before I told Alec out loud that I thought the key would work somewhere in Bottesford's church. I stood there waiting for him to return. I thought I could hear voices and I strained to try and listen. It distracted me from my thoughts, but I couldn't be sure there was actually a conversation taking place.

Alec surprised me by reappearing behind me. I hadn't noticed a door there when I was dragged into the cottage.

"Here it is."

He handed me a plastic wallet with an old yellowed piece of paper inside it. I read the instructions and after a brief pause while I thought about the words, I thought they seemed to confirm my theory about the Bottesford Church.

The paper read

"At the higheste point abouts thee estate, were the ground meet the walls. Were the sons shine layeth down in the mourning betwixt four and five, under the stone is a locke. When said locke is open and thee innards are out in the day, then the foundations under the Manners will shake, and it be proved they has none."

Alec spoke

"We have stood on the hill overlooking where Bescaby Hall was. We have been up at the crack of dawn watching where the sun shines out over the hall and village. Every inch of every wall that there has ever been there has been probed. The family started with forks and picks, have moved through metal detectors, and on my last search we resorted to trying ground radar technology, not cheap I can tell you. Nothing."

"I think you have been looking in the wrong place all along. I don't think that Bescaby is the estate referred to. I think that the estate Lord Bourne was alluding to was that of the Manners family. That the fact that point is underlined twice makes it the key word."

"What do you mean? How would we find the highest point of the Duke's estates? They cover land in four counties; it would take forever to find the right place."

"I don't think it would, I think that the highest point refers to the spire of Bottesford's St Mary the Virgin Church, it is the highest spire in the county, excluding Leicester Cathedral."

"They don't own the church."

"Maybe not, but all of the Earl's were buried in the church and they have massive monuments."

"But if it was in the church, wouldn't they have found whatever it is by now?"

"Not if they were scared of what might be hidden, and who would be there when it was uncovered. I don't think they would have desecrated a church to try and find it."

"They might have if it was as important as they say."

"Then why would they still harass your family for a key?"

"Could it be there? Really?"

"I found out something when researching this key. None of the Manner's family have been buried in the church since Lord Bourne took whatever he did. They claimed that it was because the church had no more room for their memorials. But they could have afforded to extend the church; they could have built the grandest church in the land, and added memorials for evermore. Yet they suddenly stopped and instead built a chapel at Belvoir Castle instead."

"But how would anyone find anything at such a church."

"Because you know where it is. The description tells you."

"But the sun will shine on many places in and on the church, especially early in the morning."

"The time isn't literal, and it reads sons, not the sun. I think we would find that the fourth and fifth Earls' monuments are next to each other, they were both sons of the third Earl, as was the sixth."

"Are you sure?"

"No, but it would make sense. I thought the church at Bottesford was the place before I came to see you today, and to me the description confirms that. It was too much of a coincidence that the Manners suddenly stopped burying themselves there. They were worried that if they continued, and if they paid for the church to be extended, then in doing so someone would accidentally uncover what was hidden. No matter how much they donated to the church, they were still in service to the church. And they paid for no one else to be commemorated in the church, even with a marble or stone slab."

"Let's go then."

"It is too late for today. It would make sense to get there tomorrow after the morning service."

Alec mulled it over for a few moments.

"Yes, that makes sense, leave the key with me and I'll meet you there in the morning."

"I'll keep the key for the time being thank you, but I will see you at the church in the morning."

Alec stood between me and the door out of the cottage. He looked as if he might try and forcibly take the key from me. The impasse was ended when a female voice behind me spoke.

"We'll see you tomorrow then Mr Eames."

I hadn't heard the woman approach. I assumed it was Alec's wife. He stepped to one side and opened the door. I didn't turn around and headed out of the door to my car. It had started raining.

It was still raining when I arrived at the church the following morning. I walked through the porch and into the south aisle, and paused to catch my breath. It was hard to describe what an amazing space this parish church was. It was probably, inside and out, the greatest parish church anywhere in the country. I had been here many times before, but it never failed to take my breath away. As I made my way into the nave, I saw a group of people congregated around one of the memorials.

Alec was amongst them. He had brought four others with him, two of whom bore an uncanny resemblance to him, and I assumed they were his brothers. I approached the group and was only a few paces away from them when one of them noticed me, and they gave Alec a nudge.

"Mr Eames, you finally made it then.

"I waited for the service to finish."

"You should have joined us for the service, made the numbers up to double figures."

I looked at where they had congregated,

"I take it this is the place then."

"Yes, the fourth Earl is to the right, and the fifth to the left. There is only this one slab between them."

"Does the slab have any epitaph or memorial on?"

"No, it is plain, but it looks like it has been here since the church was built."

I pulled a crowbar out of my bag.

"Shall we see if I was right then?"

Alec grabbed the crowbar from my hand and took about forcing the end into the crack between the slab and the one next to it out into the aisle. It wasn't until the fourth or fifth attempt that the slab showed any sign of movement. One of Alec's brothers also pulled out a crowbar and the pair worked together to try and prise the slab from its resting place. They struggled for a couple of minutes until the slab suddenly jumped up surprising the pair of them.

The slab was a lot thinner than I had thought it might be. Alec and his brother were able to lift the slab up and prop it up against the wall. Under where the slab had been was a dirty looking brass door with a large keyhole in it. I reached back into my bag and produced the key. Much as I wanted to be the one to try it, I found myself giving it to Alec. He bent over and placed the key into the hole. I held my breath as he went to turn it. What if I was wrong?

And then the key turned. Alec's brother used the crowbar again and as Alec pulled with the key, they pried the door open until it leant against the memorial of the fourth Earl. The space beneath the door was about three feet long by two feet wide. A torch was produced, and the light was shone into the hole.

A wooden box could be seen. I was down on the floor helping pull the box out of the hole. It was in surprisingly good condition, and to my surprise there was another box of the same size and type underneath it. That was trickier to pull out of the hole, but after effort from myself, Alec and both of his brothers it was dragged out and onto the stone floor of the church.

The two boxes were identical and seemed like smaller, rougher versions of coffins. This was reinforced by the bronze plaques on the end of both boxes. I rubbed away the grime from one and read the inscription. And stopped. I couldn't believe what I had read on the plaque. The inscription was simple, but more powerful than anything I could have thought possible. It read

"Here lies the bones of King Edward of England, the fifth of his name."

I crawled to the other box and cleaned the plaque on that one.

“Here lies the bones of Richard, Duke of York, brother to the King.”

My brain was racing. How was this even possible? How had the Manners ended up with these remains and then allowed some other Lord to walk away with the key to the secret? I was still staring at the boxes in disbelief, mouth gaping open. I didn't hear the approaching footsteps; I didn't even register the voice at first. Not until Alec shouted a reply.

I turned and found a priest next to a very worried looking man, who I guessed was in his fifties, who could have been anyone. It was only the last word from Alec's shout that gave me a clue who this was. I was on my knees in front of the current Duke of Rutland.

“So, you've found the family secret then.”

Alec replied

“Yes, we've found whatever you're keeping in these boxes.”

Alec hadn't read the inscriptions so didn't know what the secret was yet. A voice I didn't know I had spoken.

“Alec, perhaps you should read the inscriptions before you say anything else.”

The Duke looked at me with mournful eyes. He hadn't had anything to do with what his ancestors had been involved with, but he would be the one that would have it all crash down on him. Alec hadn't taken long to read the inscriptions and shouted.

“You murdering sod.”

The Duke didn't say a word; he just stood there and shrunk into himself, shaking his head as he did so.

“Have you got nothing to say for yourself then Duke?”

“What can I say? My ancestors did something terrible and blamed it on another, all so they could become Earls from Barons.”

“And now you're here to silence us about it.”

“No, I'm here to see if the story was true. To see if I did need to prepare myself for the ruin that is now sure to come. I'm not convinced the ex-wife is going to be happy about her loss in status. It is a ruin that has been long deserved, and a long time coming, but it is one that will reverberate greatly. It could have come to light many years ago, but due to Lord Bourne we never got the chance, we have never known for certain where in the church he had put them.”

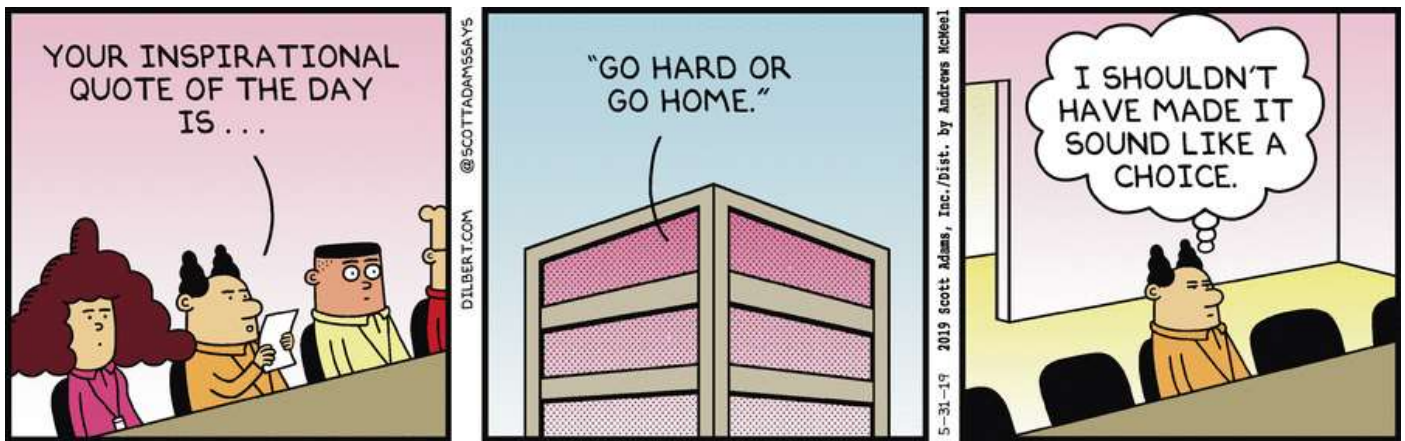
The Duke and Alec, and the others stood staring at each other, not saying anything else. I managed to get back to my feet. I had not been expecting to find anything like this. This was so far beyond what I could deal with that I just wanted to get out of there. And so, I did. I walked out of the church and out of the story.

I read about what came later, parts of it with surprise. The ruination of the Duke never came, the last Baron de Ros who had arranged for the princes to be removed from the tower and killed had done it to gain favour with Henry Tudor, in order to get an Earldom. Yet he had died before his son was eventually given the title by Henry VIII. Blaming Richard was an added bonus in the plot for the Baron, who had been excluded from his court.

The Fitzbourne's were celebrated as having brought an end to one of the unsolved mysteries of English history. And York Minster got its King to bury after all, having lost Richard III to Leicester Cathedral, it now had his predecessor, and the King that the country had though Richard had killed for over five hundred years.

I wasn't mentioned in any of it. It would have been a hell of an advertisement for my business, but not being mentioned was also good for business. Nobody needs to have somebody famous searching for their secrets.

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. In addition, speak to me about Flanagan's Running Club torches, limited stock, bright little bastards available in red or blue.

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

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