

# **Flanagan's Running Club – Issue 27**

## **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 – 18<sup>th</sup> October**

1922 – The British Broadcasting Company (later Corporation) is founded by a consortium, to establish a national broadcasting service.

It's Necktie Day in Croatia, and  
Persons Day in Canada.

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

#### **How To Screw Up And Still Succeed**

Archimedes invented the screw pump over 2,000 years ago, but without a compact power source, it was no use as a propulsion device. Fast-forward to the 19th century and early steamships used paddles to move them. Then Francis Pettit Smith of Hendon, A farmer who taught himself engineering, patented screw propulsion. Smith later built the world's first successful screw-propelled steamship, the SS Archimedes, which was launched today in 1838. His screw proved cheaper, lighter, smaller and more efficient than paddles.

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

**1994 - Digable Planets release their sophomore album "Blowout Comb" on EMI.**

Peaking at #32 on the Billboard 200 and #13 on the R&B chart, the jazzy self-produced album featured guest appearances by Jeru the Damaja, Jazzy Joyce, and Guru of Gang Starr. Critically acclaimed, the more political album featured live musicians and spawned the hit singles "9th Wonder (Blackitolism)", which reached #8 on the Rap chart, and "Dial 7 (Axioms of Creamy Spies)", which hit the Rap and R&B charts.

#### **Births**

1939 – Lee Harvey Oswald

1956 – Martina Navratilova

1974 – Robbie Savage

#### **Deaths**

1931 – Thomas Edison

#### **Number 1's**

Number 1 single in 1996 - Chemical Brothers - Setting Sun

Number 1 album in 1992 - Prince - Love Symbol

Number 1 compilation album in 2007 - Various - Radio 1 Established 1967

## **Drabble**

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

#### **Desk Move**

Another office move, changing desks again. At this rate there wouldn't be many desks left that he wouldn't have sat at.

All the time wasted in labelling up equipment, moving it and setting it back up. Despite the fact that all of the desks were the same size and shape, it always took a few days to get comfortable at the new desk, he couldn't explain why.

Then he would also have new neighbours. A nightmare for someone as introverted as him, who hated other people. Perhaps they'd leave him alone.

Not a chance, situated next to a serial talker.

## Joke

A Husband Shopping Centre has opened in Atlanta, where a woman can go to choose from among many men to be her husband. It is laid out in five floors, with the men increasing in positive attributes as you ascend. There is, however, a catch. You're only allowed in once. Once you open the door to any floor, you must choose a man from that floor. If you go up a floor, you can't go back down except to exit the building. So, a woman goes to the shopping centre to find a husband. On the first floor the sign on the door says: Floor 1: These men have jobs and love kids. The woman reads the sign. "Well, that's better than not having jobs, or not loving kids, but I wonder what's further up?" So up she goes. The second floor sign says: Floor 2: These men have high-paying jobs, love kids and are extremely good-looking. "Hmmm, better," says the woman. "But I wonder what's further up?" The third floor sign reads: Floor 3: These men have high-paying jobs, love kids, are extremely good-looking and help with the housework. "Wow," says the woman, "very tempting. BUT, there's further up!" And so again, she goes up. On the fourth floor the sign reads: Floor 4: These men have high-paying jobs, love kids, are extremely good-looking, help with the housework and have a strong romantic streak. "Oh, mercy me." (That's how women talk in Georgia) "But just think... what must be awaiting me further up?" So up to the fifth floor she goes. The sign on that door says: Floor 5: This floor is just to prove that women are impossible to please. Thank you for shopping.

## Random Items

### Facts

Clans of long ago that wanted to get rid of their unwanted people without killing them use to burn their houses down - hence the expression "to get fired."

Sherlock Holmes never said "Elementary, my dear Watson."

### Thoughts

Who designed clothing so that a tug on one thread will undo an entire hem, or make a button pop off instantaneously?

Why does the colour orange signify decaffeination?

### Forgotten English

#### **Lectica**

A couch used by the Romans for a similar purpose as a sedan chair is used by us.

### Words You Should Know

#### **Modicum**

A bit, a small quantity, often used of an abstract quality: 'If you had a modicum of common sense you would have closed the windows before it started to rain' or 'With only a modicum of knitting skill you can make attractive and unusual presents'.

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

#### **To Take A Dekko**

To glance at, or to have a quick look at.

This is one of the many phrases that were brought back from India by the British Army in the colonial days in the late nineteenth century. In Hindi, dekho is the imperative form of the verb dekhna, meaning 'to look at'.

## 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 Little Phrase**

Darren sat in the small room, slouched over, leaning on the table in front of him. There were three other chairs around the table, but they were all empty. He was totally alone at that precise moment in time; no one could interrupt the overbearing silence around him as he waited to be called into the final part of the meeting. He strained to hear something, anything at all, anything that might distract him from the feeling of dread that was washing all over him, threatening to drown his very being and wash him away from here. Threatening to sweep away all that he held dear, like a tsunami sweeping away the small fishing village that hadn't had time to react to what was happening.

It had started out as a bit of fun with the rest of the team. A little exercise in breaking up the monotony of the humdrum repetitive dross that made up their working days. All twelve members of the team had agreed they would take part, the idea was that they would slip in a nominated random word to their normal responses on customer calls. They would take turns in choosing a word or phrase, and then see how many times they could shoe-horn it into their customer conversations.

It seemed easy at first; it was remarkably easy to slip a word like banana into a conversation. It had all gone well for a number of weeks, and words, until the little phrase he had picked on that fateful Monday morning, three weeks ago. The rest of the team had agreed to use the phrase for their random entry into conversation, not one of them had objected or raised any concern that the phrase might not be the best to use. It was agreed that "Jesus Wept" would be that day's phrase.

The disciplinary panel had been reviewing the evidence from the case for the last hour and twenty minutes as he sat there in the room alone. He had been offered the chance to have a representative in there with him, but, he wasn't in the union, and most of the people he would have chosen were in his team, and were been called upon to give evidence, so they couldn't be used. He had eventually decided to go it alone.

He knew what was coming; the company had received a record number of complaints from their customers about the calls with his team. He had admitted that it was him that had chosen the phrase for the day that had caused it all. The rest of the team will have stitched him up, not only on the phrase for that day, but for the whole concept of the random phrase insert game they had been playing. None of them wanted to take the blame for having that idea, so that would be thrown in his direction as well.

He sat there alone in the room contemplating life on the dole, with no references he could use from this job, which would leave a gaping four year gap on his CV, not an easy thing to overcome when applying for new roles. Not only that, but there was still a potential police charge of religiously aggravated hate crimes, they had started an investigation, and he didn't know whether charges would actually be brought, so he had that hanging over him as well.

Outside of work, he had been living on the edge of what he could afford from month to month, and with no job, he wouldn't be able to afford his rent, and there would be the very real possibility of getting evicted from his flat. None of this was going to go down well with his girlfriend either, they hadn't been going out that long, and a jobless, homeless boyfriend probably wasn't high up on her list of dating priorities, he would probably end up single as well.

Jesus wept indeed.

## **Leicester**

### **Random Historic Item**

#### **Stanford Hall**

Stanford Hall is a stately home in Leicestershire, near the village of Stanford on Avon (which is in Northamptonshire) and the town of Lutterworth, Leicestershire. The population of any residents in the area is included in the civil parish of Misterton with Walcote.

It stands pretty much at the southernmost part of the county, next to the River Avon that forms the Leicestershire / Northamptonshire border in the estate of Stanford. It has been owned by the Cave family (including the Brayes) since 1430. The estate comprises land on both sides of the River Avon which flows through the grounds, with a weir downstream, so a small lake is formed.

The family purchased the old Stanford Manor, from Henry VIII in 1540, which stood on the Northamptonshire side, however this was on low lying land and was susceptible to flooding, so the 2nd Baronet, Sir Roger Cave demolished the old Manor house and started work on a new house (Stanford Hall) on the Leicestershire side, on a site higher and drier than the old one.

He commissioned William Smith the elder to do the work, and some of the old beams, and items of furniture were transferred from the old manor and used in the building of the new hall. Sir Roger died in 1703, and therefore never saw the completed hall, as this was completed a few years later under the control of his son Sir Thomas, 3rd Baronet. In 1792 Sarah, daughter of Sir Thomas Cave, inherited the Cave estate on the death of her nephew Sir Thomas Cave, 7th Baronet. She had married Henry Otway in 1790 and was created Baroness Brayne in 1839. Her descendants remain in residence. (Henry Otway was High Sheriff of Leicestershire in 1804).

In 1778 the 5th Baronet, also a Sir Thomas, built the stable block and courtyard, however by 1879 the house had come to be neglected and had fallen into disrepair, and the house was restored in 1880. In the 1930's part of the outbuildings was converted into a private Roman Catholic chapel for the family.

The aviation pioneer Percy Pilcher built some of his early gliders here in the 1890s; he also built a powered flying machine here that many historians believe was capable of flight, but he was killed nearby in an accident in 1899 before he could try it. An exact replica of Pilcher's "The Hawk" glider is exhibited at the hall.

During World War II the nuns and pupils from the Sacred Heart Convent and School in Roehampton, London, were evacuated to the Hall. Their premises were so badly damaged that when the war ended, they had to relocate to Woldingham School near London. From 1947 until 1949 it was the country branch of St. Mary's Town and Country School. By that time the roof was uncared for and in serious need of repair, but the Historic Buildings Council recommended a large grant for restoration and the hall was opened to the public in 1958.

Today the hall is a tourist attraction open to the public on limited days in the year. Among the attractions are guided tours of the hall and its grounds, a forge, a beautiful rose garden, a shop and tea rooms. The house has a significant collection of antique furnishings; for example, the hall has one room with original 17th-century furnishings including a refectory table and set of Charles II chairs.

The grounds of the hall are used for concerts and classic car shows, including the Wartburg/Trabant/IFA Club Rally and since 1983 has hosted the annual National Mini Day for owners of Mini cars. The grounds hosted the first Stanford Hall Half Marathon and 10k running race in March 2014. Since 2003 Stanford Hall has been host to Firework Champions - the UK's leading firework competition.

Some of the parkland is designated a Site of Special Scientific Interest called Stanford Park due to the diversity of lichen species on the trees.

## **A Leicestershire Church**

### **St. Nicholas's**

Said to be the oldest church in Leicester, the site dates back to early Saxon times (650 AD) and the original church was the original Leicester Cathedral during Saxon times from 679AD to 697AD and 737AD to 877AD, while Leicester had its own bishopric. It was rebuilt in the 10th Century, and parts of this building still remain. The most obvious Saxon features of the church are the two small windows in the north wall of the nave. Their arches are made from re-used Roman tiles, which are set radially, following the curve of the arch. Reputed to be built on the site of a Roman temple, it incorporates much Roman masonry and brickwork.

The Church originally consisted of the Nave and chancel; however, this was added to by the Normans, with the tower being built from 1080, and then the south aisle and chapel added at a later date.

There have been many renewals and restorations over the years, and some of these survive to this day, including the 15th century roof to the nave.

By the 19th century the church had fell into serious disrepair, so much so that there were even considerations to demolish it totally. The north aisle had been lost in 1699, and the spire was removed in 1803. In 1829, massive structural repairs were carried out, including the striking brick porch at the front of the church which replaced the south arcade. The current North aisle was added in 1875 during restoration by Ordish & Taylor. The Niche with canopy in north aisle was brought from Wyggeston's Hospital. In 1889 the north transept was built. It was intended to be part of a larger project involving a new chancel chapel. The transept has an eastern arch which remains bricked up, despite elaborate plans for vestry and parish room on the site made in the 1950s.

Additionally, restoration was completed by Charles Baker in 1904-05. The outside of the tower was restored using as much of the original stone as possible. The round columns of the lower external arcade do not agree with the interior arcade, and could be a 20th century modification of the original design.

In 1929 the south aisle chapel was restored and east window reglazed as a memorial to Canon Edward Atkins, Vicar of St Nicholas 1893-1927. The glass is by the noted artist Theodora Salusbury. The two other windows in this chapel had been placed in 1898 and 1916 respectively. They represent (eastern) St Mary and St Nicholas, and (western) St George and St Michael. They commemorate the daughter and grandsons of Canon Atkins. His photograph hangs beside his own memorial plaque.

The parish itself has also had a long and varied history, it took the name of St. Nicholas in 1220, and was a thriving parish for another 300 years after this, due to the close proximity of both the white, and black friars. In fact, it was said that the slain body of Richard III was displayed in the church after his defeat at the Battle of Bosworth.

However the parish at just over 45 acres in total size is one of the smallest in England and suffered from being so, from 1500 onwards it had few patrons, and even fewer funds, which brought about its disrepair; in fact it is amazing that the parish still survives today.

In the 1950's and 60's the remaining dwellings in the parish were all demolished to make way for road, and business improvements, meaning that there were in effect no parishioners, however in 1957 the church was given the chaplaincy of Leicester University, and now thrives as a parish again today. The church lies just outside the city's inner ring road.

The organ was built in 1890 by the local firm of J. Porritt, and incorporates pipework of an earlier organ by an unknown builder dating from the 1830s. In 1975, the organ was cleaned and overhauled by J. W. Walker & Sons at a cost of around £4,500, and has continued to be refurbished periodically since then.

The church has three bells, dated 1617, 1656 and 1710, that had been taken down from the tower in 1949 and replaced by one big bell. As part of the millennium celebrations, the three bells were rehung at a total cost of £5,848, paid for by an appeal. Because the tower is not very strong, they were re-hung for stationary chiming (not swung). The smallest bell, which was cracked, was repaired, and all three bells were taken away to Hayward Mills Associates Bell Hangers of Nottingham. They were returned to the church in July 2002, and were rung to welcome Queen Elizabeth II on her Jubilee Visit to Leicester.

The Clock in the tower is the natural successor of the sundial (like the stones in the churchyard made of finely carved Swithland Slate) placed over the South Wall c.1760. The first clock in the tower was bought by 43 subscribers in 1791 and did service until the restoration in 1906 when it was replaced and a new dial (still in position) erected on the South Side. The new clock was the first electrically driven public clock in Leicester, being made by Gent & Co of the City and deriving its power from Leclanché cells in the Vestry. In 1950 the need to install a second dial (to overlook the Jewry Wall site) and the frequent failure of the electric clock, together with the putting up of the great bell resulted in the provision of the present fine clock made by Cope of Nottingham and installed by Ball of Leicester. It incorporates the Grimthorpe double three-lagged gravity escapement and hour striking mechanism.

## **A Trip Down Memory Lane**

After a three day trip to Leicester towards the end of September, I wrote a series of pieces along with photographs of my wanderings around the city over those three days. With over 230 photos and more than 24,000 words, it's a bit much to put into here, but what I will do is add links to the overview on my blog, which has links to all twenty pieces, plus below that are the twenty links to the individual pieces on Medium. Lots to see and read there.

<https://onetruekev.co.uk/Mutterings/2019/10/10/a-trip-down-memory-lane-leicester/>

[Part 1 – Getting There and Getting Started](#)

[Part 2 – Rushey Mead](#)

[Part 3 – From Gipsy Lane to Melton Road](#)

[Part 4 – Cossington Street to St. Mark's](#)

[Part 5 – Old Belgrave](#)

[Part 6 – Around My Old Home](#)

[Part 7 – Evington and Beyond](#)

[Part 8 – Victoria Park and The New Walk](#)

[Part 9 – Winding Back to the Hotel](#)

[Part 10 – What Used to be Here?](#)

[Part 11 – 3 Old Churches and a Wall](#)

[Part 12 – From West Bridge to Western Road](#)

[Part 13 – Liberty, Dykes, Tigers and Art Deco](#)

[Part 14 – The Castle to The Cathedral](#)

[Part 15 – Guildhall to Granby Street](#)

[Part 16 – Charles Street to Bed](#)

[Part 17 – Richard III and Grandparents](#)

[Part 18 – Old Aylestone and Graves](#)

[Part 19 – Knighton Day to Queens Road](#)

[Part 20 – End of the Road \(Trip\)](#)

## **Top Ten**

10 Closest Capitals to Juba, South Sudan

No	Capital	Country	Distance Away
1	Kampala	Uganda	517 km
2	Kigali	Rwanda	778 km
3	Nairobi	Kenya	897km
4	Addis Ababa	Ethiopia	917 km
5	Bujumbura	Burundi	948 km
6	Khartoum	Sudan	1190 km
7	Dodoma	Tanzania	1312 km
8	Asmara	Eritrea	1416 km
9	Djibouti	Djibouti	1440 km
10	Bangui	Central African Republic	1445 km

## **Poetry Corner**

### **Bird Song**

In the last vestiges of night  
Just as the sky starts to turn light  
The dawn chorus begins  
They all start to sing  
A tweet, a chirrup, a warble, a whistle, a caw  
Whether sat in a tree or in the air they soar  
There is an excitement in the dawn  
They circle around the lawn  
They wait for the worms  
As out of the ground they squirm  
Birds swoop down and eat  
From beneath their feet  
They want to get fat

But beware of the cat  
 Silently it prowls until it is ready to pounce  
 It jumps up and then down the garden it does bounce  
 But the birds fly away  
 They'll live another day  
 Now the darkness is gone  
 They have all finished their song  
 There is work to be done, families to feed  
 Foraging for worms, grubs and even bird seed  
 Flying off back to their nests  
 Night falls and they rest  
 Protect their young from the rain  
 And then ready to start all over again

## Cathedral Fact Files

Cathedral	Winchester Cathedral		
Dedicated To	Holy Trinity (Formerly SS Peter, Paul Amphibalus and Swithum)		
Type	Medieval	Architecture	Gothic
Religion	COE	Tower / Spire	1 Tower
Site Founded	680	Height (External)	196ft
Church Founded	1084	Height (Internal)	68ft
Bishopric Founded	680	Length	554ft
Current Bishopric Founded	680	Width	231ft

## Thirty-Three And One Third Revolutions Per Minute

### The Prodigy – Music For The Jilted Generation

*Music for the Jilted Generation* was the second studio album by English electronic music group The Prodigy. It was first released on 4th July 1994 by XL Recordings in the United Kingdom and by Mute Records in the United States. Just as on the group's debut album *Experience*, Maxim Reality was the only member of the band's line-up - besides Liam Howlett - to contribute to the album.

The album is largely a response to the corruption of the rave scene in Britain by its mainstream status as well as Great Britain's Criminal Justice and Public Order Act 1994, which criminalised raves and parts of rave culture. This is exemplified in the song "*Their Law*" with the spoken word intro and the predominant lyric, the "F\*ck 'em and their law" sample. Many years later, after the controversy died down, Liam Howlett derided the title of the album, which he referred to as "stupid", and maintained that the album was never meant to be political in the first place.

"*The Narcotic Suite*" includes live flute parts, played by Phil Bent. Originally, Howlett asked Ian Anderson of Jethro Tull to play this part or to give permission to use samples of one of his flute parts; according to Anderson, the letter from Howlett got stuck in his office and when Ian found it, the album was already released.

#### Track listing

All tracks written by Liam Howlett, unless indicated otherwise.

No. - Title - Writer(s) - Length

1. - "*Intro*" - 0:45 - features a sample that sounds like it's from the film *The Lawnmower Man*, however it is an American voice on "*Intro*" instead of Pierce Brosnan's English accent and the words are subtly different (on "*Intro*" the words are "So, I've decided to take my work back underground, to stop it falling into the wrong hands", but in "*The Lawnmower Man*" the line is "So I'm taking my work underground, I can't let it fall into the wrong hands again"). Sampled once.
2. - "*Break & Enter*" - 8:24 - contains sample from Baby D's "*Casanova*", "*Hyperreal Selector*" by The Shamen and "*The Box Opened (Bedroom In Space)*" by Human Being. Sampled three times, including by chief loon Scooter.
3. - "*Their Law*" (featuring Pop Will Eat Itself) - Howlett, Pop Will Eat Itself - 6:40 - contains sample from "*Drop That Bassline*" by Techno Grooves and "*The Assembly Line*" by The Commodores. Begins with a rephrased version of a quote from Smokey and the Bandit. Jackie Gleason's exasperated line "What we're dealing with here is a complete lack of respect for the law" becomes "what we're dealing with here is a total lack of respect for the law". Covered twice.
4. - "*Full Throttle*" - 5:02 - contains a reverse sample from the original *Star Wars* movie
5. - "*Voodoo People*" - 6:27 - contains sample from "*You're Starting Too Fast*" and "*Shaft in Africa*" by Johnny Pate, "*Whole Lotta Love*" by Led Zeppelin, and "*The Shalimar*" by Gylan Kain. The guitar riff is based on "*Very Ape*" by Nirvana and is played by Lance Riddler. Third single from the album, reached number 13 in the UK singles chart. Sampled 7 times and covered 5 times.

6. - "*Speedway (Theme From Fastlane)*" - 8:56 - features samples of "*Illegal Subs*" by Kaotic Chemistry and "*Where's Your Child?*" by Bam Bam.
7. - "*The Heat (The Energy)*" - 4:27 - contains sample from "*Why'd U Fall*" by Lil Louis, "*The Space Station*" by Jerry Goldsmith "*Thousand*" by Moby and 2-Mad's "*Don't Hold Back The Feeling*". Features a sample from Poltergeist III.
8. - "*Poison*" - Howlett, Maxim Reality - 6:42 - contains sample from "*It's a New Day*" by Skull Snaps, "*Jungle Dett*" by Demon Boyz, "*Can't Hear Nothing But The Music*", by EPMD and Bernard "Pretty" Purdie's "*Heavy Soul Singer*". Fourth single from the album, reached number 15 in the UK singles chart. Sampled 7 times and covered once.
9. - "*No Good (Start the Dance)*" - 6:17 - contains sample from "*No Good for Me*" by Kelly Charles, "*Peter Piper*" by Run-DMC, "*Young Disciples Theme*" by Young Disciples and "*Funky Nassau*" by Bahamian funk group The Beginning of the End. Second single from the album, reached number 4 in the UK singles chart. Sampled 13 times and covered twice.
10. - "*One Love*" - 3:53 - uses the "*Arabic Muezzin*" sample from the ethnic vocals section of a Zero G sample CD by "Time + Space" Records. First single from the album, reached number 8 in the UK singles chart. Sampled once.
11. - "*The Narcotic Suite: 3 Kilos*" - 7:25 - is based on a riff sampled from Bernard "Pretty" Purdie's *Good Livin' (Good Lovin')*. Sampled once.
12. - "*The Narcotic Suite: Skylined*" - 5:56 - features sample from a piece of musical score by Mark Snow from The X-Files episode "Deep Throat"
13. - "*The Narcotic Suite: Claustrophobic Sting*" - 7:13 - a voice whispers "My mind is glowing", similar to HAL 9000 saying "My mind is going" in the film 2001: A Space Odyssey. Samples "Mice In The Presence Of The Lion" by Hardnoise.

#### Charts

Chart - Peak position

Australian Albums - 9

Austrian Albums - 7

Belgian Albums - 22

Dutch Albums - 5

Finland - 1

French Albums - 2

German Albums - 11

New Zealand Albums - 3

Norwegian Albums - 12

Swedish Albums - 4

Swiss Albums - 9

UK Albums - 1

US Billboard - 198

#### Certifications

Region - Certification - Certified units/Sales

Poland - Gold - 50,000

Sweden - Gold - 50,000

United Kingdom - 2x Platinum - 600,000

#### Personnel

Liam Howlett – performing, synthesizers, keyboards, sampling, drum-machines, production (on tracks 1, 2, 3, 6, 8, 11, 12, and 13) at Earthbound studios, co-production (on tracks 4, 5, 7, 9, and 10) at The Strongroom, mixing, engineering

Maxim Reality – co-writer and vocalist on "Poison"

Neil McLellan – co-production and mixing (on tracks 4, 5, 7, 9, and 10) at The Strongroom

Pop Will Eat Itself – performer on "*Their Law*"

Phil Bent – live flute

Lance Riddler – live guitar on "*Voodoo People*"

Mike Champion – management

Les Edwards – inside sleeve painting

Stuart Haygarth – front cover

Jamie Fry – rear sleeve

Released - 4 July 1994

Studio - Earthbound Studios, The Strongroom

Length 78:07

Label - XLMute

Producer - Liam Howlett, Neil McLellan

### **Club Fact File**

**Arizona Cardinals**



Founded	1898
First Season Played	1898
First Season in NFL	1920
Ground	State Farm Stadium
Capacity	63,400
Previous Stadium(s)	Normal Field, Normal Park, Comiskey Park, Wrigley Field, Soldier Field, Metropolitan Stadium, Sportsman's Park, Busch Memorial Stadium, Sun Devil Stadium
Previous Names	Morgan athletic Club, Racine Normals, Racine Cardinals, Chicago Cardinals, Card-Pitt, St Louis Cardinals, Phoenix Cardinals
<b>Trophies</b>	
NFL Champions	1925, 1947
Superbowl Winners	None
NFC Champions	2009
NFC West Division Winners	2008, 2009, 2015
NFC East Division Winners	1974, 1975
NFL West Division Winners	1947, 1948
Wildcard Playoff Berths	1982, 1998, 2014
<b>League Seasons</b>	
Seasons in NFL/AFL	100
Seasons in NFC	50
Seasons in NFL West Division	17
Seasons in NFL West (Coastal) Division	3
Seasons in NFC East Division	32
Seasons in NFC West Division	18

## Story Time

### Title

I slowly opened my eyes, looking up into the dim light. I can see what I think is a spider's web. Surely it shouldn't be possible for me to see a spider's web. Not if I am still on the Moon. I can vaguely make out stars through the web in the darkness beyond. I'm not sure how I can see stars and a web at the same time. If I am inside the Fra Mauro base then I shouldn't be able to see the stars. If I am outside the base in the Fra Mauro crater then I can't be seeing a spider's web. There shouldn't be any spiders on the moon at all, let alone in the almost zero atmosphere outside the base.

I move my arm up to my face to try and wipe away the web. It feels heavy, and as my arm comes into view I can see I am in a spacesuit. I am outside the base, which at least explains the stars. And now I realise that the web isn't spider related at all, it is the faceplate of my helmet, cracked as if hit several times with a blunt instrument.

Panic kicks in. My breathing becomes shallow and I can hear the blood racing through my ears. With such a multitude of cracks in the faceplate of my helmet it wouldn't take a lot to shatter it completely and leave me to the mercy of space. A space which had no mercy. I would be dead within seconds. I would never see my family or home again, never breathe the sweet natural air on Earth. My last breaths would have been this sterile scrubbed oxygen mix fed to me by my tanks.

How long had I been lying here with my eyes closed? Why was I on my back lying in the crater? What had caused the cracks? How much air did I have left? These and countless other questions rushed through my head. I lifted my left arm up to check the monitor on my sleeve. It is still in the green. I had air if I could keep my faceplate intact.

I push myself up to a sitting position, to find myself facing the base. Or at least what was left of it. The domes were shattered and in pieces. The other low buildings were full of holes, or had collapsed. The living quarters, laboratories and greenhouses had all gone.

The impacts. I can remember them now, a mass of streaking objects coming from out of space at a low angle. Moving across the horizon quicker than my eyes could take them in. I hadn't been able to make out what they were. I think they may have been a meteorite shower, a misfortune of nature wiping the base out. Wiping out my friends and colleagues.

I slowly finish making it onto my feet, and tentatively head in the direction of the base. I need to see if there is anyone left alive. I hope to find an intact air locked room I can enter. Get a message out for help and get a new helmet that I wouldn't worry was going to crack at any moment.

It is a devastating search for me. The holes in the structure of the base are all the same size and shape. The edge of the holes are charred and the ground inside and out is full of deep holes caused by the impacts. The holes are uniform in size and are very deep. Nothing had rippled out from their epicentres. This had been no meteorite strike. Energy based weapons had been used here. Weapons that had been banned under the Earth Senate hearings of 2234. Someone hadn't been following the rules. I knew who I suspected.

Ever since the United Kingdom of Scandi States had started building bases on the moon, the threats from the Canadian States of Mexicana had become more vicious and violent in nature. They had been trying to colonise the Moon for the last thirty years of the 23<sup>rd</sup> Century. In fact they had been trying to claim sovereignty of the Moon due to the fact that the old USA part of their CSM super-state had landed here over 300 years ago and planted their flags.

None of the other super-states had been paying them any attention, and bases had sprung up all over the Moon, much to the increasing ire of the CSM. Most of the other super-states were happy to work with each other. The largest base on the Moon at Kies in the Southern Mare Nubium was a joint effort between the Congolese Alliance of States and the Mongol Socialist Supremacy. Ever since the Gallium wars of the 22<sup>nd</sup> Century, most of the super-states that were left were happy to work with each other. It was only the increasingly unstable CSM who weren't.

Every way I turn within the base I come across dead bodies. Horribly distended and grotesquely disfigured as the lack of oxygen and sudden cold of the minimal atmosphere tore into their bodies. A few of the luckier ones had been torn asunder by the energy beams that had destroyed the base. Instantly cut down without having to feel the suffocation and freezing of being exposed to the Moon's surface without suits.

No room was left intact. No room was even in a state where it could be repaired. I had nowhere I can use to change my helmet. I have no hope of survival staying here. I need to get to one of the other bases. I will need to get some additional oxygen tanks if there are any here, and wheels to move them. Above all I will need a shit load of luck.

Part of me wants to do something for my friends and colleagues. Yet what can I do. It will take me weeks to collect them all and bury them. Much more time than I have if I want to stay alive. They will have to stay where they are and hope that someone else will come back to do the honourable thing for them.

The three Moon buggies had gone the same way as the rest of the base. I won't be driving out of here. One of the trailers had survived. I tug at it and it moved easily. I pull it across to one of the former EVA buildings. I spend the next twenty minutes sifting through the remains and finding oxygen tanks which I load onto the trailer. I find an intact suit and helmet and put that on the trailer as well. I may find somewhere I could do a switch along the way. I am reminded how easily I can die. A blow to my helmet could finish me off.

I load some food and water onto the trailer as well, but they would only be useful if I could find somewhere to change my suit. If I didn't then dying from dehydration before I get to another base would be likely.

Next to find was a map. There were several copies in the assembly room. It was the knowledge hub of our base. Despite everything being available to us on tablets and screen display, some books had been brought to the Moon. This included a number of tourist style maps. I pick all of them up and dump them on the trailer.

Opening one of the maps I take the time to find my own location before looking at where the nearest bases were. The Parry crater adjoined the Fra Mauro crater our base was in, but it was a CSM base. As prime suspects in the destruction of my base I wasn't going to be rushing in that direction. It also ruled out the next closest base, as the Euro Bloc base in the Guericke crater meant having to go past the CSM base or take a big detour around the outside of the Parry crater.

This left a toss-up between the Amazonia base in the Lalande crater and the Arabysynian base in the Gambart crater. The latter was almost directly north of my current position, and so I go for that. My Moon compass and map reading skills aren't great, but surely even I could manage to keep following the compass north.

My air supply was now in the orange, and although I had plenty of other tanks I could wait until the moment it switched from red to purple. I didn't know how long I was going to need an air supply for.

I drag the trailer behind me. It is heavy going. I knew the trailer would get lighter with each tank of oxygen I use, but I am approaching the crater edge, and the ground starts to slope up the ridge. I hadn't been up to the ridge before, but others at the base had. They had said it was one of the best views on the Moon, even if everything looked grey.

The alarm in my suit to indicate I had hit purple sounded as I neared the ridge. I secure the trailer and set up a new tank to change over to. I'd practised this several times on Earth and in the base, but I was nervous now. My life

depended on doing it right and doing it quickly. I took some deep breaths and went for it. It takes me three attempts to connect the nozzle to the new tank. The cracked glass of my helmet making it difficult to see to get the tube secured. Once complete I take a breath and was glad to feel the oxygen come through. I fixed the tank in place and discarded the old one. It slides and rolls down the slope to the base of the crater.

I carry on up to the ridge and then along on the higher ground. There are narrow gullies here, mainly running from north to south, and just wide enough for me to drag the trailer through. I walked for a long time, taking various breaks and my arms ached from the effort of pulling the trailer. The gully I am in has broadened out and is flatter than it had been. My legs are tired and not every step I am taking is actually leaving the ground. There are drag marks behind me nearly as often as distinct footprints.

One of these drags dislodges a stone from the ground. It flies into the air and bounces numerous times before coming to rest. I follow where it went and pick it up. I hadn't seen a rock bounce like this before. I rub it and a sphere appears. There is writing on it. A single word – Spalding – is there, faded but still visible. A golf ball. What were the chances that in all this space I would find one of the two golf balls left behind 300 years ago by the crew from Apollo 14? I scan the horizon in the low light and spot the metal remains in the distance.

The old USA flag adorns the lunar module base of Apollo 14. My spirits fall again as I realise there is no airlock space here. Furthermore it meant that I am off to the west of where I needed to be heading to get to the Arabysynian base. And that I am only a quarter of the way there. I carried on trudging through the undulating grey terrain, trying to edge myself east as the gullies take me north. After two more changes of oxygen tank I find a hollow to lie down in, and give in to sleep.

I don't know how long I slept for, but the alarm of the suit wakes me. I nearly freak out at the cracked glass of my helmet and more so as I remember my predicament. I calm myself and change the tank and look to start moving again.

My mouth is dry and I have a headache, and my stomach rumbles. I need a drink more than anything else, but I am stuck without somewhere to take my helmet off. Despite having off-loaded four oxygen tanks, the trailer seems heavier than the day before. I dump some of the food and drink, and all of the maps apart from the one I have been using. I study the map and check the compass and work out I have actually come more than halfway. As long as I can find the ridge of the Gambart crater I should make the Arabysynian base today.

I feel myself getting weaker as the day goes on. My tongue is sticking to the roof of my mouth. There is no saliva being produced. My head is banging. A steady thump driving me to distraction. My arms and legs scream at me to stop, and my rests feel as if they are becoming longer and more frequent. I want to crawl up into a ball and sleep, but know that if I do I may never get up again.

Then I am stood on the ridge to the Gambart crater. I can see the lights of the base in the distance, and I get an energy boost. I head over the edge of the ridge to start down the slope. In doing so I forget how gravity works and I run myself over as the trailer picks up speed and swipes me in passing. I fall forward and hit the ground front first. My head bounces up from the ground and I wait for the tell-tale sound of breaking glass that will mean the end of my life. It doesn't come. I pick myself up and carry on down the slope.

The trailer made it down the slope and almost halfway across the crater bed. I swap out my oxygen tank for a final time, and leave the trailer where it ended up. At least another hour of walking follows during which the base looks no closer to me, until suddenly there it is looming over me.

I approach the outside and bang on an airlock door until it feels like my hand will drop off. Just as I am about to stop the door opens and I trudge into the airlock room. The door closes behind me and I feel the rush of air as it is filled with an atmosphere. I take the helmet off and breathe in a better mix of air than I had tasted for what seems like an eternity, I am going to survive, and I start to speak.

"I am Martin Jansen from the UKSS base at Fra Mauro. I am the only survivor from an energy weapon attack on the base."

There is silence for a while and I wonder if anyone had been listening to me. Then a cold dispassionate voice comes over on the speakers.

"We are sorry about your base. However we have no wish to become embroiled in what has happened, and therefore have no choice in what action we must take."

And with that the outer airlock door opened. The air in the room rushed out leaving me with no time to put my cracked helmet back on. I can't breathe. I can feel my face crystallising as I fall down dead on the floor. My journey had all been for nothing.

**Dilbert**



04/11/2015

## 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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