

# Flanagan's Running Club – Issue 26

## 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.

Feel free to forward on to anyone you want, tell people about it the works, and just get them to sign up. It's quick and easy at the website homepage of <http://www.onetruekev.co.uk/> enter the e-mail address and select whether you want Flanagan's Running Club or blog post updates or both and then hit submit.

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 – 20<sup>th</sup> September

1971 – Having weakened after making landfall in Nicaragua the previous day, Hurricane Irene regains enough strength to be renamed Hurricane Olivia, making it the first known hurricane to cross from the Atlantic Ocean into the Pacific.

1973 – Billie Jean King beats Bobby Riggs in the Battle of the Sexes tennis match at the Houston Astrodome.

It's National Youth Day in Thailand,  
Oil Workers' Day in Azerbaijan, and  
Universal Children's Day in Germany.

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

### Duelling Diplomats

Londoners are honourable people, and in the 18th century this trait made the city the duelling capital of the world. Duelling was illegal, but was the decent, if deadly, way to settle a dispute. Dozens were fought every year and there was even a list of 26 insults that no gentleman should allow to pass. Hampstead Heath, Chalk Farm, and the windmill at Wimbledon were favourite duelling grounds. Prime Ministers William Pitt and the Duke of Wellington fought duels. Lord Castlereagh even challenged his fellow cabinet minister, Foreign Secretary George Canning, today in 1809. Canning missed and Castlereagh shot him in the thigh.

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

#### **2015 - Drake and Future release "What A Time To Be Alive" on Young Money.**

The inaugural mixtape from Drake and Future, which debuted at #1 on the Billboard Hot 100, was primarily produced by noted hip-hop producer Metro Boomin. The two rappers had regularly collaborated in the studio over the years, and had toured together earlier in the year.

The album spawned the multi-platinum single "Jumpman", which reached #12 on the Billboard Hot 100.

### Births

1934 – Sophia Loren  
1948 – George R. R. Martin  
1975 – Juan Pablo Montoya

### Deaths

2004 – Brian Clough

### Number 1's

Number 1 single in 1969 - Creedence Clearwater Revival - Bad Moon Rising  
Number 1 album in 2012 - The xx - Coexist  
Number 1 compilation album in 1994 - Various - The Best Rock Album In The World ... Ever!

## Drabble

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

### **Running And Jumping**

Greg looked at his watch again; it was almost time to go now. He logged off before heading for the car. The traffic was a heavier than he had hoped, but he made it to the school on time.

Jemima waved to him as she stood on the start line, looking as if she didn't have a care in the world; and then she was sprinting down the field, ahead of the others, looking like the egg was stuck to the spoon. Greg then saw Tabitha at the long jump, sailing through the air, jumping further than anyone else could.

### **Joke**

Nine year old Joey was asked by his mother what he had learned at Sunday school. "Well, Mom, our teacher told us how God sent Moses behind enemy lines on a rescue mission to lead the Israelites out of Egypt. When he got to the Red Sea, he had his engineers build a pontoon bridge and all the people walked across safely. "Then he used his walkie - talkie to radio headquarters for reinforcements. They sent bombers to blow up the bridge and all the Israelites were saved." "Now, Joey, is that really what your teacher taught you?" his mother asked. "Well, no, Mom. But if I told it the way the teacher did, you'd never believe it!"

### **Random Items**

#### **Facts**

The most common name in the world is Mohammed.

The word "samba" means "to rub navels together."

#### **Thoughts**

Why can't dogs smile?

Why can't you tickle yourself to make yourself laugh?

#### **Forgotten English**

##### **Frapold**

Uneasy, vexatious, quarrelsome.

#### **Words You Should Know**

##### **Petulant**

Sulky, irritable and impatient, often used of adults who are behaving childishly. 'Why won't you come? Because I just won't, she replied petulantly'.

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

##### **Sling Your Hook!**

A somewhat forceful command urging a person to leave; a way, without resorting to foul language, of asking someone to go away.

The expression is probably of nautical origin and alludes to the anchor, or 'hook', which must be secured in its sling at the bow before the ship can cast off.

Other forms of the expression - 'Hook it!' and 'Take your hook!' - are also used, perhaps to give emphasis to one's wish that a person should leave and set about their business.

### **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.

#### **A Message From Cambodia**

It was just another normal day for David Williams, the only break in his normal working day routine was that he would have to make a detour on his way home from work to pick up a parcel from the local sorting office, after having been left a collection card the previous day.

He had no idea what the item he was going to collect was. He hadn't ordered anything online for about four months, he was having a bit of a sabbatical from eBay and Amazon after years of maniacally ordering items on an almost daily basis. It wasn't anywhere near Christmas or his birthday, and as far as he knew, no one was due to be sending him anything.

He smiled to himself as the guy from behind the counter struggled through a side door with his parcel. He was glad that he'd come in his car, and that he had a hatchback, as the box was huge. It was at least four feet high, and three feet wide, although it was only a few inches thick, he would have struggled with that on the bus.

He propped the parcel up against the side of the car while putting the back seats down and he managed to manoeuvre the box to lie flat in the back of his car, as that was the only way it was going to go in properly. He closed the boot and drove home, wondering just what was going to be in such a large package. It hadn't been particularly heavy, mainly awkward and bulky. He was thinking so much about what was in the package that the thought of who had sent it to him didn't even come close to crossing his mind.

Once he arrived home, he parked up across the road from his house, and dragged the box out of the back of the car, and locked it up. He struggled across the road with the parcel, and edged it through the front door of his house, where he left the parcel up against the wall in the hall. He went into the kitchen, kicking his shoes off on the way, and made himself a cup of tea. Once he had brewed up, he grabbed the box cutter from the drawer under the draining board, and headed back out to the hall and the parcel.

He started to open the box, carefully cutting through the tape and cardboard around the side of the box with one hand, still holding his tea with the other. As he removed the packaging he could see that it was a large picture frame, but he had the box the wrong way round, as all he could see was the wooden backing to the picture looking out. When he spotted the markings stamped on the wood on the back of the picture he became somewhat agitated.

"A MESSAGE FROM CAMBODIA", was certainly not something that he was expecting to see delivered to his house, and definitely not stamped in inch high bold letters on the back of a framed picture. He was sure that no one knew about that part of his family's history, let alone enough about it to send him this kind of message on the back of a large picture.

With mounting trepidation he pushed the cardboard from around the frame to the floor, and slowly turned the picture around, and as he did and saw the image within the frame, he dropped his cup of tea on the floor in fear. Ignoring the broken crockery and the warm liquid soaking through his socks, his mouth gaped open and he stood rooted to the spot, frightened beyond what he thought was possible. His bladder began to let go as the ghosts of his father's past connections with the Khmer Rouge appeared to catch up with the son.

The large picture in the frame was a blown up photograph of Pol Pot in his prime, disturbing enough by itself, but what was really making him lose control was that someone had stuck a speech bubble shaped post it note on the front of the picture, making it look as if Pol Pot himself was speaking to him. Upon it were the bold type faced words that said,

"YOU'RE NEXT!"

David fainted.

## Leicester

### Random Historic Item

#### **Sir Thomas White**

Born in 1492, in Reading the son of William White and his wife Mary. He was brought up in London, and he had no direct connection with Leicester. He became wealthy as a principal member of the Company of Merchant Taylors.

He resided in Cornhill, and was elected the ninth alderman of Cornhill in 1544. This led to him being the Sheriff of London in 1547, and then the Lord Mayor of London in 1553. He was knighted by Queen Mary I in the same year, having been a member of the commission for the trial of Lady Jane Grey

Having been inspired by Thomas Pope founding Trinity College Oxford, he obtained a royal license for the foundation of St John's College, Oxford; St John being the patron saint of Merchant Taylors. It was established in the buildings of the dissolved Cistercian College of St Bernard. White then set up the Merchant Taylor's School, and made provision

for scholarships to St John's College from the Merchant Taylor's School, as well as Tonbridge School, Bristol Grammar School, Reading School, and King Henry VIII School, Coventry. He also set up a hall of scholars in Gloucester Hall, which became the basis for Worcester College.

He was married twice, first to Avicia, who died in 1558 and then later in the same year married Joan, a member of the Cromwell family and great-grandmother to Oliver Cromwell.

He died in 1567 at St John's College and was buried in the College chapel. Future English Martyr Edmund Campion delivered his funeral oration.

Sir Thomas White is celebrated in Leicester due to his interest in promoting trade in Midland towns. In 1542 he executed a deed to give £40 of the £70 annual income from land worth £1400 to be set aside for 9 year interest free loans to men 'of fair name and face' to get them started in business. It was to be shared between five towns on a 40 year rolling basis between Leicester, Coventry, Warwick, Northampton, and Nottingham.

Today local trustees for the Sir Thomas White Loan Charity hold the funds and provide loans of up to £20,000 for business and £10,000 for education. They are still repayable after 9 years, and are only available to those residing within the city boundaries.

He stands as one of the four Leicester benefactors on the base of the Clock Tower.

## **A Leicestershire Church**

### **St Denys'**

Evington is a Saxon village to the south east of Leicester, which was incorporated into the city of Leicester during its expansion in the 20th century in 1935.

The current church was begun in around 1200, and consisted of the nave, chancel, and a tower and spire, it is believed that the tower dates from 1190, and if so then it would have been a part of an older manor church. In 1219 the church was dedicated to St. Denys, and opened by the Bishop of Lincoln. It is a Grade II listed building.

The south aisle was built in the early 14th century (1300-1305) with the south porch, and the north aisle was added in 1340, by the Grey family. When the aisles were built, they caused a lack of light in the nave, which was solved by a new roof being constructed for the nave in the early 15th century, this was likely to have been paid for by the Grey family.

The tower has six bells in it, the original four dating from 1605, 1637, 1797, and 1906, were added to following an appeal for funds in the 1980s. The tower and spire are the original ones built in the 13th century with the exception of the top six feet of the spire and weather vane which were replaced in the 1950's after being struck by lightning.

The south porch was removed, and the entrance blocked up in 1840, and by 1867 the chancel needed to be rebuilt, and it was replaced by a larger Victorian gothic structure by H Goddard & Sons. In 1870 the three stained glass windows were added by Lavers, Barraud & Westlake. The North porch was added in 1919 by Baines & Pavis, and the doorway completely renewed as a memorial to those that had died during World War I.

The vestries were added in 1957-58 by Edwards, Branson & Edwards, and for them to be built required the moving of 32 of the graves in the churchyard. At the same time the south entrance that had previously been blocked up was reopened.

### **St. Denys**

Saint Denis was a legendary 3rd-century Christian martyr and saint. His name is also sometimes spelled Dennis and Denys. According to his hagiographies, he was bishop of Paris in the third century and, together with his companions Rusticus and Eleutherius, was martyred for his faith by decapitation.

Some accounts placed this during Domitian's persecution and identified St Denis of Paris with the Areopagite who was converted by St Paul and who served as the first bishop of Athens.

Assuming Denis's historicity, it is now considered more likely that he suffered under the persecution of the emperor Decius shortly after ad 250. Denis is the most famous cephalophore in Christian legend, with a popular

story claiming that the decapitated bishop picked up his head and walked several miles while preaching a sermon on repentance.

He is venerated in the Catholic Church as the patron saint of France and Paris and is accounted one of the Fourteen Holy Helpers. A chapel was raised at the site of his burial by a local Christian woman; it was later expanded into an abbey and basilica, around which grew up the French city of Saint-Denis, now a suburb of Paris. The famous Abbey of St. Denis, being built on the burial site. This became the burial place for the kings of France.

The Bishop of Lincoln at the time of the building of the church had served at this abbey, and it thought that this is why the church was named so.

## **A Brief History of Tattoos**

All will become apparent why.

Tattooing has been practiced across the globe since at least Neolithic times, as evidenced by mummified preserved skin, ancient art and the archaeological record. Both ancient art and archaeological finds of possible tattoo tools suggest tattooing was practiced by the Upper Palaeolithic period in Europe. However, direct evidence for tattooing on mummified human skin extends only to the 4th millennium BC. The oldest discovery of tattooed human skin to date is found on the body of Ötzi the Iceman, dating to between 3370 and 3100 BC. Other tattooed mummies have been recovered from at least 49 archaeological sites, including locations in Greenland, Alaska, Siberia, Mongolia, western China, Egypt, Sudan, the Philippines and the Andes. These include Amunet, Priestess of the Goddess Hathor from ancient Egypt (c. 2134–1991 BC), and multiple mummies from Siberia including the Pazyryk culture of Russia and from several cultures throughout Pre-Columbian South America.

British and other pilgrims to the Holy Lands throughout the 17th century were tattooed to commemorate their voyages, , In 1691, William Dampier brought to London a native of the western part of New Guinea (now part of Indonesia) who had a tattooed body and became known as the "Painted Prince".

Between 1766 and 1779, Captain James Cook made three voyages to the South Pacific, the last trip ending with Cook's death in Hawaii in February 1779. When Cook and his men returned home to Europe from their voyages to Polynesia, they told tales of the 'tattooed savages' they had seen. The word "tattoo" itself comes from the Tahitian tatau, and was introduced into the English language by Cook's expedition. Cook's Science Officer and Expedition Botanist, Sir Joseph Banks, returned to England with a tattoo. Banks was a highly regarded member of the English aristocracy and had acquired his position with Cook by putting up what was at the time the princely sum of some ten thousand pounds in the expedition. In turn, Cook brought back with him a tattooed Raiatean man, Omai, whom he presented to King George and the English Court. Many of Cook's men, ordinary seamen and sailors, came back with tattoos, a tradition that would soon become associated with men of the sea in the public's mind and the press of the day. In the process, sailors and seamen re-introduced the practice of tattooing in Europe, and it spread rapidly to seaports around the globe.

By the 19th century, tattooing had spread to British society but was still largely associated with sailors and the lower or even criminal class. Tattooing had however been practised in an amateur way by public schoolboys from at least the 1840s and by the 1870s had become fashionable among some members of the upper classes, including royalty. Tattooing spread among the upper classes all over Europe in the 19th century, but particularly in Britain where it was estimated in Harmsworth Magazine in 1898 that as many as one in five members of the gentry were tattooed. Taking their lead from the British Court, where George V followed Edward VII's lead in getting tattooed; King Frederick IX of Denmark, the King of Romania, Kaiser Wilhelm II, King Alexander of Yugoslavia and even Tsar Nicholas II of Russia, all sported tattoos, many of them elaborate and ornate renditions of the Royal Coat of Arms or the Royal Family Crest. King Alfonso XIII of modern Spain also had a tattoo.

The perception that there is a marked class division on the acceptability of the practice has been a popular media theme in Britain, as successive generations of journalists described the practice as newly fashionable and no longer for a marginalised class. Examples of this cliché can be found in every decade since the 1870s. In 1969, the House of Lords debated a bill to ban the tattooing of minors, on grounds it had become "trendy" with the young in recent years but was associated with crime. It was noted that 40 per cent of young criminals had tattoos and that marking the skin in this way tended to encourage self-identification with criminal groups. Two peers, Lord Teynham and the Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair however rose to object that they had been tattooed as youngsters, with no ill effects. Since the 1970s, tattoos have become more socially acceptable and fashionable among celebrities.

## **Quotes**

A one-off return for this old section, just because there have been some corkers recently.

Shawn (who is the ripe old age of twenty seven)  
"When I was young tattoos were just coming out."

Plus, later on, he was asked what he wanted to drink.  
"I'll have a rum and Southern Comfort."

"A what?"

"I meant a Southern Comfort and Coke."

A random acquaintance

"I know that I have had former lives. I used to live in Atlantis. I know this because I like Aquaman, well not the film, the man who plays the character."

They continued.

"I also know that I lived through the Second World War as well because I love fifties clothes."

## Top Ten

First 10 Oscar Winners in major Categories

Year	Film	Actor	Actress	Director
1927/28	Wings	Emil Jannings	Janet Gaynor	Frank Borzage / Lewis Milestone
1928/29	The Broadway Melody	Warner Baxter	Mary Pickford	Frank Lloyd
1929/30	All Quiet on the Western Front	George Arliss	Norma Shearer	Lewis Milestone
1930/31	Cimarron	Lionel Barrymore	Marie Dressler	Norman Taurog
1931/32	Grand Hotel	Wallace Beery/Fredric March	Helen Hayes	Frank Borzage
1932/33	Cavalcade	Charles Laughton	Katherine Hepburn	Frank Lloyd
1934	It Happened One Night	Clark Gable	Claudette Colbert	Frank Capra
1935	Mutiny on the Bounty	Victor McLaglen	Bette Davis	John Ford
1936	The Great Ziegfeld	Paul Muni	Luise Rainer	Frank Capra
1937	The Life of Emile Zola	Spencer Tracy	Luise Rainer	Leo McCarey

## Poetry Corner

### We're Jingling Baby

Just do it the advert says, but what is the it they want us to do?  
Have it your way they claim but in practise it's very rarely true.  
It's the real thing they sing, but so often now it is fake.  
I'm lovin' it they proclaim, but I like so little of what they make.

It gives you wiiiings they proudly boast, but it doesn't, it's a lie.  
If it wasn't I wouldn't need the world's favourite airline to fly.  
Good things come to those who wait, for how long though?  
Schh... you know who. Sadly I don't I'm not in the know.

The best a man can get, you've got to be kidding me.  
Don't leave home without it, just encourages a spending spree.  
A diamond is forever, at that price it better be the case.  
Let your fingers do the walking, and get yourself out of this place.

Hello Tosh, gotta Toshiba, it wouldn't make a difference if I did.  
The appliance of science, doesn't work, and makes me flip my lid  
It's a bit of an animal, specifically bone, skin and gristle.  
A Mars a day helps you work, rest and play and whistle.

Does exactly what it says on the tin, shame I can't read.  
Finger lickin' good, is just tempting you to over feed.  
If you want to get ahead get a hat that you can't wear indoors now.  
You can be my dawg regardless of whether you are a horse or a cow.

Never knowingly undersold, they must walk around deaf and blind.  
 The bank that likes to say yes is only pretending to be kind.  
 Have a break, have a Kit-Kat, have diabetes in later life.  
 Say it with flowers, for when you need to make up with your wife.

Once you pop you can't stop you're all weak minded fools.  
 Snap crackle pop in a bowl before going to work or to school.  
 Milk's gotta lotta bottle, but good old gold top has gone away.  
 Central heating for kids, they all get lifts in SUVs today.

The car in front is a Toyota, the colour is a horrible brown.  
 Vorsprung durch technik behind, the driver is a clown.  
 Put a tiger in your tank, but don't give it any ammunition.  
 Impossible is nothing, it is with a nervous disposition.

Beanz meanz Heinz they also mean a lot of excess wind.  
 What's the worst that could happen? The idiot grinned.  
 I liked it so much I bought the company and it died.  
 Every little helps, but it didn't I just broke down and cried.

### Cathedral Fact Files

Cathedral	Wells Cathedral		
Dedicated To	St Andrew		
Type	Medieval	Architecture	Gothic
Religion	COE	Tower / Spire	3 Towers
Site Founded	766	Height (External)	182ft
Church Founded	1180	Height (Internal)	73ft
Bishopric Founded	909	Length	415ft
Current Bishopric Founded	1218	Width	153ft

### Thirty-Three And One Third Revolutions Per Minute

#### Plan B – The Defamation Of Strickland Banks

*The Defamation of Strickland Banks* was the second studio album from English singer and rapper Plan B. It was released on 12 April 2010 by 679 Recordings. The album is a departure from the sound heard on Plan B's debut album *Who Needs Actions When You Got Words*, providing a showcase for the rapper's singing. Lyrically the album's songs tell the fictitious tale of one Strickland Banks, a sharp-suited British soul singer who finds fame with bitter-sweet love songs like the album's opener "*Love Goes Down*", only to have it slip through his fingers when sent to prison for a crime he did not commit.

Ben had always wanted to make his second album as a concept album and he had previously abandoned an attempt to make a hip hop follow up to his debut *Who Needs Actions When You Got Words*. After learning more about the technical aspects of singing and having written some soul songs such as "*Love Goes Down*", which was written whilst supporting The Roots on tour in 2006, Plan B came up with the concept of a story about a soul singer who gets sent to prison. He commenced recording of the album in which half the songs were hip hop tracks narrated by Plan B and the other half were soul songs told through the eyes of the fictional character Strickland Banks, however this idea was scrapped because the two genres did not work well together and the label 679 Artists thought the idea was too confusing. Hence the album was split into two records and it was agreed that the soul record would be released as Plan B's second studio album. The sound of the album was influenced by Paul Epworth who produced the demo version of "*Writing's on the Wall*", although the majority of the album was recorded with producers David McEwan and Eric Appapoulay at The Sanctuary, London. Production took more than two years due to the simultaneous work on the hip hop and soul albums.

The album tells the story from the first-hand perspective of Strickland Banks, a fictional character played by Plan B. The album's opening tracks, "*Love Goes Down*" and "*Writing's on the Wall*", are love songs sung by Strickland Banks at a concert. "*Stay Too Long*" follows him and his entourage as they celebrate the success of his concert with a night out which culminates in him having a one-night stand with a woman. In "*She Said*", it is learned that this woman is obsessed with his music and believes herself to be in love with him. He rejects her so she alleges that he raped her. The subsequent trial results in his incarceration and in "*Welcome to Hell*" he is sent to prison, and much of the rest of the album is about his experience inside. Throughout the course of the songs "*Hard Times*" and "*The Recluse*", Strickland gets more isolated and insecure throughout as he struggles to cope with prison life. This results in his abuse at the hands of other prisoners, resulting in him purchasing a shiv on the prison black market throughout the

course of "*Traded in My Cigarettes*". In "*Prayin*" he is confronted by another prisoner who attacks him. With the help of another inmate Strickland kills the attacker in self-defence, with the other inmate taking the blame, and is burdened with this guilt during "*Darkest Place*". The next two tracks, "*Free*" and "*I Know a Song*" detail initially his anger, then his acceptance of his life inside prison. In the last track, "*What You Gonna Do*", Strickland is in court again as new evidence has been brought up on his case. The album finishes with the listener not sure of whether he is sent back to prison or released, leaving it open to interpretation.

#### Track listing

All tracks written by Ben Drew.

No. - Title - Producer(s) - Length

1. - "*Love Goes Down*" - Ben Drew, David McEwan, Eric Appapoulay (add.) - 3:52 - was released as the fifth single from the album on 3 December 2010. It was later added to the A-List BBC Radio 1 Playlist, and peaked at No. 62 on the UK Singles Chart, making it Drew's worst performing single to date.
2. - "*Writing's on the Wall*" - Paul Epworth - 3:42 - was released as the sixth single from the album on 7 March 2011. The single did not chart on the UK Singles Chart. Two versions of the music video were released; the first available in February 2010.
3. - "*Stay Too Long*" - Epworth - 3:44 - was released as the first single from the album on 8 January 2010. It entered the UK Singles Chart on 17 January 2010, where it reached a peak of No. 9. It also peaked at No. 3 on the UK R&B Chart, making it Drew's first Top 10 single.
4. - "*She Said*" - Drew, McEwan, Appapoulay (add.) - 3:31 - was released as the second single from the album, on 24 February 2010. It reached No. 3 on the UK Singles Chart on 4 April 2010 as well as peaking at No. 1 on the UK R&B Chart, making it Drew's biggest selling single to date. "*She Said*" / "*Prayin*" was released a digital download medley single on 20 February 2011 after Drew performed the medley at the 2011 BRIT Awards. It charted at No. 72 on the UK Singles Chart. Has been covered by Jason Derulo and Pixie Lott.
5. - "*Welcome to Hell*" - Epworth - 4:32 -
6. - "*Hard Times*" - Drew, McEwan, Appapoulay (add.) - 3:57 - was released as the album's seventh and final single on 19 May 2011. The single version features newly recorded vocals from Elton John and Paloma Faith and peaked at No. 147 on the UK Singles Chart, in aid of Drew's chosen charity.
7. - "*The Recluse*" - Drew, Appapoulay (add.) - 3:19 - was released as the fourth single from the album on 4 October 2010. The single peaked at No. 35 on the UK Singles Chart, and at No. 19 on the UK R&B Chart, making it Drew's fourth consecutive Top 40 hit, and fifth overall.
8. - "*Traded in My Cigarettes*" - Drew, McEwan, Appapoulay (add.) - 4:14 -
9. - "*Prayin*" - Epworth - 3:46 - was released as the third single from the album, on 9 July 2010. It climbed up the chart. before peaking at No. 16 on the UK Singles Chart. It also peaked at No. 9 on the UK R&B Chart, and overall, is Drew's second biggest single. "*She Said*" / "*Prayin*" was released a digital download medley single on 20 February 2011 after Drew performed the medley at the 2011 BRIT Awards. It charted at No. 72 on the UK Singles Chart.
10. - "*Darkest Place*" - Drew, McEwan, Appapoulay (add.) - 4:20 -
11. - "*Free*" - Drew, McEwan, Appapoulay (add.) - 3:42 -
12. - "*I Know a Song*" - Drew, McEwan, Appapoulay (add.) - 3:10 -
13. - "*What You Gonna Do*" - Drew - 4:11 -

#### Personnel

Ben Drew – vocals, producer, mixing

#### Production

David McEwan – producer, engineer, mixing

Paul Epworth – producer, mixing

Eric Appapoulay – additional producer, mixing

Mark "Top" Rankin – engineer, mixing

Will Kennard – additional mixing

Harry Escott – string arrangements

Sally Herbert – string arrangements

Jason Yarde – brass arrangements

Guy Davie – mastering

#### Additional musicians

Aleysha Gordon – backing vocals

Hannah Kemoh – backing vocals

Samantha Smith – backing vocals

Jennifer Dawodu – backing vocals

Marvin Cottrell – backing vocals

Tom Wright-Goss – guitar

Eric Appapoulay – bass, backing vocals

Jodi Milliner – bass

Darren Playford - drums. Co-writer

Cassell The BeatMaker – drums. Co-writer

Paul Epworth – drums

Everton Newson – violin



Louisa Fuller – violin  
 Sally Herbert – violin  
 Warren Zielinski – violin  
 Bruce White – viola  
 Sonia Slany – viola  
 Ian Burdge – cello  
 Harry Escott – additional cello  
 Jason Yarde – alto saxophone, baritone saxophone  
 Zem Audu – tenor saxophone  
 Harry Brown – trombone  
 David Prisemen – trumpet, flugelhorn  
 Mark Crown – trumpet  
 Managerial and design  
 Fabrice Spelta – art direction  
 Mike Hosey – art direction  
 Ben Parks – photography  
 Roy Eldridge – management  
 Sam Eldridge – management

#### Charts

Chart - Peak position  
 Australian Albums Chart - 25  
 Austrian Albums Chart - 11  
 Belgian Albums Chart (Flanders) - 89  
 Belgian Albums Chart (Wallonia) - 94  
 Danish Albums Chart - 18  
 French Albums Chart - 23  
 German Albums Chart - 7  
 Greek Albums Chart - 12  
 Irish Albums Chart - 7  
 Korean Albums Chart - 84  
 Swiss Albums Chart - 41  
 UK Albums Chart - 1

#### Certifications

Region - Certification - Certified units/Sales  
 Europe (IFPI) - 2× Platinum - 2,000,000  
 United Kingdom (BPI) - 4× Platinum - 1,599,393

Released - 9 April 2010

Recorded - 2008–2009

Studio - The Sanctuary, Miloco Studios (London, England)

Length - 49:58

Label - 679, Asylum

Producers - Ben Drew, SMV, Paul Epworth.

## **Club Fact File**

<b>Washington Redskins</b>	
<b>Founded</b>	1932
<b>First Season Played</b>	1932
<b>First Season in NFL</b>	1932
<b>Ground</b>	FedEx Field
<b>Capacity</b>	82,000
<b>Previous Stadium(s)</b>	Braves Field, Fenway Park, Griffith Stadium, RFK Stadium
<b>Previous Names</b>	Boston Braves, Boston Redskins
<b>Trophies</b>	
<b>NFL Champions</b>	1937, 1942
<b>Superbowl Winners</b>	1983, 1988, 1992
<b>NFC Champions</b>	1973, 1983, 1984, 1988, 1992
<b>NFC East Division Winners</b>	1972, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1987, 1991, 1999, 2012, 2015
<b>NFL East Division Winners</b>	1936, 1937, 1940, 1942, 1943, 1945
<b>Wildcard Playoff Berths</b>	1971, 1973, 1974, 1976, 1986, 1990, 1992, 2005, 2007

League Seasons	
Seasons in NFL/AFL	88
Seasons in NFC	50
Seasons in NFL East Division	34
Seasons in NFL East (Capitol) Division	3
Seasons in NFC West Division	50

## Story Time

### Black Out

All the lights went out. They were quickly followed by the computer monitors going off. The few laptops dotted around the office were still on as their battery power took over automatically. Not that their users could do much work on them. There was no network connection or Wi-Fi as all the power to the building had gone.

“For crying out loud, can’t we go a whole week without losing power?”

Stephanie was the office manager, and a frustrated one at that. Since she had taken over at the Deptford office the building had succumbed to three power cuts in less than a month. This one seemed to be local to this building only. I could see lights on in neighbouring buildings. A voice shouted from the darker recesses of the office away from the windows.

“Have you not paid the leccy bill again?”

I couldn’t see who shouted, and not being local myself, there were a number of people in the office who sounded exactly the same to me. I suspected it would be Malcolm. He was usually the gobby one, and always seemed to be on Stephanie’s case. He’d applied to be the office manager and had had the hump since he was told he wouldn’t be getting it. Even though he should have known he didn’t stand a chance of getting the role. The company always promoted to another office, never inside an office. They didn’t want the potential aggravation of someone from an office now being the boss of that office, and being in charge of those they had just been working alongside. No chance for petty point scoring or favouritism to thrive. An outside hand started with a fresh slate.

From what I had seen working it, it worked for them. The staff put in an extra effort, trying to get noticed and recognised as a good worker. It sucking up to a new boss was an Olympic sport; the majority of the office would be gold medallists. For those who had had black marks against them, they could shake that off. Over the years a handful took that opportunity to clean up their act and benefitted from it. And of course there were those who after the strain of the initial effort had given up on it as a bad job and reverted to type.

Stephanie was trying to ring somebody to get the power back on. With limited success. The digital desk phones weren’t working without power to the building either.

“You’ll have to use a mobile Steph.”

Stephanie glared at Debbie, she hated being called Steph, something Debbie knew full well, but would do just to get a rise out of her. Testing how far she could push the new boss before there was a reaction.

Stephanie walked into one of the meeting rooms, mobile held to the side of her head, and she slammed the door behind her. I could see her gesturing, but in the dim light in the meeting room, I couldn’t make out a facial expression, but I could guess it wouldn’t be a smile. The longer the conversation went on, the more agitated her motions were. Not only that, but her voice was increasing in volume and we could hear her side of the conversation leaking out from the glass partitioned room.

“You were supposed to have fixed the bloody thing last week.”

“Well obviously you didn’t, or I wouldn’t be stood here in the dark on my bloody mobile talking to you.”

“No, it’s only our building; every other building in the street has their bloody lights on.”

“Stop making excuses and get your ar5e down here and fix it for once and for all.”

She angrily jabbed at her phone. It didn’t have the same effect as slamming a phone down, and it certainly wasn’t as cathartic. The door was flung open and Stephanie yelled.

“You may as well all go for lunch. There’s nothing else we can do until the engineers get here and get the lights back on, and god only knows when that useless bunch of idiots will be here.”

The majority of the office didn't need a second invitation, and the floor cleared in a matter of seconds. A couple of the guys from the specialist claims department took a minute to secure all their paperwork before leaving, but it wasn't long before I was the only person left in their seat in the office. I didn't need to get anything for lunch, and didn't fancy braving the outdoors.

"Are you not going out Karl?" Stephanie asked.

"No, I'm going to take an in-desk sabbatical instead, try and sleep until the lights come back."

"Rough night again then?"

"Not compared to some."

"I suppose the chair is more comfortable than your car to sleep in though."

"What do you mean?"

"You are sleeping in your car aren't you?"

"How did you know that?"

"No matter what time I get here in the morning, your car is in the car park before me, and whatever time I leave at night, it's still there. It never seems to move. It looks like a skip inside it, and you use the shower here most days, despite the fact you drive, and you don't go jogging or anything like that."

"Is it that obvious?"

"It's not that obvious at all. I haven't heard anyone else mention it. It's just that I'm new here, so I'm here longer hours than I would be usually, and I'm trying to get a feel for the staff I'm now managing. I'm paying a lot of attention to all of you."

"And now you know for certain?"

"How long have you been living in your car?"

"Just over a month."

"Well, it doesn't appear to be affecting your work."

"I don't think it does."

"But, it doesn't mean it won't if you carry on this way."

"It shouldn't be for much longer, I just need another payday to have enough for a deposit for a bedsit."

"What happened?"

"I don't want to talk about it, it's a temporary blip, shit happens."

I didn't want to talk about it. I didn't want Stephanie to know I got thrown out of my own home because I was too stupid not to keep it in my pants. Even more so, that I couldn't even respect my wife enough not to bring the bit on the side back to the marital bed. And then to get caught in said bed because I hadn't bothered listening to what my wife had told me before she went to visit her parents. It was all unforgiveable. I had to deal with the aftermath; the bit on the side had disappeared into the ether once she knew I was married. I didn't want anyone else to know. Especially Stephanie, not only as my boss, but because there might be something there.

"Well, if you ever do want to talk about it, I'm a good listener."

"I'll bear that in mind thanks, but I doubt I'll want to take you up on it."

I closed my eyes to try and signal the end of the conversation. I heard Stephanie take a deep breath as if she wanted to say something else, but she didn't. After a few seconds I heard her walking away. I tried to shut out the strange silence in the office and drift off to sleep.

I didn't know how long I was asleep for, but I woke with a start as the power kicked in. The lights flicked on, and the computers started to come back to life. My mouth was dry and had that stale taste that followed sleep. I picked up the bottle of water on my desk and rinsed my mouth a bit before swallowing, and then picked up the can of Pepsi and had a drink of that.

I looked around and apart from Stephanie; no one else had come back into the office. Stephanie was walking around the floor checking on all the lights and computers, the printers and the phones.

"Have the engineers been already?" I asked her.

"No, they're not due for about another hour."

"Not that we need them now."

"We do, they need to investigate why it happened and they need to stop it happening again. And I need people back in the office now, any idea where they would be?"

More than half a dozen phones were ringing now that they were working again.

"Debbie and Malcolm would be good starting points, they'll likely be in one of the cafes or pubs nearby with groups of others, though I'd try from one of the desk phones if I were you, I'm not sure they'd answer if they see it's your mobile."

And with that I picked up my phone and answered one of the ringing phones. I didn't want to have to spell out that they would be deliberately awkward to the new boss.

It took a few minutes before the first of the others came back, but the office was full within ten minutes, and the constant ringing of phones stopped. It was nearer two hours before the engineers turned up, they took one look at the fully functioning office and made to leave, but Stephanie wasn't having any of it. I could hear her berating them nearly as loudly as I could hear the person on the phone in my headset.

We had been the only floor in the building to suffer from the power cut, and Stephanie had frog-marched the engineers in to the utilities room where it wasn't as easy to hear her continued shouting. She left the engineers in there slamming the door behind her as she stopped shouting and returned to her desk.

I kept one eye on the utility room waiting for signs of life from the engineers. I wondered whether they were actually doing something in there, or if they were lying low long enough to make it look like they were to avoid any further wrath from Stephanie.

It was nearly five o'clock when one of them surfaced. I wasn't the only one who had been watching the door, as soon as it opened Stephanie was on her feet and marching across to the room, the engineer beckoned her into the utility room and the door closed behind them. After a couple of minutes the door opened again, and Stephanie came out looking in a worse mood than she had before. She was carrying a piece of paper that she didn't have before she'd entered the utility room. She walked down to the middle of the room before she started speaking.

"Can the following people please make their way into meeting room one:

Karl Murray, Deborah Wilson, Mark Dillon, Sheila Woods, Malcolm Ryan, Richard Crook, Amy Railton and Allan Beadle.

Can everyone else finish up what you are doing and leave for the day please; we'll be turning the phone system off in five minutes."

I looked around at the others on the list that Stephanie had read out. It was most of the more experienced staff in the office. None of them I could see looked happy. They looked more confused than anything else. Some people had packed up and gone in seconds. They'd probably already finished working and had just been passing time waiting for five o'clock.

The eight of us made our way over to the meeting room where Stephanie had called the engineers from earlier. Besides the eight of us and Stephanie, one of the engineers was in the room as well. When the last of us had got through the door, Stephanie put her head of the room and shouted at the stragglers to hurry up and get gone. She then closed the door behind her and sat next to the engineer before starting to speak.

"As you all know, we had a power cut in the office this morning. That power cut was just on our floor of this building. The power came back on before the engineers arrived, but I persuaded them to do a thorough check of all our

systems to see if they could find out what had caused the power cut. Especially as it has come on the back of two previous power cuts in the last few weeks.

Whilst doing their investigation Ken here, and his two colleagues found a number of items attached to the various electrical systems for our office. It is Ken's conclusion that these devices are what have caused the last two power cuts in the office, and that they had been placed there recently.

The utility room has a limited access to it. The only people who have access to the utility room are around this table. Everyone in this room has accessed the utility room in the last two weeks. It is therefore my belief that someone around this table has deliberately set out to sabotage the workings of this office."

There was an outburst of indignation around the table and several people tried to speak at once. Stephanie cut across all of them.

"SHUT UP, the lot of you. You will get a chance to speak when I have finished. I have called the police. They are going to take the devices found and test them for fingerprints and DNA. Additionally they will be investigation the origin of the devices to see where they may have been obtained. They will want to interview all of you as you all had access to the utility room and according to the logs have all entered there recently.

We may be here sometime this evening. That is unless the culprit would like to own up to their actions now and save everyone some time and unnecessary stress."

"The police can't question us without legal representation." Malcolm was the first to pipe up.

I sighed, "They can, if they offer you the chance to have legal representation then you can take it up, but you will probably need to go to the station. If you're happy to answer questions without representation present, as innocent people should be, then there isn't any problem."

"Are you trying to say I'm guilty Karl?"

"I didn't say anything of the sort you pompous windbag, as you full well know. Stick your righteous indignation where the sun doesn't shine."

There were a couple of sniggers from around the table, and Malcolm's face darkened, but he didn't say anything else. Amy spoke next.

"Can I make a phone call and get someone to look after the kids for a bit then?"

Stephanie nodded before speaking.

"Yes, you can all make any appropriate phone calls you need to, whether that be to family or to a lawyer if you think you need one. Of course no one would need to make phone calls if the person responsible would own up."

There was silence in the room. I looked around the table, only to find all of the others on their phones trying to avoid making eye contact with each other. I wondered how many of them were ringing family or friends, and if any of them were ringing solicitors. I had no one to ring; I had nothing to hide when the police arrived. Yet someone around the table did.

If I had to pick one of them I would say Malcolm, he has been sniping at Stephanie since day one, resentful that he didn't get the job. Yet he had been here for years and didn't seem the type to have gone out of his way to sabotage the electrics. I had never heard him express any interest in electrics, or any other DIY for that matter in the few years I had been here.

Though if I was honest, I tried not to get involved in the day-to-day life-related conversations that happened here. I had enough actual drama in my own life without the exaggerated drama that came from office conversations. I can't recall any of the others around the table speaking about their electrical expertise.

"I've spoken to my lawyer; she's on her way over." Malcolm almost proudly announced. I rolled my eyes.

No one else responded to Malcolm's announcement either. They were all contemplating their own phone calls. Ken the engineer just looked bored as if he just wanted to go home. He wouldn't have been expecting to be part of a tampering investigation. Stephanie was scanning the rest of us sat around the meeting room table. Her eyes boring into each of us, trying to see if she could read our minds and tell who was responsible. There was very little eye contact made as she scanned the room. I was comfortable to make eye contact, I had nothing to hide. Well, nothing to do with this anyway.

The silence in the room was oppressive, almost as if everyone was holding their breath. It was getting warm in the room as well. The air con automatically shut off at five. The mass of bodies in the room was heating it up. I could feel the sweat forming under my arms and in the small of my back. I wouldn't be the only one feeling like that. If we stayed here too much longer the room would begin to pick up the smell of the mustiness that came with the sweat.

A solitary policeman arrived a few minutes later. Stephanie left the meeting room to greet him. I was expecting more than one to turn up, perhaps there would be more to follow. They went into the utility room where the other two engineers were still working. On what I didn't know. Two minutes later Stephanie and the police officer made their way over to the meeting room, as the two engineers left the utility room and headed out. Ken got up to leave the meeting room, stopping to quickly talk to Stephanie and the officer, before joining his colleagues in leaving. He looked glad to be going.

The detective introduced himself as Detective Sergeant Davis, and told us the forensic team were on their way, and another of his colleagues would be joining him soon. At which point they could start asking individuals questions. Malcolm butted in right away.

"You will need to wait until my lawyer arrives before you can question me."

The detective didn't look at all phased by Malcolm's statement.

"Of course sir, although at this stage it is informal questioning, anyone has the right to legal representation and advice. In fact if anyone would like someone else to be with them in the room during questioning, then that is perfectly acceptable too."

That seemed to take the wind out of Malcolm's sails somewhat, as if he had been expecting his proclamation to annoy the detective, who continued on.

"As your manager Miss Morton will have told you, the engineers called to your office after the power cut this morning found two devices that had been installed with the intention of interrupting your office's electrical supply. Those devices will be inspected by our forensic team. Currently we are looking at charging the person who installed the devices with various charges under the Criminal Damage Act 1971, the Electricity Act 1989 and the Energy Act 2013. All of the offences committed under these acts have the capability of eliciting custodial sentences."

"You should ask Karl about them," Richard offered, "He's always here before anyone else, and stays after everyone else has gone recently. If it wasn't for the fact he was wearing different clothes every day then you might get the impression that he lived here."

I winced and hoped it didn't show; it was too close to the truth for comfort, I tried to laugh it off.

"You never know Richard; it may just be I'm shit at my job and so need to do all the extra hours to keep up. Or I could just be surfing the internet looking for porn, much like you do on your lunchbreak."

"No, I don't," Richard blustered, but his face reddened and there were a couple of sniggers in the room.

"Yeah Richard," Debbie said, "Perhaps that's why you're in the utility room every day. You're on the server deleting all your browser history." Which Debbie followed with a hearty chuckle. Richard continued to get redder.

"Why would anyone tamper with our electrics anyway," Allan asked. "It's stupid, anything could happen, they could have electrocuted themselves, or us. They could have caused a fire, we could all have been hurt or burnt or killed. It could have put us all out of a job, why do it just to get at Stephanie?"

"Do you know something we don't then Allan? Who said it was done just to get at me?" Stephanie looked like she could rip someone's head off, "It's an attack on the company."

I was watching Stephanie and nodding in agreement when suddenly Sheila exploded.

"I did it; I can't hold it in or deny it anymore. I did it to make Stephanie look bad, so she would get kicked out of here and off to another office. Then we'd have a different manager and things would go back to normal."

"But why Sheila?" Stephanie asked.

"Because if you're not here then Karl wouldn't be staring at you all the time and he'd pay attention to me again."

"What?" I spluttered, "Are you demented woman? What on earth makes you think I'm staring at anyone, let alone Stephanie, all the time? And how could I be ignoring you now? It wasn't as if we spoke apart from an occasional good morning or excuse me?"

If I was honest I may have well been staring, mainly into space, as I struggled with the mess my life was. My desk faced in Stephanie's direction, and she was a striking woman, but I hadn't been aware of staring directly at her. Nor had I had a single clue that Sheila may have been holding a torch for me. It was true what I had said, I hadn't said more than a dozen words at a time at any point since I'd been working here. I might have smiled a few times, but I'd not given any sign of interest at all.

Detective Sergeant Davis spoke up.

"So, Ms Woods are you saying that you attached the devices to the company's electricity supply."

"I am."

"In which case I am hereby arresting you on the suspicion that you have committed offences under the Criminal Damage Act 1971, the Electricity Act 1989 and the Energy Act 2013. You don't have to say anything, but it may harm your defence if you do not mention when questioned something you later rely on in court."

Turning to the rest of the room he continued.

"The rest of you are free to go."

Everyone else traipsed out of the room, leaving Sheila in there with the detective. Some glared at her and made tutting noises, others just looked sad and shook their heads. Both Stephanie and I got some dirty looks as well. This won't have helped some of the resentment held against her by those still here. I picked up my jacket and headed out of the office, not talking to anyone else. I went and sat in my car out in the car park. It was much earlier than I would normally be leaving the office, but it would really have looked odd for me to stay there this evening.

A few minutes later a marked police car arrived in the car park and two uniformed officers got out of it and entered the building. They weren't in there very long before they came back out with Sheila in handcuffs. They put her into the back of the car and drove off. A few minutes after that Detective Sergeant Davis and Stephanie came out of the building together. They stopped in front of what must have been his car and carried on talking.

I slid further down in my seat and grabbed my book from the glove box and started to read. I was engrossed in the book within a couple of minutes. So much so that when Stephanie knocked on my car window I nearly jumped out of my skin having not seen her approaching at all. I put the book down and opened the door to talk to her.

"Is this you for the night then?" she asked.

"Yeah, pretty much. I'll nip out for a takeaway at some point."

"Is it true?"

"Was what true?"

"Have you been staring?"

"Not that I know to."

"Pity....How would you like a home cooked meal for a change?"

"I would love one Stephanie, but I'm going to decline any offer unfortunately."

"Is there something wrong with me?"

"Not that I can see, but there is lots wrong with me at the moment. As living in my car would tell you. It's poor timing, but it's nothing on you."

The tone was different now, "OK, I'll see you tomorrow then." There was disappointment and annoyance in there, and as she walked back to her own car I could see she was slightly slumped. Far less upright compared to how she walked around the office.

I nearly called out to stop her. To say I had changed my mind. But I didn't. I now wondered whether I would have to find myself a new job on top of everything else.

**Dilbert**



24/01/2015

## 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/> there are links to a number of older publications I have done in the past, with more of the old stuff being added as time goes by.

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)

Speak to me about getting a pen, there are currently four colours available; yellow, apple green, dark green and orange, but apple green ones are nearly out.

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