

Flanagan's Running Club – Issue 58

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 – 23rd April

1016 – Edmund Ironside succeeds his father Æthelred the Unready as King of England.

1985 – Coca-Cola changes its formula and releases New Coke. The response is overwhelmingly negative, and the original formula is back on the market in less than three months.

2005 – The first YouTube video, titled "Me at the zoo", was published by co-founder Jawed Karim.

World Book Day

St George's Day

UN English Language Day

UN Spanish Language Day

A Grim Almanac of Sussex

1810 – 'On Monday, the Easter Holiday folks, in all the brilliance of Sunday finery, assembled in great numbers at the Bear public house, about a mile north of the town (of Lewes), on the grounds contiguous to which they were subsequently entertained with the polished diversion of cock fighting, and the baiting of a badger.' Unsurprisingly the Sussex Advertiser finds nothing unsporting or cruel in these events.

Births

1858 – Max Planck

1928 – Shirley Temple

1995 – Gigi Hadid

Deaths

1616 – William Shakespeare

1850 – William Wordsworth

1915 – Rupert Brooke

1986 – Jim Laker

Number 1's

Number 1 single in 1960 - Lonnie Donegan - My Old Man's A Dustman (Ballad Of A Refuse Disposal Officer)

Number 1 album in 2011 - Foo Fighters - Wasting Light

Number 1 compilation album in 1995 - Various - Now 30

#vss365

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

She was still coming to terms with the silence when the radio burst into life. She ran to it and tried the other stations.

Each time she found a new station the same song started playing. All the stations had one song, David Bowie's Space #Oddity on a never-ending loop.

#vss365

Joke

This is a story about a couple who had been happily married for years. The only friction in their marriage was the husband's habit of farting loudly every morning when he awoke. The noise would wake his wife and the smell would

make her eyes water and make her gasp for air. Every morning she would plead with him to stop ripping them off because it was making her sick. He told her he couldn't stop it and that it was perfectly natural. She told him to see a doctor; she was concerned that one day he would blow his guts out. The years went by and he continued to rip them out! Then one Thanksgiving morning as she was preparing the turkey for dinner and he was upstairs, sound asleep, she looked at the bowl where she had put the turkey innards and neck, gizzard, liver and all the spare parts and a malicious thought came to her. She took the bowl and went upstairs where her husband was sound asleep and, gently pulling back the bed covers, she pulled back the elastic waistband of his underpants and emptied the bowl of turkey guts into his shorts. Sometime later she heard her husband wake with his usual trumpeting which was followed by a blood curdling scream and the sound of frantic footsteps as he ran into the bathroom. The wife could hardly control herself as she rolled on the floor laughing, tears in her eyes! After years of torture she reckoned she had got him back pretty good. About twenty minutes later, her husband came downstairs in his bloodstained underpants with a look of horror on his face. She bit her lip as she asked him what was the matter. He said, "Honey, you were right. All these years you have warned me, and I didn't listen to you." "What do you mean " asked his wife "Well, you always told me that one day I would end up farting my guts out, and today it finally happened. But by the grace of God, some Vaseline, and these two fingers, I think I got most of them back in."

Drabble

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

The Substitute

I sat on the substitutes' bench, more nervous than I'd ever been in my long and successful life. Time was ticking down, both in the game and on my life.

I was told to warm up, not easy for an overweight septuagenarian, and then the board went up in the 89th minute and I was going to make my Premier League debut. I had dreamt of this moment since I was a child, but never thought it could happen.

Then I had a lot of good fortune and I made it happen. It's helps of course, to own the club.

Random Items

Facts

The very first bomb dropped by the Allies on Berlin during World War II killed the only elephant in the Berlin Zoo.

The housefly hums in the middle octave, key of F.

Ivory bar soap floating was a mistake. They had been overmixing the soap formula causing excess air bubbles that made it float. Customers wrote and told how much they loved that it floated, and it has floated ever since.

Thoughts

Why do we leave cars worth thousands of pounds in the driveway and put our useless junk in the garage?

Where does the weekend go?

Time may be a great healer, but don't forget it's also a lousy beautician.

A Word A Day

Abstemious

Adjective

The words abstemious and abstain are often thought to be synonymous but in fact derive from different Latin roots. To be abstemious is to deny oneself the joys of intoxicating drinks, as the Latin root noun temetum basically means booze. The Middle English / Anglo-French word abstinere, however, means 'to hold back from or refrain'. One can abstain from anything but only an abstemious person refuses to drink.

Many people like to play at being abstemious, especially in January after weeks of self-indulgence.

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.

Gone To Seed

It should have been an easy enough task for him she thought. Walk up to the end of the cul-de-sac, cross over the not very busy road, and go into the corner shop, pick up the newspaper and do the reverse journey. Even if he stopped for a chat with neighbours he should have been back within an hour. No one takes an hour to get the paper.

After two hours she began to worry. It wasn't a busy road, but what if something had happened, some idiot speeding along not paying attention. Would she have heard the sirens if there had been an accident?

She put her shoes on and struggled into her coat and shuffled up the cul-de-sac. The road at the top was as quiet as it ever was as she crossed over. She popped her head in the door of the corner shop,

"Hello Mrs Jones, have you seen my Billy today? He was coming up to get the paper, but he seems to have gone AWOL."

Mrs Jones shook her head,

"Sorry Irene love, I've not seen Billy today at all."

Irene turned and let the shop door close behind her, standing on the step confused. She looked up and down the road, leaned around the corner to see up the footpath to the railway, but she couldn't see Billy anywhere. What was she looking for? What had he been wearing when he went out? She couldn't remember. She hadn't seen him go out as she'd been in the back garden sorting out the new flower beds at the time.

She walked back down her cul-de-sac, stopping to knock on the doors of a few neighbours to ask if they had seen her husband today. The answers were all negative; no one had seen him. Some of those she had asked said they hadn't seen him for a few days.

Irene called the police that afternoon to report Billy missing. She'd been told she would have to wait until twenty-four hours had gone by before she could file a missing person's report. So, she rang her children instead to ask if they had seen their dad. Unlikely of course as they now lived hundreds of miles away. Both of them had assured her there was nothing to worry about, he'd probably got distracted by a friend and gone to the pub and he'd be back later, worse for wear, wondering what all the fuss was about and everything would be back to normal.

Only it wasn't, he didn't come back, worse for wear or not.

That was four weeks ago. Irene had filed the missing person's report the next day. The police had initiated a search. A piece went in the local paper. It even made it onto the local TV news bulletin one Thursday tea time. Her daughter Molly had put out a plea on Facebook, and yet despite all of the coverage, no one had reported seeing Billy since he had gone to get the paper. The police had combed CCTV from local cameras. The one on the corner shop hadn't shown anything, even though it caught most of the cul-de-sac. There was nothing at the train or bus stations. Nothing on any feeds from local buses or trains. Nothing in the local pubs or shops. It was as if Billy had disappeared off the face of the Earth.

In fact, the last time any CCTV had caught Billy, it had been two days before he disappeared. He was outside the corner shop, arguing with Irene. Irene couldn't even remember what the argument was about when the police asked her.

Her son Malcolm had come to be with her for support. It was his innocent question about the new flower beds in the garden that had given the Community Support Officer pause for thought. Especially when she saw how white Irene had gone when Malcolm had asked.

The neighbours were out in force on their doorsteps when the police took Irene away in a car that afternoon.

It was a shock when Billy had been found. He had been pushing up the daisies.

Leicestershire

Grace Dieu Priory

The Grace Dieu Priory was an independent Augustinian priory near Thringstone in Leicestershire, England. It was founded around 1235-1241 by Roesia de Verdon and dissolved in October 1538. It was dedicated to the Holy Trinity and St Mary.

The priory was founded c. 1239 by Rhosese (or Roesia) de Verdon. The priory was endowed with the manors of Belton, Leicestershire and "Kirkby in Kesteven" (Kirkby la Thorpe), Lincolnshire; as well as the advowson of Belton Church. The priory was unusual in being independent of outside control. The nuns called themselves "the White Nuns of St. Augustine", and there is thought to be no other houses of their order in the country.

The priory was fairly large, having in 1337 sixteen nuns. It also had an attached hospital which cared for twelve poor people. The priory did, however, have some unusual practices: for example, the nuns were forbidden to ever leave the priory's precincts.

The priory escaped the first wave of dissolution of the smaller monasteries, but was finally dissolved in 1538.

Following the Dissolution, the site was granted to Sir Humphrey Foster who sold it to John Beaumont in 1539. He converted the priory buildings into a residence which remained within his family until 1684, when it was bought by Sir Ambrose Phillips, a wealthy lawyer, who also built nearby Garendon Hall. Sir Ambrose had most of the buildings pulled down, and by 1730 the remaining buildings were ruinous, with only two sections still roofed.

The priory passed through the Phillips and March families until 1833 when Charles March Philips gave the priory to his son Ambrose Lisle March Phillips, who assumed the surname "De Lisle". Ambrose constructed a new house in the Tudor-gothic style, known as Grace Dieu Manor, 300 yards (270 m) south of the priory ruins. The March Phillips de Lisle family owned the house until 1933, although their main residence was at the Hall, they built at the former Garendon Abbey.

Following the death of two of its heads in quick succession, the family needed to tighten its belt and so in 1885 moved out of Garendon and into Grace Dieu Manor. A return to fortune allowed the family to return to Garendon once more in 1907, however. Finally, in 1964 Garendon Hall was demolished and the family returned to Grace Dieu for a final time, selling the house within a decade. Grace Dieu Manor then became a Catholic school. In 1972 the family moved to Quenby Hall, but following the collapse of the family cheese making business, the family has been forced to offer the Hall for sale (it has been for sale since 2012).

The priory buildings still exist as ruins. A conservation project on the remains was completed in 2005. It is managed by the Friends of Grace Dieu Priory, who work together with the Grace Dieu Priory Trust and the Grace Dieu Estate to ensure it stays open to members of the public.

The priory is reputed to be the site of frequent paranormal phenomena, sometimes attributed to the priory's proximity to the Thringstone Fault, several ley lines and some possible Pagan significance attached to the site. The ruins are home to the mythical ghost the White Lady. A comprehensive record of sightings, dating back as far as 1926, has been compiled by Stephen Neale Badcock, with all accounts backed up by information sources. Many of the sightings share a remarkable uniformity in terms of description and specific location, tending to refer to white or grey apparitions, robed, with no hands or feet, hovering or gliding above ground level and appearing on the opposite side of the road to the priory, in the vicinity of an old bus shelter.

Paul Devereux refers to the Grace Dieu phenomenon in his 1982 book, "Earth Lights: Towards and Explanation of the UFO Enigma", and sets out his theory that such manifestations are a rare but naturally occurring phenomenon, wrought by unusual electromagnetic fields associated with fault areas which interfere with the normal cycles of the atmosphere. Expanding on this, Neale Badcock's research has shown that the site of Grace Dieu priory is located directly above the Thringstone Fault, as shown by a geological map produced by the Leicester Literary and Philosophical Society in 1965. The site is also located close to a standing stone, in a field to the west of the priory, examples of which are often found close to geological faults.

The presence of this stone suggests that the area may have been regarded as a sacred site in ancient times, Mesolithic flint scrapers having been found around the base of the stone. As such, it has been suggested that the site's prehistoric religious significance may have influenced the choice of location for the mediaeval monastic foundation.

However, whilst this may have been the case for many Christian foundations during the Saxon period (the nearby parish church at Whitwick for example would almost certainly date back to a Saxon origin, intentionally sited in a sacred place, above a natural spring) it is probable that the link between the much later foundation of Grace Dieu Priory and a site of possible pagan significance occurs more by co-incidence. Hillier and Ryder offer a more prosaic explanation for the location of the nunnery, suggesting that the chief influence would have been its proximity to a fresh water source.

St Peter's, Redmile

St Peter's Church dates from the thirteenth century: the earliest references are to an earlier building, to whose parish the prior of Belvoir Priory was patron in 1155 and whose first rector was installed in 1220. The parish is now served by the Vale of Belvoir Team. The present Church building dates mainly from the fourteenth century, with additions and restorations in the fifteenth century and in 1840 and 1857. Three late seventeenth century gravestones in the churchyard, also listed, exemplify a local type known as "Belvoir Angels", made of Swithland slate. One is dated 1690, making it the oldest such stone in the Vale. The south aisle roof was re-covered in felt during the 1980s but, by 2011, it had failed. A National Lottery Heritage Fund grant was awarded in December 2011 for urgent works. These were completed in summer 2013 but there are significant full height movement cracks at the west end of the north nave and south clerestory wall. It is the recipient of an Historic England Covid-19 Emergency Heritage at Risk Response Fund award to investigate movement.

It is Grade II* listed, with a listing date of 1.1.68, the listing is as below.

Parish church. Nave and south aisle c. 1300, C14 west tower and chancel. Some remodelling C15. Ironstone with limestone dressings. Lead roofs to nave and aisle, slate to chancel and north transept. 3 stage tower with blocked round-arched west doorway below 3-light C19 Perpendicular window. Slit lights to ringing chamber and 2-light belfry windows. Diagonal buttresses rise to crenelated parapet, above which is octagonal crocketed spire. One tier gabled lucarnes with 2-light tracery. Gabled south porch and 2-light south aisle windows. Large brick buttresses to north side of nave. No nave windows below clerestory on this side. 3 C15 2-light clerestory windows beneath triangular heads. 2 2-light south chancel windows of trefoil pattern, doubtless C19. 3-light chancel east window and 2-light chancel north window. West of this a gabled C19 brick vestry. Interior. 4 bay arcade on alternately circular and octagonal piers. Double chamfered arches. Tall tower arch with circular responds with polygonal bases and capitals. 5 bay C15 nave roof of canted tie beams with arched braces dropping to wall posts on corbels. Ridge piece and one pair butt purlins. Ties remain to aisle roof, otherwise this roof of 1980s. C15 octagonal font with petal and tracery patterns to stem and bowl. C19 chancel roof of ties, collars, 2 tiers butt purlins and curved wind bracing. 5 late C15 benches remain in chancel with poppy heads.

The octagonal crocketed spire tops the square tower and is constructed of a dressed grey stone, the tower being of local ironstone. John Outram (age 22), the vicar's son and a sailor, no doubt found the crockets useful when, in 1887, on the occasion of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, he climbed the spire and tied a hanky around the stem of the cockerel (and came down safely!). The cockerel, 150 feet above the ground, is a reminder that St. Peter denied Christ before the cock crowed. Cockerels were often used as weathervanes due to a belief that the creature was feared by the Devil, and were placed at the highest point of a sacred building. Around the tower there are several gargoyles or water spouts, a decorative device to send rainwater clear of the building.

The three bells; Treble - 1613, approx. 6cwts, inscribed "God save his church 1613": Second - 1841, approx. 7.5cwts., inscribed "O LORD SAVE THY PEOPLE MDCCCXLI": Tenor - 1770, approx. 10cwts, inscribed "Robert Hand Churchwarden Tho.Hedderley founder 1770". Thomas Hedderley, bell founder of Nottingham also worked at Wymeswold in 1742, Hucknall (Notts) 1749, Ashford in the Water (Derbyshire) Shelford (Nottinghamshire) 1754 and East Norton 1779. The wooden frame is thought to date from the 17th century with evidence of an earlier frame. This equates with the comment in North re two bells and a Sanctus bell being in the tower in the 6th year of Edward VI's reign, i.e. 1553. When the bells are rung together it is called 'firing the bells'. They were rung in times of disaster but were not rung at all for 5 years during the 2nd World War as arrangements were made to ring bells only if the enemy actually landed in England. The bells are now unringable but, were chimed for services within living memory.

The clock in the tower was placed there by public subscription on the occasion of the coronation of Edward VII but delay in accumulating the £65 needed, meant it was finally installed in 1907. It was supplied and is marked 'G&F Cope (W. Cope) makers of Nottingham, 1907'. Inscribed on the count wheel are the names: Rev.F.T. Hetling M.A. Rector: D.S. Carlile & Wm. Mackley churchwardens: J.J. Bird treasurer. We know, from a number of sources, that this clock replaced an earlier clock (see 1900 Kelly's Directory of Leicestershire and Rutland) but unfortunately have no details about it. The clock strikes the hour on the tenor bell. It is still hand wound and due to the insertion of a new ceiling the weights are unable to travel the original distance and now it needs winding every five days. The single dial on the south face of the tower is of cast iron and painted blue with gold numerals it was last painted for the Queen's Silver Jubilee in 1977.

William King memorial to his 1st wife in the chancel - The 4th Duke of Rutland died in 1787 but his Agent, William King, exerted a notable influence during the minority of John, 5th Duke of Rutland, until 1801 and actively encouraged efforts towards the realisation of the Grantham to Nottingham canal. This was fortunate for without his support it is doubtful if the canal would have been built at all.

The organ - was installed in 1870 by Foster & Andrews of Hull, at a cost of £120. Behind the organ is the vestry, a later Victorian addition. It was used as a Sunday school and there are still old pegs with names attached where the choir and clergy hung their clothes. There are several memorial tablets on the walls.

There is a blocked doorway on the North side, but this could be a 'mock' doorway, built to allow 'the devil to leave' as, by tradition he was reputed to leave by a north door. The outside face of this contains a stone mantelpiece, possibly from the house mentioned in an inventory of 1352, of William de Ros who held a manor house with chapel - probably 'All Hallows' site.

On the window ledge of the south - east window can be seen signs of a carved 'Nine Man's Morris' game. This may be a relic from the days when the local boys were taught here - in 1626 the curate taught, in 1635 there was a master.

In 1827 the church was re-pewed with box pews, but these were removed in the 1880's. The chancel window was installed in 1859 look along the bottom for this information.

The church forms part of the Vale of Belvoir team, although services are no longer held there, but it is open for private prayer twice a week. The other churches in the Vale of Belvoir team are:

St Peter & St Paul, Barketstone; St Mary the Virgin, Bottesford; St John the Baptist, Muston; St Helen, Plungar; St Remigius, Long Clawson; St Guthlac, Stathern; St Mary the Virgin, Harby; and St Michael & All Angels, Hose.

Garthorpe

Garthorpe is a village and civil parish in Leicestershire, England, in the Melton district. It is about five miles east of Melton Mowbray. The parish includes the villages of Garthorpe and Coston, and is near Saxby (in Freeby parish), Wymondham, Buckminster and Sproxton. The parish has a population of about 100.

The civil parish had a population of 418 at the 2011 census.

St Mary's Church is a redundant Church of England parish church in the village. The building is Grade I listed. It has been in the care of the Churches Conservation Trust since 1 November 1999.

The oldest fabric in the church is early 13th-century the Norman south arcade. The north arcade is slightly later. The aisles and chancel were altered in the 14th century. In the 15th century the clerestory and west tower were added. The church was restored by J Day of Leicester in 1895–96.

It has been noted that the north wall of the north aisle is leaning outwards and that cracks are present in that wall and elsewhere in the church. These are being monitored, and in 2009 the Churches Conservation Trust decided to underpin the wall of the north aisle.

The body of the church is ironstone but the clerestory and west tower are limestone. The roofs are leaded. The plan comprises a nave with a clerestory, north and south aisles, a south porch, a chancel, and a west tower. The tower has three stages and diagonal buttresses. In the lowest stage is a double lancet window on the west side, the middle stage has two quatrefoil windows on the south, and in the top stage are double lancet bell openings with ogee heads on each side. Around the top of the tower is a frieze decorated with lozenges, four gargoyles, a crenelated parapet, and four corner pinnacles.

The clerestory is in three bays, and on its eastern gable is a cross. On its north face is one double lancet window, and on the south side there are three similar windows. The north aisle is in two unequal-sized bays. In its west wall is a double lancet window, on the north side is a double lancet window with decorated tracery, and in the east wall is another lancet with similar tracery. The chancel is in two bays, and has a cross on its east gable. The east window is a triple lancet. On the south side is a priest's door and a triple lancet window. The south aisle is in three bays. In its east and west walls are triple lancet windows, and there is a double lancet on the south side. The south porch contains stone benches and has a gable with a cross.

The south arcade is Norman and the north is Transitional. The rest of the building is Gothic, with the clerestory and west tower being Perpendicular Gothic. Both arcades have three bays and round-headed arches. The piers of the south arcade are circular, but those of the slightly later north arcade are octagonal.

Windows in the north aisle contain roundels of 14th-century stained glass. At the east end of the south aisle are a 13th-century piscina and an aumbry. In the north wall of the chancel is a tomb recess over which is an aumbry under a crocketed ogee-headed canopy. In the south wall is another 13th-century piscina, and a seat in a window recess. The east window has 19th-century stained glass. The Perpendicular style reredos, the stalls and desks are all 19th-century Gothic Revival. The round font is 17th-century. The oak pulpit and an octagonal font were made by Rev W Thorold in 1899. Also, in the church are 19th-century donation and Commandments boards, the Royal coat of arms of George III, and monuments including three brasses.

The west tower has a ring of three bells. Thomas II Newcombe of Leicester cast the treble bell in about 1580. Henry II Oldfield of Nottingham cast the tenor bell in 1600 and the second bell in 1608. The treble bell is damaged, and the bells are unringable.

In the churchyard southeast of the church is a late 19th-century brass sundial mounted on a re-used 15th-century pinnacle. It is a Grade II listed structure.

Life's What You Make It

Excerpts from life writing.

A Typical Golf Range Night

It is difficult to know what the primary concern is at this moment in time. There is a man right in my face, so close I can smell the stale cigarettes on his breath. It is struggling to overpower the smell of beer; the underlying smell of beer is all around, I can taste it in my own mouth as well, as a number of beers have passed through it this evening.

The man is shouting at me, I can see his mouth moving and the hateful look on his face and in his eyes, but I can't really make out what he is saying. Part of this is because the drunkenness is making my understanding difficult, but also because of the man's own drunkenness making the words coming out of his mouth a bit nonsensical. However, the loud pulsing music coming from all around, being supplied by the DJ stand down behind on the lower part of the split-level pub, is what is stopping the shouting getting through the most, it is difficult to hear anything over the music. I can make out every word of Cameo's "Word Up", and it's all I can do not to sing along, but I doubt it will help the mood of the angry red-faced man in front of me.

Then all of a sudden, a fist comes flying over the left shoulder of the man in front of me. It has been thrown by one of his friends, and I've been partly blindsided by the man in my face. The punch catches me on the lips, I know I have been hit, but my head doesn't really move, as I barely feel the contact.

I can taste the blood in my mouth; the strong metallic taste is now all that is there, pushing away the beer taste that was there before. I assume that I must be cut, somewhere on the inside of my mouth, probably from where the lips have been pushed against my teeth. I can't check now though, as the bouncers have moved in and hustled all of us out of the door. They don't care about you fighting outside the pub, they just don't like it when you fight inside.

Top Tens

Random Top Ten

The ten countries home to the most different mammal species.

| Pos | Country | Number of Mammal Species |
|-----|----------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 | Indonesia | 670 |
| 2 | Brazil | 648 |
| 3 | China | 551 |
| 4 | Mexico | 523 |
| 5 | Peru | 467 |
| 6 | Colombia | 442 |
| 7 | United States of America | 440 |
| 8 | Democratic Republic of the Congo | 430 |
| 9 | India | 412 |
| 10 | Kenya | 376 |

Chart

The top ten in the UK singles chart on this day in 1987

| Position | Last Week's Position | Title | Artist | Label | Peak Position | Weeks on Chart |
|----------|----------------------|---------------------------|--------------|----------|---------------|----------------|
| 1 | 2 | LA ISLA BONITA | MADONNA | SIRE | 1 | 4 |
| 2 | 4 | CAN'T BE WITH YOU TONIGHT | JUDY BOUCHER | ORBITONE | 2 | 5 |
| 3 | 3 | LEAN ON ME | CLUB NOUVEAU | KING JAY | 3 | 6 |
| 4 | 1 | LET IT BE | FERRY AID | THE SUN | 1 | 4 |

| | | | | | | |
|----|----|---------------------|-------------------------|-----------|---|---|
| 5 | 6 | RESPECTABLE | MEL AND KIM | SUPREME | 1 | 8 |
| 6 | 10 | LIVING IN A BOX | LIVING IN A BOX | CHRYSALIS | 6 | 4 |
| 7 | 7 | IF YOU LET ME STAY | TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY | CBS | 7 | 8 |
| 8 | 14 | THE SLIGHTEST TOUCH | FIVE STAR | TENT | 8 | 2 |
| 9 | 5 | LET'S WAIT A WHILE | JANET JACKSON | BREAKOUT | 3 | 6 |
| 10 | 9 | EVER FALLEN IN LOVE | FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS | LONDON | 9 | 6 |

Poetry Corner

A Day I Wouldn't Have Seen

I am sat in front of my screen at the kitchen table
 Trying not to get my feet caught up in the cable
 The dog pads in and stares, wondering why I'm there
 The cat saunters past without looking, he doesn't care

I'm distracted from my work, I hate working at home
 No separation in duties and then my mind starts to roam
 Looking above the screen out of the window beyond
 Of watching the squirrels darting about I've become fond

But what is this I can see in the park behind the garden
 A council truck has pulled up and out get some men
 The relative silence is shattered as the motor starts
 And the chainsaw starts to reduce the tree to parts

The large leylandii on the other side of the park
 Is being trimmed down to size as the saw makes its mark
 A man hangs on ropes dangling down from the tree
 And looks like he is a dresses and equipped monkey

I take a photo of the scene and put it on Facebook
 And lots of people must have been able to take a look
 As monkey man's colleagues come to investigate
 They stop just in front of our own garden's gate

The photo has been sent to the three-man crew
 And after scoping out the lie of the land they knew
 It has been taken from out house and by me
 As I go out to talk to them and I go to see

If they are mad that they are on the internet
 If they are going to be cross and make me regret
 Taking and posting the picture of them online
 But no, they are laughing and think it is fine

In normal circumstances I wouldn't have been there
 I wouldn't have noticed a monkey man in the air
 Them working on chopping the tree I'd not have seen
 It was only because of damn Covid nineteen

Thirty-Three And One Third Revolutions Per Minute

Black Grape – It's Great When You're Straight...Yeah!

It's Great When You're Straight...Yeah was the debut studio album by British rock band Black Grape, released on 7 August 1995 through Radioactive Records. Following the break-up of Happy Mondays, frontman Shaun Ryder formed Black Grape with vocalist Paul "Kermit" Leveridge and dancer Bez. They were put in contact with management company Nicholl and Dime, who secured the band a recording contract with Radioactive Records. After demos and the band

finalizing their line-up, Ryder met with producers Stephen Lironi and Danny Saber. Black Grape recorded their debut album in late 1994 and early 1995 at Rockfield Studios in Wales, Chapel Studios in Lincolnshire and Boundary Row in London. *It's Great When You're Straight...Yeah* is a dance-pop and pop funk album, with its title meaning being sober from drugs.

It was a Friday night / Saturday morning tradition that after a heavy night at the Fan Club various people would stagger back to my house. In the time I took from getting in the front door, to get to the kitchen and get beers out of the fridge and then back to the living room, was enough time for Chris to have put this album in the CD player and whacked it up to full volume. The shouts of "Can I Get A Witness" must have been heard for miles around. My neighbours loved me.

Black Grape's existence was made public in 1995; they played a handful of shows in the United Kingdom, as well as festivals in mainland Europe. "Reverend Black Grape" was released as the lead single from *It's Great When You're Straight...Yeah* in May 1995, followed by the second single "In the Name of the Father" in July 1995. A tour of the United States was planned for later in the year, but was postponed due to the band members' past convictions. Kermit was diagnosed with septicaemia, and as a result had to miss performances. His role was covered by Carl "Psycho" McCarthy when the band went on a UK tour in early 1996; Bez left shortly after citing financial disagreements. They embarked on a US tour in April 1996, which was promoted with "Kelly's Heroes", the third single from the album.

It's Great When You're Straight...Yeah received generally positive reviews from music critics, several of whom saw it as an update to Happy Mondays' sound, and highlighted Ryder's lyricism. It topped the UK Albums Chart for two weeks, and reached the top 20 in New Zealand, Scotland and Sweden. The album went on to sell 100,000 copies in the UK, where it was certified platinum, and 600,000 copies worldwide. "Reverend Black Grape" and "In the Name of the Father" reached the top ten in both Scotland and the UK; "In the Name of the Father" reached the top 40 of the US Billboard Alternative Songs chart. "Kelly's Heroes" peaked within the top 20 in Scotland and the UK. *It's Great When You're Straight* appeared on album of the year and best of decade lists by Melody Maker, NME and Select.

It's Great When You're Straight...Yeah topped the UK Album Charts for two weeks and spent 48 weeks in the chart. It sold over 100,000 copies in the first month of release. The album was certified platinum by the British Phonographic Industry the following year.

It's Great When You're Straight...Yeah ranked within the top 10 of album of the year lists by Melody Maker, Mojo and NME. It appeared on best of the decade lists by Q, Select and Rockdelux. The album was short-listed for the 1996 Mercury Prize, losing to *Different Class* by Pulp.

Track listing

Writing credits per booklet. All recordings produced by Danny Saber, Stephen Lironi, Shaun Ryder.

No. - Title - Writer(s) - Length

1. - "Reverend Black Grape" - Ryder, Paul "Kermit" Leveridge - 5:12. "Reverend Black Grape" includes several references to religion; Ryder said this was unintentional, and attributes this to his Catholic upbringing and Kermit's gospel background. The pair had previously talked about how "ridiculous elements of it were, and that just came through in the lyrics organically". It also includes a reference to how Bez would socialise frequently, which the rest of Happy Mondays saw no positive in. Part of its chorus section is borrowed from the hymn "O Come, All Ye Faithful". In the song's demo, instead of a harmonica, they used a Casio keyboard. Saber suggested replacing it with an harmonica, and had Bledynn Richards, who was found in a local pub, to play the part. "Reverend Black Grape" was released as a single in May 1995, with "Straight Out of Trumpton" and a remix of "Reverend Black Grape" as its B-sides. The music video for "Reverend Black Grape", also directed by Don Letts, was filmed in Manchester. It stars Ryder and Kermit dressed as American preachers, intended to tie-in with the song's religious references. The video was banned from TV airings due to part of the lyrics accusing the Pope of war crimes, which angered the Catholic Church. First single released from the album, it reached number 9 in the UK singles chart and spent 9 weeks on the chart. Sampled "California Soul" by Marlena Shaw and "O Come All Ye Faithful" by Frederick Oakeley. "Reverend Black Grape" won the 1995 NME award for Single of the Year.

2. - "In the Name of the Father" - Ryder, Danny Saber - 4:21. "In the Name of the Father" alludes to Ryder leaving school at an early age, and Neil Armstrong walking on the moon. It includes additional vocals from Emma Day and Carl "Psycho" McCarthy. "In the Name of the Father" was released as a single in July 1995, with "Land of 1000 Karma Sutra Babes" and a remix of "In the Name of the Father" as its B-sides. The music video for "In the Name of the Father" was filmed in Ocho Rios in Jamaica, directed by Don Letts. Second single released from the album, it reached number 8 in the UK singles chart and spent 4 weeks on the chart.

3. - "Tramazi Parti" - Ryder, Leveridge, Lironi - 4:45. Discussing "Tramazi Parti", Ryder said temazepam was the band's favourite drug around this time. It features slide guitar from Lironi and a saxophone part from Martin Slattery.

4. - "Kelly's Heroes" - Ryder, Leveridge - 4:22. "Kelly's Heroes" was named after the 1970 film of the same name; in its original form, the song leaned towards hip hop in the style of Wu-Tang Clan. A&R member Gary Kurfirst wanted a crossover hit, and after hearing "Kelly's Heroes", had the band add a big guitar riff to it appeal to rock fans. Nicholl contributed slide guitar to it. Part of its lyrics poke fun at varying perspectives of Jesus' character; the last few lyrics are specifically about the white Christian version of him. "Kelly's Heroes" was released as a single around their April 1996 US tour. Two versions were released on CD: the first with a live version of "Little Bob" and remixes of "Kelly's Heroes",

while the second featured live versions of "Kelly's Heroes", "In the Name of the Father" and "Fat Neck". Prior to the release of the single, a writ was issued by Intastella, who said they had partially written "Kelly's Heroes" and other songs on the album. That band had registered the material, claiming they were owed royalties for the album and its singles. Third single released from the album, it reached number 17 in the UK singles chart and spent 6 weeks on the chart.

5. - "Yeah Yeah Brother" - Ryder - 4:10. "Yeah Yeah Brother" is about how the rest of Happy Mondays expressed wishes of never wanting to work with Ryder again, and the demise of the band. Ryder wrote the song for Yes Please!, but was rejected by the other members of Happy Mondays. Remix was the B-side of "Fat Neck" single release from the follow up album.

6. - "A Big Day in the North" - Ryder, Saber - 4:10. "A Big Day in the North" includes backing vocals from Helen Vigneau, and a sample of a piano part taken from "Initials B.B." (1968) by Serge Gainsbourg. Saber created the beat for the track, which initially had a French flavour to it; Ryder had him change it to a "northern English take" on Gainsbourg. Saber's wife spoke French, so Ryder had her translate some of its lyrics into that language, selecting the lines he felt worked best in the song. Sampled "Ford Mustang" by Serge Gainsbourg and "It's Yours" by T La Rock and Jazzy Jay.

7. - "Shake Well Before Opening" - Ryder, Saber - 5:40. "Shake Well Before Opening" discusses violent crime in Manchester.

8. - "Submarine" - Ryder, Leveridge - 3:50. "Submarine" talks about a person taking wrong decisions in their life; its chorus section attempts to emulate the one in "Fool to Cry" (1976) by the Rolling Stones, while the second verse borrows the melody from "A Day in the Life" (1967) by the Beatles. It also features slide guitar from Lironi, and lifts the drum beat and the guitar riff from the Rolling Stones' "Sympathy for the Devil" (1968).

9. - "Shake Your Money" - Ryder, Lironi - 4:13. "Shake Your Money" is about drug dealing youths; it includes slide guitar from Nicholl, and concludes with Ryder yelling expletives. Sampled "Fool To Cry" by The Rolling Stones.

10. - "Little Bob" - Ryder, Leveridge, Saber - 5:33. "Little Bob" includes snippets of "Hey Jude" (1968) by the Beatles, backed by soul-sounding horns and a saxophone solo from Slattery. Live version was the B-side of "Kelly's Heroes".

Personnel

Black Grape

Shaun Ryder – vocals

Paul "Kermit" Leveridge – vocals

Bez – vibes

Paul "Wags" Wagstaff – guitar

Ged Lynch – drums, percussion

Additional musicians

Danny Saber – guitars, bass, keyboards, Hammond organ, programming

Anthony Guarderas – bass

Stephen Lironi – keyboards, Hammond organ, slide guitar (tracks 3 and 8), programming

Dahni Birihi – sitar

Michael Scherchen – programming

Bledynn Richards – harmonica (track 1)

Emma Day – backing vocals (track 2)

Carl "Psycho" McCarthy – additional vocal (track 2)

Martin Slattery – saxophone (tracks 3 and 10)

Nik Nicholl – slide guitar (tracks 4 and 9)

Helen Vigneau – backing vocals (track 6)

Production and design

Phil Ault – engineer

Danny Saber – engineer, producer

Jim Spencer – engineer

Ewan Davis – engineer

Michael Scherchen – additional engineering

Stephen Lironi – producer

Shaun Ryder – producer

Tom Lord-Alge – mixing

Ted Jensen – mastering

Pat Carrol – sleeve design

Matt Carrol – sleeve design

Central Station Design – artwork

Charts

Chart - Peak position

New Zealand Albums - 20

Scottish Albums - 2

Swedish Albums - 13

UK Albums - 1

Certifications

Region - Certification - Certified units/sales
United Kingdom - Platinum - 300,000

Story Time

Justin Thyme

He had no idea what his parents were thinking when they named him. Was it a momentary lapse in judgement? Did they think it was funny? Or were they just stupid and didn't realise what they were inflicting on their only child? With a surname like Thyme, surely a bit more consideration as to what forenames would go with it without making it sound like a sentence should have been given.

But no, they did it, and picked the worst one possible. Justin. A horrible forename on its own, one that would be the butt of teenage jokes – “what do you call a man with a one-inch dick? Just in!” But to top that, to be called Justin Thyme sucked – big time. Being early or late to anything, anywhere, would draw comments. “Just in time? No, you're late, or, no, you're early.”

His parents hadn't even given him any middle names for him to fall back on, something for him to use in place of Justin, and so he suffered. The snide remarks, the giggles, the open mockery, it was all there. And yet, now in his twenties he still hadn't gotten around to making that step and changed his name. He had made various appointments with solicitors since his eighteenth birthday, only to cancel them all, sometimes on the day.

Yet, as an adult the taunting didn't go away. When he gave his name people would assume that he was the one taking the piss. Once, when having to give his name to a policeman, he got arrested because they thought he was wasting their time.

He was bemoaning this and many other aspects of his name to a random stranger in a pub one night, when the stranger asked him if he wanted to be famous. To use his name to make money. The stranger could set it all up for him. All he had to do was really want it. It was a lot easier decision to make than it should have been, but after a few drinks in a dingy pub as opposed to being sober in bright sunshine, yes seemed the right thing to say.

He wasn't sure where the stranger got the copious paperwork from in what seemed to be a blink of an eye, but it was there in front of him and he had a pen in his hand signing on the solid black inked line.

When he looked at his copy the following day, he found it undecipherable, written in some kind of archaic script. The only words he could make out were his own name in dozens of places.

And then suddenly he wasn't in his flat. He was in a random meeting room in an office building. He couldn't stop himself shouting out “No, I'm Justin Thyme,” and doing a little dance before finding himself back on his sofa feeling disorientated and thoroughly confused. It wasn't the only time that day it happened. He would be doing something, living his normal day to day life and then boom! He would be in a strange place shouting that he was Justin Thyme and then doing the same little dance before popping back to his own life.

He went back to the pub that night to seek out the stranger, popping out of his walk twice. But the stranger wasn't there. He asked if anyone knew the man, but no one could remember even seeing the man he was on about the previous night. Justin sat at the same table sipping at his drink, only to blink into another place, giving his name and doing his dance and flicking back to the pub to find his drink dropped and him sitting in the spilt beer, and the people in the pub looking at him strangely.

He left and headed home, stopping to get some cash out as he passed an ATM. He was an inch away from throwing the receipt in the bin when he stopped and did a double take at the balance. Surely it couldn't be right. He put his card back in and printed off a mini statement. Only to see a string of transfers into his account of £1,111.11. He counted them up and thought about how many times he had appeared elsewhere to shout his name and dance in random locations, and it seemed to match.

And so, it continued, twenty to thirty times a day he would switch in and out of his life and be richer for each time he did so. He had been calling in sick to work, but his next call would be to quit. He couldn't be at work and disappear and reappear at random times.

What pushed his life over the edge was the YouTube video, and he went viral. It showed a meeting and an arrive being told, “You're just in time”, only for Justin to appear out of thin air, shout his name and do the funny little dance.

From there it wasn't long before someone else filmed themselves saying "you're just in time" to a random woman in the room they were in, and there was Justin again.

And when that video became viral as well, he found himself being zapped from one strange place to another, often without ever getting back to his own flat for hours at a time. He wasn't getting to eat, drink, or sleep, and his shout and dance became more manic. He could feel himself falling apart.

Then he was back in the pub, pen in hand, poised over the contract being smiled at by the stranger. He planted the pen into the stranger's hand, only for the stranger, the pen, and the contract to disappear, leaving him alone in the pub.

He got up and left the pub, and on his way home he checked his bank account. It was showing a balance in the millions. The next morning, he walked into a solicitor's office and refused to leave until they had done a deed poll document for him. He would be John Smith going forward.

He stepped out of the solicitor's office and was stopped by a passer-by.

"You're him, aren't you? You're Justin Time."

There was no shout, no little dance. John shook his head and said

"You must have the wrong person, I've never been just in time for anything in my life. In fact, I'm running late now."

And with that he walked away and never looked back.

World's Greatest Cathedrals Top Trumps

| <u>St Mark's Basilica</u> | |
|----------------------------------|--|
| City / Country | Venice, Italy |
| Height | 43 metres |
| Commenced Building | 978 |
| Character | 13 |
| Global Fame | 80 |
| Top Trumps Rating | 64 |
| Details | St Mark's Basilica, built circa 1063, is one of the finest examples of Italo-Byzantine architecture and is connected to the Doge's Palace in Venice. There are more than 8,500 square feet of mosaics on both the interior and exterior of the church, as well as the statue of the Four Tetrarchs (Roman emperors) dating from 300 CE and taken from Constantinople during the Fourth Crusade (1204). |

Chapter and Verse

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

Five Go Mad In Manchester – Chapter Two – Tuesday 28th August 2001 – Squirrel arrives in Manchester

When Squirrel had woken up on that Tuesday morning, the day after the August Bank Holiday, he had no idea where he was going to end up that evening. In fact, Squirrel had no plan of anything.

All that Squirrel knew was that he had made a monumental mess of his life, and one way or another everything would come home to roost that day.

So, Squirrel did what only people at the end of their rope could do, he ran away. Leaving his family, his wife, his job, and everything else in his life behind. Taking only the bare minimum with him, insomuch that that included what he was wearing, a change of clothes, some personal documents and his wallet. Squirrel left the door keys, the car keys, his phone, and a pitiful excuse for a note in the car, took what he was taking and went to the bus stop.

From there Squirrel went into the centre of the city and dropped his work keys off through the doors of the office, knowing they were closed for an additional day after the Bank Holiday, and not wanting to take anything that might remotely belong to anyone else with him. After he had heard the keys land with a thump on the plush lined carpet behind the entrance to the office, he turned tail and headed to the bus station.

Squirrel arrived at the bus station not knowing where to go. He had ruled out four large cities as being unfeasible, due to the chances of bumping into people who knew him, or the cost of living there. That left quite a few other large cities as potential targets, somewhere he could go, and be anonymous, hidden away in the vast numbers of others wandering around these metropolises.

Squirrel felt like time was of the essence, he needed out of this city before anyone tapped him on the shoulder and asked what the hell he thought he was doing. There was no answer to that question; he was winging it big time with no chance of explanations.

Looking at the departure boards gave Squirrel hope, there were numerous National Express services out of there in the next half an hour or so. Top of the departure board was a coach to Newcastle, somewhere he knew nobody, and certainly big enough to disappear, but as Squirrel wandered over to the ticket window, the departure time changed, the Newcastle coach was going to be delayed by nearly an hour, far too long for him to hang around this bus station with eyes on the various doors looking out for people to come and drag him back to the lives he had screwed up.

Just under Newcastle on the departure board was Manchester, it was only a couple of minutes after the original Newcastle departure time, and if anything was even more ideal, Squirrel still didn't know anyone who lived there, it was a bigger city, and the accent was somewhat more understandable as English. He finished the short walk to the ticket office and bought a single one-way ticket to Manchester.

Once the ticket had been bought, Squirrel found a dingy corner to stand in for the short wait for the coach to arrive, out of the way of prying eyes, or random passers-by. The coach pulled in, and he got on, showed his ticket to the driver, and found a seat a few rows in, threw his bag in the overhead compartment, and slumped down into his seat, his heart rate reducing as other passengers got on, and the departure time came around. When the door to the coach closed, and the driver pulled away from the stand, Squirrel's heart rate was low enough for him to drift off to sleep for a bit.

The coach stopped for a scheduled break for twenty minutes at Leeds coach station. Squirrel took the opportunity to stretch his legs and have a toilet break. The coach station they had pulled into was next to a market, and realising that he had come on such a permanent journey with such a minimal wardrobe, Squirrel took the opportunity to get some cheap additional changes of socks, underwear and t-shirts. He just made it back to the coach on time for the onward journey.

Squirrel had only been to the outskirts of Manchester before, and then only the once for a wedding reception for one of the in-laws. He had no idea of what the centre of the city would look like, or where he would end up. When the coach pulled into the Lever Street coach station, all that he knew when he got off the coach was that he needed to find tourist information.

Squirrel got off the coach, and wandered around looking for some kind of indication of where he could go. In the corner of the coach station was a Manchester city centre map, and he was in business. He took his time getting his bearings, and worked out his route to the tourist information office from the map using the least turns possible, as he didn't know where he would find another map. He could have asked people for directions, but Squirrel wasn't a people person, especially people he didn't know, and definitely not when sober.

It was further than it looked on the map, and Squirrel felt like he was taking his life in his hands when he made his way across the tram tracks in the city, he was too busy looking out for road names, and cars on the road to notice the almost silent tram come up behind him. The horn made Squirrel jump, and he decided that for once in his life, walking on the pavements might be a good plan.

The tourist information office was massive, and there were lots of people milling about inside. Now that Squirrel was here, he wasn't actually sure what he was looking for. He was going to have to bite the bullet and ask for help, and went over to queue at one of the available kiosks. The couple in front of him were Spanish, or at least they spoke Spanish, they could have been from any number of countries really.

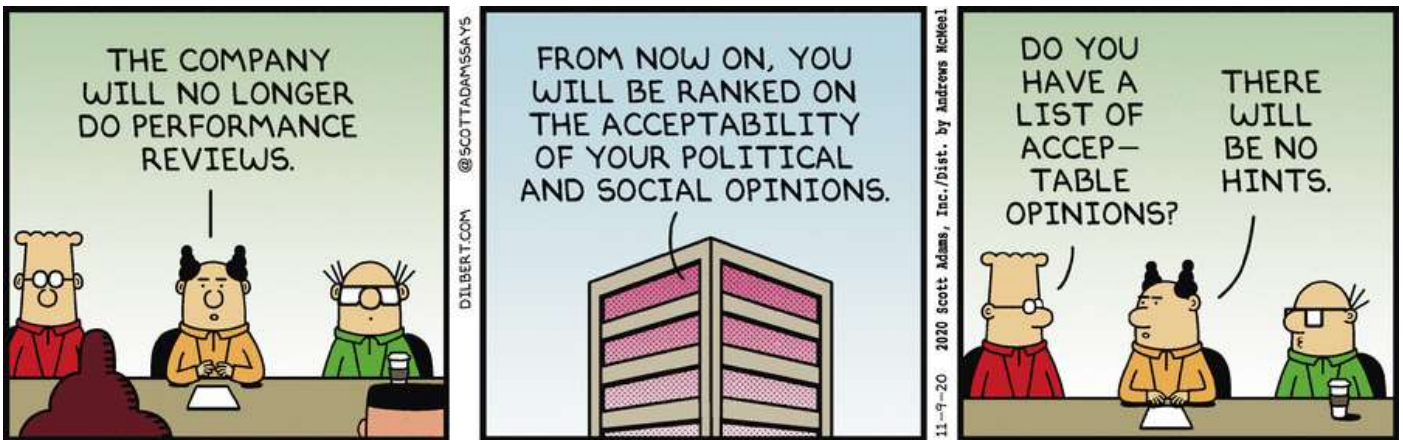
Squirrel wasn't paying attention to them poring over a map with the "information officer", as they circled various places. He was having various thoughts bounce round in his head as to what he was doing in a strange city, starting life all over at the age of thirty-one. He was still pondering this, as the Spanish couple left and was brought back to the here and now by the information officer asking how she could help.

Squirrel explained he had arrived in the city that day, and wanted as cheap a bed and breakfast establishment as possible whilst he looked for more permanent accommodation and a job. The information officer didn't ask for any other details, or want to know why he was in Manchester? She probably had this kind of request on a regular basis. She went onto her computer and got some names and prices of places. She advised Squirrel to head towards Fallowfield, and gave him directions back to the bus station he had passed on the way to the tourist information office, the numbers of buses that would take him there, and the stop to get off at.

Squirrel got her to write the information down, and took the piece of paper from her and he was on his way. He had been given the names and prices of three bed and breakfast places on Wilmslow Road, The Wilmslow, The Willowbank and The Drop Inn, of the three, The Drop Inn was the cheapest at only twenty-three quid a night.

Squirrel didn't know how long it would be until he could get a job, and therefore after that how long he would be until he got paid for any work. He had some money from his last wages at the job he had just walked out from without any notice, but not enough that he could ignore being as frugal as he could be until he got employment. It didn't matter to him if The Drop Inn was the biggest shit hole in the western world, as long as it had a bed he didn't care.

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

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