

Flanagan's Running Club – Issue 59

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 May

1533 – The marriage of King Henry VIII to Catherine of Aragon is declared null and void.

1829 – Accordion patent granted to Cyrill Demian in Vienna, Austrian Empire.

1995 – The first version of the Java programming language is released.

Labour Day (Jamaica)

Students' Day (Mexico)

World Turtle Day

A Grim Almanac of Sussex

1839 – At a meeting of the Board of Hastings Guardians, reported in the Cinque Ports Chronicle, one of the members proposed the establishment of a library for the use of inmates of the workhouse. 'The chairman thought it very absurd to provide paupers in a union house with a library of books; they could have copy books and slates when wanted. Mr Luck thought that a man was much better without education than with it.'

Births

1928 – Rosemary Clooney

1933 – Joan Collins

1954 – Marvellous Marvin Hagler

Deaths

1934 – Clyde Barrow

1934 – Bonnie Parker

1999 – Owen Hart

2017 – Roger Moore

Number 1's

Number 1 single in 2013 - Daft Punk feat Pharrell Williams - Get Lucky

Number 1 album in 1971 - The Rolling Stones - Sticky Fingers

Number 1 compilation album in 2018 - Various - 80's Soul Jams

#vss365

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

We were lost before the closed road and the #detour. Somewhere we had missed a sign and the track ended at the drop to the lake.

The view was spectacular, but it wasn't where we wanted to be. We'd need to reverse out.

The bulldozer appeared and pushed us over the edge.

#vss365

Joke

A young couple is doing some shopping in town. Having purchased everything they need, they return to the parking lot to drive home. Where's the car? Good golly, someone has stolen it! They notify the police from a phone booth inside the mall and make a report at the Police station. A young detective drives them back to see if any evidence remains from the scene of the crime. But, what do you know, there is the stolen car, back in the exact spot! A note is on the windshield with two tickets to a concert attached. The note thanks the young couple for the use of their car, but the culprit's wife was about to give birth and had to be rushed to the hospital. The young couple's faith in humanity is restored and they go to the concert and have a wonderful time. They arrive home late that night to find their entire house robbed, with a note on the door reading, "Well, I gotta put the kid through college, don't I?"

Drabble

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

The Cat Is Fast

Today at the Grand Prix of Catalonia, history was made as Sniffles the cat became the first ever feline winner of a grand prix, or any other motor race for that matter. (And to be fair the first ever non-human winner of any such race either.) We can now go over to the Barcelona track for a live interview with the extraordinary winner of the race.

"Hello Sniffles, many congratulations on you being the first ever feline Grand Prix winner after such an amazing drive. Could you tell all our viewers how you managed to win the race today?"

"Meeeeeeoooooaaaaawwwwww."

Random Items

Facts

Cranberries are sorted for ripeness by bouncing them; a fully ripened cranberry can be dribbled like a basketball.

Isaac Asimov is the only author to have a book in every Dewey-decimal category.

The cruise liner, Queen Elizabeth II, moves only six inches for each gallon of diesel that it burns.

Thoughts

In just two days, tomorrow will be yesterday.

I always wanted to be a procrastinator, never got around to it

Why is it that people who snore always fall asleep first?

A Word A Day

Mordant

Adjective

The root of mordant came to modern English through Middle French, ultimately deriving from the Latin verb *mordere*, which means 'to bite'. In modern idiom, mordant suggests a witty person who can cut you to the quick with a sharp remark. It is a beautiful and much under-used word that sounds nothing like what it actually means.

The comedian's comebacks were always mordant and razor sharp.

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 End Of The Pier

So here I am, on my own at the end of the pier. I shouldn't really be here, but it is somewhere no one else will be doing any mass observation. The pier has been closed to the public for three years now. Those first few months after war was declared it had stayed open. There wasn't the impression the war would last anywhere near as long as it is doing. And no one thought we might have to be watching out for invaders.

But then the bombing started. Granted, we haven't had it as bad as some other places, but it does kind of knock the guts out of you. The frivolity of a walk along the pier, perusing the amusements and rides doesn't seem an important activity anymore.

And the men went away to fight; those who could do anyway. And the fun part of life ebbed away. No one thought the upkeep of the pier was a necessary expenditure. Why would they? The cost of lighting it, when we were being advised to black out was not a price that anyone would want to pay.

I have already mentioned bombs, and the pier does give the impression of having been bombed. Materials are slung in unusual places, and at funny angles. Parts of the once proud decking are missing, and through large holes I can see the small white crests of waves in the brown murky water underneath my feet.

The pier hasn't been bombed though. Some of the damage is nature working its own irrevocable path through what doesn't belong to it. It wears away, working against the wood and wrought iron, fading and chipping paintwork. No one comes to repair or repaint anything nowadays, let alone an abandoned frivolity such as this.

Yet not all the damage is down to nature. A fair amount is of our own making. It was easy enough for me to slip past the closed and locked gates and get onto the pier in broad (if miserable) daylight. And I'm by no means the first to make my way out here. Some of the remaining structures have certain smells about them, strong enough to overpower the ever-present salt on the breeze. There are the urine-soaked timbers in dark corners, and the illicit smell of sex. A meeting place away from the ever cloying, overbearing watch or parents or partners, and one that doesn't cost the extortionate amount a hotel room would, both for the room and the silence of the staff.

Most however, have come in search of supplies. The wood of the pier decking to use for firewood to heat their homes and cook their meals. Wood is in short supply, with coal and coke more so. So why not take some that is not in use and that it appears no one cares about. It is a surprise to me that more has not already gone, and I wonder if I were to return in a year's time would there be anything left? It is already getting to the point where some of the holes are dangerously man-sized. If someone was to fall, even if their cries were heard over the crash of the water on to the pebble strewn beach, would they be rescued, or would they be shot as a potential invader?

If this damn war ever ends, I wonder if we will be of a mind to want these Victorian pleasure piers in a more modern era. Is life too serious for all that now? Or will it be something to try and raise the spirits of a miserable existence; Somewhere to go to remember those who are never coming home.

I give myself plenty to think about as I settle in my vantage point for the evening and the night. I am here to observe the nocturnal activities, to make notes of what happens here in the dark away from prying eyes. And to report back, along with all the other hundreds of observers. To record how life is in its most mundane details. It is a job for those who cannot fight, one we are despised for. I don't blame them, I find myself despising me as well, and I wonder if anyone would notice if I never observed again, and just slipped away into the sea that is calling to me from beneath.

Leicestershire

Lord William Hastings

Born in 1430, he was the eldest son of Sir Leonard Hastings and his wife Alice Camoys, daughter of Thomas de Camoys, 1st Baron Camoys.

He was a fervent supporter of the House of York, and spent his life in support of the Yorkist party; originally a supporter of Richard, Duke of York, as his father Sir Leonard Hastings, was a close friend of the Duke. His father died in 1455, and William became a member of the York household. The following year he was appointed as the High Sheriff of both Leicestershire and Warwick.

Hastings fought in the losing battle of Ludford Bridge in 1459, and the Duke of York was killed in 1460 at the Battle of Wakefield, William joined the Duke's son Edward, Earl of March, who was later crowned as Edward IV in 1461 and whom William was to serve for the rest of his life.

He fought alongside Edward at the Battle of Mortimer's Cross and was present at the proclamation of Edward as king in London on 4 March 1461 and then when the new king secured his crown at the Battle of Towton shortly thereafter. He was knighted on the field of battle and became the 1st Baron Hastings.

He was also appointed Lord Chamberlain of the royal household, and became very powerful, and a member of the King's Council, and was made the First Baron of Hastings. He was also made the Receiver General of the Duchy of Cornwall for life, and the master and worker of the King's mints within the Tower of London, the realm of England, and town of Calais for 12 years and the therefore got the profits from this.

In all between 1461 and the Death of Edward IV in 1483, William was given a total of 51 titles, and / or offices. In 1462, such was his value to the King that he was made a Knight of the Garter in 1462. During the 1460's he steadily acquired Manors, Castles, and offices throughout the Midlands, he was also granted lands of the Earl of Pembroke and the Earl of Wiltshire, which included Lordship of Loughborough, the manor and lordship of Shepshed, and the manor and lordship of Ashby de la Zouch, and the castle of Belvoir.

He married wealthy widow Katherine Neville) in 1462, and they had six children. Her first husband has been William Bonville, the sixth Baron Harington. She was also the sister of the Earl of Warwick, and daughter of the fifth Earl of Salisbury.

In 1469 during the ongoing war of the roses, King Edward IV was driven into exile, and William as his most trusted aid went with him, after threat from the King's brother the Duke of Clarence, and his ally the Earl of Warwick. In 1471 they returned to England with the help from Duke Charles of Burgundy, and later in the year in the Battle of Barnet and the Battle of Tewkesbury, he commanded the battalion of the army that killed the Earl of Warwick. At this time William could put out 3,000 retainers in the battlefield, and it is this that helped the King to regain his throne.

After this he was awarded royal licence to crenellate at four of his landholdings, at Ashby de la Zouch, Bagworth, Kirby Muxloe, and Thornton. The house at Ashby de la Zouch was started immediately, with William building a thick curtain wall around the existing 14th century manor house and built a formidable tower house in the middle (called Hastings Tower to this day). However, work at Kirby Muxloe didn't start until 1480, where he began to build a completely new structure, which incorporated the existing manor house, and that resembled a medieval castle. It is one of the earliest brick-built buildings in the country. He built a brick tower at each corner and a massive gatehouse over a drawbridge, and had gun ports built into them. Nothing survives to indicate any construction at Bagworth.

He was made the Lieutenant of Calais in 1471, and strengthened the battalion there, and in 1473, arranged to help the Duke of Burgundy in war against the King of France, however Edward IV managed to negotiate a peace treaty between the two.

Edward IV died in April 1483, and he voted for the King's brother Richard, Duke of Gloucester to be the Lord Protector for the young Prince King Edward V, as opposed to the Woodville family, who he had fell out with over being made lieutenant of Calais. He came to realise that Richard really wanted to usurp the throne, and was tricked into saying that he would remain loyal to Edward V, and by that signed his own death warrant. Richard thought him too powerful to oppose, and so arranged a meeting of the council, where William was accused of treason against the King, Edward V, along with the dowager queen, and was beheaded in the Tower courtyard within minutes without any trial taking place. He died on 13th June 1483.

He was buried in the north aisle of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, next to Edward IV as per the instructions of his will that he had written in 1481, and had a mass sang to him every year as also stipulated in his will. Upon his death in 1483 building work at Kirby Muxloe stopped, it was briefly restarted the following year, but work stopped again in the December of the year, and was never started again.

Hastings was portrayed in two Shakespeare plays – Henry VI, part 3 and Richard III.

St Wilfrid's, Kibworth Beauchamp

St. Wilfrid's Church is a beautiful and ancient building dating mostly from the 13th century. There are two 14th century porches and entrances, traditionally north for "Harcourt" and south for "Beauchamp". The church itself sits in the southern Kibworth Beauchamp.

In about 1220 it was said that besides the Rector of Kibworth Beauchamp there was a vicar, who had been instituted by Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln (1186- 1200), and who was paying a pension of 20 marks a year to the rector, while receiving all the revenues of the church. It is doubtful how long this arrangement lasted; when a new rector was instituted in 1239-40 no mention was made of the existence of a vicar.

The church is dedicated to St. Wilfrid (634-709) who is primarily remembered as the leading bishop who persuaded the Great Synod of Whitby to forge greater links with Rome and the papal authority from the late 7th century rather than continue the Celtic tradition of Christianity. His Saint's Day is 12th October. There is a stone statue of St. Wilfrid over the south porch door together with a stained-glass window alongside one of the founders of Merton College, Oxford - Walter de Merton (Bishop of Rochester and Chancellor of England) on the west side of the tower and visible from the bell-ringers chamber. The Warden and Fellows of Merton College bought the advowson of St Wilfrid's in 1771.



The lower part of the north and south chancel walls and the small priest's door on the south side date from early in the 13th century. The external jambs of the door have attached shafts and its arch is enriched with dog-tooth ornament. Internally the lower part of the three sedilia may be of the same date; certainly the 14th-century traceried panel at the head appears to be a later addition. The body of the church has a continuous 14th-century plinth moulding (restored in places) and uniform buttresses with small traceried gables. One buttress on the south side carries a scratch dial. The two porches, of equal size and almost identical design, may have been for the use of the two townships, Kibworth Beauchamp and Kibworth Harcourt. Both have niches, now containing 19th-century figures, above their external arches, and both retain their ancient oak doors. The aisle windows have flowing tracery of the later 14th century. Those at the east end of both aisles are of five lights, the heads containing reticulated tracery. An unusual feature is the existence of two small windows, one square and one lozenge-shaped, high up on the east wall of the nave. The clerestory windows have segmental rear arches but are square-headed externally. The upper part of the chancel may have been rebuilt slightly later than the nave. The windows in the north and south walls have flat segmental-arched heads filled with late Decorated tracery. The east window, of five lights, originally had a similar head. Below the westernmost window in the south wall is a square 'low side' window.

Internally the nave arcades of four bays have slender moulded piers resting on square bases and the arches are without capitals. The roofs have been renewed but the grotesque corbels supporting the aisle roofs appear to be original. Carved corbels on the east wall of the nave may have supported an earlier steeply-pitched roof or possibly a rood beam. There was formerly a rood-loft stair leading from the south aisle. The extra light provided by the small windows above the chancel arch and by a three-light clerestory window on the south side may have been for the benefit of a rood loft contemporary with the rebuilding of the church. The carved oak screen, consisting of eight bays with traceried heads, was largely renewed in 1868 but it appears to be of late-14th- or early-15th-century origin. There is a 14th-century piscina in the east wall of the north aisle and a similar one in the south wall of the south aisle.

The original tower and spire were together about 159 ft. high. The spire was tall and slender, with small broaches and three tiers of lights. Doubts about the structural soundness of the tower were evidently felt in 1777 when the visiting archdeacon ordered it to be examined. In 1816 an attempt was made to strengthen it with internal buttresses of brick. While repairs were in progress in 1825 it collapsed, damaging in its fall the west ends of the nave and the south aisle. An organ gallery which had been erected in the same year was destroyed. It was stated afterwards that the tower walls, which were of rubble 4 ft. thick with a facing of ashlar 9 ins. thick, had long been unsound. An approach was made to the London architect Robert (later Sir Robert) Smirke, and estimates were invited for rebuilding the tower in approximately its original form. When these proved too high (the lowest was over £4,000) it was suggested that the spire be omitted. Long and very acrimonious discussion followed, mainly on the question of expense. Finally, between 1832 and 1836 the tower was rebuilt without a spire to the designs of William Flint, architect, of Leicester. It is a simple structure of stone ashlar, rising in three stages and with angle buttresses. It has a band of carved quatrefoils below the embattled parapet which is surmounted by four corner pinnacles.

Apart from the tower considerable work was done to the church in the first half of the 19th century. New pews were installed in 1813 and a lean-to vestry, apparently of brick, was added to the chancel in the same year. The east end of the chancel was rebuilt in 1817. In 1838 a dilapidated north gallery was taken down and in 1846 the nave and aisles were again re-pewed. Paint and whitewash were removed from the interior in 1854. Between 1860 and 1864 a major restoration under the direction of William Slater of London was put in hand. The low ceilings were removed, and the church was reroofed, the chancel roof being given a steeper pitch. The east window was replaced by a pointed window

with flowing tracery like those in the aisles. The hexagonal buttresses at the east end of the chancel were altered to match the buttresses elsewhere. A recess for the organ was built on the south side of the chancel. The north vestry, replacing that of 1813, is probably of this period also. The rood loft stair was blocked, and a new tower arch was built. The font, which has traces of trefoiled arcading and may date from the 14th century, was retrieved from a field and replaced in the church during the restoration.

The ancient stone font (which is probably thirteenth century) was removed from the church by Captain John Yaxley, the puritan Roundhead minister, in the 1650s, and was used as a horse trough until it was re-instated in 1864 and the plain 17th century font given to a church in Zanzibar. The steeple collapsed in 1825 and was replaced with the current ashlar tower between 1832 and 1836 after considerable lengthy and bitter discussions in the parish.

A new organ was installed in 1895, the carved oak pulpit in 1897, and the choir stalls in 1902. The reredos dates from 1931 and the tower screen from 1936. In 1876 there were six bells: (i) 1618; (iii) and (iv) 1621; (ii), (v), and (vi) 1732. One of the bells was still cracked as a result of the collapse of the tower in 1825. Two more bells were added in 1910. Frederick Iliffe, by will proved 1928, left £300 to endow quarterly payments to members of the choir, to maintain the organ, or for hymn and chant books for the choir. In 1953 the income was £10 13s.

The churchyard was closed, and a new cemetery was opened on the main road in Kibworth Harcourt in 1892.

It is a Grade II* listed building and was listed on 7th December 1966. The details of the listing are below.

KIBWORTH BEAUCHAMP CHURCH ROAD (East Side) SP 69 SE 6/61 7.12.66 Church of St. Wilfrid II* GV Church. C13 - C15 and 1832, restored 1860-4. Tower of 1832 by William Flint of Leicester, and restoration by W. Slater of London. Coursed rubble stone and ashlar with leaded roofs. Stone coped gables with cross finials. Buttresses and angle buttresses with set-offs. W tower, nave, aisles, chancel, N chancel vestry and N and S porches. Tower of ashlar of 3 stages. Plinth, diagonal buttresses with set-offs, W doorway with many-moulded arch, W window with C19 stained glass, clock faces to N, S and W, 4 2-light bell openings, quatrefoil frieze, battlements and crocketed pinnacles as continuations of buttresses. Many-moulded segmental nave arch. C14 4 bay arcades, the mouldings with 2 sunk quadrants continuing to floor. Perp clerestory with 4 2-light flat-topped windows to either side. Ball flower and head frieze on outside above them. C19 4 bay roof with curved braces on carved stone corbels. N aisle has NW window with Curvilinear tracery, 3 N windows with Curvilinear or Reticulated tracery, 2 with stained glass of 1864. NE window with Reticulated tracery and stained glass of 1857. Piscina with blind Curvilinear tracery. C15 N porch with niche over doorway and 1-light window to each side. Chancel arch like arcade, and over it, to N a diamond window of 4 quatrefoils, and to S a round window of 3 mouchettes. Chancel has 3 N windows, 1 with stained glass of 1942, E window with Curvilinear tracery and stained glass of 1865 and 3 S windows, 1 with stained glass of 1894. Triple sedilia with cusped arches and shafts and restored piscina. S doorway with, on outside, roll moulding and hood mould with dog tooth moulding. Small S 1-light window with C19 stained glass. N of chancel, a late C19 vestry. S aisle has SW and 3 S windows with Curvilinear tracery and stained glass of 1884 and 1906. SE window with Reticulated tracery and stained glass of 1874. Piscina with blind tracery. S doorway with probably medieval door. C15 S porch with niche over door (C19 statue within) and 2-light window on each side. C14 octagonal font with blind arcade decoration (C19 base). Wall monument to William Parker, died 1699. Perp screen, largely renewed 1868. Pevsner and V.C.H., Vol. V.

Hugglescote

Hugglescote is a village on the River Sence in North West Leicestershire, England. The village is about 1 mile (1.6 km) south of the centre of Coalville, and its built-up area is now contiguous with the town.

Hugglescote and Donington le Heath were part of the parish of Ibstock until 1878, when they were formed into a separate civil parish. In 1936 the parish was absorbed by the then urban district of Coalville. The civil parish of Hugglescote and Donington le Heath was reinstated by an order made in May 2010, and the new parish council held its first meeting in May 2011.

In 1463 William Beaumont, 2nd Viscount Beaumont held the manors of Donington and Hugglescote. However, in the Wars of the Roses Beaumont had fought for the House of Lancaster so he was attainted and Edward IV granted Donington and Hugglescote to the Yorkist courtier William Hastings, 1st Baron Hastings. The Hastings family's manor house has been lost. It had a formal garden in which a red brick building was erected in about 1700 and altered in about 1820. The building survives but part of its stone slate roof has collapsed.

There was an old Church of England chapel of ease in Dennis Street which was replaced by a Georgian chapel of Saint James in 1776. Hugglescote's population outgrew the chapel and so the present Church of England parish church of Saint John the Baptist was built on a new site in Grange Road and consecrated in 1879. St. John's is a Gothic Revival building designed by the architect J.B. Everard in an Early English style. The first vicar, Canon H.E. Broughton, was installed in 1878 and died in office in 1924. He is commemorated by a reredos installed in St. John's in 1937 and a nearby road-name, Broughton Street.

St. John's is built largely of local materials: Charnwood granite rubble, Swithland slate, Ibstock brick and Coalville ceramic floor tiles. The nave has five-bay arcades with Shap granite columns and a clerestory with paired lancet windows. St. John's has a transseptal south chapel and a central bell tower over the crossing. The building was extended in 1887. The tower has a ring of eight bells, all cast by John Taylor & Co of Loughborough in 1900. St. John's is a Grade II* listed building.

St. John's has an Elizabethan chalice dating from 1575 and a parish chest from the former chapel. The parish registers date from 1564. St. John's is the largest place of worship in the area, seating some 600 people. It is now part of a combined benefice with the parishes of Ellistown and Snibston.

A Wesleyan chapel in Station Road was completed in 1831 and extended in 1891. It is now Hugglescote Methodist Church. Hugglescote had a Baptist chapel in Dennis Street. The building is now closed but the Baptist congregation continues to worship in Hugglescote Community Primary School.

A few historic cottages survive in Dennis Street. 26 and 28 Dennis Street are two timber-framed cottages, one of which has the date 1583 on a collar beam and thus dates from the period that W.G. Hoskins identified as the Great Rebuilding of England. The gable end has collar and tie beams and queen struts. The building was extended eastwards in 1761. In 1960 Hoskins considered the original part of the building to be the oldest dated cottage in a Leicestershire village.

16 Dennis Street is a timber-framed cottage with brick nogging that was mainly built in the 17th century, although the original part of the cottage was built in 1590, and has some alterations from the 19th or late 18th centuries. The staircase is in a semi-circular extension at the rear of the cottage. 15 Dennis Street is a cottage built of brick with a Swithland slate roof and the date 1757 on a brick over the front door.

Farmland in the township was enclosed in 1774. In 1945 this estate was sold by Brigadier C.L.O. Tayleur. By 1848 Donington and Hugglescote had a National School. It moved into a new building completed in 1862, and an infants' school was added in 1883. The 1862 and 1883 buildings are now Hugglescote Community Centre.

Construction of the Ashby and Nuneaton Joint Railway began in 1869 and it opened in 1873. The ANJR had a branch from Shackerstone through Hugglescote to Coalville Town. Hugglescote railway station became a junction in 1883, when the Charnwood Forest Railway opened from here to Loughborough Derby Road. The London, Midland and Scottish Railway absorbed both lines in the 1923 grouping and withdrew passenger services from both lines in 1931. Nationalisation in 1948 made the lines part of British Railways, which withdrew freight services from the Charnwood Forest line in 1963 and from the Ashby and Nuneaton line in 1971.

Life's What You Make It

Excerpts from life writing.

Ice Cream Avalanche

After a day wandering around Hastings had culminated in a trip up on the funicular lift on West Hill, they sat outside the hill top café.

They had already bought drinks, but now Larry had requested an ice-cream. The café had a machine on the wall outside with a sign on it saying it was self-service, that you could pull your own ice-cream and then pay inside. This was back in the good old days when these things could be done on trust.

So, Larry went to the machine, got himself a small cone and pulled the lever to start the ice cream flowing. It worked like a dream and in a couple of seconds he had a nice tall ice cream cone.

That's when the problem started, he pushed the lever back up to stop the flow of ice cream coming out of the machine, but it just wouldn't stop. Being only nine years-old, Larry started to panic when the machine wouldn't stop, using his hand to try and stop the flow. When this didn't work, he did what any child would do, and called for help, and so his dad stepped in to help.

BIG MISTAKE!!

Larry's dad stepped up to the machine with the confidence of a man who knew what he was doing. It didn't take long for that confidence to evaporate. He tried to push the lever back up, but the ice cream kept coming. He pulled the lever back down, the ice cream kept coming. He pulled and pushed at it for another twenty seconds, and still the ice cream kept coming. There was now a pile of ice cream on the floor under the machine and it was spreading.

Larry's panic had now spread to his dad, and with a final effort he tried wrenching the lever up to a point where the ice cream would stop coming. All he succeeded in doing was wrenching the lever off of the machine altogether.

If the flow of ice cream hadn't been enough before, it certainly was now as it started to come out of four separate parts of the machine at the same time, the pile underneath the machine was growing rapidly and was starting to slide to the edge of the hill and the funicular station.

At this point the whole family did what any sensible family would consider a sensible option. Yep, they did a runner, leaving the ice cream machine spewing out its contents like that magical porridge pot that wouldn't stop.

Next day the local paper had the headline.

“Vandals Destroy Ice Cream Machine”

The story below it pointed out that the ice cream slid down the cliff and put the Victorian funicular out of service.

Fortunately there were no CCTV cameras back then, and there were no mug shots in the paper to show the terrible family who had wrecked the livelihood of the poor West Cliff Café's owners, and brought the funicular to a grinding halt causing god knows how many pensioners to keel over from over exertion on the long steep trek up the hill for the next couple of days.

Personally, as a member of that terrible family, I thought it served the people of Hastings right. If they will allow their German Shepherds to just run across roads and bite children, they deserve all the ice cream avalanches we can throw at them.

Top Tens

Random Top Ten

The ten quarterbacks to have been sacked the most times all time in regular season NFL games.

Pos	Quarterback	Times Sacked
1	Ben Roethlisberger	554
2	Tom Brady	543
3	Brett Favre	525
4	John Elway	516
5	Aaron Rodgers	498
6	Dave Krieg	494
7	Randall Cunningham	484
8	Phil Simms	477
9	Drew Bledsoe	467
10	Philip Rivers	464

Chart

The top ten in the UK singles chart on this day in 2002

Position	Last Week's Position	Title	Artist	Label	Peak Position	Weeks on Chart
1	New	JUST A LITTLE	LIBERTY X	V2	1	1
2	1	IF TOMORROW NEVER COMES	RONAN KEATING	POLYDOR	1	2
3	Re	ESCAPE	ENRIQUE IGLESIAS	INTERSCOPE	3	4
4	New	WHAT'S LUV	FAT JOE FT ASHANTI	ATLANTIC	4	1
5	2	KISS KISS	HOLLY VALANCE	LONDON	1	3
6	New	DON'T LET ME GET ME	PINK	ARISTA	6	1
7	4	ONE STEP CLOSER	S CLUB JUNIORS	POLYDOR	2	4
8	5	FOLLOW DA LEADER	NIGEL & MARVIN	RITUALS/RELENTLESS	5	2
9	New	IN MY EYES	MILK INC	ALL AROUND THE WORLD	9	1
10	6	FREAK LIKE ME	SUGABABES	ISLAND	1	4

Poetry Corner

Motionless

I sit in my seat not moving for hours
Up early I see the sun creep across the sky
No clouds to hide behind in a pale blue vista
It sits low above the roofs and shines in my eyes

And it disappears from view away to my right
But now I can watch television undistracted
More movement there as the cars race around
And still I sit on the sofa to which I'm attracted

I read for a while then I surf the web
None of which involves getting to my feet
Ignoring requests to help in the kitchen
Not doing anything that requires me to leave my seat

Looking up it's now evening, an indigo sky
Where has the time gone on another wasted day
I could have done so much more with my time
Photography perhaps, so many images to portray

Or do some writing, a chapter for my novel
Yes, it is the weekend and a time to relax
Yet I feel as if I am taking it too far
Doing nothing but sitting and scoffing snacks

And now the large white moon comes into view
Not quite full, but it is close to being
It rushes across the sky, it's gone too quickly
I'm left staring into the dark, my eyes unseeing

I look at my watch and I'm shocked at the time
It's midnight already and my bed is calling
I move from the sofa after fifteen hours of sloth
My laziness disgusting, my behaviour appalling

Thirty-Three And One Third Revolutions Per Minute

Blondie – Parallel Lines

Parallel Lines was the third studio album by American rock band Blondie, released on September 23, 1978, by Chrysalis Records to international commercial success. The album reached No. 1 in the United Kingdom in February 1979 and proved to be the band's commercial breakthrough in the United States, where it reached No. 6 in April 1979. In Billboard magazine, Parallel Lines was listed at No. 9 in the top pop albums year-end chart of 1979. The album spawned several successful singles, notably the international hit "Heart of Glass". The album spent a total of 115 weeks in the UK album chart.

In June 1978 the band entered the Record Plant in New York to record their third album, and first with Chapman. However, Chapman found the band difficult to work with, remembering them as the worst band he ever worked with in terms of musical ability, although praising Frank Infante as "an amazing guitarist". Sessions with Chris Stein were hampered by his being stoned during recording, and Chapman encouraged him to write songs rather than play guitar. Similarly, according to Chapman, Jimmy Destri would prove himself to be far better at song writing than as a keyboardist and Clem Burke had poor timing playing drums. As a result, Chapman spent time improving the band, especially Stein with whom Chapman spent hours rerecording his parts to ensure they were right. Bassist Nigel Harrison became so frustrated with Chapman's drive for perfection that he threw a synthesizer at him during recording. Chapman recalls the atmosphere at the Record Plant in an interview for Sound on Sound:

The Blondies were tough in the studio, real tough. None of them liked each other, except Chris and Debbie, and there was so much animosity. They were really, really juvenile in their approach to life—a classic New York underground rock band—and they didn't give a fuck about anything. They just wanted to have fun and didn't want to work too hard getting it.

Chapman took an unorthodox approach when recording with Harry whom he describes as "a great singer and a great vocal stylist, with a beautifully identifiable voice. However ... also very moody". Chapman was far more cautious of demanding much from Harry as he saw her as a highly emotional person who would vest these emotions in the songs they made. He remembers Harry disappearing into the bathroom in tears for several hours at a time during recording. During a day of recording, Harry sang two lead parts and some harmonies, less work than she did previously with Gottehrer. This was due to Chapman encouraging her to be cautious about the way she sang, particularly to recognise phrasing, timing and attitude.

Blondie recorded *Parallel Lines* in six weeks, despite being given six months by Terry Ellis, co-founder of Chrysalis Records, to do so. For the drums, a traditional set-up was used, and Chapman fitted Neumann microphones to the toms, snare and hi-hat, as well as several above the site. When recording, Chapman would start with the bass track, which was difficult to record at the time, by way of "pencil erasing". Chapman explained in an interview for *Sound on Sound*, "that meant using a pencil to hold the tape away from the head and erasing up to the kick drum. If a bass part was ahead of the kick, you could erase it so that it sounded like it was on top of the kick. That's very easy to do these days, but back then it was quite a procedure just to get the bottom end sounding nice and tight." A combination DI/amp method was used to record Harrison's bass and Destri's synthesizer. Shure SM57 and AKG 414 microphones were used to capture Infante's Les Paul guitar. King Crimson guitarist Robert Fripp makes a guest appearance on his main instrument on "Fade Away and Radiate".

After the basic track was complete, Chapman would record lead and backing vocals with Harry. However, this process was hampered by many songs not being written in time for the vocals to be recorded. "Sunday Girl", "Picture This" and "One Way Or Another" were all unfinished during the rehearsal sessions. When recording vocal parts, Chapman remembers asking Harry if she was ready to sing, only for her to reply "Yeah, just a minute" as she was still writing lyrics down. Chapman notes that many "classic" songs from the album were created this way.

During the last session at the Record Plant, the band were asleep on the floor only to be awakened at six o'clock in the morning by Mike Chapman and his engineer Peter Coleman leaving for Los Angeles with the tape tracks. Despite Blondie's belief that *Parallel Lines* would resonate with a wider audience, Chrysalis Records was not as enthusiastic and label executives told them to start again, only to be dissuaded by Chapman's assurance that its singles would prove popular.

Parallel Lines took its name from an unused track written by Harry, the lyrics of which were included in the first vinyl edition of the album. The cover sleeve image was photographed by Edo Bertoglio and was chosen by Blondie's manager, Peter Leeds, despite being rejected by the band. The photo shows the band posing in matching dress suits and smiling broadly in contrast to Harry who poses defiantly with her hands on her hips while wearing a white dress and high heels. According to music journalist Tim Peacock, the cover became "iconic – and instantly recognisable".

The album was released by Chrysalis in September 1978, to international success. The album entered the Billboard album chart the week ending September 23, 1978 at No. 186, reflecting retail sales during the survey period ending September 10, 1978. In the United Kingdom, it entered the albums chart at No.13, eventually reaching the no.1 spot in February 1979 after the band had scored hits with the singles "Picture This", "Hanging on the Telephone", and "Heart of Glass". "Sunday Girl" was released in the UK as a fourth single from the album in May 1979 and also reached no.1, and *Parallel Lines* became the UK's biggest selling album of the year. Blondie embarked on a sold-out tour of the UK and appeared at an autograph signing event for Our Price Records on Kensington High Street; according to Peacock, it "descended into Beatlemania-esque chaos when the band were mobbed by thousands of fans".

Parallel Lines was also a commercial success elsewhere in Europe, Australia, and the United States, where the band had struggled to sell their previous records. "Heart of Glass" became their first number-one hit on the American Billboard Hot 100, with help from a promotional video directed by Stanley Dorfman depicting Blondie in a performance of the song at a fashionable nightclub in New York. The single was "responsible for turning the band into bona fide superstars", Peacock said.

In 2000, *Parallel Lines* was voted number 57 in Colin Larkin's book *All Time Top 1000 Albums*. Three years later, it was ranked at number 140 on Rolling Stone's list of the 500 greatest albums of all time, maintaining the rating in a 2012 revised list; it has also been placed at number 18 and 45 on NME's 100 Best Albums of All Time (2003) and 500 Greatest Albums of All Time (2013) lists, respectively; number 7 on Blender's 100 Greatest American Albums of All Time; number 94 on Channel 4's 2005 list of the 100 greatest albums of all time; and number 76 on Pitchfork's list of the best albums from the 1970s.

Track listing

Side one

No. - Title - Writer(s) - Length

1. - "Hanging on the Telephone" - Jack Lee - 2:17. Third single release from the album, hit number 5 in the UK charts and spent 12 weeks on the chart. The B-side was "Will Anything Happen?", though various versions of the single also

had "Fade Away and Radiate", "Heart of Glass", "Picture This", and "I Know but I Don't Know" as the B-side. Was reissued as a double A-side with "Heart of Glass" in 1985. Was a cover of the 1976 song by The Nerves, has been sampled once, and itself covered thirteen times.

2. - "One Way or Another" - Deborah Harry, Nigel Harrison - 3:31. Sixth single release from the album, hit number 98 in the UK charts and spent 1 week on the chart, but not on its original release, it was 2013 before it hit the charts. The B-side was "Just Go Away". Was the B-side to the 1981 single "In The Flesh". Re-released as a double A-side with "Dreaming" in 1990, and as a jukebox single in 1994 with "Rapture". Sampled ten times and covered seventeen times.
3. - "Picture This" - Harry, Chris Stein, Jimmy Destri - 2:53. First single release from the album, hit number 12 in the UK charts and spent 11 weeks on the chart. The B-side was "Fade Away and Radiate". Sampled once and covered once.
4. - "Fade Away and Radiate" - Stein - 3:57. Was the B-side to "Picture This". Covered once.
5. - "Pretty Baby" - Harry, Stein - 3:16.
6. - "I Know but I Don't Know" - Frank Infante - 3:53. Was the B-side to "Sunday Girl" and to "Hanging on the Telephone" on some versions of the single.

Side two

7. - "11:59" - Destri - 3:19. Covered once.
8. - "Will Anything Happen?" - Lee - 2:55. Was the B-side to "Hanging on the Telephone".
9. - "Sunday Girl" - Stein - 3:01. Fifth single release from the album, hit number 1 in the UK charts and spent 13 weeks on the chart. The B-side was "I Know but I Don't Know". The French version of the song was the B-side of 1982 single "Heroes". Sampled twice and covered eight times.
10. - "Heart of Glass" - Harry, Stein - 3:54. Fourth single release from the album, hit number 1 in the UK charts (their first of six UK number one singles) and spent 15 weeks on the chart. Was reissued as a double A-side with "Hanging On The Telephone" in 1985. Reissued on Old Gold with "The Tide Is High" in 1987. Also reissued as a 1988 remix, and as a double A-side 12 inch on Old Gold with "Rapture". Has been sampled 29 times (including in Missy Elliott's "Work It"), and has been covered 54 times.
11. - "I'm Gonna Love You Too" - Joe B. Mauldin, Niki Sullivan, Norman Petty - 2:03. Second single release from the album, it wasn't a hit in the UK. The B-side was "Fan Mail". A cover of the 1958 Buddy Holly song.
12. - "Just Go Away" - Harry - 3:21. Was the B-side to "One Way or Another".

Personnel

Blondie

Jimmy Destri – electronic keyboards

Frank Infante – guitar, co-lead vocals on "I Know but I Don't Know"

Chris Stein – guitar, 12-string, E-bow

Nigel Harrison – bass

Clem Burke – Premier drums

Deborah Harry – vocals

Additional personnel

Mike Chapman – production, backing vocals on "Hanging on the Telephone"[a]

Pete Coleman – production assistance, engineering

Grey Russell – engineering assistance

Steve Hall – mastering at MCA Whitney Studio (Glendale, California)

Robert Fripp – guitar on "Fade Away and Radiate"

Edo Bertoglio – photography

Ramey Communications – art direction, design

Frank Duarte – illustration

Jerry Rodriguez – lettering

Charts

Chart - Peak position

Australian Albums - 2

Austrian Albums - 24

Canada Top Albums/CDs - 2

Dutch Albums - 7

Finnish Albums - 11

German Albums - 9

Italian Albums - 11

New Zealand Albums - 3

Norwegian Albums - 16

Portuguese Albums - 7

Swedish Albums - 9

UK Albums - 1

US Billboard - 6

Certifications and sales

Region - Certification - Certified units/sales

Australia - Platinum - 70,000
Canada - 4x Platinum - 400,000
Netherlands - Gold - 50,000
New Zealand - Platinum - 15,000
United Kingdom - Platinum - 1,694,353
United States - Platinum - 1,500,000
Yugoslavia - Platinum - 100,000
Worldwide - 16,000,000

Story Time

Bats In The Belfry

Get an Air B'n'B they said, it's easy and they have some great locations / buildings. And so that's what Jeff did. He let his youngest daughter choose a converted church for a two-night stay in deepest darkest Suffolk. It looked good on screen, and unlike some other locations the post code given, although not exactly at the church was close enough to one for him to check it out, and from the distance on Google street view it looked like the pictures.

So, they get to the little village and the church mid-afternoon only to find that the church is derelict, and cobweb strewn, and no signs of life. Have they been done again? So, Jeff knocked on the door of the house next to the church. The owner of the house looked confused. Stay in the church? Why would anyone do that, it's been disused for years. Yes, it is called St Mark's, but I've not seen anyone there in ages. You'd be better off going along the High Street to number 37 and ask Mrs Thompson, she has the keys to the church.

And so off Jeff and the children went. Mrs Thompson was even more surprised. "No, no one ever stays in the church, I've got the only key and we don't like tourists here." Downhearted and somewhat panicked as to where they would be staying the night, they stopped in the local pub to get some food and for Jeff to frantically try and find somewhere to stay. Then the message through Air B'n'B came through.

Hi, I'm cooking roast lamb for the evening meal if you fancy some when you get here.

Jeff replied and after a call found out that the St Mark's church, they had gone to was the wrong one. The actual St Mark's church that was on Air B'n'B was a mile away in the next village. He shook his head at the fact that none of the locals he had spoken to mentioned the fact that the church in the next village was also called St Mark's.

When they arrive at the proper church, the host was outside the cottage next to the church, and the glass of wine in Martin's hand certainly wasn't his first of the afternoon. But it was nothing compared to his wife, Mary, who turned up completely ratted a few minutes later, and it was her who showed them around the church and where they would be staying.

When the couple had bought the church, they could convert the tower and balcony area, but they still had to allow services to take place in the main church. The main room on the balcony area overlooked the nave of the church, but on the first level up in the belfry tower was another bedroom, which was where Jeff's younger daughter was going to sleep. There was also another bedroom on the level above that wasn't going to be used by them, and above that were the bells.

Mary was up and down the stairs like a mountain goat, which was amazing considering how drunk she was, but when they had been orientated, she left and headed back to the cottage.

It was a lovely evening, so they sat outside talking to Mary and Martin, and when Jeff told them they'd stayed in Ipswich the previous night, Mary told them she'd never been there before, despite living in Suffolk for her whole life. There was some doubt as to whether she'd ever left the parish.

They had a drink and played some games until night fell and it was time for the youngest daughter to go to bed. Only for her to come back down a few minutes later, freaked out, as she told Jeff there were strange noises coming from the room above hers and she didn't like it.

So, Jeff went to investigate, only to find a body on the bed in the higher room, one that smelt and made strange noises. He crept over and poked the body a couple of times only for it to dawn on him that it was Mary, who appeared to have shat herself and crashed out in the belfry. They hadn't even seen (or heard) her go back into the church.

Jeff went to speak to Martin about it, only to find Martin dressed only in shorts with a massive power drill in his hands (at 11pm!). And when he was told that his wife was passed out, having shat herself, in the upper room in the belfry, he just shrugged and went back to drilling. Jeff made a retreat, he'd seen "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre", and didn't want to become a victim of "The Suffolk Power-drill Massacre". They all slept on the balcony that night.

Martin cooked them all a very nice breakfast the next morning and was apologetic. Meanwhile Mary was out gardening as if nothing had happened.

Jeff took the children for a day out to Great Yarmouth and got back late into the evening. The day had left them wondering that if that was Great Yarmouth, had bad must normal Yarmouth be, let alone Lesser Yarmouth. They parked up in the empty car park and went inside to unwind with a drink and more games. Inside there was a display showing feeds from various security cameras on the site.

Out of the corner of her eye, the eldest daughter saw a car pull up and park next to theirs. She watched it for a couple of minutes, and no one got out, so she told her dad. All of them watched the feed for a few minutes more, but no one appeared from the car, and so Jeff went out to investigate.

And what did he find? There was Mary, passed out in the driver's seat with a bottle of wine in her hand. Jeff decided not to open the door just in case there was a similar smell to the previous night. He headed back into the church and locked the door to prevent visitors of the humankind during the night and thanked his lucky stars that the pisshead hadn't managed to crash into their car when she'd come back drunk as a skunk from wherever she'd been.

There was another breakfast for them the next morning, and Martin couldn't be more apologetic, although the offer of a free night at some point in the future was kindly declined by Jeff. He didn't want to know what night three of seven drunken nights would bring.

And so, they drove away, fingers and everything else crossed, hoping that their next Air B'n'B they had for the next five days wasn't anywhere near as dramatic. Yes, it wasn't a thirteenth century church, but hopefully it wasn't going to be owned by another branch of the Suffolk Hillbillies.

World's Greatest Cathedrals Top Trumps

Crystal Cathedral	
City / Country	Garden Grove, California, USA
Height	39 metres
Commenced Building	1955
Character	17
Global Fame	66
Top Trumps Rating	57
Details	The Crystal Cathedral is an all glass megachurch located in California, designed by architect Philip Johnson in 1977 and completed in 1980. In 1955, the church was held on the site of a drive-in theatre. Reverend Robert A. Schuller, the church's founder, would lead weekly outdoor services speaking to churchgoers seated in their automobiles.

Chapter and Verse

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

The Magicusians – Chapter 1

"I don't care what Jurg says. I don't care if he is the head of the council. I don't care if the rest of the council agrees with him. The chosen one from the prophecy needs a nudge. We should already be packing up and moving home."

"How can we Maurick? If all four of the Symbols of Power aren't in place, then we will fail."

"Will we? The only reason we believe that is because of the prophecy. Who is really to say that we can't return at any time? We built that world. We put up barriers and created men out of mud to keep the cult of Malimi at bay. We could have wiped the cult from the face of this world in a blink of an eye. Yet because of my demented old mentor having a dream that he wrote down, we're all in thrall to it.

I need a dreamcaster who isn't in the council's pocket. I want to get in the chosen one's head. I will get him to come. I will get him to do my bidding, and when he does come, we can follow him home. The council can stay sat here in their tower until the end of time for all I care. Waiting for an event that might never happen. But if we can get a dreamcaster into the chosen one's head we can do what we want with him."

"I may know one who would be willing to aid us. For the right price of course."

“For the right price! Have we all gone soft cossetted away on this damn dull continent? They should be prepared to do it for the sake of the Magicusians. But we have lowered ourselves and become slaves to money. That is not a trait of a Magicusian. Yet, as long as the dreamcaster you speak of can do what I need, I will pay them.”

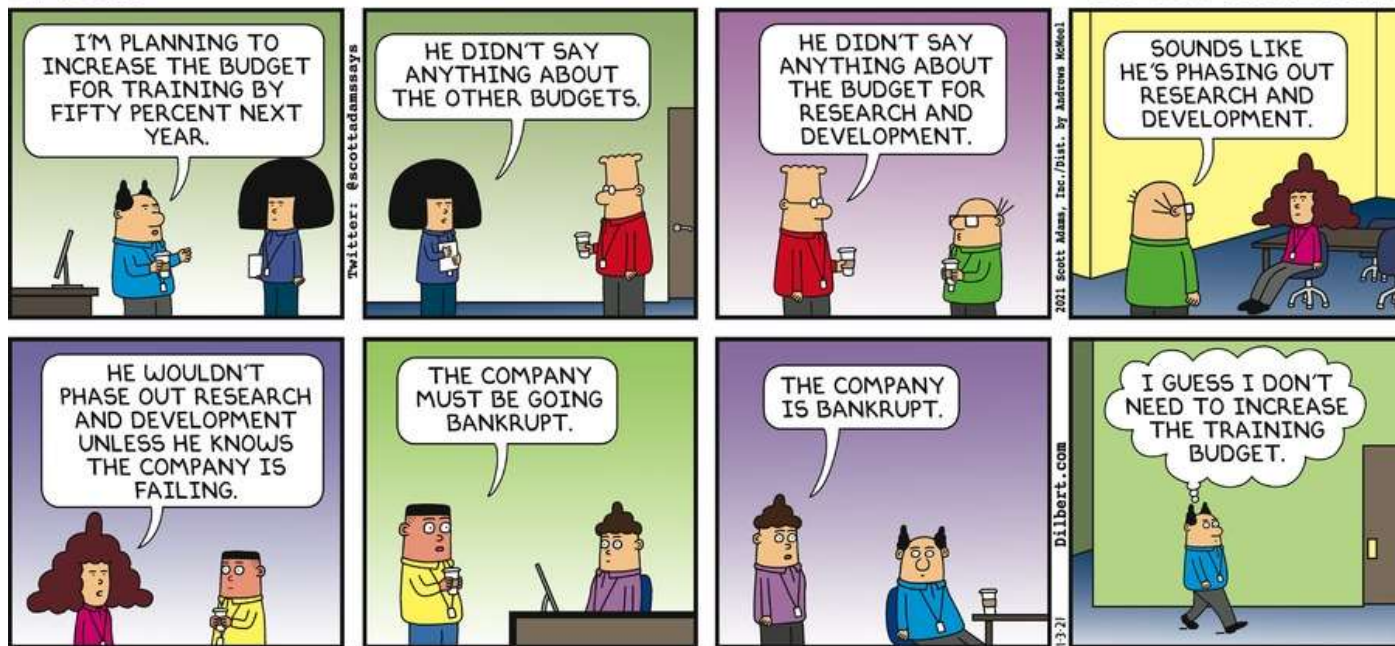
“She is said to be very talented Maurick.”

“That’s as the case may be, but I doubt if she has ever casted as far as this cast is required to reach. Bring her to me. Make sure no one else knows, and pay her price. Warn her though! If she fails me, she will pay me back. With her life.”

Dilbert

DILBERT

BY SCOTT ADAMS



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 <https://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 <https://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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