

# Flanagan's Running Club – Issue 15

## Introduction

The first rule of Flanagan's Running Club is everyone should talk about Flanagan's Running Club!  
Feel free to forward on to anyone you want, tell people about it the works, and just get them to sign up.

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>

## On This Day – 31<sup>st</sup> October

1922 – Benito Mussolini is made Prime Minister of Italy

1984 – Indian Prime Minister Indira Gandhi is assassinated by two Sikh security guards. Riots break out in New Delhi and other cities and around 3,000 Sikhs are killed.

2011 – The global population of humans reaches seven billion. This day is now recognized by the United Nations as the Day of Seven Billion.

It's Saci Day in Brazil

It's also World Savings Day

And it's World Cities Day

## Mapping The London Year

### **1795 – The poet John Keats is born in Moorgate.**

Keats' parent both died by the time he was 14 (his father from falling from a horse and his mother from tuberculosis), and he was sent to live with his grandmother in Edmonton. Keats was left £800 (the equivalent of about £34,000 today) by his grandfather and a share of a legacy from his mother of £8,000 (about £340,000 today) but was apparently never told of either, as he never applied for any of the money. This was particularly unfortunate as money was always a pressing concern for him and living in a series of cold, damp rooms contributed to his poor health.

Keats registered as a medical student at Guy's Hospital and showed such promise that within a month he was accepted as a dresser, assisting surgeons during operations. He spent increasing amounts of time writing, however, and once he had qualified, announced his intentions to be a poet rather than a doctor. He began to show symptoms of tuberculosis, the disease that had taken both his mother and one of his brothers, and moved from Hampstead to the warmer climate of Rome. His condition worsened, and he died there aged 25.

Although three volumes of his poems published in his lifetime sold only a total of 200 copies, his reputation continued to grow, and by the end of the 19<sup>th</sup> century he was regarded as one of the great English Romantic Poets.

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

### **1989 – DJ Jazzy Jeff & the Fresh Prince release their third album “*And In This Corner...*” on Jive records.**

The self-produced “*And In This Corner...*” contained the hit single “*Jazzy's Groove*” and the classic “*I Think I Can Beat Mike Tyson*”.

While it was not as successful as their previous release, the gold-selling album reached #39 on the Billboard 200, #19 on the R&B chart, and received two Grammy nominations.

## 365 – Great Stories From History For Every Day Of The Year

**1517** Today has been called the first day of the Reformation, when on the eve of All Saints' Day, a 34-year-old Augustinian monk named Martin Luther nailed his famous 95 these to the door of the Schlosskirche at the Saxon City of Wittenberg.

What triggered Luther's historic challenge to the Church of Rome was Pope Leo X's decision to complete the rebuilding of Rome's ancient and crumbling St Peter's Cathedral – or rather, how Leo proposed to pay for the work.

St Peter's had been one of Christianity's holiest places since the putative burial there of the apostle St Peter in about AD67. The first known monument, an aedicule or shrine for a small statue, was constructed in around 170, and later Emperor Constantine built a basilica over the aedicule. Over the centuries several more churches were built there, but by the 15<sup>th</sup> century they had fallen into disrepair, and Pope Nicholas V determined to build a cathedral without rival to be named the Basilica of St Peter in honour of the founder of the Church.

Nicolas died in 1455, and construction on St Peter's began only in 1506 under the pontificate of Julius II, and when Leo X became Pope in 1513, the great building was still only partly finished. Leo resolved to continue the project, and with artists like Raphael to hand, he had only one problem – money. So, to raise the cash for the new basilica, he took to selling indulgences to deliver souls from Purgatory.

Leo's call went out to bishops throughout Europe, urging them to find buyers. One particularly energetic salesman was Johann Tetzel, a German Dominican friar who was assigned by the Archbishop of Mainz to get to work.

The Church had been awash with simony, nepotism, venality and corruption for a century, but when Luther, then a monk lecturing at the University of Wittenberg, learned of Tetzel's cynical sales programme, it was the final straw. In reaction to this last impiety, he hit back at the offending Church, starting with Tetzel, about whom he swore, 'God willing, I will beat a hole in his drum!' Then on this day he nailed his famous 95 theses to the church door at Wittenberg.

Luther's theses, written in Latin, only indirectly criticised papal policy, whilst emphasising spiritual life within the Church. Luther contended that divine grace cannot be easily acquired but must be gained through true belief and tribulation. But to ensure that someone beyond a junior acolyte would read the theses, he sent copies to the Archbishop of Mainz. Thanks to the recently developing art of printing, further copies were then circulated across much of Europe.

Thus it was the building of its greatest monument touched off the blast that sundered the Catholic Church for ever.

### **Births**

1445 – Hedwig, Abbess of Quedlinburg

1795 – John Keats

1920 – Dick Francis

1961 – Peter Jackson

1963 – Johnny Marr

1966 – Ad-Rock

1967 – Vanilla Ice

### **Deaths**

1926 – Harry Houdini

1993 – River Phoenix

### **Number 1's**

Number 1 single in 1995 - Coolio feat LV - Gangsta's Paradise

Number 1 album in 2002 - Foo Fighters - One By One

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

### **Random Results**

1964 - Leicester City 4 - Tottenham Hotspur 2

2010 - Leicester Tigers 29 - Northampton Saints 15

2011 - Leicester Riders 102 - MK Lions 67

2010 - San Francisco 49ers 24 - Denver Broncos 16

1961 - New York Knicks 131 - Cincinnati Royals 127

2017 - New York Rangers 6 - Vegas Golden Knights 4

## **Drabble**

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

### **Halloween**

He loved Halloween, the people wandering around in fancy dress, whether scary or surprising. There really was no limit to what some parents would dress their kids like.

He walked past a group of parents and children as they were trick-o-treating. All of the group looked over at him, and he drew a number of comments.

"Awesome costume man!"

"That blood splatter looks great, and so realistic."

"Cool knife bro!"

He loved Halloween, no need for him to get changed after his latest murder, he could wander the streets covered in his victim's blood and no one batted an eyelid.

## Joke

On the outskirts of town, there was a big old pecan tree by the cemetery fence. One day two boys filled up a bucketful of nuts and sat down by the tree, out of sight, and began dividing the nuts. "One for you, one for me. One for you, one for me," said one boy. Several were dropped and rolled down toward the fence. Another boy came riding along the road on his bicycle. As he passed, he thought he heard voices from inside the cemetery. He slowed down to investigate. Sure enough, he heard, "One for you, one for me. One for you, one for me." He just knew what it was. "Oh my," he shuddered, "It's Satan and the Lord dividing the souls at the cemetery." He jumped back on his bike and rode off. Just around the bend he met an old man with a cane, hobbling along. "Come here quick," said the boy, "you won't believe what I heard. Satan and the Lord are down at the cemetery dividing up the souls." The man said, "Beat it, kid, can't you see it's hard for me to walk." When the boy insisted, though, the man hobbled to the cemetery. Standing by the fence they heard, "One for you, one for me. One for you, one for me." The old man whispered, "Boy, you've been tellin' the truth. Let's see if we can see the devil himself." Shaking with fear, they peered through the fence, yet were still unable to see anything. The old man and the boy gripped the wrought iron bars of the fence tighter and tighter as they tried to get a glimpse of Satan. At last they heard, "One for you, one for me. And one last one for you. That's all. Now let's go get those nuts by the fence, and we'll be done." They say the old guy made it back to town 5 minutes before the boy.

## Random Items

### Fact

The highest point in Pennsylvania is lower than the lowest point in Colorado.

### Firsts

1890 – William Kemmler becomes the first person to be executed using the electric chair.

1787 – British convicts are transported to Australia for the first time.

1611 – Mary Frith, a.k.a. Moll Cutpurse, becomes the first woman to be arrested for wearing men's clothes.

### Thought

Why is it considered necessary to nail down the lid of a coffin?

### Forgotten English

#### **Fidicinales**

With anatomists, the muscles of the fingers, from the use they are put to by musicians in playing some instruments. From Latin fidicen, a player on a stringed instrument.

### Ambrose Bierce's Demon's Dictionary

#### **DENTIST**

A prestidigitator who, putting metal into your mouth, pulls coins out of your pocket.

### Words You Should Know

#### **Kitsch**

Tasteless, pretentious, excessively garish furniture, decor, etc., often harking back to an earlier time or mimicking something more classy in an attempt to appeal to popular taste. The word can either be an adjective or a noun, so you might find kitsch crocheted tablecloths in a kitsch tea shop whose decor was the height of kitsch.

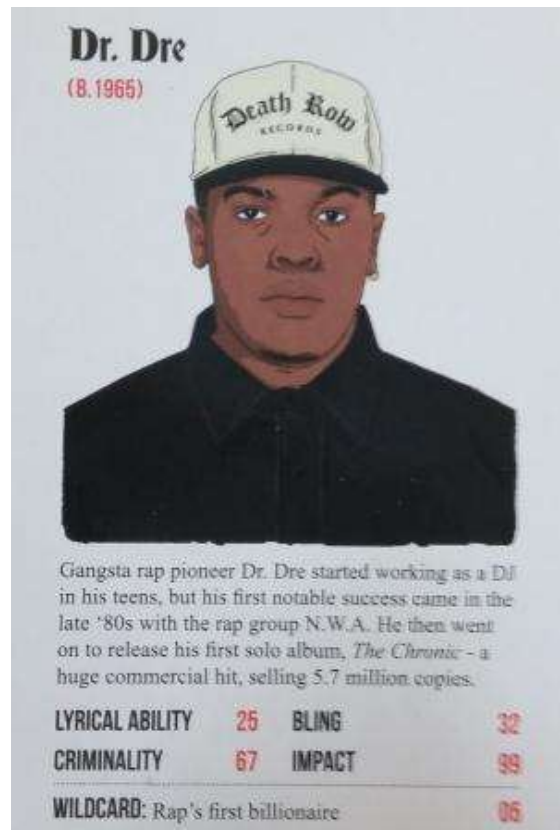
### Popular Expressions – What They Mean And Where We Got Them

#### **Put a sock in it!**

A plea to be quiet, to shut up, to make less noise.

It comes from the end of the nineteenth and beginning of the twentieth centuries, when the early gramophones, or 'phonographs', had large horns through which the sound was amplified. These mechanical contraptions had no volume controls, and so a convenient method of reducing the volume was to stuff a woollen sock inside the horn.

## Rappers of the Nineties Trumps



### Quote(s)

Unknown Female Voice  
Who's that with the grey hair and the balding patch on the back of his head?  
When they turned around.  
Ooh, it's Seeka.

### Going Underground

#### London City Airport

Is named after the airport opened in 1987 for short take-off and landing aircraft.

The station opened on 6 December 2005.

### Top Ten

First ten clubs to win the football league title		
No	Team	Year of 1st Win
1	Preston North End	1888-89
2	Everton	1890-91
3	Sunderland	1891-92
4	Aston Villa	1893-94
5	Sheffield United	1897-08
6	Liverpool	1900-01
7	Sheffield Wednesday	1902-03
8	Newcastle United	1904-05
9	Manchester United	1907-08
10	Blackburn Rovers	1911-12

### Cathedral Fact Files

Cathedral	Liverpool Cathedral
Dedicated To	Christ Church

Type	Modern	Architecture	Gothic
Religion	COE	Tower / Spire	1 Tower
Site Founded	1904	Height (External)	331ft
Church Founded	1904	Height (Internal)	116ft
Bishopric Founded	1880	Length	584ft
Current Bishopric Founded	1880	Width	196ft

## Thirty-Three And One Third Revolutions Per Minute

### Public Enemy – It Takes A Nation Of Millions To Hold Us Back

*It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back* was the second studio album by Public Enemy, released on June 28, 1988, by Def Jam Recordings. Public Enemy set out to make the hip hop equivalent to Marvin Gaye's *What's Going On*, an album noted for its strong social commentary. Recording sessions took place during 1987 at Chung King Studios, Greene St. Recording, and Sabella Studios in New York City. Noting the enthusiastic response toward their live shows, Public Enemy intended with *Nation of Millions* to make the music of a faster tempo than the previous album for performance purposes.

The album charted for 49 weeks on the US Billboard 200, peaking at number 42. By August 1989, it was certified Platinum by the Recording Industry Association of America, for shipments of one million copies in the United States. The album was very well received by music critics, who hailed it for its production techniques and the socially and politically charged lyricism of lead MC Chuck D. It also appeared on many publications' year-end top album lists for 1988 and was the runaway choice as the best album of 1988 in *The Village Voice's* Pazz & Jop critics' poll, a poll of the leading music critics in the US.

According to Chuck D, Hank Shocklee made the last call when songs were completed. "Hank would come up with the final mix because he was the sound master... Hank is the Phil Spector of hip-hop. He was way ahead of his time, because he dared to challenge the odds in sound." [16] This was also one of the details which Chuck felt to be unique to the time and recording of the album. "Once hip-hop became corporate, they took the daredevil out of the artistry. But being a daredevil was what Hank brought to the table." It was decided amongst the group that the album should be exactly one hour long, thirty minutes on each side. At the time, audio cassettes were more popular than CD's and the group didn't want listeners having to hear dead air for a long time after one-half of the album was finished. The two sides of the album were originally the other way around, the album beginning with "*Show Em Whatcha Got*" which leads into "*She Watch Channel Zero?!*". This instead became the start of side two or the "Black Side". Hank Shocklee decided to flip the sides just before the mastering of the album and start the record with Dave Pearce introducing the group during their first tour of England.

Some production mistakes were kept for the album. The breakdown in "Bring the Noise" in which the kick-drum sample from James Brown's "Funky Drummer" plays solo was a mistake. Apparently, the wrong sequence came up in the SP1200 sampler and Shocklee decided not only to keep it but to have Chuck rewrite his rhyme to fit the pattern. The album itself was mixed with no automation, instead of being recorded on analogue tape and later painstakingly mixed by hand. This is a significant fact due to its nature as being one of the most intricate albums of digitally sampled music. Asked years later if replicating the number of samples used on the album would be possible [due to increased clearance costs for copyrighted material], Hank Shocklee said while possible, it would be far more expensive than at the time to do so.

Some of the song titles make reference to other works from popular culture. The title of the song "*Party for Your Right to Fight*" is a rearrangement of the Beastie Boys' 1987 hit single "*(You Gotta) Fight for Your Right (To Party!)*." The vocal sample of hip hop DJ Mr. Magic stating that his show would play "no more music by the suckers" was used on the song "Cold Lampin' with Flavor" after having been recorded from Magic's radio show by Flavor Flav. Magic had dissed the group with the line when he mistakenly embroiled them in the WBAU-WBLS radio war.

Rolling Stone ranked the album number 48 on its list of the 500 Greatest Albums of All Time, making it the highest-ranked of the 27 hip hop albums included on the list. Time magazine hailed it as one of the 100 greatest albums of all time in 2006. *It Takes a Nation of Millions* is ranked as the top album of 1988 and the eighteenth greatest album of all time at Acclaimed Music. Slant Magazine listed the album at #3 on its list of "Best Albums of the 1980s" behind Michael Jackson's *Thriller* and Prince and the New Power Generation's *Purple Rain*.

It is one of the most sampled albums in history, with "*Bring The Noise*" being sampled 772 times to date, "*Rebel Without a Pause*" over 300 times and "*Don't Believe The Hype*" over 100 times. There isn't a track on the album that has been sampled less than 10 times.

### **Track listing**

All tracks produced by The Bomb Squad.

### **Side Silver**

1. - "*Countdown to Armageddon*" - Written by Carlton "Chuck D" Ridenhour, Eric "Vietnam" Sadler, and Hank Shocklee. Contains sample of: "*Yo! Bum Rush the Show*" by Public Enemy - 1:40
2. - "*Bring the Noise*" - Written by Ridenhour, Sadler, Shocklee. Contains samples of: "*It's My Thing*" by Marva Whitney, Fire & Fury Grass Roots Speech (Side Two) by Malcolm X, "*Funky Drummer*" by James Brown, "*Get Off Your Ass and Jam*" by Funkadelic, "*Get Up, Get into It, Get Involved*" by James Brown, "*Fantastic Freaks at the Dixie*" by Grand Wizard Theodore and The Fantastic Five, "*I Don't Know What This World is Coming to*" by The Soul Children feat. Jesse Jackson, "*Give it Up or Turnit a Loose (Remix)*" by James Brown, and "*The Assembly Line*" by Commodores. - 3:46. Covered by Anthrax feat Chuck D in 1991, becoming a top twenty hit. Second single release from the album, it hit number 32 on the UK singles chart.
3. - "*Don't Believe the Hype*" - Written by Ridenhour, Sadler, Shocklee, William "Flavor Flav" Drayton. Contains samples of: "*Synthetic Substitution*" by Melvin Bliss, "*Escape-ism*" and "*I Got Ants in My Pants*" by James Brown, "*Silly Rabbit, Trix Are for Kids*" by The Trix Rabbit and The Trix Kids, "*Fugitive*" by Whodini, "*Catch a Groove*" by Juice, and "*Do the Funky Penguin (Live)*" by Rufus Thomas. - 5:19 - Third single released off the album, it hit number 18 on both the UK singles chart and the US Billboard Rap Chart.
4. - "*Cold Lampin' with Flavor*" - Written by Sadler, Shocklee, Drayton. Contains samples of: "*Funk It Up (David's Song)*" by Sweet, "*Jungle Fever*" by The Chakachas, "*Gimme Some More*" by The J.B.'s, "*No More Music by the Suckers*" by Mr. Magic, "*I Know You Got Soul*" by Bobby Byrd, "*Lesson 1 (The Pay-Off Mix)*" by Double Dee and Steinski, "*(You Gotta) Fight for Your Right (To Party!)*" by Beastie Boys, "*Here We Go (Live at the Funhouse)*" by Run-D.M.C., "*War*" by Edwin Starr, and "*Think (About It)*" by Lyn Collins. - 4:17
5. - "*Terminator X to the Edge of Panic*" - Written by Ridenhour, Norman "Terminator X" Rogers, Drayton. Contains samples of: "*Flash's Theme*" by Queen, "*The Grunt*" by The J.B.'s, "*Bad*" by Big Audio Dynamite, "*Love Rap*" by Spoonie Gee and Treacherous Three, "*Get Up, Get Into It, Get Involved*" by James Brown, and "*Rebel Without a Pause*" by Public Enemy, - 4:31
6. - "*Mind Terrorist*" - Written by Ridenhour, Sadler, Shocklee. Contains samples of: "*Terminator X Speaks With His Hands*", "*Bring the Noise*", and "*Black Steel in the Hour of Chaos*" by Public Enemy. - 1:21.
7. - "*Louder Than a Bomb*" - Written by Ridenhour, Sadler, and Shocklee. Contains samples of: "*Who's Gonna Take the Weight*" by Kool & the Gang, "*Long Red*" by Mountain, "*(You Gotta) Fight for Your Right (To Party!)*" by Beastie Boys, "*Fantastic Freaks at the Dixie*" by DJ Grand Wizard Theodore and The Fantastic Five, "*Catch a Groove*" by Juice, "*One for the Treble (Fresh)*" by Davy DMX, "*It's Yours*" by T La Rock and Jazzy Jay, "*Here We Go (Live at the Funhouse)*" by Run-D.M.C., "*AJ Scratch*" by Kurtis Blow, and "*Rebel Without a Pause*" by Public Enemy. - 3:37. Released as the sixth single from the album in 1992, but failed to chart.
8. - "*Caught, Can We Get a Witness?*" - Ridenhour, Sadler, Shocklee. Contains samples of: "*Son of Shaft*" by Bar-Kays, "*Hot Pants (Bonus Beats)*" by Bobby Byrd, "*Soul Power (Live)*" by James Brown, and "*Terminator X Speaks With His Hands*" by Public Enemy. - 4:53

### Side Black

1. - "*Show 'Em Whatcha Got*" - Written by Ridenhour, Sadler, Shocklee. Contains samples of: "*Darkest Light*" by Lafayette Afro Rock Band, "*Son of Shaft / Feel It*" by Bar-Kays, "*Bring the Noise*" and "*Louder Than a Bomb*" by Public Enemy. 1:56
2. - "*She Watch Channel Zero?!*" - Written by Ridenhour, Sadler, Shocklee, Richard "Professor Griff" Griffin, and Drayton. Contains samples of: "*Angel of Death*" by Slayer, and "*Funky Drummer*" by James Brown. - 3:49
3. - "*Night of the Living Baseheads*" - Written by Ridenhour, Sadler, Shocklee. Contains samples of: "*The Grunt*" by The J.B.'s, "*I Can't Get Next to You*" by The Temptations, "*UFO*" by ESG, "*Fame*" by David Bowie, "*Scorpio*" by Dennis Coffey and The Detroit Guitar Band, "*Rock Steady*" by Aretha Franklin, "*Christmas Rappin*" by Kurtis Blow, "*Do the Funky Chicken (Live)*" and "*Do the Funky Penguin (Live)*" by Rufus Thomas, "*Rappin' Ain't No Thing*" by The Boogie Boys feat. Disco Dave, Kid Delight and Kool Ski, "*I Don't Know What This World Is Coming To*" by The Soul Children feat. Jesse Jackson, "*Funk Box Party*" by The Masterdon Committee, "*Son of Shaft / Feel It*" by Bar-Kays, "*Do It, Do It*" by Disco 4, "*Sucker M.C.'s (Krush Groove 1)*" and "*Rock the House*" by Run-D.M.C., "*My Mike Sounds Nice*" by Salt-N-Pepa, "*Bring the Noise*" by Public Enemy, Khalid Abdul Muhammad speech excerpt, and "*Change the Beat (Female Version)*" by Beside. - 3:14 - Fourth single released from the album it got to number 63 in the UK charts.
4. - "*Black Steel in the Hour of Chaos*" - Written by Ridenhour, Sadler, Shocklee, Drayton. Contains samples of: "*Hyperbolicsyllabicsesquedalymistic*" by Isaac Hayes, "*Living for the City*" by Stevie Wonder, "*Little Green Apples*" by The Escorts, and "*Bring the Noise*" by Public Enemy. - 6:23. Covered with chart success by Tricky. Fifth single release off the album, it didn't chart in the UK, but hit number 11 on the US Billboard Rap Charts.
5. - "*Security of the First World*" - 1:20
6. - "*Rebel Without a Pause*" - Written by Ridenhour, Sadler, Shocklee, Rogers. Contains samples of: "*The Grunt*" by The J.B.'s "*Funky Drummer*" and "*Get Up Offa That Thing*" by James Brown, "*I Don't Know What This World Is Coming To*" by The Soul Children feat. Jesse Jackson, "*Rock 'N Roll Dude*" by Chubb Rock, "*Pee-Wee's Dance*" by Joeski Love, "*Rock Music*" by Jefferson Starship. - 5:02 - First single released off the album it got to number 37 on the UK singles chart.
7. - "*Prophets of Rage*" - Written by Ridenhour, Sadler, Shocklee, Drayton. Contains samples of: "*Cold Sweat*" and "*The Payback Mix (Keep on Doing What You're Doing but Make It Funky)*" by James Brown, "*Shining Star*" by Earth, Wind & Fire, "*Pump That Bass*" by Original Concept, "*Hum Along and Dance*" by The Jackson 5, "*Bring the Noise*" and "*Miuzi Weighs a Ton*" by Public Enemy. - 3:18. The title is now used as the group name for Chuck D's collaboration with B-Real from Cypress Hill and members of Rage Against The Machine.

8. - "*Party for Your Right to Fight*" - Written by Ridenhour, Sadler, Shocklee. Contains samples of: "*(You Gotta) Fight for Your Right (To Party!)*" by Beastie Boys, "*Sing a Simple Song*" by Sly and the Family Stone, "*Butt-to-Butt Resuscitation*" by Funkadelic, "*Get Up, Stand Up*" by Bob Marley and The Wailers, "*I Know You Got Soul*" by Bobby Byrd, "*Get Up, Get Into It, Get Involved*" by James Brown, "*Bring the Noise*" and "*Terminator X Speaks With His Hands*" by Public Enemy, and 1964 Boston Radio Broadcast by Malcolm X. - 3:24

### Personnel

Assistant production – Eric "Vietnam" Sadler  
 Engineering – Greg Gordon, John Harrison, Jeff Jones, Jim Sabella, Nick Sansano, Christopher Shaw, Matt Tritto, Chuck Valle  
 Executive production – Rick Rubin  
 Mixing – Keith Boxley, DJ Chuck Chillout, Steven Ett, Rod Hui  
 Photography – Glen E. Friedman  
 Production – Carl Ryder, Hank Shocklee  
 Production supervisor – Bill Stephney  
 Programming – Eric "Vietnam" Sadler, Hank Shocklee  
 Turntables – Johnny Juice Rosado, Terminator X  
 Vocals – Harry Allen, Chuck D, Fab 5 Freddy, Flavor Flav, Erica Johnson, Oris Josphe, Professor Griff

### Charts

UK Albums Chart - 8  
 US Billboard Top LPs - 42  
 US Billboard Top Black Albums - 1

### Certifications

United Kingdom (BPI) - Silver  
 United States (RIAA) - Platinum

## Club Fact File

West Ham United	
Founded	1895
Turned Professional	1898
Admitted to the League	1919
Ground	London Stadium
Capacity	57,000
Previous Ground(s)	Hermit Road, Browning Road, Memorial Grounds Plaistow, Boleyn Ground Upton Park.
Previous Names	Thames Ironworks
Nickname(s)	The Irons, The Hammers, The Academy
Trophies	
Division 2 Winners	1957-58, 1980-81
FA Cup Winners	1964, 1975, 1980
Charity Shield	Shared in 1965
European Cup Winners Cup	1965
Intertoto Cup	2000
League Seasons	
Seasons in Premier League (Top Flight)	62
Seasons in Championship (Tier 2)	32
Seasons in League 1 (Tier 3)	0
Seasons in League 2 (Tier 4)	0

## Story Time

### Blood Is In The Air

It was the 31<sup>st</sup> October and this year Jay was going to use Halloween to her advantage. She had a number of scores to settle; a number of people who had caused her problems during the year. They were all going to get what was coming to them tonight and more. Jay was going to make sure of that. She was certain they all deserved what was

coming, and no one would be able to stop her. No one would know who had done it all either. It was going to be perfect.

The planning had all started with the outfit. What she was going to wear tonight had been bought in plenty of time. A big black hooded cape had been bought at a store down in Orange County when she had passed through it on the way back from a visit to her sister, and it had been paid for in cash, without a second glance from the shop assistant. Then she had bought herself a Scream mask in a fancy-dress store in Chicago whilst on a business trip in August, and again it had been paid for in cash. With the cape and the mask, she was going to look like dozens of other trick or treaters tonight. Being less than five feet in height would be an advantage for pretty much the first time in her adult life. She would blend in with the older school children with ease. The Scream outfit was a popular one on Halloween.

Then there was the knife, a big multi edged serrated hunting number that gleamed wickedly in the light, and that was sharp enough to slice through anything in its way. Jay had tried it on a whole chicken, cutting it in half with minimal effort, slicing easily through the bone and cartilage. She had tried it on a variety of melons, and then the pumpkin she had carved out to display in the window of her apartment. The knife would be perfect for what she had in mind for tonight. She had bought it online at an internet café up in Sacramento, and she had paid for with the credit card details of her ex, and had it delivered to a post office box over in Oakland that she had taken out in a false name and paid for in cash. She had even thought about her shoes and the footprints that she might leave behind. She had picked up a pair of black Reebok classics three sizes too big for her from a thrift shop in Santa Clara, again paid for in cash. She had taken a box of catering gloves, the blue one-use ones, from the cafeteria at work without anyone noticing. There wouldn't be any fingerprints left lying around either.

Absolutely none of her costume for the night, or the nasty looking weapon she was going to carry, could be traced back to her. She was sure of it, she had thought of everything.

She put the costume on and tried to look at herself in the mirror wearing it, but the mask cut down her field of vision quite drastically, she could only see a part of the costume properly, but what she could see looked like the business. She found some socks to stuff into the front of the Reeboks so that her feet didn't slip down into them and so that she would be able to walk properly in them, she put them on and then headed out.

Her first target was going to be the ex who had unwittingly paid for the hunting knife she was going to kill him with. She had lived with Mark Bisset for six years, and she had thought they were good together, and that they were happy. They had talked about getting engaged soon as well. Jay was sure it would lead to marriage, right up until the point where she walked in on him having sex with his sister. In their bed.

She had virtually screamed the apartment down, only it turned out that Carol wasn't his sister after all. That had been a cover story for Mark's entire relationship with Carol; it was a perfectly good reason for him to be going around to another woman's house on a regular basis. If the pair of them hadn't gotten drunk and come back to the wrong house for their sordid little session, Jay still wouldn't have been any the wiser.

When Jay had stopped screaming, she had called 911 and had reported him to the police for incest; which is where the truth had come out. She hadn't believed their story that they weren't brother and sister and had insisted on them having DNA tests to prove they weren't related. They had come back with the proof there wasn't a chance in a billion that they were related. Mark had moved out of the apartment they shared and moved across the city to a small box in a soulless housing project within two days. Not only had he moved quickly, but he'd also taken most of the furniture with him as it hadn't even crossed her mind to change the locks after his betrayal. She had sat moping in a hotel room for three days before braving going back to the apartment; only to find it a lot emptier than she had left it before. She didn't bother fighting to get any of the furniture back, and deep down she was glad he had taken the bed. She would never have been able to sleep soundly in it after what she had witnessed.

Carol had moved away from San Francisco entirely, Jay didn't know where to, and she hadn't been able to trace her. Unbelievably, Carol had believed what Mark had told her, and that Jay was Mark's sister, despite the fact he lived with her in a one-bedroom apartment. Carol had tried to stab Mark when she found out the truth, but had picked a butter knife to do it with and only ended up bruising him. It was that attempt that had given Jay the idea for what she was going to do tonight. If Carol had still been living in San Francisco, then she would have been on the list for tonight's festivities.

Jay got the metro out to Taraval and could see a lot of people look at her costume. She had the knife hidden away inside her cape, it was still daylight when she had left her apartment and the knife would look out of place just being blithely carried around on the metro and it may well have attracted unwanted attention before she had even had a chance to use it in anger.

The evening was warmer than she had been expecting and the cape and mask weighed heavily on her as she walked the couple of blocks across to where her ex was living. When she got to the street she could see a few groups walking along the street with their little candy bags, trying to collect as much candy as they could. She got to the



house where her ex was living and it looked worse than she had thought it would. It looked like it had never been painted, and the yard was overgrown in places and bare in others, various rusted items were strewn across the ground. There was a single light on in a room to the side of the house, and the front door had badly spelt sign stuck to it.

**NO TRIK OR TREETERS WANTED. GO AWAY.**

She had never realised that Mark was that bad at spelling, or that he was so miserable. He had never complained about trick or treaters when they had been together. It was strange what a person didn't notice when they were happily in love with someone.

As she walked up the three tatty wooden steps to the front door she fumbled in her pocket and got out a pair of gloves and slipped them on. Then she went under the cape and got the knife out, and once on the porch looked for the bell to ring. If there was a bell, Jay couldn't seem to find it, though it may have been the reduced vision through her mask. Instead she knocked on the door using the hilt of the knife.

"Go away!" came from a voice in the house, a voice she recognised well. She ignored the instruction in what the voice had said and knocked on the door again.

A louder "Go Away!" was shouted from the house, and again she paid no attention to it and carried on knocking. She heard Mark curse, but she also heard that there was movement in the house. She carried on knocking regardless, and footsteps pounded their way to the door, which suddenly flew open and a dishevelled looking Mark stood there, where he shouted,

"I HAVEN'T GOT ANY GOD DAMN CANDY YOU STUPID LITTLE DEAF BRAT, JUST GO AWAY!"

"That's all right Mark, I don't want any candy, and in fact I've got a little present for you instead."

There was a look of recognition on his face as he processed the voice talking to him. Then there was a flicker of fear on his face as he saw the wicked looking knife in her hand. A knife that was moving quite quickly across the space between them. A knife that he suddenly found penetrating his abdomen. As Jay twisted the knife and tried to slice across Mark's body she whispered to him,

"Say hello to your sister when you get to hell."

Mark was unable to say a word as he slid to the floor, his weight causing the knife to rip up to his rib cage and then across to his sternum. Once there it had nowhere else to go and Jay felt the weight of his body pulling the knife from her grip. She bent down with Mark as he fell to the floor, and then struggled to pull the knife out from his torso. She stepped over his body and dragged him far enough away from the door so that she would be able to close it. She looked down at the prone body at her feet watching the blood seep out from the gaping hole in Mark's torso; before stepping back over his body out onto the porch and reaching round to close the door behind her.

That had been a lot more difficult in real life than she had imagined it would have been. It always looked so easy for people in films and on television. She leant against a pole on the porch of the house and got her breath back. She wiped the blood from the knife on her cape as best as she could, she would be burning that along with everything else she was wearing as soon as she got home.

As she left the front yard and crossed the street, she passed a group of boys, dressed as Ghostbusters, they shouted over to her about her costume. She didn't reply, just raised the knife and stepped in their direction. They carried on their way at a quicker pace than they had been moving at before.

It was quite a walk to her next target, but she didn't want to be risking the metro or the bus. In the lights on public transport it may be more obvious that there was real blood on the knife or on the cape. Jay started to sweat under the cape and mask. She was having doubts about what she was doing now. Did she have the nerve to go through with another murder? Had the first one been discovered yet? Had she closed the door of the house behind her properly? Was there going to be someone else that would be as persistent with Mark's door as she had been? She needed to shake off all this additional worry and concentrate on the second target.

Her second target was one of her colleagues from work. Martha Johnson had only been working at Ultrasoft for three months, but in that short space of time had managed to undermine Jay at every possibility. She had rang up Jay's clients telling them appointments had been cancelled, or had changed time, and when Jay had turned up it had made her seem like she was losing the plot. Most of those clients had asked to change account manager and they had pretty much all been given to Martha to be the account manager for.

Since Jay's split with Mark, there had also been a rumour started in the office that Jay was sleeping with Andy Williamson. He was the section manager, and that with the clients Jay was losing, the fact Jay was sleeping with the

manager was the only reason she was keeping her job. Jay was certain that it was Martha that had started the rumour, but couldn't prove it, and with so many of the team having had worked for Andy for so long that they all knew his wife and family, she was shunned by the team because of it. No one would believe that she wasn't having an affair with him.

The VP of sales had called her into her office the week before to speak to her about the issues and rumours. That meeting had ended with a suggestion that Jay see a psychiatrist to deal with her "obvious" issues. The VP had just dismissed the fact that Martha could be the root of the issues and rumours, saying she was seen as a top agent with lots of potential. Jay had been accused of petty jealousy and had been told to pull herself together or she could look for a job elsewhere.

When Martha had left her computer unattended a couple of days later, Jay had taken the opportunity to quickly get Martha's personal details from it and made a note of her address. She had been surprised when she looked up the address that it was in one of the less salubrious suburbs, and now as she approached the address Jay suddenly realised that she didn't really know a lot about her next potential victim. Did Martha live by herself, did she have children. Jay tried to think back to any conversation she might have overheard, and couldn't remember Martha mentioning anything about her personal life at all. It was always just business.

The front of Martha's house was in a much better condition than Mark's had been. All the woodwork was a bright white colour; the small front yard was laid out to lawn with surrounding borders of flower beds. This was the home of someone who took pride in their house. There was no sign trying to get rid of callers. And it had a shiny brass doorbell, which Jay pressed.

It must have been one of those doorbells that could be programmed with different rings. It was, quite aptly, playing the theme from the Halloween films this evening. Jay stood at the door and heard footsteps leading up to it on the other side. The door swung open and there stood a smiling Martha.

"All by yourself there little one? That's a very realistic costume you've got on there. Step inside the door while I get you some candy."

Jay followed her into the house and looked around the best she could. It was immaculate, polished oak floors with deep rugs led off from the front door, and lovely flock wallpaper hung on the walls, with a collection of paintings of San Francisco and the bay area. Martha came back towards her carrying some candy.

"Here you go then."

Jay ignored the candy and spoke to Martha, "I didn't come here for candy. I came here for you, to put you out of my misery." And she drove the knife into Martha's abdomen.

Martha cried out, "Why?" with a mixture of fear and confusion on her face.

Jay carried on speaking as she ripped her knife through Martha's torso. "I didn't expect to find you in this evening. I thought such an obvious witch as yourself would be out there, flying through the night on your broomstick. I know you've gone out of your way to get rid of me at work, but I'm not having it. I'm getting rid of you instead."

Martha slumped to the floor, and Jay followed her down making sure the knife stayed in her torso. Martha tried to speak, "it...wasn't...me", the last word making it out of her mouth in a bloody bubble.

Then Jay heard footsteps coming down the stairs, she turned and looked up, and was surprised to see Rachael her VP of sales coming down the stairs, oblivious to the scene of devastation that would greet her.

"Hey Martha, did you give them some candy?"

Jay was up, pulling her knife out of Martha's body as she rose, and she was heading for the stairs. Rachael saw Martha's body on the floor and then the trick or treater with a bloody knife in their hand and started to scream. Jay could have screamed herself, surprised to see Rachael in Martha's house, and the dawning realisation that they were probably living here as a couple. It also dawned on Jay that perhaps it hadn't been Martha all along; it was more likely to have been Rachael pulling all the strings. She would have gotten the job for her girlfriend and then be looking to force one of the others out so that Martha could stay at the company. Jay was mad that Rachael had chosen her and launched herself at Rachael.

Rachael saw the person in a Scream costume with a knife heading for her and stopped screaming and turned to head back up the stairs. Jay didn't want her to get away and slashed at the back of the retreating Rachael's legs, catching her across the back of her right ankle. Rachael collapsed as the cut severed her Achilles tendon, and then Jay was on her, stabbing away at the prone body.

"You evil cow, you hired your girlfriend and then deliberately set out to make me look incompetent and a bad person. "Why me?"

Rachael struggled to comprehend that the person on her back, thrusting a knife into her was Jay. Eventually she realised who it was and managed to get some words out. They would be the last words she would ever say.

"Because you were the meekest one, I thought no one would notice."

"Well I did, and I'm not as meek as you thought, and now it's cost you and your girlfriend your lives. I think you did get one thing right though, I do think I may need to see a psychiatrist."

Jay carried on plunging the knife into Rachael's back for nearly a minute as if in a trance. Then suddenly she looked down and around the body beneath her and saw the splatter the repeated stabbing had caused. She got up off the body and the stairs and made her way gingerly down to the front door. There was a mirror by the side of it and she glanced into it and saw that her mask had little drops of blood on it, bright red against the white of the plastic. She wiped the knife against her cape almost automatically, looked at Martha's body on the polished oak floor, which would be stained a darker colour come the morning, and she left the house closing the door behind her.

She found that the killing was definitely easier the second time, but that she now felt weary. She traipsed along the street in almost a fugue state, not noticing any her surroundings for almost half an hour. She didn't even know which direction she was walking in. Though she was vaguely aware of comments from other revellers passing her on the street.

"Awesome costume man!"

"That blood splatter looks great, and so realistic."

"Cool knife bro!"

She thought about what she had done, and as she did she realised that she didn't feel guilty, she felt that these people had conspired to ruin her life, and now she had turned the tables and ruined theirs. Permanently. And then, as if a great weight had been lifted from her, the fugue state was gone, the weariness fell away. Jay walked with confidence now, making her way the couple of blocks to target number three.

Jay was feeling that Halloween was a great day to go on a killing spree without being noticed.

She was getting the hang of this murder lark now as well; three bodies had fallen, both of her first two targets gone, plus an additional tormentor that she hadn't known about. Now there was only the one target left in the city, that god damn fake medium from the psychic fair.

She had gone to the psychic fair with her oldest friend Holly. Holly had always been into that spiritual rubbish, even when they were kids. Jay had gone along with her as company, and it was something for her to do as she came to terms with the breakup and betrayal from Mark. Jay had had no intention of getting suckered into any of the many offerings at the fair. She didn't have a spiritual bone in her body and didn't believe in any of it.

Holly had gone in to see the apparently world-famous Madame Rose Magill. Holly hadn't flinched at the two hundred dollars cost for a detailed reading and had come out twenty minutes later overwhelmed with what she had heard and had implored Jay to do the same. Jay's reading turned out to be a load of baloney. The medium had just spouted generalisations, promises of life changing events, riches, and justice, none of which had happened. Then it turned out that what she had told Holly had been wholly inaccurate. Holly had been told that her husband was cheating, and she had thrown him out. None of his protestations of innocence could change Holly's mind. Three months later Holly had found out that the cheating that had been going on had been on his taxes. It wasn't that the medium's reading had been wholly inaccurate, but deliberately misleading, knowing full well what the word cheating would have meant to Holly. The ambiguous language these fake pedlars of hope sold was a disgrace.

Jay was fuming about being ripped off herself, but she was even madder for the fact that this charlatan of a medium had caused the break-up of her best friend's marriage. Jay had spent ages trying to find out where Madame Rose Magill lived, and was shocked to have found out that she lived in San Francisco. But, on finding that the medium lived in San Francisco it had solidified her plans for her little spree tonight. She had three solid targets in the city and the combined anger at them all had spurred her into action. She had checked the medium's website to see where she was due to be appearing, but there were no shows or fairs for a two-week window either side of Halloween, so Jay assumed that the medium would be at home.

Jay found that she wasn't far from the medium's house at all, during her fugue state she must have been walking towards the target without realising. It was amazing what the sub-conscious mind was capable of. She had walked almost half way back across the city towards her apartment to get to the medium's house. It was an old three-

story wood build from the early twentieth century. It had probably seen better days, but it was painted in an array of bright colours that gave it character without making it garish.

It was getting late now and the number of people still out trick or treating was dwindling. Jay looked up at the house and prepared the knife in her hand and started up the stairs to the porch. She pulled the rope for the bell and a loud echoing ringing came from inside the house. A few seconds later the door opened as if by itself, there didn't appear to be anyone behind the door as it swung open.

Jay took a step forward across the threshold and saw nothing. She wondered if it was because of the angle of sight out of the mask. She turned her head to the left to look at the door and what may be behind it but saw nothing there. As she turned back to the front there was the medium. Madame Rose Magill was stood directly in front of her.

It turned out that this particular medium did have plenty of psychic ability; she had seen Jay coming all night and was waiting for her. With a sword. Jay hadn't even had a chance to lift her knife up to attack the medium before the sword had pierced through her costume and into her own abdomen.

"This is what happens when you don't believe, and you go around upsetting the spirit world. I saw you coming long before you knew you were on your way, but you don't get to kill me like you have killed the others. You chose the wrong person to try and take revenge on based on your own intellectual failings to understand what I was telling you." The medium pushed down with the sword before withdrawing it from Jay's body and pushing her out of the house and down the steps. Jay fell down the last couple of steps and hit the ground hard. She struggled to push herself back upright, and then staggered away from the medium's house, hand clasped over the wound in her belly, trying to stop the blood from coming out. The calls from other remaining trick or treaters were the same or similar to the ones that she had heard before walking over here in her fugue state.

"Awesome costume man!"

"That blood flow looks amazingly realistic."

"Cool knife bro!"

It was a state she wasn't far away from again now. She tried to cry out to the other trick or treaters, but the intake of breath required to create a cry hurt her whole body. She was no longer sweating under her cape and mask as she had been for much of the evening, she was now freezing cold, and with every step she took she felt herself getting weaker. She got a perfect insight to what her victims must have felt like after she had plunged her knife into them. It was amazing how karma crept up on you.

She tried reaching out for help from the passers-by, but no one stopped to help her. They all thought it was part of an act linked to the costume she was wearing, or perhaps they were wary of the knife she was carrying and wanted no part her. They all just walked past her, leaving her as she got slower and slumped lower. Eventually she fell to the pavement next to a tree as her consciousness faded.

So much for tonight's escapade being the perfect plan. She had been over-confident and had underestimated her final target badly. Not only that, but she had gotten her second target wrong, and had probably killed someone innocent of what Jay had accused them. Granted she had gotten the actual tormentor, but in truth that part of the plan had gone wrong as well.

As Jay lay there on the pavement bleeding to death, it had turned out that Halloween wasn't just a great day to kill people without being noticed, it was also a great day to get killed without being noticed.

## **Puzzle Corner**

### **Quiz**

Answers from Issue 14  
Dilbert was first published in 1989.

This Issue's quiz.  
Which record label was the single "*Fight The Power*" by Public Enemy Released on, and why?

### **Crossword**

Eyed

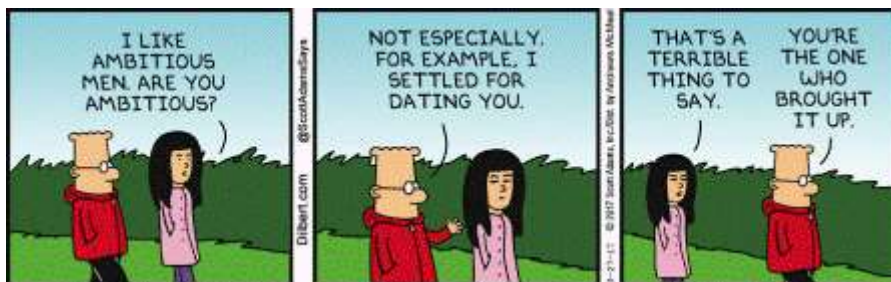
### **Sudoku**

1	8	4	9	6	5	3	7	2
9	3	5	8	7	2	4	6	1
6	2	7	1	4	3	9	8	5
5	6	2	7	8	9	1	3	4
8	1	9	4	3	6	5	2	7
7	4	3	5	2	1	8	9	6
2	7	8	3	1	4	6	5	9
3	5	1	6	9	7	2	4	8
4	9	6	2	5	8	7	1	3

This issue's puzzle

						5		
			9				2	
		7		2	8			
7		9	3					6
	8	5		9		3	4	
4					5	7		9
			6	8		4		
	5				1		8	
		8						

### Dilbert



### Epilogue

If you want to catch up on old issues, Drabbles I've had published, or the random scribbling from a bored mind on my blog then they are all available at <http://www.onetruekev.co.uk/>  
 Sign up to the mailing list on the home page there. E-mail any ideas or suggestions to [kev@onetruekev.co.uk](mailto:kev@onetruekev.co.uk)

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