

Flanagan's Running Club – Issue 41

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 – 15th November

1791 - The first U.S. Catholic college, Georgetown University, opens its doors.

1920 - First assembly of the League of Nations is held in Geneva, Switzerland.

1920 - The Free City of Danzig is established.

1971 - Intel releases the world's first commercial single-chip microprocessor, the 4004.

It's Day of the Imprisoned Writer (International observance)

King's Feast (Belgium)

National Tree Planting Day (Sri Lanka)

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

You can't build a tunnel under a river – so the world's wisest engineers thought in the early 19th century. 'Balls!' said Marc Isambard Brunel and his son Isambard Kingdom, and using a specially devised tunnelling shield, they created the Thames Tunnel at Rotherhithe today in 1841. It was the world's very first under river crossing. To offset the heavy project costs, 800 sightseers a day were allowed to visit the digging face for a shilling. Not something the Crossrail boys are likely to do. The Brunel's tunnel is still in use today, as part, ironically, of the London Underground.

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

The Beastie Boys release "Licensed To Ill" on Def Jam.

The Beastie Boys debut album, with its punk-rock, frat-boy vibe, was the first rap album to top the Billboard 200, where it stayed for seven weeks. The Album featured seven singles, including smash hits "Brass Monkey" and "(You Gotta) Fight For Your Right (To Party!)"

"Licensed To Ill" went on to sell more than four million copies in its first year. Currently the album has sold more than ten million copies, certifying it diamond.

The Brooklyn rap trio's debut served as a major mainstream crossover moment for hip-hop. The Beastie Boys sampled a wide range of artists on the album; including Led Zeppelin, Run D.M.C., Jazzy Jay, Kurtis Blow, Slick Rick, AC/DC, The Sugarhill Gang, The Clash, and Kool & The Gang.

Births

1887 - Georgia O'Keeffe

1930 - J. G. Ballard

Deaths

1630 - Johannes Kepler

Number 1's

Number 1 single in 1965 - Rolling Stones - Get Off Of My Cloud

Number 1 album in 1984 - Frankie Goes To Hollywood - Welcome To The Pleasure Dome

Number 1 compilation album in 2006 - Various Radio 1's Live Lounge

Top 10

The top ten in the UK singles chart on this day in 1952. This was the first ever official UK singles chart (there are unofficial ones going back to 1940). The entire chart was only a top twelve until 1954, and there would be a number of equal placings in the chart, so this chart contains fifteen songs. This would be because the figures to do the charts

would be rung in from only a few dozen record shops scattered around the country. Al Martino was the only artist to have a number one in 1952, as "Here In My Heart" stayed at number one for the first nine weeks of the charts.

Position	Last Week's Position	Title	Artist	Label	Peak Position	Weeks on Chart
1	New	HERE IN MY HEART	AL MARTINO	CAPITOL	1	1
2	New	YOU BELONG TO ME	JO STAFFORD	COLUMBIA	2	1
3	New	SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY	NAT 'KING' COLE	CAPITOL	3	1
4	New	THE ISLE OF INNISFREE	BING CROSBY	BRUNSWICK	4	1
5	New	FEET UP (PAT HIM ON THE PO-PO)	GUY MITCHELL	COLUMBIA	5	1
6	New	HALF AS MUCH	ROSEMARY CLOONEY	COLUMBIA	6	1
7=	New	FORGET ME NOT	VERA LYNN	DECCA	7	1
7=	New	HIGH NOON (DO NOT FORSAKE ME)	FRANKIE LAINE	COLUMBIA	7	1
8=	New	SUGARBUSH	DORIS DAY AND FRANKIE LAINE	COLUMBIA	8	1
8=	New	BLUE TANGO	RAY MARTIN	COLUMBIA	8	1
9	New	THE HOMING WALTZ	VERA LYNN	DECCA	9	1
10	New	AUF WIEDERSEH'N SWEETHEART	VERA LYNN	DECCA	10	1
11=	New	BECAUSE YOU'RE MINE	MARIO LANZA	HMV	11	1
11=	New	COWPUNCHER'S CANTATA	MAX BYGRAVES	HMV	11	1
12	New	WALKIN' MY BABY BACK HOME	JOHNNIE RAY	COLUMBIA	12	1

Drabble

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

E-mail Hell

The last e-mail had pushed him over the edge.

He picked up his keyboard and used it like a baseball bat, swinging at anything and everything in range, screens, phones, people, nothing was safe.

A few keys fell out, and he picked them up and started eating them.

He then ran as fast as he could and flung himself at the window. He bounced back. He tried another three times with the same result, but finally managed to break through the glass and fall on the fifth attempt.

The suicide attempt failed, he forgot he worked on the ground floor.

Joke

Two blondes met up for coffee. One said, "Wasn't yesterday's blackout terrible? I was stuck in an elevator for three hours."

"That's nothing," said the other blonde. "I was left standing on an escalator for three hours."

Random Items

Facts

All 50 states are listed across the top of the Lincoln Memorial on the back of the \$5 bill

Charlie Brown's father was a barber

Nutmeg is extremely poisonous if injected intravenously

Thoughts

Never be afraid to try something new. Remember, amateurs built the ark. Professionals built the Titanic.

Talk is cheap because supply exceeds demand.

Why is there an interstate highway in Hawaii?

Words You Should Know

Presage

Pronounced either pree-sage or pressage, as a verb this means to give early warning of, to foreshadow. A red sky at night traditionally presages a fine day.

Popular Expressions – What They Mean And Where We Got Them

My Word Is My Bond

The motto of the London Stock Exchange since 1801. At the Stock Exchange, deals are made on the 'nod' without a written pledge being given, and without documents being exchanged.

The motto's Latin form is Dictum meum pactum, and the phrase implies a sense of honour, an agreement that cannot be broken without disgrace.

How times have changed. These days bankers are not held in quite such high regard.

Darwin Award

Shoot The Gap - Two Texans Die Trying

Black Bayou Draw Bridge, situated six miles south of Lake Charles, was closed to car traffic and open for a boat to pass through. That drawn drawbridge presented an irresistible challenge to two Texas men, aged 23 and 32, looking for fun on Friday night. May their experiment be a warning to you, my friend.

A witness observed the passenger emerge, push up the arm of the safety gate, and climb back into the car. Then the Chevy Cruze backed up a short distance and accelerated hard up the drawbridge ramp... up and over the edge. Splash!

You cannot last long when the road beats you in an IQ test. Unlike the Blues Brothers, they lacked cop tires, cop engine, cop suspension--and a mission from Gawd.

The Shoot-The-Gap tragedy happened at 2AM. The car sank from sight, and it was no easy task to locate the wreck. Louisiana state police divers eventually located and lifted the vehicle with pontoons and recovered two drowned bodies from the Black Bayou.

Double Darwin - a twofer! Take heed, and practice patience on the drawbridges of life.

What The Hygge!

Brygge (n.)

(lit. The Bridge) Danish TV comedy genre, named after the classic series, featuring a mismatched pair of gloomy detectives in distinctive knitwear investigating a series of grisly slayings. In Denmark, where nobody is gloomy or a serial killer, this is the stuff of hilarious family entertainment and the phrase 'lygge off, Brygge, hygge, glygge' is the local equivalent of 'Netflix, wine and chill'.

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.

Payne's grey

'Stalin,' an early political opponent once wrote, 'gave me the impression ... of a grey blur which flickered obscurely and left no trace. There is really nothing more to be said about him.' It's a stinging line: in our individualistic age it is almost better not to be remembered at all than to be remembered as dull and insubstantial. Of course, the opponent could not have been more wrong: Stalin has left a long and burdensome legacy and humanity is unlikely to forget him in a hurry.

One eighteenth-century gentleman, on the other hand, had faded from memory almost before he died. All that remains is the pigeon-plumage shade of grey to which he lent his name. It is still a firm artists' favourite, even if little is known about the man himself. William Payne was born in Exeter in 1760 and raised in Devon before moving to London. Maybe ... possibly. A pamphlet on the painter produced in 1922 by one Basil Long spends the first 10 pages alternating between putting forward biographic theories and apologising for a lack of actual evidence.

We do know that after spending some time as a civil engineer Payne travelled to London and began painting full time. He was a member of the Old Water-Colour Society, where he exhibited in the years from 1809 to 1812, and also showed work at the Royal Academy. Joshua Reynolds is even said to have admired some of his landscapes. Payne, however, was most in demand as a teacher. As his contemporary William Henry Pyne put it: his paintings 'were no sooner seen than admired, and almost every family of fashion were anxious that their sons and daughters should have the benefit of his tuition'. We will never know if it was the strain of dealing with the untalented offspring of London's elite that drove him to find a replacement for true black pigments, but we do know that he was proud enough of this precise mixture of Prussian blue, yellow ochre and crimson lake to make sure his name stuck to it.

Why is Payne's grey so beloved by artists? It is at least partially because of a phenomenon now known as 'atmospheric perspective'. Think of hills and mountains fading off into the distance, for example: the further away things are, the paler and bluer they appear. This effect is caused by particles of dust, pollution and water droplets scattering the shortest, bluest light wavelengths, and it is exacerbated by fog, rain, and mist. It is small wonder that a landscape painter working in Devon was the first to mix the deep blue-black grey so peculiarly suited for capturing this effect.

Brewers Britain & Ireland

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

Herstmonceux

Herst – 'wooded hill', Old English *hyrst*; *-monceux* denoting manorial ownership in the early Middle Ages by the Monceux family.

A village (pronounced 'herstmansoo' or 'herstmansyoo') in East Sussex, about 8 miles north west of Bexhill. **Herstmonceux Castle**, a fifteenth century fortified manor house, is one of the earliest brick buildings in England. It was extensively restored in the 1930s.

Herstmonceux's profile was considerably raised in 1957 when the Royal Greenwich Observatory, driven out of London by air pollution and light pollution, took up residence in the castle grounds. In 1990 the observatory moved on again, to Cambridge.

The current village centre is about one mile north of the Castle and All Saints church where the original eleventh century village centre would have been.

If anyone has any place names they'd like to see, then let me know and if they're in the book I'll put them in.

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.

Edge Of The World

He had been walking alone for days upon end now. He couldn't remember the last time he had slept; it wasn't easy to keep a track of time out here. It must have been days since he had last seen any other creature.

The last human he had encountered had been back in Ariande, over a month's walk away now. It must have been more than a week since he had seen any of the local humanoids – the Repsulis. The last of the walking creatures had gone not long afterwards, leaving only the birds and insects behind. There was no water out here. He had had neither sight nor sound of the birds for at least three days. And the hard ground underneath his feet showed no sign of any living creature, not even when he kicked and scraped down into it.

It turned out it wasn't true what they had said about this world, there wasn't an everlasting light. The light was fading now, the further west he travelled. It had been gradually fading for the last day or so.

There were no plants or trees growing out here, there wasn't another living thing for miles, and the light was coming to an end.

There was darkness ahead, as if a great black velvet curtain was drawn against the horizon. For two more days it got larger until it was pretty much all he could see, and the light had faded more than it was said to have been possible. He had done what they said was impossible. He had walked to the edge of the world. When he had left everything behind, they had said he was insane, there was no end, it would go on infinitely, but he didn't believe in infinity, and now he was about to be proved right.

When he reached the spot where the darkness took over, he found he couldn't see into it, there was just black. He shouted into the black void and the sound was taken away as soon as it hit the dark. There was nothing else for it, he took a deep breath and reached out into the nothingness.

And then he was gone.

Leicestershire

The City Rooms



The City Rooms is located in the heart of the City of Leicester in England. It has been designated by English Heritage as a grade I listed building.

The building, which was designed by John Johnson in the Greek Revival style, was completed in 1800. It would have become Leicester's first hotel, which is how Hotel Street got its name, but was not completed as such and the building was sold in 1799 with £3,300 still needed to complete it. It opened as the Leicester Assembly Rooms in 1800 and was used for the first time on 17 September to house the visitors to the Leicester Races held at Victoria Park. The ground floor was used as a coffee house and the upper floors were used for wedding receptions, banquets, and balls.

The Assembly Rooms included a ballroom of 'spacious dimensions' - 75' long, 33' wide and 30' high that ran the whole length of the first floor, with large windows to admit the light, and wall and ceiling paintings by the artist Ramsay Richard Reinagle. This was reached by a single staircase from the ground floor, dividing into two on a landing.

In 1817 it was adapted to become the Judges Lodgings when it passed into the hands of the County Justices, then becoming known as the County Rooms. The petition for an Act of Parliament to raise money for the purpose also referred to a need for a place for the 'safe deposit of public records'. There seems to be no record of the purchase price itself, but it was agreed at the Quarter Sessions of Easter 1818 to spend up to £1500 on repairs and alterations to make the premises suitable for these purposes. A similar sum was agreed for furniture for the Judges. The refurbishment work was completed by 1819, including an extension towards the Market Place, in a similar classical style but built of brick covered in stucco to give it a smooth surface. This later housed the County Fire Office.

Following the implementation of the Local Government Act 1888, which established county councils in every county, it also became the meeting place of Leicestershire County Council.

After County Hall was completed in 1967, the County Council had limited use for the building and, after it was sold to Leicester City Council in 1986, it became known as The City Rooms.

The ballroom which runs the whole width of the building on the first floor is the centrepiece. Decorated with paintings by Ramsay Richard Reinagle and figures in niches on the front of the building by John Charles Felix Rossi, representing the comic and lyric muses.

Outside in Hotel Street there is the statue of the Seamstress, although not intended to represent any particular person, it serves as a reminder of the importance the hosiery industry once played in Leicester. The Seamstress is shown putting a seam into a stocking and was sculpted by James Butler in 1990.

In 2005 The City Rooms received a careful two-year restoration to bring the building back to life as a hotel with highly decorated meeting rooms, a grand ballroom, a bar and four luxurious bedrooms.

St. Andrew's. Lyddington



There was a church on this site from Norman times, but the church was rebuilt anew in the fourteenth century, over the filled in ditch that would have surrounded the Palace / Bede House. It is a Grade I listed building.

The first mention of a church at Lyddington was in 1163, but the oldest parts of the present church dates from the 14th century and were probably started by Bishop Burghersh, these being the chancel and west tower.

The church owes its present form to two major building phases. One was the chancel; with work undertaken by Bishop Burghersh of Lincoln, when he was extending the Bede House in the early fourteenth century. The acoustic pots were built in near the tops of the walls to improve the quality of the sound.

The nave is said to have been rebuilt by Bishop Alnwick and later bishops. Near the west end facing the palace is a blocked door, which would have been for the private use of the bishop and his staff.

The nave with its tall five-bay arcades was rebuilt in 1480 by Bishop Russell or Bishop Smith. The roof was restored in 1890 and you can still see the high-pitched roof line of the original 14th century church where the nave joins the tower at the west end. There was also a gallery at the west end of the nave against the tower, but this was removed in 1879.

Fragments of medieval glass can be found in the tracery. The church has an interesting arrangement at its eastern end. The post-Reformation communion table has been returned from the reformed central position to near the east end as advocated by Archbishop Laud. The protecting rails enclose the altar on all four sides, and so avoids the creation of a separate sanctuary, which allowed the laity access to the east end of the chancel in line with Puritan practice.



At the entrance of the chancel we have some items of interest, on the south side behind the pulpit we have a medieval wall painting uncovered in 1937 which is believed to show Edward the Confessor dressed in an ermine cloak and cap holding an orb. Above the painting is the rood entrance which would have given access to the rood loft where musicians would have played. There are also the remains of the rood staircase inside a turret to the north of the chancel. The rood screen dates from the perpendicular period (14th-a5th century). Above the chancel arch is believed to be remains of a painting showing the Last Judgement.

In the north aisle we have the font of unknown date and some original 15th century glass showing the heads of a King and bishop. As in most churches the aisles were used as chapels and both these at Lyddington have a piscina at the eastern end. The chancel area has some unusual features of interest, high in the chancel walls are six acoustic jars set in the wall. These earthenware pots with their openings flush with the wall were supposed to amplify the voice of the priest but there is some doubt whether they would have really helped. There are very few examples of this practice in the UK but there are more in Europe and the original idea may have come from the Greek or Roman theatres.

In 1890 the church underwent restoration, and the chancel floor was raised, the triple sedilia and piscina are now much closer to the floor than originally intended.

The church is of Ironstone with limestone dressings. It consists of west tower, nave with aisles and clerestory, vestry, and chancel. There are no porches here, the doorways having been bricked up in the past, and entry is through the west tower. The church dates back to the early 13th century, with much re-building happening in the late 15th century. A vestry was added in 1849 and the chancel was restored in 1902.

The four-stage tower is buttressed to three quarters of the way up; the remains of gargoyles surround the tower, these being massively damaged. It is battlemented and there is a small broache spire with two tiers of lucarne windows. There is a clock face to the west side of the tower.

At the time of North's Victorian study of the church bells of Rutland there were five bells hanging here, with all five having been cast by Tobias Norris III, who operated from a foundry at Stamford, in 1694. The fifth bell of the ring is inscribed 'Tobias Norris cast us all 1694'. The Norris family had run a foundry in Stamford since early in the 17th century, with work continuing there until 1707. Today, a pub called the Tobie Norris stands on, or close to, the area where the foundry stood. One of Norris' bells was re-cast by Taylor of Loughborough in 1961, with the same founder adding a sixth to the ring as recently as 1978.

The chancel was heavily restored in 1902 and like many in Rutland is large and quite plain. Plaster has been pulled back from the stonework and on each side wall there are holes for five acoustic jars. These would contain ceramic vessels which, it was believed, would improve the sound quality of singing. The fine east window is of stained glass and has four main panels, depicting scenes from the life of Christ. A wooden 15th century screen separates chancel from nave, this having some very faded depictions of flowers and saints on it.

Dunton Bassett

Dunton Bassett is a small village in the Harborough district of Leicestershire, England. It lies between Leicester and Lutterworth, and close to Broughton Astley, Ashby Magna & Leire. It had a population of 795 at the 2001 UK census, falling to 759 at the 2011 census.

The village has one pub (the Dunton Bassett Arms), a primary school, village hall and a combined village shop / post office. The village hall was donated to the village by Orson Wright, a successful Leicester builder who had been born in the village.

The Great Central main railway line, the last main line to be built from the north of England to London, was opened on 15 March 1899 and ran just to the east of Dunton Bassett, separating it from the village of Ashby Magna, and a station was provided bearing Ashby's name, although it was much the smaller village of the two. Dunton Bassett gave its name to a short (92 yard) tunnel just south of the station. The line closed on 5 May 1969. In its latter years it had been joined by the M1 motorway which ran parallel to it on the eastern side.

Top Ten

The ten largest cities and towns in Leicestershire.

Pos	Name	Population
1	Leicester	329,839
2	Loughborough	59,317
3	Hinckley	45,249
4	Coalville	34,575

5	Wigston	32,321
6	Melton Mowbray	27,158
7	Oadby	23,849
8	Market Harborough	22,911
9	Burbage	14,568
10	Shepshed	13,505

Poetry Corner

Castles

Castles come in all shapes and sizes
 Built in different styles in different times
 Some for power, some for showing off
 Some strategic, and others defensive
 There are ones that are complete and habitable
 There are those that are ruined empty shells
 Some don't even have a single foundation to show
 Others only have part of their moat in situ
 Mottes survive overlooking empty moats
 Aristocracy still live inside some walls
 Lots show signs of many wars
 With Scots, Welsh, French and Dutch
 But none as much as when English fought each other
 Daughter against mother and father against brother
 Now they draw the visitors in
 Tourist attractions to keep the funds flowing
 Though never enough to keep the damage at bay
 Narrow winding staircases hard to navigate
 And then you wonder how they did it in armour
 Holes in the stone for weapons to be fired
 Other holes caused by bigger weapons from outside
 They built them tall and they built them large
 Without engines, electricity, or cranes
 Quicker than we build now
 Built to last – if you ignore war
 The past is present, but will they survive the future

Cathedral Fact Files

Cathedral	Portsmouth Cathedral		
Dedicated To	St. Thomas		
Type	Parish Church	Architecture	Old English
Religion	COE	Tower / Spire	1 Spire
Site Founded	1180	Height (External)	121ft
Church Founded	1185	Height (Internal)	55ft
Bishopric Founded	1927	Length	226ft
Current Bishopric Founded	1927	Width	110ft

Thirty-Three And One Third Revolutions Per Minute

Duran Duran – Seven And The Ragged Tiger

Seven and the Ragged Tiger is the third studio album by English new wave band Duran Duran. It was released on 21 November 1983 by EMI. It was the band's first and only number-one album on the UK Albums Chart, and would prove to be the last studio album for the band's most famous line-up until 2004's Astronaut.

Vocalist Simon Le Bon said the album "is an adventure story about a little commando team. 'The Seven' is for us—the five band members and the two managers—and 'the Ragged Tiger' is success. Seven people running after success. It's ambition. That's what it's about."

EMI re-released the album in 2010 in two configurations: a two-disc digipak and a three-disc box set (consisting of two CDs and one DVD). The latter includes on the DVD the first official release of the "As the Lights Go Down" video.

In 1983, Duran Duran intended to spend a year away from the United Kingdom as tax exiles, as their income had increased dramatically after the success of *Rio* and the reissue of their 1981 debut album *Duran Duran* the previous year. Thus, during May 1983, the band began writing and making demo recordings at a chalet near Cannes in the south of France with producer Ian Little. The band was having some trouble writing material there but still came up with ideas for most of the songs that appeared on the album. Several were completed, including a track called "Seven and the Ragged Tiger", for which the album was named. This song was never officially released, but parts of it would eventually evolve into the track "The Seventh Stranger". A demo version of the original track has since leaked onto the internet, albeit in very rough, warped form. No quality recording of the song is said to exist.

With the songs written during their stay in France, the band started recording at George Martin's Air Studios on the Caribbean island of Montserrat in May. The sessions, which saw producer Ian Little joined by the vastly more experienced Alex Sadkin, would keep Duran Duran in Montserrat for five weeks. During one of these sessions, keyboardist Nick Rhodes collapsed and had to be airlifted to a hospital; newspapers later reported it was due to an episode of paroxysmal tachycardia (abnormally fast heartbeat).

Prior commitments brought the band back to the UK in July 1983, including a charity gig playing in front of Prince Charles and Princess Diana at Villa Park. It was later revealed that the Irish Republican Army had plotted to plant a bomb at the concert in order to injure Charles and Diana, but the IRA member sent to carry out the plot, Sean O'Callaghan, was in fact an informant working for the Irish Government and successfully helped to pull the plug on the operation.

During their time in the UK, the band worked on a few more songs in a studio in London, before returning to Montserrat for one final late summer session. After the island's isolation, the band moved the project to Sydney, Australia at the end of August. Producers Ian Little and Alex Sadkin continued working with the band on the album, now titled *Seven and the Ragged Tiger*, at 301 Studios. An argument during this period between John Taylor and Alex Sadkin over the prolonged mixing is said to have been the germination of the *Power Station* side project that happened in 1985, as Taylor contemplated leaving Duran Duran for the first time.

The album's cover photo was shot on the steps of the State Library of New South Wales.

The band remained in Australia, with their *Sing Blue Silver* world concert tour due to commence in November 1983 at the National Indoor Sports Centre in Canberra. Beforehand, the band departed for the sands outside of Sydney to film the video for the first single "Union of the Snake" with director Simon Milne. Twenty-four hours before the band were due to deliver the single to EMI, Nick Rhodes and Simon Le Bon did an all-night session to complete the writing, recording, and mixing the B-side "Secret Oktober". In October, the band's record company released the "Union of the Snake" video to MTV a full week before the single was released to radio, at a time when the industry feared video really might kill the radio star.

The simultaneous worldwide release of the album followed a few weeks later on 21 November. The album entered the UK chart at number one (to date, their only number one album there) and achieved platinum status only a week after its release. It also reached #8 in the US and was certified platinum by January 1984, and eventually double platinum. The next single "New Moon on Monday" was released in January 1984, accompanied by another ambitious video. In February, the band appeared on the cover of *Rolling Stone* magazine, and won two Grammy Awards in the new Long Form and Short Form music video categories.

A Nile Rodgers remix of "The Reflex", released in April, became the band's second number one single in the UK (for four weeks) and first number one in the US (two weeks at number one on the *Billboard Hot 100*).

Track listing

All songs written and composed by Duran Duran.

Side one

1. – "The Reflex" – 5:29. Was the eleventh single by Duran Duran, released worldwide on 16 April 1984. The song was heavily remixed for single release and was the third and last to be taken from their third album *Seven and the Ragged Tiger*. "The Reflex" became the band's most successful single. It was their second single to top the UK Singles Chart, after "Is There Something I Should Know?" in 1983, topping the chart on 5 May, and would prove to be their last UK no. 1. The single entered the charts in America on 21 April 1984 at no. 46, became Duran Duran's first of two singles to hit no. 1 on the US *Billboard Hot 100* (for 2 weeks) on 23 June 1984, and was a huge hit internationally. It was also the first of two songs that kept "Dancing in the Dark" by Bruce Springsteen out of the top spot. The band wanted it to be the lead single from *Seven and the Ragged Tiger*, but their label didn't like the warbling singing during the "why don't you use it" segments, thinking this would hinder its success as a stand-alone single track. The remixes for both the 7" and 12" singles were created by Nile Rodgers, of Chic fame. It was his first work with the band, and he would later go on to produce "The Wild Boys" single as well as the album *Notorious* (1986) and several tracks on

Astronaut (2004). Main photography for the video for "The Reflex" took place during the Seven and the Ragged Tiger tour at Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto, Ontario on 5 March 1984. Director Russell Mulcahy filmed some of the closeup footage in the indoor arena that afternoon, and the band's performance was filmed live during that evening's concert. Sampled seven times and covered ten times.

2. – "New Moon on Monday" – 4:16 - Was the tenth single by the English new wave band Duran Duran, released on 23 January 1984 in the United Kingdom. The second single to be taken from the band's third album Seven and the Ragged Tiger (1983), the song was another success, reaching the top-ten on both the UK and US charts. On 11 February 1984, the single reached number nine on the UK Singles Chart and on 17 March, it reached number ten on the US Billboard Hot 100, after entering on 14 January 1984 at number 56. It did not chart well in Australia and Scandinavia, territories where its predecessor, "Union of the Snake", had been a big hit. This trend was reversed with the next single, "The Reflex", which became a worldwide number-one hit. The music video for "New Moon on Monday" was filmed by director Brian Grant during the morning of December 7, 1983, in the village of Noyers in France. It has a loosely sketched storyline in which the band appear as members of an underground resistance movement called "La Luna" (the name is one of the few connections between the video's content and the song lyrics), organizing a revolt against a modern (1980s-era computers are used) oppressive militaristic regime, apparently in France. Covered four times.

3. – "(I'm Looking For) Cracks in the Pavement" – 3:38

4. – "I Take the Dice" – 3:18

5. – "Of Crime and Passion" – 3:50. Covered once.

Side two

1. – "Union of the Snake" – 4:20. Was the ninth single by the English new wave band Duran Duran, released on 17 October 1983. "Union of the Snake" was the lead single from the band's third album Seven and the Ragged Tiger (1983), and preceded its release by one month. It became one of Duran Duran's most popular singles, hitting number one on the US Cash Box and peaking at number three on both the UK Singles Chart and the US Billboard Hot 100 at the end of 1983. The music video for "Union of the Snake" was conceived by Russell Mulcahy, who directed many of the heavy rotation videos for songs from Duran Duran's previous album Rio. However, as Mulcahy was busy preparing to direct the concert film Arena, and the documentary film Sing Blue Silver during the band's world tour, the video for "Union" was actually directed by Simon Milne. There was a bit of controversy surrounding the video as it was released to MTV a whole week before the single was released on radio. Radio stations were anxious at the time because they were concerned that channels like MTV might supplant them in the promotion of singles. The video, filmed in part in sandhills near Cronulla, features the band being tracked through the Australian desert by a half-man, half-snake creature. They eventually take a lift beneath the sands into what appears to be an underground cathedral, where the snake creature and other bizarre characters interact with vocalist Le Bon. The band's other members make only brief appearances in the video. The use of expensive sets, costumes and makeup foreshadowed the over-the-top nature of videos to come, including a 17-minute epic video for "New Moon on Monday", the massively expensive video for "The Wild Boys", and the extravagant concept/live film Arena.

2. – "Shadows on Your Side" – 4:03. Covered once.

3. – "Tiger Tiger" – 3:20. Was the B-Side to "New Moon on Monday". Covered once.

4. – "The Seventh Stranger" – 5:24. Covered three times.

Personnel

Duran Duran

Simon Le Bon – lead vocals

Nick Rhodes – keyboards

Andy Taylor – guitars

John Taylor – bass guitar

Roger Taylor – drums

Additional musicians

Andy Hamilton – soprano and tenor saxophone

Raphael DeJesus – percussion

Mark Kennedy – percussion

Michelle Cobbs – backing vocals on "Union of the Snake" and "The Reflex"

BJ Nelson – backing vocals on "Union of the Snake" and "The Reflex"

Production

Alex Sadkin – producer

Ian Little – associate producer

Duran Duran – associate producers

Phil Thornalley – recording and mixing engineer

Peter Wade-Schwier – recording engineer

Jim Taig – tape operator

Malcolm Garrett – graphic design

Keith Breeden – illustration

Charts

Chart – Peak position

Australian Albums – 2
Austrian Albums – 11
Canada Top Albums/CDs – 7
Dutch Albums – 1
European Albums – 8
Finnish Albums – 3
French Albums – 20
German Albums – 17
New Zealand Albums – 11
Norwegian Albums – 14
Swedish Albums – 19
Swiss Albums – 16
UK Albums – 1
US Billboard – 8

Certifications

Region – Certification – Certified units/sales
Canada – 3x Platinum – 300,000
Finland – Gold – 25,000
New Zealand – Platinum – 15,000
United Kingdom – Platinum – 300,000
United States – 2x Platinum – 2,000,000

Story Time

The Bradgate Ghost

Last year I would have told you that ghosts don't exist. Outside of this room I would still tell you that; that would be my official line. I wouldn't want to admit to anyone else about what I saw and felt. I can do without the strange looks from people who don't really know me, judging me on what I'm going to tell you now. Thinking I've lost touch with reality. You know that I've always been a sceptic where spirits were concerned. That it was only the weak-minded that fell for this rubbish.

That's why I wasn't worried about moving into Bradgate Cottage. I'd heard the tales about the headless woman who was said to appear to the residents of the cottage. It was all a good story and it helped with the tourists. That the ghost of the Nine Day Queen inhabited the only remaining habitable building from the Grey family's estate at Bradgate in Tudor times.

I'd leased the cottage. I couldn't believe the price of the rent for the nine months. Less than a studio flat in Highfields, and it backed onto the park. It was going to make an ideal place to write.

And that's where the problems started. It was small stuff at first. Items not being where I expected them to be. Pens and pads would be in a different room to where I thought I'd left them. I put it down to it being a new living space to me. It takes time for actions to become automatic.

Then there were the noises. Supposedly ghostly moans, pottery clinking, chains clanging; always at night and not really from within the cottage. It always sounded like it was coming from the walls. That kind of thing was to be expected. The villagers depended on the legends to keep the tourists rolling in. There would be kids with blue tooth speakers up against the outside of the walls, playing the sounds in from their i-phones.

I wasn't buying it though. I'm not one of those people.

But it continued. And the writing became more difficult; my works in progress became works in stasis. All I could think about was the history of the cottage, the old house now in ruins, and the park beyond with its great stone monoliths poking out of the ground in random formations.

And so, I started to write about that. I knew a lot of this stuff from being a child growing up. I'd come here a few times each year. But now I was scouring the internet at all times of the day and night and finding out things that shouldn't have been possible to find.

Pages from antiquarian books that weren't in any collection open to the public, let alone scanned and put on the web for anyone to find. I tried to bookmark the pages; only for them not to exist when I clicked back on the link. I copied the URLs down to type back in later and the browser laughed at me. I took photos of my screen only for the photos to change into something else within minutes.

More items would move in the cottage. I went to bed after a long session typing up my notes on the laptop in the study, and when I woke up in the morning the laptop was in the attic and thousands of additional words, unwritten by me were now added to my files.

And then I saw her, or it, or whatever you want to call the apparition or ghost. The headless body stood behind me when I glanced into the mirror on the wardrobe door. I spun round expecting it to disappear and for it to have been my mind playing tricks, but it did stand there. I walked towards it and then carried on right through it. I turned again and it still stood there, with its back to me, now in front of my reflection in the mirror.

I would see it every day from then on. It would be in different places around the cottage. For more than three weeks it would show up and just stand there.

Until one day it moved. I nearly shat myself when it did, but it went through me and out through the closed back door. It was twilight and the park were closed for the day to visitors, but my back gate opened into the park, and the headless ghost went through the closed gate and into the park.

I threw on some shoes and followed the ghost as it drifted over the springy loam next to the path, and then over moss covered Pre-Cambrian rock formations until we got to the old house.

The apparition went through one of the ruin's walls. I had to find a place to scramble over and into the courtyard. I had never once invaded the roped off areas in forty years of visits, but I felt like I had an invite to do so that evening.

The ghost stopped moving at a small dark piece of ground. There was still a grass covering but it was darker than the surrounding area. I stamped down on the dark area and there was a hollow clang. There was something metal down there under the grass. There had been nothing about this in any of the books or articles I had read.

I bent down and felt the ground under the dark grass. There was some earth, but I poked my finger through the earth and felt metal. I moved a bit of the earth and withdrew my finger. It wasn't just brown earth on it, there was some lighter orange – brown colouring on my finger. Whatever the metal was it was decaying and seeping into the grass growing above it.

I would need something to remove the layer of earth and grass and it was going to be dark by the time I got back to the cottage. It could wait another day.

The ghost wasn't happy when I turned and headed back to the cottage. Whatever was under that piece of grass was something that the ghost wanted me to find. They could wait another day I thought, but the ghost had different ideas.

It was a difficult night. I tried to investigate more about the Bradgate House site, to see if there was a clue as to what might be there, but nothing would load for it at all. If I searched for anything not related to Bradgate, the details all came up fine. I went to get my notes only to have to hunt the cottage for them. They were in the freezer, and I only found them when I went to get a pizza to eat.

Then the cooker wouldn't work. The hob did but the oven wouldn't. I tried to ring for a delivery instead, only to find that my mobile wouldn't get a signal. I gave up on food and research and went to bed. Only to be treated to a non-stop light show as lights came on and went off at will. And not mine, the headless ghosts.

I got out of bed and headed for the car. If I couldn't sleep at the cottage there were always hotels. But I was fooling myself. There was no way the car was going to start. It just turned over without ever sounding like it would fire. And yet the lights joined in with what had been happening in the cottage. Even when I took the key out of the ignition. I got out of the car and slammed the door behind me.

I got the message. As soon as it looked like there was going to be light, I should be ready to get into whatever was under that circle of grass. So instead of sleeping I spent the next couple of hours getting some gear together. Constantly changing my mind about what to take, and then struggling to find where the items I needed had been moved to.

Tools weren't in the shed; the torch wasn't under the sink; and how the hell did things keep getting into the attic.

It wasn't quite light when I left the cottage and headed back to the park. The ghost was giving off a pale blue light, which made it easier for me to see the path as I, well we, headed back to the ruins. I didn't scale any walls this time; I just moved the ropes and went in through one of the doorways. The ghost was hovering back over the circle of dark grass.

I took out a trowel and started to remove the layer of grass and earth and uncovered a simple metal disc. I couldn't tell how old it was, but there were no marks on it apart from the ones I made with the trowel.

There was no ring or hole in the metal to pull it up from the ground. I prised the trowel under the side of the metal disc and twisted it. The metal rose from the ground. It was lighter and thinner than I was expecting. Underneath the metal it was dark, and I quickly found out why as I nearly fell into the hole underneath the metal as I went to lean on the blackness, and my hand disappeared into it.

The fact that my other hand was still holding the metal disc saved me from falling in, as I was able to shift my weight to lean on it instead.

I pushed myself back and up off the floor, leaning the metal disc against the ruin's wall. I dug the torch out of my bag and turned it on, shining it into the hole. A stone clad circular hole went down about four or five feet. I had expected the hole to have water in it, or at least be damp. There were lots of natural springs throughout the park, plus I would have expected rain to seep in. But it was bone dry in there.

At the bottom of the hole was some kind of box. It was probably about a foot high and circular and about a foot across. There was a handle on the top of it, but it was just out of my reach from the ground. I thought about getting into the hole, but there wasn't enough room for my legs and to be able to get the box out past my legs to get it out of the hole.

Then I remembered the crowbar. I leant into the hole holding the crowbar, but my body blocked out the light and I couldn't see the handle. I managed to get the end of the torch into my mouth and started again. It took a few attempts, but I managed to snag the handle with the crook of the crowbar and started to pull. The box was heavier than I had been expecting and it was a struggle to get it out of the hole. Even when I got a hand on the handle.

When I did manage to drag the box out, I found out why it was so heavy. It was made of solid metal. Thick, heavy metal. It didn't appear to have any opening to it either. I lay on my back next to the hole, with the metal box next to me, and caught my breath whilst looking up to the sky.

I don't know how long I lay there before I noticed the sky was now lighter, a pale blue blanket of light lay above me. I needed to get back to the cottage. I put my tools back in my bag and picked up the metal box. I thought about putting the disc back over the hole and covering it up with the earth and grass, but it would still be obvious it had been disturbed, so decided not to bother at all. Let the park wardens wonder what the hole was about.

My arms felt like they were going to drop off by the time I got back to the cottage. I put the metal box under the kitchen table. The headless ghost stood over it, with their lower half under the table and their torso above it. That would have freaked me out a few weeks before, but now I was more interested in getting a picture of the metal box and finding out what it was.

It took me a few hours, and I didn't like what I had found. It was a head box. They were common in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries when families would want to keep the head of an executed relative, instead of having them buried with the body. I looked under the table and then at the headless ghost. Could the head of the ghost be in the box, and was the ghost really that of Lady Jane Grey?

I had a new problem now. How did I find out whose head it was in the metal box, but without having to explain where I had found it, and how I had come to find it? It would be a bit difficult to explain that I had found it because a ghost had led me to its location.

Plus, if it really was the head of Lady Jane Grey, did I really want to get involved in all that would follow from its finding? The head was said to have been buried with the rest of the body in an unmarked plot in the grounds of the Chapel Royal of St Peter ad Vincula at the Tower of London. As most of her family had also been executed or imprisoned at the time, who would have paid for the head and then taken it back up to the Grey's family home here in Bradgate?

For three days I debated with myself what to do with the metal box. In all that time the headless ghost didn't move. It's amazing what you can become used to when eating at the kitchen table. The internal debate could have gone on for weeks if the next apparition hadn't shocked me into doing something. A ghostly head isn't what you expect to see when you open the microwave. And then again in the fridge.

I waited until it was dark and then cleaned any fingerprints that might have been on the box from it. I put gloves on and took the box and placed it on the doorstep of the visitor centre. I then took a sheet of paper from the middle of a ream and wrote a note, and attached it to the box.

The headless ghost didn't appear to like my idea, and there was no rest from the moment I got back into the cottage. Lights flicked on and off, water ran in the sinks, bath, and toilet. Books fell to the floor. The fridge opened and closed when it felt like it. As it all went on around me, I went and packed a travel bag, I could stay somewhere else. But none of the doors would open. I ended up throwing my bag out of the bedroom window and shimmying out after it.

My escape led to a final light show from the angry ghost. Every light came on in the cottage and on my car, and then they all went out with a bang. When I did return to the cottage every light bulb had exploded, including in the car, the fridge and the microwave, and the TV screen had fallen to pieces.

I walked out of the cottage grounds and headed out of the village. I kept walking through Anstey and the suburbs of Leicester until I got to the city centre. Where I checked into a hotel and slept.

It was mid-afternoon when I woke. I flicked on the TV and the news channels were full of it. Someone had vandalised Bradgate House and removed a long-hidden metal head box and left it at the visitors' centre claiming it was the head of Lady Jane Grey.

All sorts of experts were being wheeled out. There were claims it was a hoax, but with what had happened with finding Richard III's body just a few years before; they weren't totally writing it off.

I wasn't happy with being called a vandal, but I was happy that they didn't appear to be looking for me, and that they were at least going to try and investigate what was in the box.

It took a lot longer than I was expecting it to. I stayed in the hotel for a few more days before heading back to Bradgate Cottage and the clean-up. The headless ghost didn't show herself.

I found I was able to get back into my normal writing, and the works in stasis became works in progress again, and then finished works, and I could then start on new pieces.

The box had been opened and the remains of the head that was in it was DNA tested. It came back as a positive match to the descendants of the Grey family. They then spent days digging up remains at the Chapel Royal of St Peter ad Vincula. They found a headless corpse and the DNA matched the head from the box.

The reunited remains were then laid to rest with a great deal of pomp and ceremony in the Church of All Saints at Newtown Linford. The closest church to the Grey's old family home at Bradgate House. I could watch most of the goings on from the bedroom window of the cottage.

The evening after the reinternment, the ghost reappeared. It wasn't headless anymore. It didn't disturb anything; the lights didn't flicker. The ghost appeared to be smiling as it approached me. Then it curtsied in front of me, bowed its head and then disappeared. I never saw it again.

My lease ran out last month, and I'm back to living here. I still don't believe in ghosts; I was just having a mental episode. But perhaps there are some things out there that we can't explain.

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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