

# **Flanagan's Running Club – Issue 55**

## **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, sit back, grab a cup of coffee (or beer or wine or whatever), and enjoy the read.

## **On This Day – 30<sup>th</sup> January**

1649 – Charles I of England is executed in Whitehall, London.

1661 – Oliver Cromwell, Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, is ritually executed more than two years after his death, on the 12th anniversary of the execution of the monarch he himself deposed.

1826 – The Menai Suspension Bridge, considered the world's first modern suspension bridge, connecting the Isle of Anglesey to the north West coast of Wales, is opened.

1847 – Yerba Buena, California is renamed San Francisco, California.

It's Day of Azerbaijani customs

Day of Saudade (Brazil)

Fred Korematsu Day (California, Florida, Hawaii, Virginia)

### **A Grim Almanac of Sussex**

1789

An extract from John Burgess's diary: 'We have had a remarkable sharp frost great deal of snow likewise the frost began Nov 24<sup>th</sup> 1788 and lasted about 8 weeks many people say it more severe cold then it was in the hard winter water was scarce and very bad many wells dry has been so very dry for so long great numbers of fish was perished as well as birds &c.'

### **Births**

1882 – Franklin D. Roosevelt

1930 – Gene Hackman

1937 – Vanessa Redgrave

1951 – Phil Collins

1974 – Christian Bale

1974 – Olivia Colman

### **Deaths**

1948 – Mahatma Gandhi

1948 – Orville Wright

1951 – Ferdinand Porsche

### **Marriages**

1934 - Painter Salvador Dali weds Gala Dali in a civil ceremony in Paris

### **Number 1's**

Number 1 single in 1987 – Steve 'Silk' Hurley – Jack Your Body

Number 1 album in 2006 – Arctic Monkeys – Whatever People Say I Am, That's What I'm Not

Number 1 compilation album in 1990 – Various – Pure Soft Metal

## **#vss365**

A short story in 280 characters or less, based on a prompt word on Twitter

Her home was full of pictures of herself. Lots were with other famous actors. That was how she saw herself, a famous actor.

After all she had appeared in over seventy films, and nearly three hundred television programme episodes.

But all of them had been as an #extra.

#vss365

## Joke

This lady goes to a vet and learns that that if you put a ribbon around a snoring dog's penis he'll roll over and stop snoring. The next night her dog is snoring, so she goes to the kitchen and gets a red ribbon and ties it around her dog's penis. His snoring stopped. Later on that night her husband is snoring and so she goes to the kitchen and gets a blue ribbon and ties it around her husband's penis, and he stops snoring. The next morning her husband wakes up and looks at his dog and looks down at himself. "I don't know what happened last night, but it appears we came in first and second."

## Drabble

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

### The Village

He had been walking for a couple of hours when he came to a small village. It appeared to him as the bucolic picture-perfect image of how an old English village should be.

As he stood on the green admiring the thatched cottages and the medieval church with its tower and spire; a group of people approached him.

"Hello there, we've been expecting you."

He was confused, why would anyone be expecting him here?

"You have? Who are you?"

"Yes, we're the village council, and we've been expecting you for a while now, we ordered our idiot weeks ago."

## Random Items

### Facts

The letters KGB stand for Komitet Gosudarstvennoy Bezopasnosti.

The plastic things on the end of shoelaces are called aglets

It was discovered on a space mission that a frog can throw up. The frog throws up its stomach first, so the stomach is dangling out of its mouth. Then the frog uses its forearms to dig out all of the stomach's contents and then swallows the stomach back down again.

### Thoughts

Why do elephants only come in grey?

Is boneless chicken considered to be an invertebrate?

If marriage were outlawed, only outlaws would have in-laws.

### A Word A Day

#### **Asseverate**

VERB

A rare verb in modern usage but one that entered into English around the 1640s. to asseverate isn't just to make a statement or declaration, but it is to do so with gravitas. The easiest way to remember when to use asseverate is to think of the word 'sever' as both words are linked to the Latin adjective *severus*, meaning serious.

*“When she took to the floor, she asseverated her position with such passion that the usually rowdy chamber was hushed into silence.”*

## **Flash Fiction**

Something between the 100-word shortness of a Drabble, and the short story, these are works of fiction somewhere between five hundred and seven hundred words.

### **The Queen of Despair**

Their ship had ended up being separated from the rest of the fleet during the long interstellar voyage to Aquarian IV. They were going to be one of thirty settlements on the new planet. Refuges from the battles that had scarred Earth and made it virtually unliveable. Other fleets had set sail for different planets; planets identified as being able to support human life.

The settlers aboard the Queen of Hope IX weren't going to make it to Aquarian IV. Instead the ship started to wake the passengers up as it approached a previously uncharted star system. One where the star and the planets had no given name. Although most of the ship's navigation boards had been fried in the radiation wave that had knocked it off course, a lot of its other systems had survived intact. Including its ability to be able to scan planets for habitats suitable for human life; and so, it had entered the orbit of this remote planet and taken the stasis off its passengers.

None of whom were very happy at being on their own, but there was little they could do about it now. The ship's captain found a spot where they could land, a wide-open plain with what looked like some sparse vegetation. The steering system failed within the last few seconds of the descent and the landing was heavier than the ship could handle, and various other onboard systems stopped working. When the ship came to a sliding halt there was a crack and the ship broke into two parts at a funny angle.

They sent out probes to double check on the atmosphere and to test the soil and water and look at plants. All of them came back within the range to support human life and so the people started to build. They recognised a lot of the plants, a whole host of fruits and vegetables that looked just like the ones they used to have on Earth, and after a brave volunteer tried them, they tasted just like them as well. This cheered the settlers up no end, and they decided they would be able to give it a good go here and it would be a good planet to live on.

After a time, they agreed a name for their new settlement, calling it Queen's Spring. They went on and named the planet Hope, and the star it revolved around as Nubius.

Whilst they built up the settlement, they didn't notice at first. But it became apparent the longer they lived and worked on the planet. No one had become pregnant; not that they had been trying at first, but as the settlers coupled up and lived with each other it was expected that at least one of the women would have ended up expecting. Yet, it never happened.

The longer it went on, the more worried the settlement became. Some were nearing the age where they would no longer be able to bear children. They started to put the variety of medical equipment they had brought to the planet to test themselves, and it took a few years before the doctors found the issue. Everyone on the planet was now sterile, including those who had borne children before this voyage to the stars.

The crash landing had left them without long range communication devices, and they had no way of being able to contact any other planets. They were alone on this speck in the Cosmos and would die out before they had really become established.

It was many years down the line before they eventually found what had caused the sterility. Their happiness at recognising food they could eat turned to sadness and anger. Although the tests on the soil and water of the planet had not found any issue, the elements there on Hope were toxic to humans; not in a way that would kill them or even make them ill. It was a silent disease to their future survival, making them incapable of procreating.

Their voyage had been in vain. They had found a planet and made a settlement, but there would be no one to follow them, and so they had no legacy to leave.

When the last survivor had buried the last of her settlement, she turned and walked away from Queen's Spring that she had helped build. She carried on until she came to the sea, but didn't stop walking, forcing herself onwards into the water, breathing it in as it came over her head and letting it carry her away.

Some three centuries later descendants of the original party to Aquarian IV came to the planet as part of an expedition to expand territory. They were shocked to find the settlement on the planet and that it had been built and left to be reclaimed by nature. Searching the area, they found the graves of the settlers from the Queen of Hope IX, and then the logs of the settlement; reading them with increasing sadness as to the plight of the ship.

Those new adventurers didn't stay. The planet Hope was to be struck off the list of planets to populate, and its name was changed to Despair.

## Leicestershire

### Richard Arkwright

ARKWRIGHT, Richard (1781-1832), of Normanton Turville, Leics. and Sutton Hall, Derbys.

Constituency Dates

RYE - 29 Mar. 1813 - 1818

RYE - 1826 - 1830

Family and Education

b. 30 Sept. 1781, 1st s. of Richard Arkwright (d. 1843) of Willersley Castle, Derbys. and Mary, da. of Adam Simpson of Bonsall, Derbys. educ. Eton 1796; Trinity Coll. Camb. 1801. m. 22 May 1803, Martha Maria, da. of Rev. William Beresford of Ashbourne, Derbys., rect. of Sonning, Berks., 2s. d.v.p. 1da. d.v.p. d.v.p. 28 Mar. 1832.

Offices Held

Lt. Leics. yeomanry 1803-4; capt. W. Leics. vols. 1804; maj. Chatsworth regt. Derbys. militia 1809; cornet, N. Derbys. yeoman cav. 1817.

When General Dyott visited Arkwright's brother Charles at Dunstall, Staffordshire, in 1831 he was struck by the great difference in the habits and pursuits of the two great cotton-spinners, the Peels and the Arkwrights, the former linking themselves in bonds of marriage with the noble females and living in high life, the latter contenting themselves with rural and domestic engagements with their county neighbours, quite unassuming, unostentatious, though fuller of wealth and riches than the Peels.

Arkwright and his five younger brothers were set up as landed gentlemen by their immensely wealthy father, the son of Sir Richard Arkwright (1731-92), the inventor of the spinning-frame. Richard received £30,000 on his marriage in 1803, an annual allowance of £500 from 1805 to 1821 and the rents of the Normanton estate, worth £1,500 a year, from 1810. He lived at Normanton and managed the Sutton estate, bought by his father in 1824. His domestic life was blighted by the deaths in infancy of his three children between 1810 and 1813 and of his wife in 1820. There was talk of his coming forward for Leicester as a corporation candidate when a dissolution was expected in September 1825, but he decided against it. At the general election the following year he stood for his former constituency of Rye on the Lamb interest and was returned after a contest forced by the local independents.

Arkwright, who was granted a month's leave on account of his mother's death, 26 Feb., voted with the Canning ministry against the disfranchisement of Penryn, 28 May, 7 June 1827. He divided against repeal of the Test Acts, 26 Feb., and Catholic relief, 12 May 1828. He presented petitions for the abolition of slavery and repeal of the restrictions on country banks, 19 June, and was in the Wellington government's majority against reduction of the salary of the lieutenant-general of the ordnance, 4 July 1828. In February 1829 Planta, the patronage secretary, listed him as one of the Members 'opposed to the principle' of Catholic emancipation who would, once the principle was carried, 'support the securities'. On the 10th he wrote to his father:

I cannot help thinking that those who now talk so triumphantly of the [Catholic] emancipation bill, as if passed, will be much disappointed at the intended enactments and that it is the policy of the duke [of Wellington] in the first instance to get the [Catholic] Association well put down if possible, as a matter of previous necessity; and that his bill of concession will be such as to afford all possible security to the Protestants ... and the Catholics will be much disappointed, that it should fall so far from their expectations.

Yet he felt obliged to vote steadily against emancipation, as he explained to his father, 9 Mar.:

I have ... after the most embarrassing consideration of all I have heard and seen taken upon myself in the exercise of my honest judgement to decide for myself ... I trust I have come to this decision with as little undue bias upon my mind as possible. Upon almost any other question, I should have been disposed to give up as much as possible my opinion to that of ministers, who are so much better able in general to judge of all the bearings of questions, but upon this, I could not have been satisfied without judging for myself upon the principle of the measure. I have been told that with such feelings, I should do my duty better by abstaining altogether from giving a vote. This I could not consent to, as I think it right, that, having those opinions as I have, I should not shrink from the expression of them as to the principle.

In the House, 12 Mar., he vouched for the worth of a Derby petition against relief in reply to the sneers of the Whig Lord George Cavendish, who said it had been got up among 'the lower orders' by the True Blue Club. He told his father that he was 'much disposed to say a little more' if Cavendish repeated 'his violent feelings of opposition to the independent party in the county', and they clashed again on this question, 23 Mar. He presented a hostile Rye petition, 13 Mar. 1829. The issue did not permanently alienate him from the ministry. He brought up petitions for relief from agricultural distress, 10, 12 Mar. 1830, but did nothing more in the House to advance that cause. He voted against the transfer of East

Retford's seats to Birmingham, 11 Feb., and paired against the enfranchisement of Birmingham, Leeds and Manchester, 23 Feb. He voted against Jewish emancipation, 17 May, and abolition of the death penalty for forgery, 7 June. He did not seek re-election for Rye in 1830, but tried to exploit anti-Catholic feeling in an attack on the Whitmore interest at Bridgnorth. His heavy defeat was reckoned to have cost him £10,000.

He showed an interest in standing for Leicester as an anti-reformer at the 1831 election, but reluctantly acquiesced in his father's veto of such a step:

I cannot but regret the decision you came to upon this matter, but probably it was the best which could be come to. I do not feel however quite satisfied in these times of great public excitement upon a subject which, if allowed to go too far, is certain to entail dangers upon the country. I know you do not feel strongly upon this subject, and I believe your opinions are not that much is to be apprehended.

Three weeks later, when it became clear that the Grey ministry would have a massive Commons majority, he confessed to his father:

I am quite surprised to find that I was wrong in my expectations as to the result of the elections, and I have to thank you for having prevented my embarking on an election ... which would certainly have brought on very great expense and annoyance and probably disappointment ... No one can guess what will happen within the next three months. I cannot help being glad that I have not a seat in Parliament as perhaps I might lend my aid to do harm as likely as good. For I cannot but think very ill of the ministers who have led us into this state which appears to me so dangerous.

He had also indicated willingness to stand for Derbyshire 'if influential parties should wish and approve it'; and he subsequently received 'many letters' urging him to declare his intention of standing for the county at the next election, but with his father's 'approbation and advice' he declined to commit himself. To similar requests from Leicestershire he 'paid very little attention'. This all became academic for Arkwright died v.p. 'after a short illness' in late March 1832. His brothers survived to profit handsomely by their father's will on his death, worth £3,250,000, in 1843.

### **Ruined Church at Hemington**



The old Catholic church for Hemington was built there in the 14th century, with the church tower being even older, built in the 13th century. The church was abandoned by 1590. The parishioners then attended the church in Lockington. The church has no known dedication, originally being called the Hemington Oratory, and then the Hemington Chapel (to the parish church of St Nicholas at Lockington).

There was an Oratory referred to as part of Hemington Hall in 1220, but none of that original building remains, it would have been to the southwest of the current remains. The original oratory was restricted from having a bell, so the later building having a tower must mean that restriction was withdrawn by the time the tower was started. The new owner of Hemington Hall — Sir Thomas de Meynell finding the population increasing round his fostering home, and anxious to extend his own privileges to his tenants and dependants, erected a new and more commodious oratory just outside his own gate, and thinking it the solution to the whole difficulty. Some note of its erection (if not consecration of altars), were found in the Episcopal Registers of the diocese.

Mr. Wyrley, who visited Hemington about 1590, wrote: — "There is a 'fair' (that is, 'beautiful') church but the glass is all ruined, and the church is not in use to that end it was builded. We suffer proptum neglectum domus Dei." From this it would seem that the church was used for some other purpose then than a religious one, perhaps a tithe-barn or cattle shed.

The following very interesting particulars respecting the proposed interment of one of the Harpurs within the ruined church at Hemington. John Harpur, Esq., second son of Sir John Harpur, Bart., and the Honble. Katharine Lady Harpur was born in 1707, and died unmarried at his house in Paddington, London, on the 13th of August 1780, aged 73.

"I John Harpur of Paddington in the Co. of Middlesex do make this my last will and testament in manner following; first, I desire to be buried in the Church of Hemington in the County of Leicester in a decent but private manner. I give and bequeath unto the Revd: Pdre Ambrose a Capuchin fryer at Paris the sum of £20'

It was supposed that he became a Roman Catholic, which would account for his wishing to be buried in the ruined church at Hemington, where no reformed service had ever been held, and it would also probably account for the fact that none of his relations were present at the funeral.

His body was brought to Hemington in the night by an old housekeeper, a foreigner, and by his foreign valet also. It was with great difficulty they could be induced to believe it was not legal to bury him in Hemington church where the grave had already been dug, but at last they agreed to his interment at Lockington. The housekeeper was greatly distressed saying she had promised her master she would see him buried where he desired. The exact spot in Lockington Church where his body was deposited is not known.

Briggs, in his "History of Hemington," says, "A grave was dug in the church, and the coffin put into it, but the soil was never thrown in the grave for weeks," which is not correct, There is no mention of any service having been said over him. This again points to his having been a Roman Catholic, in which case the service no doubt took place before he was removed from London.

The church ruins are all that remain. The roof was intact in 1825 but gone by 1869. It is a Grade II Heritage building (listed in 1962). The tower collapsed in April 1986. The church itself is on private property but is perfectly viewable from a footpath that runs past it. The footpath runs through to Lockington village, coming out opposite the Southwest corner of St Nicholas's church there.

The Heritage England listing reads as below.

Ruins of former parish church. C14 chancel and east responds of nave arcades only; C13 tower completely collapsed April 1986. Rubble stone, with no roof. Chancel retains most of shell walls, with chamfered plinth and off-set buttresses. 2 bays of C14 2-light Decorated windows with remains of cusped tracery and double chamfered surrounds. Similar 3-light east window. Later doorway inserted in south wall. Double chamfered chancel arch on semi-octagonal piers with moulded capitals. Similar piers attached to west wall are all that remain of nave arcade.

## **Bardon**

Bardon is a civil parish and former village in North West Leicestershire about 1.5 miles (2.4 km) southeast of the centre of Coalville. The parish includes Bardon Hill, which at 912 feet (278 m) above sea level is the highest point in Leicestershire. With the population remaining less than 100, information from the 2011 census was included in the civil parish of Ellistown and Battleflat.

East of Bardon Hill is an oval moat about 12 metres (39 ft.) wide and 1.5 metres (5 ft.) deep. It encloses an area measuring about 65 metres (213 ft.) by 75 metres (246 ft.), and the island thus created is raised about 1.5 metres (5 ft.) above the level of the surrounding land. The site is a scheduled monument. This site is about 440 metres (1,440 ft.) east of Kellam's Farm and a few metres north of the main east-west asphalt driveway (carriage road) linking Copt Oak and Bardon Hall.

South of Bardon Hill is a second moat. This moat is square or rectangular. The moat island is the site of the old Bardon Hall, which was demolished in about 1840 after the current Bardon Hall was completed further up Bardon Hill. The latter is a Tudor revival house designed by the architect Robert Lugar and completed in about 1837.

Granite was being quarried from Bardon Hill by 1622. In 1832 the Leicester and Swannington Railway was opened, passing close by the then village of Bardon. A branch was built to the quarry and continues to carry granite from the quarry to this day. Bardon Hill railway station was near the parish church. The station was closed in the 20th century but the railway through it remains open for freight as part of the Leicester to Burton upon Trent Line.

In 1921 Bardon had a population of 511 and a public house called the Birch Tree. However, in the 1990s the village was demolished to allow the quarry to be expanded.

Bardon Hall is a mid-19th century Tudor revival house built in about 1830 or 1837. It was designed by the architect Robert Lugar for Robert Jacomb Hood. An earlier moated house, the Old Hall, was situated in a shallow valley in Bardon Park, south of Bardon Hill. The hall had been the property of members of the Hood family since the 1620s. The last male member of this family, William Hood, died in 1835 without issue. Hood left the estate to his cousin, Robert Jacomb, on condition that Robert assumed the surname of Hood.

The Old Hall was demolished in about 1840 for Robert Jacomb Hood, who described it in his memoirs as "too dilapidated for residence, and the situation was low, damp and unhealthy" The moat that surrounded it still remains. In 1864 the

whole estate was sold to William Percy Herrick of Beaumanor Hall. To improve access Herrick had a 2 mile (3 km) private carriage road built, leading to the Ashby de la Zouch road.

The Hall is Grade II listed, and is the head office of Aggregate Industries, the owners of Bardon Hill Quarry.

The Church of England parish church of Saint Peter was designed by the architect J.B. Everard (1844–1923) and built in 1899. St. Peter's was built in memory of two members of the Everard family who were co-owners of the quarry, and the architect also is buried in the churchyard. The church is built of granite, and its exterior masonry is not coursed but laid like crazy paving. The tower has a saddleback roof topped by a fleche. It has three bells, all cast by John Taylor & Co of Loughborough in 1899. St. Peter's parish is now part of a single benefice with Christ Church, Coalville and St. Michael and All Angels, Ravenstone. Bardon's ecclesiastical and civil parishes are not coterminous. St. Peter's church is about 330 yards (300 m) outside the civil parish, in the civil parish of Coalville.

Bardon Park Chapel is a 17th-century nonconformist chapel in the southernmost part of the parish, close to the main A511 road (formerly the A50) between M1 Junction 22 and Coalville. The chapel was built in about 1694 and altered in about 1830, 1877 and about 1900. A number of original 17th-century features survive, including the roof trusses and the wooden pulpit, which is octagonal and has fluted Doric pilasters. A wooden screen and doors date from the remodelling of about 1830. The chapel has always been galleried, but the original gallery which had wooden Doric columns was replaced in the remodelling of about 1900 with the present gallery on iron columns. The chapel is part of the United Reformed Church.

## Life's What You Make It

Excerpts from life writing.

### Azteca Departed

We are gathered here today to mourn the passing of a shining light in my life. A shining light that was with us for far too short a period of time.

Azteca, as I liked to call it, came into being in a Filipino factory a little under two years ago. A bright and vivid shade of yellow, the kind of yellow one would associate with the colour of the sun when children would draw the sun in the top corner of their pieces of paper. Upon its chest were the pictograms, black printed forms from the Aztec culture, set at jaunty angles. They made it feel like Azteca was no ordinary t-shirt, and it wasn't.

It wasn't just the bold colour and striking pattern that drew me to pick up Azteca from the racks of t-shirts and tops sat in the menswear department of C&A. It was the relative novelty back then of the hood it possessed. A hood. On a t-shirt. Who would have thought of such a thing? I had to have it. Never had a short cut through C&A to the bus stop felt so momentous.

From that moment on, we were virtually inseparable. For the next eighteen months, if Azteca was clean, it would be upon my person. And to be fair, it was on my person quite a few times when it wasn't clean either. Nights out to the pub or club, it was there with me. Days sat in lectures or tutorials at polytechnic, it was there with me. A holiday in a chalet at Chapel St. Leonards, it was there with me. Sunday afternoon football sessions, it was there with me.

The night of Karl's house party, the one where Jason punched me in the mouth because he thought I had led all the others out to catch him shagging Rachel in the stairwell, when it had been Sally all along, it was there with me. He knew it wasn't me, but he knew that I was laid back enough to let it ride without punching him back. It was still there the following afternoon when we were playing football on the rugby pitch at Soar Valley. The afternoon I went over on my ankle and properly strained it, it swelling up to have a tennis ball sized lump out the side of my ankle. Jason, now with his girlfriend Karen, tried to make amends for the night before by giving me a lift, along with Karl to the hospital so I could get the ankle x-rayed. The hospital visit I joked my way through.

Azteca took it all in its stride. And then all of a sudden Azteca was no longer with us. I went to bed at night and it was quite happily hanging on the washing line in the warm summer air, drying out after our latest escapade. And then in the morning it was gone, an empty space sat on the line where it had been, and two pegs sat in the grass wondering what the hell had happened to their charge.

Azteca had moved on, but not by choice. It turns out he was kidnapped by a desperate criminal. A man being chased by the police had run down one of the open entries between the terraced houses on our street, and had been running through the gardens, hopping over the walls between gardens trying to get away. He had taken Azteca as a disguise, something to change his appearance before continuing up through the gardens, probably as far as number 57 at which point there was no way through, and it forces anyone back out to the street.

I have asked myself the question, was there anything I could have done to save Azteca, but in reality, I know the answer to that is no. The hood, the very thing that attracted me to it in the first place, must have called out to the criminal as a

way to hide his face as he strolled out of another entry somewhere up the street. Not even the bright yellow colour of Azteca attracted the police's attention, and Azteca was gone forever.

Taken from me in the prime of its life. Subjected to being discarded by an unfeeling cad when it was no longer of use to them. I went back to C&A to see if any of Azteca's brothers were there, but they were all long gone. It was a knee jerk reaction and I realise that it would have been cheapening Azteca's memory if I had found a related replacement.

Instead I stand here and pay tribute to the best friend a boy could have. Thanks for the memories Azteca, it was great knowing you.

## Top Tens

### Random Top Ten

The ten largest countries starting with the letter M.

| Pos | Country    | Size (km2) |
|-----|------------|------------|
| 1   | Mexico     | 1,964,375  |
| 2   | Mongolia   | 1,564,116  |
| 3   | Mali       | 1,240,192  |
| 4   | Mauritania | 1,030,700  |
| 5   | Mozambique | 799,380    |
| 6   | Myanmar    | 676,578    |
| 7   | Madagascar | 587,040    |
| 8   | Morocco    | 446,550    |
| 9   | Malaysia   | 329,847    |
| 10  | Malawi     | 118,484    |

### Chart

The top ten in the UK singles chart on this day in 1990

| Position | Last Week's Position | Title                             | Artist                          | Label          | Peak Position | Weeks on Chart |
|----------|----------------------|-----------------------------------|---------------------------------|----------------|---------------|----------------|
| 1        | 3                    | NOTHING COMPARES 2 U              | SINEAD O'CONNOR                 | ENSIGN         | 1             | 3              |
| 2        | 1                    | TEARS ON MY PILLOW                | KYLIE MINOGUE                   | PWL            | 1             | 3              |
| 3        | New                  | GET UP (BEFORE THE NIGHT IS OVER) | TECHNOTRONIC FEATURING YA KID K | SWANYARD       | 3             | 1              |
| 4        | 5                    | GOT TO HAVE YOUR LOVE             | MANTRONIX FEATURING WONDRESS    | CAPITOL        | 4             | 5              |
| 5        | 4                    | TOUCH ME                          | 49ERS                           | 4TH & BROADWAY | 3             | 8              |
| 6        | 6                    | COULD HAVE TOLD YOU SO            | HALO JAMES                      | EPIC           | 6             | 7              |
| 7        | 2                    | HANGIN' TOUGH {1990}              | NEW KIDS ON THE BLOCK           | CBS            | 1             | 5              |
| 8        | 7                    | YOU MAKE ME FEEL (MIGHTY REAL)    | JIMMY SOMERVILLE                | LONDON         | 5             | 4              |
| 9        | 32                   | HAPPENIN' ALL OVER AGAIN          | LONNIE GORDON                   | SUPREME        | 9             | 2              |
| 10       | 26                   | I WISH IT WOULD RAIN DOWN         | PHIL COLLINS                    | VIRGIN         | 10            | 2              |



## Poetry Corner

### Just Let Me Sleep

Can it be stopped? Will it turn off?  
Perhaps come to a halt, wind down.  
How to dampen it? Make it slow.  
Need a control rod for the brain.

Stop the neurons firing away  
Prevent the memories forming  
The still pictures stored in the mind  
Those miserable regrets surface

Never the many good times had  
Not the happy always the sad  
Dredging up the times I was bad  
Hiding all the times I was glad

Why won't it let me be asleep  
Needling my psyche with nails  
Preventing what comes naturally  
Instead I toss and turn and fret

Pillows flatten with my head's weight  
The mattress creaks and its springs moan  
The duvet presses down on me  
Outside the night seems bright as day

A clock ticks loudly somewhere close  
I'm resigned to insomnia  
Forever awake brain buzzing  
Until the alarm starts again

## Thirty-Three And One Third Revolutions Per Minute

### **Matt Bianco - Whose Side Are You On?**

Whose Side Are You On? was the debut album by British band Matt Bianco, released on the 10 August 1984 on the WEA label on catalogue number 240472-4. For this album, Matt Bianco was a trio of Basia Trzetrzelewska (vocals), Mark Reilly (vocals), and Danny White (keyboards) and the band had been formed mainly from ex-members of the band Blue Rondo A La Turk. The album contains the band's first five UK Singles Chart hits, including "Get Out of Your Lazy Bed", "Sneaking Out the Back Door", "Matt's Mood", "Half a Minute" and "More Than I Can Bear". All are sung by Trzetrzelewska and Reilly, except "Matt's Mood" which is an instrumental.

The initial single was included on Now That's What I Call Music II, and was one of my favourites from that album. They were funny and quirky, and although I didn't listen to a lot of their other tracks at the time, I did buy this album a few years later and really enjoyed the mix of jazz, pop, and soul that was on this (and subsequent albums). I hadn't listened to it for years, and it was one of the albums I sold when I downsized my collection a few years ago, making the assumption I'd converted it to mp3. Only to find I hadn't. So, I bought the new deluxe version cheap on Amazon and was pleasantly surprised by just how well I knew most of the tracks on the album, and how good it was. Which has also encouraged me to go and get some more of their back catalogue.

The album didn't chart very highly in the UK charts, only reaching number 35, but it did stay around for nine months, racking up 39 weeks on the chart, and got gold certification.

The original vinyl record featured 10 tracks. The cassette edition had 12 tracks, adding two bonus tracks: the 12" version of "Big Rosie" (B-side of the band's debut 12" "Get Out of Your Lazy Bed"), and "The Other Side", the instrumental B-side of the 7" single "Whose Side Are You On?". Additionally, the versions of "More Than I Can Bear", "Half a Minute", "Matt's Mood", "Get Out of Your Lazy Bed" and "Sneaking Out the Back Door" on the cassette are different from the versions heard on the vinyl/CD edition. The CD edition was released slightly later, and was one of the earliest pop music compact discs to be released in the music industry. A repackaged deluxe two CD version was released in the 2010s with additional versions, B-sides.

## Track listing

All tracks written by Reilly/White except "Whose Side Are You On?" by Reilly/White/Ross, and "Half a Minute" by Reilly/White/Poncioni.

### Side 1

1 - "Whose Side Are You On?" (Extended Version) – 4:32. Third single from the album, released on 13th July 1984. It reached number 83 on the UK singles chart (outside the top 75 and so no official weeks on chart but it did spend five weeks in the top 100). It was a bigger hit in Australia where it got to number 57. The B-side was "The Other Side". Has been covered twice.

2 - "More Than I Can Bear" – 4:15. Fifth single from the album, released on 2nd March 1985. It reached number 50 on the UK singles chart and was in the chart for 7 weeks. Has been covered three times. Remix was featured as the B-Side to their 1988 single "Say It's Not Too Late".

3 - "No No Never" – 3:43

4 - "Half a Minute" – 3:49. Fourth single from the album, released on 10th November 1984. It reached number 23 on the UK singles chart and was in the chart for 11 weeks. The B-side was album track "Matt's Mood II". Remix version contained a sample of Chic's "Sao Paulo" and has been covered twice.

5 - "Matt's Mood" – 5:19. Second single from the album, a double A side with "Sneaking Out the Back Door" (although this track was only credited from the 5th may), released on 14th April 1984. It reached number 44 on the UK singles chart and was in the chart for 7 weeks. A remix version was the B-side of the single release of "More Than I Can Bear". Was covered in the brilliant electro track of the same name by The Breekout Krew.

### Side 2

1 - "Get Out of Your Lazy Bed" – (Single Version) 3:28. First single from the album, released on 11th February 1984. It reached number 15 on the UK singles chart and was in the chart for 9 weeks. B-side was "Big Rosie" which featured on the cassette version of the album and on the deluxe reissue. Has been covered twice. Live version featured as the B-side to their 1986 single release "Undercover".

2 - "It's Getting Late" – 3:20

3 - "Sneaking Out the Back Door" – 3:46. Second single from the album, a double A side with "Matt's Mood", released on 14th April 1984. It reached number 44 on the UK singles chart and was in the chart for 7 weeks. Sampled in DJ Ross' "Smile".

4 - "Riding with the Wind" – 3:22

5 - "Matt's Mood II" – 5:15. B-side of single release "Half A Minute".

## Personnel

### Band

Mark Reilly – vocals and production

Basia Trzetrzelewska – vocals and arrangement of vocal harmonies

Danny White – keyboards and production

### Production

Peter Collins for Loose End Productions – production on "Big Rosie"

Phil Harding – sound engineer on all tracks except "Matt's Mood", "Get Out of Your Lazy Bed" and "Sneaking Out the Back Door", and mixing on all tracks except "Matt's Mood"

John Buckley – sound engineer on "Matt's Mood", "Get Out of Your Lazy Bed" and "Sneaking Out the Back Door", mixing on "Matt's Mood"

### Musicians

Robin Jones – percussion on all tracks except "Get Out of Your Lazy Bed" and "Sneaking Out the Back Door"

Ronnie Ross – baritone sax on "No No Never", "Half a Minute", "Matt's Mood", "Get Out of Your Lazy Bed", "Matt's Mood II" and "The Other Side"

Peter White – acoustic guitar on "Half a Minute"

Charles Morgan – drums on "Whose Side Are You On?" (title track)

Guy Barker – flugelhorn on "More Than I Can Bear"

Chris Dean – trombone on "It's Getting Late"

Luke Tanny – trumpet on "Sneaking Out the Back Door"

Peter Ross – drums and percussion on "Big Rosie", "Get Out of Your Lazy Bed" and "Sneaking Out the Back Door"

Ray Warleigh – flute on "Big Rosie"

Kito Poncioni – music on "Big Rosie"

### Staff

Jallé Bakke – hair and make up

Monica Curtin – photography

Simon Pickford – graphics

Trina Baer – clothes

Peter White, Brian Carr, Richard Evans, Oliver "The Lizard" Smallman, and WEA – special thanks and collaboration

Matt Music Ltd – publishers

Matt Music Ltd/Rondor Music (London Ltd) – publishers for "Whose Side Are You On?" (title track)

## Charts

Chart - Peak position

Australia - 38  
Austrian Albums - 1  
Dutch Albums - 7  
German Albums - 3  
Italian Albums Chart - 16  
New Zealand Albums - 33  
Norwegian Albums - 10  
Swedish Albums - 39  
Swiss Albums - 12  
UK Albums - 35

### **Certifications**

Region - Certification - Certified units/sales  
United Kingdom - Gold - 100,000

## **Story Time**

### **The Leaflet**

I was shocked when the young girl put the leaflet in my hand. Not by the content of what was in the leaflet – that would come later. Nor was it the fact that I was handed paper, such a rare commodity in these bedevilled days of the twenty-fifth century. What did shock me was that the leaflet was printed. Whoever had made the leaflet had printed text out on to the paper. I hadn't seen properly printed materials since the long distant days of my childhood.

It was significant well beyond whatever might have been printed on the leaflet. It meant that someone, somewhere in the mass of crumbling buildings and badly built shacks that used to be the city had electricity. And, not only did they have electricity, they had enough to run something as extravagant as a computer and printer. To print off leaflets with ink long thought to be gone from the planet, that a young girl was just giving away in the street.

I wandered for miles with that leaflet in my hand, way off course from where I had intended to be going that morning. I didn't look at it, I just had thoughts running through my head. The hand-written poster that appeared at the government information boards years ago had said that there was no electricity, and no hope of there ever being the technology to generate it again. And yet there obviously was. Someone had managed to figure out how to bring back what the planet had sorely missed for the last couple of centuries.

I stopped walking and found a pile of rubble to rest on. I sat and looked at the leaflet in more detail. What I read was a shock to the system, another one, warm, if not hot on the heels of the original one when I was given the leaflet. In my amazement of there being printed words on the page I hadn't even noticed that my name was on the first line of the text.

### ***Dear Theophilus Pine***

After re-reading the line several times I sat there mentally kicking myself. For being stupid enough not to have looked properly when it was thrust into my hand. I had so many questions. If I had stopped and read it immediately, I could have asked the girl, or even followed her to see where the leaflet had come from. Instead I would need to search the streets around where I had been handed the leaflet, look for the girl, find out who had printed it, how they knew my name, and why. Part of me wanted to jump up and run back to that place, to chase down the girl, but the sensible part of me, and my old weary body thought about what were the chances she would still be there all these hours later?

Instead I carried on reading the leaflet. It turned out to be an invitation. An opening they called it. An opportunity for me. A chance to meet with other specially selected citizens. Those that had been noted. Those who had asked questions. Those who has spoken out against what the printers of the leaflet called the untruths and inadequacies of the governing body of Earth.

I did balk at this a bit. I couldn't remember a time where I had been outspoken or questioning. I certainly wasn't what anyone might call a firebrand. I didn't have a lot of friends, most had died off over the years. I wasn't one for speaking to my work colleagues, not that it was easy to anyway. The dust masks, ear plugs and goggles required to strip abandoned buildings for metals made conversation difficult. Had my mouth run away with after too many jugs of grog at what passed for a bar near my shack?

The writers of the leaflet knew I was a man of letters – as they put it – and that they were always on the lookout for a citizen who had books, especially one who had as many as I did in these media less times.

This worried me as well. My books weren't on open display in my shack. I hid them away in boxes buried beneath the floorboards, sneaking one out to read by the single candle per day we were allowed. Had someone been peering through

my windows as I searched for a book to read under the floor? Or had they been in my shack whilst I was at work and searched every miserable inch of it.

A location was mentioned at the bottom of the leaflet. An abandoned hall of a kingdom. A building that looked like a barn, made of dark, dirty wood. I knew the place. I had been there to strip metal; it had been a disappointing haul for a building so big. It was a strange place with slogans adorning the walls, or in some place on the floor where they had fallen from the walls. I supposed it seemed an appropriate place as they had a store room full of moulding leaflets that the rats had been poisoning themselves on for decades.

There was to be a meeting in the building. The start time on the leaflet was another surprise, the meeting was planned to start upon the sounding of the night curfew klaxon, meaning those at the meeting would be there all night, unable to go back home until the all clear morning klaxon had been sounded. The date said the 42nd of Venus on the new calendar, it was less of a surprise they had also printed the date in the old calendar of March 27th. I had difficulty trying to remember the current date, the days all merged into one, there was little to differentiate them from each other. If I was correct the meeting was two days away.

The sun was descending over the wreckage of the west of the city already. Had the leaflet really wasted that much of my day. Work had gone right out of my mind. I guess I wasn't getting paid today. It would be bread only again, no fat or protein sticks to go with it. I'd have to look out for some random plants to put with the bread on my way back home.

Another idea that didn't come to fruition. I was distracted by the details of the leaflet. Random thoughts disturbing my mind. And instead of plants I was looking around at the people I passed, looking to see if they carried leaflets as I did, or wondering who had had one handed to them. Part of me was also looking out for the girl, despite me knowing deep down that she was probably long gone.

I entered my shack and looked around it suspiciously. Looking for any sign that someone had been in here whilst I wasn't there. For a tell-tale mark, or a footprint, or even a sense that something was out of place. But there was nothing I could see. I was too distracted to read. I sat in the candlelight, toasting parts of the bread in its flickering flame; enjoying that burnt bread smell in my nostrils, and I tried not to think.

But I couldn't turn my mind off. I hardly slept that night or the next, and my efforts at work were quite frankly pathetic. All I could think about was the meeting. Although I still could recall a time when I had spoken out, it was true what the leaflet had said. I held the sentiments expressed within it. I despised the governing body of Earth; their countless edicts, the total lack of a plan for getting the electricity back. How they had lost the ability to do everything. All they did was collect metal and say we would be in a better situation next year. I had been hearing that same speech for nigh on sixty years and didn't believe a word of it. I was looking forward to being part of something that might be able to make a positive change. Of being considered valuable enough to be included in making a difference.

And so, I was at the hall of the kingdom early. I wasn't alone. By the time the curfew klaxon sounded, and they closed the doors, the large room was crammed full of people. Shoulder to shoulder and nose to nose. Hundreds of us in that one large room. Hundreds of others who had been given the same or very similar leaflet to the one I had received. A gathering of like minds, people who could be useful once again.

There was an air of excitement within the building as the klaxon went off and the doors closed. A rumble of quiet conversation. Introductions being made, potential friendships struck up. But no one appeared at the small plinth in the corner of the room to speak. The longer no one did, the quieter the room got, it felt stifling in there with the bodies all pressed together, and slowly the atmosphere changed to one of nervousness. Those in the room were unsure of what to do without someone to address them and focus their energies.

Then there was the first panicked cry from the side of the hall. The wall was on fire. Only it turned out not to be just that wall. Little fires and sources of heat were eating at the wooden walls all around the hall. People tried to rush back out of the doors they had so eagerly walked in not so long ago. But the doors wouldn't open, they had been blocked from outside.

A few drips of liquid came down from the roof onto the crowd below, and a little cheer went up, a cry of "someone's trying to put the fire out" rang through the room. A drop fell on my hand and as I brought it up to my face it didn't feel or smell like water. I had smelt this liquid when I was a child, though it took me a few moments to recollect its name and use. It wasn't water, but petrol. Where anyone had gotten that was another mystery.

But it all came together in a metaphorical flash to match the very real flash of fire that sped through the hall. The governing body must have had the electricity and ink to print the leaflets to get us all here. It wasn't a stretch of the imagination to see their agents locking the doors behind us. If they had electricity and ink, then they would surely have petrol too. They were using it to fuel the fire they had created to burn all of us down. To cleanse this city of its dissenters in one fell swoop.

The smoke and heat made breathing impossible, and yet the smell of burning flesh was all encompassing. The roar of the flames vied with the screams of those being burnt alive, all of it overwhelming my senses and forcing me into an unconsciousness that would be a relief from the savage pain this brutal death would bring.

How had I been so blind? It has so obviously been a trap from the outset, and as I slipped away, I cursed the evils of the governing body, and I cursed my own stupidity.

## **World's Greatest Cathedrals Top Trumps**

| <b><u>Cathedral of Brasilia</u></b> |   |
|-------------------------------------|---|
| City / Country                      | Brasilia, Brazil  |
| Height                              | 40 Meters   |
| Commenced Building                  | 1958  |
| Character                           | 14  |
| Global Fame                         | 73  |
| Top Trumps Rating                   | 56  |
| Details                             | The Brazilian city of Brasilia was conceived in the 1950s as a futuristic city and the Cathedral of Brasilia was the first monument to be erected. Originally conceived as a state church for all faiths, the cathedral is entered via a dark tunnel, which terminates in a bright, glass roofed space supported by curving concrete pillars. |

## **Chapter and Verse**

A chapter from one of my completed books, works in progress, or novella length short stories.

### **Where The Lights Shine Brightest – Chapter 1**

He was having that recurring dream for what felt like the thousandth time, as was the case every other time; he was strapped to a white padded table, with bright white light flooding the room he was in.

There were others in the room with him; they were similarly strapped to tables to his right-hand side, as far as he could tell there were at least another five people he could see. He couldn't be sure how many there were, or how far away they were, the brightness of the light in the room made the judgement of size and shape of the room virtually impossible, and although he could guess that they were on tables the same as the one he was on, he couldn't actually make out the tables, it looked like the other people in the room were hovering in the air.

There was nothing that he could make out to his left-hand side except bright whiteness. There didn't appear to be any single source for the light, it just seemed to explode out of every surface. It was painfully bright, meaning he spent most of the time with his eyes tightly shut, trying to keep the light out of his head. Stopping the brightness invading his brain like millions of tiny daggers, stabbing persistently away into his consciousness.

He briefly opened his eyes and one of his masked captors was stood over him, looking intently at him, seemingly impervious to the bright light that had been driving him insane. It was a man as far as he could tell, stood there in a white lab coat, and a white surgical mask, and what appeared to be a little white skull cap, much like the one that the pope would wear when in full dress robes.

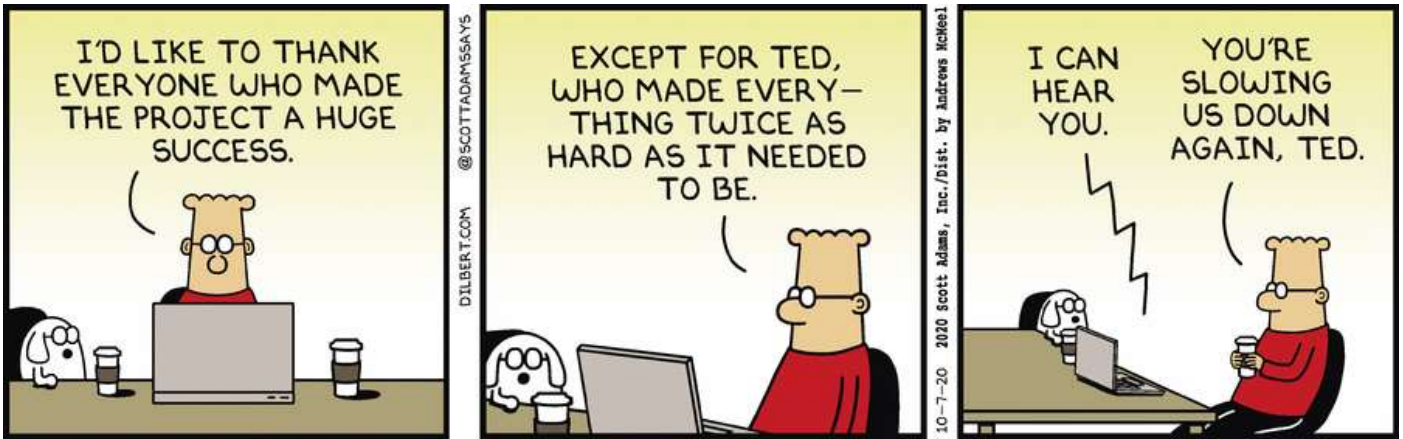
The man had a large needle in his hand, from which he took the protective cap, and pressed gently on the plunger until a little liquid dribbled out of the end of the needle. Then without warning or ceremony, the needle was plunged deep into his upper thigh.

As normal at this point in the dream he woke up, resisting the temptation to open his eyes, always suspicious that when he did, he would find that the room he was in would be bathed in that bright unforgiving light, and he would be living that dream again.

He hadn't had the dream for a few weeks now; it had come to him less and less often nowadays, not like the times when it had been an almost nightly experience. Considering the amount he had had to drink the night before, he was surprised that he had been dreaming at all, let alone this particular one.

The dream always seemed so real, but his memories played tricks on him when he thought about it. Part of him told him that it was something that had happened to him a number of years before, and he seemed really sure that it had, yet another part of his psyche was telling him that the repeated dreams were making him think that he was remembering a real event.

## Dilbert



## Medium

Some of my blog posts were 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>. A lot has gone onto this site recently, and it would be good if you are on there looking at my work if you could register and become a standard member – it's free for the basic member level, but it allows you to follow me on that site and allows for claps and comments to be made on pieces. Anything to help with profile raising is much appreciated.

UPDATE, I've now become eligible to earn on Medium as I have over 100 followers, and so recent posts are on what they call the metered site, so full members of Medium who read or like my posts generate me money, which is good. It also means I become part of their referral scheme. So, if you are not a member, and are considering [subscribing to Medium](#) if you do so through that link then you will be supporting my writing and you may also discover lots of other great writers, posts, and articles, including those I have already published [here](#).

## 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.

There are various short story competition entries on my Reedsy prompts page at <https://blog.reedsy.com/creative-writing-prompts/author/kev-neylon/>

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/>

And also, now on LinkedIn at <https://www.linkedin.com/in/onetruekev/>

Speak to me about getting a pen, there are a few colours left (not many at the moment).

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

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