

Flanagan's Running Club – Issue 29

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.

Merry Christmas and a happy New Year to all of you.

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 – 20th December

1808 - The original Covent Garden Theatre in London is destroyed by a fire, along with most of the scenery, costumes and scripts.

1924 – Adolf Hitler is released from Landsberg Prison.

It's Bo Aung Kyaw Day in Myanmar, and
International Human Solidarity Day

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

Frosty First

You might think it's nippy in winter, but in the 17th, 18th and 19th centuries it often got so cold that the Thames froze over. People went skating, set up markets, had horse and coach races, roasted oxen and even led an elephant over the ice in events known as Frost Fairs. A two-moth freeze started today in 1683, and a man named Croom set up a printing press to produce souvenir postcards for sixpence featuring the customer's name, the date and the fact that the card was printed on the Thames. They were wildly popular, with King Charles II even buying one. Croom thereby pioneered the modern postcard, celebrity endorsement, and the marketing of tourist tat in one fell swoop.

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

2011 - Young Jeezy releases his fourth album "TM: 103 Hustlerz Ambition" on Def Jam.

The third and final instalment in the Thug Motivation series, after being delayed for close to two years, was finally released to an eagerly awaiting fan base. The gold-selling set debuted at #3 on the Billboard 200.

Among the hit singles released on the album were "Leave You Alone" featuring Ne-Yo, "F.A.M.E." featuring T.I., and "I Do", featuring Jay Z and Andre 3000. The deluxe edition of the album featured the hit songs "Ballin'" featuring Lil Wayne and the Grammy-nominated "Lose My Mind" featuring Plies.

Other guests on "Hustlerz Ambition" included Trick Daddy, Fabolous, Jadakiss, Snoop Dogg, Michelle'l, Devin The Dude, Future, Jill Scott, and 2 Chainz. The album featured an array of producers, including Drumma Boy, J.U.S.T.I.C.E. League, Warren G, Midnight Black, and others.

Births

1952 – Jenny Agutter

1957 – Billy Bragg

Deaths

1968 – John Steinbeck

1973 – Bobby Darin

Number 1's

Number 1 single in 2009 - Rage Against The Machine - Killing In The Name

Number 1 album in 1971 - T. Rex - Electric Warrior

Drabble

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

Secret Santa

"DIY Made Easy" was the title of the book.

Someone who obviously didn't know him well had given it to him in secret Santa. DIM would be more appropriate – destroy it myself – was the outcome of any home improvements.

Clumsy was an understatement.

The bookcase had a missing shelf, where he'd stood on it whilst unpacking it from the flat pack.

The chair was missing an arm from resting laminate flooring on it to cut to size. Cut through the arm perfectly, but the floor panel was wonky.

Perhaps the sender did know him, and was actually plotting to kill him!

Joke

An Irishman named O'Malley went to his doctor after a long illness. The doctor after a lengthy examination, sighed and looked O'Malley in the eye and said, "I've some bad news for you. You have cancer, and it can't be cured. You'd best put your affairs in order. O'Malley was shocked and saddened. But, being a solid character, he managed to compose himself and walk from the doctor's office into the waiting room, where his son had been waiting. "Well son, we Irish celebrate when things are good, and we celebrate when things don't go well. In this case, things aren't so well. I have cancer. Let's head to the pub and have a few pints." After 3 or 4 pints, or more, the two were feeling a little less sombre. There were some laughs and some more beers. They were eventually approached by some of O'Malley's old friends, who were curious as to what the two were celebrating. O'Malley told them that the Irish celebrate the good as well as the bad. He went on to tell his friends that they were drinking to his impending end. He told his friends, "I have been diagnosed with AIDS." The friends gave O'Malley their condolences, and they had a couple more beers. After the friends left, O'Malley's son leaned over and whispered his confusion. "Dad, I thought you told me that you were dying of cancer, and you just told your friends that you were dying of AIDS!" O'Malley said, "I don't want any of them sleeping with your Mother after I am gone."

Random Items

Facts

The image of Father Christmas in Red and white was created by Coca-Cola in 1931 for an advertising campaign. Prior to this it was traditional for Father Christmas to be dressed in green.

The name Santa Claus is derived from St. Nicholas who lived from 270-310AD, and was the bishop of Myra (modern day Finike) in Turkey. His Saints day is actually December 6th.

Christmas crackers were invented around 1876 by Tom Smith, a baker of wedding cakes from Clerkenwell in London. It was invented from the French habit of wrapping sugared almonds in twists of paper as gifts.

Thoughts

Why is Christmas cake called fruitcake for the rest of the year?

Is the day after Christmas called Boxing Day because you always have those relatives you hate round?

Why are small children more interested in playing with the wrapping paper and not the present that came in it?

Forgotten English

Blottesque

Of painting characterized by blotted touches heavily laid on; a rough executed picture.

Words You Should Know

Clandestine

Secret, usually for an immoral or illicit purpose. Clandestine meetings are unlikely to involve your spouse; if they are work-related there won't be anyone taking minutes, because there's something slightly subversive going on.

Popular Expressions – What They Mean And Where We Got Them

Gordon Bennett

A mild oath, similar to 'Oh God'.

In fact, 'Gawd' and St Bennett (or Benet) have been put forward as the pair behind this expletive; St Benet is short for St Benedict. (Shakespeare has in Twelfth Night, 'the bells of St Bennett', possibly from the church, St Bennet Hithe, Paul's Wharf, opposite the Globe Theatre.)

However it seems more likely that the said Gordon Bennett was in fact James Gordon Bennett (1841-1918), the editor in chief of the New York Herald, who, among other things, was responsible for sending Henry Morton Stanley (1841-1904) to find Dr David Livingstone (1813-73) in Africa.

Extravagant and extrovert, he gave his name to a motor race held in France in the 1900s, where he resided after a scandal in America. Such was his profile in society that there is a street in Paris named Avenue Gordon-Bennett.

In English, the similarity between Gordon and Gawd must have struck a chord. At the turn of the nineteenth century, people shied away from blasphemy in the name of God and so this curse, which is still used today, was born.

Similarly, 'Gorblimey' (later 'Cor Blimey') evolved instead of 'God blind me'.

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 Letter To Melissa

Hello Melissa,

There is no really appropriate way to open a letter like this and just saying hello and then your name seems so insignificant in the circumstances.

What I am going to tell you will be impossible for you to believe, I am sure that you will think that it is just a story to try and appease you, from a heartless cad who has grown bored, I know if the roles were reversed that is probably how I would feel.

However, nothing could be further from the truth, and I wish that I could tell you in person, so that I could explain fully and so you could see the truth in my eyes, and feel the sincerity of the words I could say to you.

However events have overtaken me and I don't have time to be there in person, in fact I barely have time to write and send this letter, as I am writing it as I am being whisked away to my flight home. I wasn't expecting to go home, but my ancient overlords have found me out, and have given me no choice in the matter, I have had to leave with them.

I know that I had told you that I was from overseas, and that I had not had anything to do with my compatriots since I had arrived in England just over ten years ago, and that had been the case up until today.

I had intended to keep my head down and not integrate within the local society here in England too much. I was a foreigner to them and was happy to stay that way for the rest of my life, living a quiet secluded existence.

Then I set eyes on you, the beauty of your spirit and personality reached out to me like no one had ever managed to before. From that first meeting in the bookshop, I was hooked, and buying books became a daily occurrence, hoping to exchange a few words with you and to let your radiance light up my life.

This went on for months, and although being near you was like sustenance for my soul, I couldn't find the words to ask to see you outside of the bookshop. My heart nearly exploded with joy the day you asked me out for a drink. I was so happy that I nearly couldn't get the words out of my mouth to accept your wonderful invitation.

From there we progressed as a couple, fitting perfectly together, with you completing me, and making me feel that I belonged here in England with you.

I love you from the bottom of my very being.

It is however my being that is causing me to have to write this letter. The truth is my ancient overlords have been looking for me for all of the ten plus years I have been here in England, and for longer than that before I got here. They have finally caught up with me in this place where I thought they would never find me, and they are taking me back to my home land.

I wish that you could join me, but that would be too selfish on my part, there is no way that a normal human physiology would be able to survive the flight back to my home planet of Achemar Delta, and even if you could survive the space flight with me, you certainly wouldn't want to share my fate once there.

Before I escaped, I was in a cell barely bigger than a coffin, guilty of possessing banned literature, and locked up for fifty or more of your hours out of the fifty one that would represent a day in my world. Having escaped and fled to a far flung part of the stars, that cell will be smaller for me now, with less time out of it until I finally shrivel away and die.

Please don't do the same Melissa, I will never see you again, and you will never see me, but these last eight years have made me believe that there is love in this universe, and that knowledge will keep my spirit warm forever more. Let your brilliant radiance find someone else as it found me, and make them as happy as you made me.

Yours, with eternal love,

John

xxx

Leicester

Random Historic Item

Simon de Montfort

Son of Simon de Montfort (the elder), was Earl of Leicester from 1239-1265, Born in 1208 in France. He came to England in 1229 and married King Henry III's sister Eleanor in 1238, and they had seven children. He became the 6th Earl of Leicester in 1239, 21 years after his father had died in battle, and was given the half of the Leicester lands that his father had had confiscated in 1215. He also took over the title of Lord High Steward that his father had held and kept it to his death.

In 1240 he distinguished himself on crusade under Richard, the Earl of Cornwall whilst in Palestine. He returned to his native France in 1242, where he fought alongside Henry III in the Gascon campaigns of 1242-43. He was in charge of the Government of Gascony from 1248 and it is this that led to trouble with the then King of England Henry III. Gascon protests led Henry to call Simon to an Inquiry in 1252. A bitter quarrel ensued and after this was temporarily ended he returned to Gascony, but his rule there was interrupted again by an order from Henry to desist in the midst of his campaign so that Prince Edward, could take charge of Gascony.

Following this Simon, with the help of the Barons forced to conform to the provisions of Oxford in 1258, which forced Henry to turn over the power of the government to a committee of 15. These were supplemented by the provisions of Westminster a year later. However the barons consented to a compromise with the king in 1261 and Simon returned to France. Henry then annulled the provisions the following year and in 1263 Simon returned to lead the barons in their dispute with the king.

Skirmishes between the crown and de Montfort's supporters led up to the battle of Lewes in 1264 in which Simon captured King Henry and his son, the future Edward I. From this point until his death in the battle of Evesham in 1265 he was in effect the dictator ruler of England. He was credited with starting the first ever Parliament in England in 1265, but fell out with the Barons which ultimately led to his death at Evesham, after his most powerful ally deserted and joined with Prince Edward to start the wars again.

With his death, the title of the earl of Leicester passed from being as his lands were given to Edmund, another of the sons of the King, and the title was passed to become the Earl of Lancaster. The county, the castle all became the property of the Earldom (later to be Duchy) of Lancaster.

For someone after whom so much in Leicester is named (De Montfort Hall, University, Street, Square etc.) it is unlikely that he spent much time if any in Leicester. He had many other properties, and spent more time at Kenilworth Castle

when in the Midlands. During his Earlship both the Grey and Black Friars established themselves in Leicester. Through his religious fervour all Jews were expelled from the city walls, they settled outside the city in the estate lands owned by the Earl of Chester.

He now appears on the Clock Tower as one of the four Leicester benefactors (alongside Sir Thomas White, William Wiggston, and Alderman Gabriel Newton). He appears there probably due to the fact that during his reign as Earl he restored the lawful rights back to the Burgesses of the town, and remitted such customary payments, such as gavel pence, and bridge silver.

With his death in battle against the king at the Battle of Evesham, the title and lands forfeited to the crown. He was butchered upon his death, and not all of his remains were retrieved from the battlefield. Those remains which were are now buried at Evesham Abbey.

A Leicestershire Church

St Mary in Arden - Market Harborough

This ruined church lies to the east of the town centre of Market Harborough, and would have been the first church in the new town at the end of the 12th century.

The south doorway and porch that remain date from the end of the 12th century, and the church itself is first mentioned in 1220, at which time it was a dependant of the parish of St. Peter and St. Paul at Great Bowden. As Market Harborough grew then the church of St. Dionysius was built in the centre of the town, as a dependant to St. Mary in Arden, and as such the rectors of St. Mary in Arden kept the right to perform the burials for the parish, and the associated fees that came with them. This also explains the large churchyard at St. Mary in Arden, and the total lack of church yard at St. Dionysius.

During the later Middle Ages there is no mention of clergy at St. Mary's, which may have been served from Great Bowden or Harborough. After the appropriation of Great Bowden it evidently had a separate curate, as one is mentioned in 1574 and subsequently. In 1613 the cure of St. Mary's was united with that of Harborough, partly at least because of scandalous conduct by the curates.

After 1614 burials continued although the church now became more of a mortuary chapel. The medieval church consisted of a nave, chancel, south aisle, porch and steeple. Only parts of the porch relate to the original building which would have led into the south aisle through the remaining 12th century Norman doorway. The church was in need of repair during the 16th century and the church was not well maintained after the union with Harborough. An earthquake in 1625 damaged the steeple and the church fell quickly into ruin and disuse.

The church originally had a 'steeple', which could have been either a tower or a spire, but it is unclear which as steeple could mean either; however this fell during the 1650's after a long period of disrepair. By 1662 the lead had been removed and in 1682 it was said the church had been ruinous for twenty years. It was rebuilt and restored by Henry Dorner in 1693/94. By this time St. Mary in Arden was on an equal footing with St. Dionysius as they had been merged in 1613; however St. Mary in Arden kept the burial rights for the parish until 1877, when the cemetery on Northampton Road was opened.

The chapel was completed covering the previous south aisle. The rest of the church was removed at this time and carted away as 'rubbish' in 1694 although much of the stone was reused from the medieval church. The chapel was faced with limestone and comprised a rectangular room and south porch. There was also a north entrance and the roof was lead covered.

The church was neglected again and had to be repaired in 1925, but after WWII the fittings were removed and in 1950 the lead from the roof was sold, by 1958 the building was roofless and derelict. In 1978 the ruins were put in the care of Harborough District Council. The roof was removed from the ruins in 1980.

The chapel sits in a large churchyard but most of the remaining headstones are now around the remains of the building, there is a stone effigy (mutilated) in the south porch which originally would have been in the medieval church.

St Mary in Arden is sited on high ground, although with the modern buildings around the church this is hard to realize now. It would have overlooked Market Harborough originally but it fell into disuse due to St Dionysius being in the centre of the town. The ruins are locked although you can walk around the outside and peer inside the open doorways.

Top Ten

The first 10 Popes

No	Name	Reign
1	Peter	33 - 64
2	Linus	64 - 76
3	Anacletus	76 - 92
4	Clement I	92 - 99
5	Evaristus	99 - 107
6	Alexander I	107 - 115
7	Sixtus I	115 - 125
8	Telesphorus	125 - 136
9	Hygnius	136 - 140
10	Pius I	140 - 155

Poetry Corner

Ready Tools

My mind is blank, it is almost empty
Like a pane of glass with small smears
I tried to recall a memory, I had plenty
Gathered up experiences from over the years

The picture appeared slowly like a pattern on a loom
Or a tapestry created by needle repetition
It seemed far away I need to focus or zoom
In on the hazy nearly monochrome composition

Two hundred shades of green are hammered together
A patchwork blanket like fields seen from the sky
And the birds flying by all have green feathers
No red or blue light colours in my mind's eye

I open my eyes and hope that I can see more
Than a single colour in the harsh modern life
There are many as I wake and my stomach does roar
I see white bread and yellow butter on my silver knife

Orange and red on my spoon as I scoop from the pot
Yoghurt to complete my breakfast food intake
I rinse the container to cleanse away the apricot
A great place to store my pens I think it'll make

Cathedral Fact Files

Cathedral	York Minster		
Dedicated To	St Peter		
Type	Medieval	Architecture	Perpendicular
Religion	COE	Tower / Spire	3 Towers
Site Founded	625	Height (External)	233ft
Church Founded	1220	Height (Internal)	102ft
Bishopric Founded	314	Length	524ft
Current Bishopric Founded	732	Width	244ft

Thirty-Three And One Third Revolutions Per Minute

Earth, Wind & Fire – I Am

I Am was the ninth studio album by the R&B band Earth, Wind & Fire, released on June 9, 1979 on CBS Records. The album features the singles "*Boogie Wonderland*" with The Emotions and "*After the Love Has Gone*". *I Am* has been certified double platinum in the US by the RIAA and platinum in the UK and in Canada by the British Phonographic Industry and Music Canada.

"*After The Love Has Gone*" won a Grammy for Best R&B Vocal Performance by A Duo, Group or Chorus and "*Boogie Wonderland*" also won a Grammy for Best R&B Instrumental Performance. "*After The Love Has Gone*" and an instrumental version of *Boogie Wonderland* also garnered Grammy nominations for Record of the Year and Best Disco Recording respectively. Bandleader Maurice White was also Grammy nominated for Producer of the Year.

The group and its visual themes, including their classic album covers, were conceived by drummer, bandleader, songwriter, kalimba player, and occasional vocalist Maurice White. "Maurice came up with the whole concept for the artwork. I think it really reflected our view of the world. The globalization of the world, the things that are happening today, and what we see all over the world with wars and other things. We have always been conscious of what our world view has been so our album covers have always reflected that. Obviously we tried to communicate that through our music too but the covers always gave us a visual aspect too."

Track listing

Side one

No. - Title - Writer(s) - Length

1. - "*In the Stone*" - Maurice White, Allee Willis, David Foster - 4:48 - was used in the 2002 movie *Drumline*. Third single from the album, reached number 58 on the US Billboard Hot 100 and number 53 on the UK singles chart. Sampled 3 times and covered twice
2. - "*Can't Let Go*" - Billy Meyers, M. White, A. Willis - 3:28 - Fifth single from the album, didn't chart in the US and got to number 46 on the UK singles chart. Sampled five times.
3. - "*After the Love Has Gone*" - D. Foster, Jay Graydon, Bill Champlin - 4:26 - Second single from the album, reached number 2 on the US Billboard Hot 100 and number 4 on the UK singles chart. Sampled 4 times and covered 23 times (even getting the James Last treatment).
4. - "*Let Your Feelings Show*" - M. White, A. Willis, D. Foster - 5:24 - was featured in the *Fame* episode "Heritage". Sampled twice.

Side two

1. - "*Boogie Wonderland*" (feat. The Emotions) - Jon Lind, A. Willis - 4:48 - The Emotions are Jeanette Hawes, Sheila Hutchinson-Whitt & Wanda Hutchinson-Vaughn. First single from the album, reached number 6 on the US Billboard Hot 100 and number 4 on the UK singles chart, it also reached the top ten in Australia, Belgium, Ireland, The Netherlands, New Zealand and the top twenty in Canada and South Africa. There are a lot of people on stage at the same time in the very chaotic video for the song, but they all look like they are having the time of their lives. Sampled 21 times, most famously in Stretch & Vern's "*I'm Alive*". Covered 14 times. It has been featured in the American films *Roller Boogie*, *Madagascar*, *Happy Feet*, *Don't Look Under the Bed*, *Billy & Mandy's Big Boogey Adventure*, *The Mirror Has Two Faces*, *Caddyshack* and *The Nice Guys*, as well as the French film *The Intouchables*. It was in the 23rd episode of Season 9 of U.S. TV series *The Office*. The song is used in the Australian play, *Priscilla: the Musical*. The song is used as the theme for *The Steve Czaban Show* on Yahoo! Sports Radio. The song appeared in video games, *Rabbids Go Home* and *Just Dance 3*. The song is used as the theme for a Pro Wrestling Noah wrestler Muhammad Yone.
2. - "*Star*" - Eddie Del Barrio, M. White, A. Willis - 4:23 - Fourth single from the album, reached number 64 on the US Billboard Hot 100 and number 16 on the UK singles chart. Sampled once.
3. - "*Wait*" - M. White, A. Willis, D. Foster - 3:39 - Sampled twice, including as the main riff for "*Ghetto Show*" by Talib Kweli feat Common and Anthony Hamilton.
4. - "*Rock That!*" - M. White, D. Foster - 3:07 - was used for the opening of its telecasts of the Los Angeles Dodgers on flagship KTTV Channel 11 during the early to mid-1980s.
5. - "*You and I*" - M. White, A. Willis, D. Foster - 3:34 - Sampled once.

Charts

Chart - Position

US Billboard Pop Albums - 3

US Billboard Black Albums - 1

United Kingdom - 5

Personnel

Lead Vocals - Junior Wells, Philip Bailey, Maurice White

Background Vocals - The Emotions (additional on "*Boogie Wonderland*"), Philip Bailey, Maurice White

Bass - Verdine White

Cello - Daniel Smith, Delores Bing, Jacqueline Lustgarten, Jan Kelley, John Walz, Kevan Torfeh, Larry Corbett, Miguel Martinez

Congas - Philip Bailey

Drums - Fred White, Maurice White

French horn - Barbara Korn, Sidney Muldrow, Richard Perissi, Marilyn Robinson

Guitar - Johnny Graham, Marlo Henderson, Steve Lukather, Al McKay
Harp - Dorothy Ashby
Kalimba - Maurice White
Keyboards - David Foster, Eduardo Del Barrio, Bill Meyers
Percussion - Philip Bailey, Paulinho Da Costa, Ralph Johnson
Piano, Oberheim and Moog Synthesizers - Larry Dunn
Synthesizer programming - Steve Porcaro
Alto and Baritone Saxophones - Don Myrick
Tenor Saxophone - Andrew Woolfolk, Don Myrick
Saxophone Solo - Don Myrick ("*After the Love Has Gone*")
Additional Saxophones - Fred Jackson, Jr., Herman Riley, Jerome Richardson
Timpani - Richard Lepore
Trombone - George Bohanon, Garnett Brown, Bill Reichenbach Jr., Louis Satterfield, Benjamin Powell, Maurice Spears
Trumpet Solo - Rahmlee Michael Davis ("*Star*")
Trumpets - Oscar Brashear, Bobby Bryant, Michael Harris, Jerry Hey, Elmer Brown, Rahmlee Michael Davis, Steve Madaio
Viola - James Ross, Laurie Woods, Linda Lipsett, Marilyn Baker, Rollice Dale, Virginia Majewski
Violin - Anton Sen, Sherman Bryana, Carl LaMagna, Cynthia Kovaks, Gina Kronstadt, Haim Shtrum, Harris Goldman, Henry Ferber, Henry Roth, Ilkka Talvi, Jack Gootkin, Jerome Reisler, Jerome Webster, Joseph Goodman, Joseph Livoti, Judith Talvi, Leeana Sherman, Marcy Dicterow, Pamela Gates, Pavel Farkas, Ronald Clarck, Rosmen Torfeh, Sheldon Sanov, William Henderson
Production
Design by Roger Carpenter
Illustration by Shusei Nagaoka
Mastered by Michael Reese
Producer - Maurice White (Original, Reissue), Leo Sacks (Reissue), Paul Klingberg
Engineer - Tom Perry, George Massenburg
Assistant Engineers - Craig Widby, Ross Pallone
Mixing - George Massenburg
Concertmaster - Janice Gower
Horn Arrangements - Jerry Hey ("*In the Stone*", "*After the Love Has Gone*", "*Wait*", "*Rock That!*"), Tom Tom 84 ("*Can't Let Go*", "*Let Your Feelings Show*", "*Star*", "*Wait*", "*You and I*"), Benjamin F. Wright ("*Boogie Wonderland*")
String Arrangements - David Foster ("*In the Stone*", "*After the Love Has Gone*", "*Rock That!*"), Tom Tom 84 ("*Can't Let Go*", "*Let Your Feelings Show*", "*Star*", "*Wait*", "*You and I*"), Benjamin F. Wright ("*Boogie Wonderland*")

Released - June 9, 1979
Recorded - September 4–16, 1978
Studio - Hollywood Sound Recorders, Sunset Sound Studio, Davlen Studio (Los Angeles, California)
Length - 37:36
Label - Columbia, ARC
Producer - Maurice White, Al McKay

Club Fact File

New England Patriots	
Founded	1946
First Season Played	1946
First Season in NFL	1950
Ground	Gillette Stadium
Capacity	65,878
Previous Stadium(s)	Nickerson Field, Fenway Park, Alumni Stadium, Harvard Stadium, Foxboro Stadium
Previous Names	Boston Patriots, Bay State Patriots
Trophies	
AFL Champions	None
Superbowl Winners	2002, 2004, 2005, 2015, 2017, 2019
AFC Champions	1986, 1997, 2002, 2004, 2005, 2008, 2012, 2015, 2017, 2018, 2019
AFC East Division Winners	1978, 1986, 1996, 1997, 2001, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018
AFL East Division Winners	1963

Wildcard Playoff Berths	1976, 1982, 1985, 1994, 1998
League Seasons	
Seasons in NFL/AFL	60
Seasons in NFC	50
Seasons in AFL East Division	10
Seasons in AFC East Division	50

Story Time

Post Pub Drinks

It's one of those things you only say when you are drunk.

"Let's all go back to mine."

It sounds like such a good idea after ten beers, five shots and a random green cocktail. It's only when you're cleaning up the following morning and you find that 20-year-old malt whiskey you've been saving empty in the bin that you start thinking it wasn't such a good idea.

Regardless, I had shouted those immortal words as it dawned on our group that we had missed last orders and there weren't any drinks left on the table in front of us. Plus, what the hell, it was nearly Christmas, and I had enough alcohol to sink a battleship hidden away in various cupboards in the house, plus the stash in the shed.

Somehow, the ten of us sat around the table had shrunk to eight by the time we got back to mine. I'm not sure how two of them managed to get lost whilst crossing the road. It was literally a straight line from the door of the pub to my front door. I made a mental note to check for signs of very large road kill in the morning.

It's always a difficult juggling act when you have an impromptu get together like that. You need one of yourself to sort out everyone's drinks. I know where all the glasses are, and the drinks, but not everyone else does. The last time I'd had people round, one of them had gone to the shed to get beers and he'd come back drinking the ruddy thing out of a plant pot. To this day I still don't know where he got the plant pot from. It certainly wasn't my shed; I'm allergic to anything remotely to do with gardening.

Then there needs to be another me that needs to be the DJ. Everyone is always fascinated by the array of vinyl to choose from to play. But none of them are ever capable of working out the correct speed for the turntable, or able to turn the pre-amp mixer on, and most of them have a tendency to drop the needle on the record from what seems to me at least, the top of Everest. Plus I don't want them to be digging out some of the lesser lights of my collection. No one needs to know there is a copy of Barry Manilow's greatest hits nestling somewhere between all the Madness and New Order albums.

When I had finally got some music on and served everyone drinks I sat down. On the most uncomfortable chair in the house. All the good seats had long gone. As I did I realised there was nothing resembling snacks in the house. In fact there was very little food of any variety in the cupboards or the fridge. There were plenty of boxes of cereal, but that's not the kind of food that drunks from the pub go for.

Dominos are called, they are open all hours, and by the time I'd done the first drink refill run and put another album on, food had arrived. Three large pizzas and three lots of warm cookie dough had turned up. When the food was dumped on the coffee table I got up and headed to the kitchen for plates for everyone. Only to return to find I needn't have bothered. The locusts had been and there were only crusts and crumbs left. I was sure the gits were hiding it somewhere so I couldn't have any. It can't have been possible for them to have eaten all of that in the time it took me to go to the kitchen and back. To rub it in Simon says,

"That cookie dough was amazing. We should make some now. Or even leave it in the oven for a bit longer and have cookies."

I looked at him as if he had lost his mind. Where did they expect me to magic up the ingredients to make cookies from at two in the morning? The reason we'd rang out for Domino's was because I had nothing resembling food in the house. But I had an idea.

"I can't make cookies now, but I've got an idea for the next best thing."

And with that I headed to the drinks cabinet, pulled out half a dozen bottles and weaved my way into the kitchen.

Toffee vodka, chocolate liqueur, salted caramel liqueur and hazelnut Baileys. The vultures in the other room could have the alcoholic equivalent of cookies. I got the blender out, threw in some ice cubes and started liberally pouring in the contents from the various bottles.

Suddenly there was the little high pitched whiny voice talking at me.

“Excuse me mister.”

I looked round to see which of my idiot friends was taking the mickey only to see a young girl. As I stared opened mouthed at her, she carried on talking.

“That’s not how cookies are made.”

If my mouth had dropped any further open you could have driven a double decker bus through it.

“Who on earth are you, and what the hell are you doing in my kitchen?”

“I’m Annalise, your neighbour. I heard you talking about making cookies so I came round to get some. I love cookies.”

“How did you even get into my house?”

“The front door was open. Your mixture is far too runny to make cookies, and where are the chocolate chips?”

“I’m not making cookies, I’m making cocktails. Which is way out of your league. You need to go back home before your parents call the police claiming I’m some kind of modern day pied piper of Hamelin.”

“Don’t be silly, you haven’t got a pipe.”

I stared agog at the precocious little girl in front of me. I hadn’t even spoken to either of my neighbours in the four years I’d lived in this house. I couldn’t even tell you what they looked like.

“Which side do you live, so we can get you home?”

“I’m not going anywhere until I’ve had some of your cookie mix.”

“You’re definitely not having any of this mix. Your parents would definitely be calling the police if I started feeding you alcohol.”

“No wonder your mixture is so runny if you’ve put alcohol in it. You’re only supposed to use eggs and the tiniest bit of milk to make cookies.”

“I’m not making cookies, I’m making cocktails, and you need to be making your way home little girl.”

“I’m not a little girl, I’m nine years old.”

“Well, as a nine year old, you should have been in bed hours ago.”

At that moment Vicki and Suzanne came into the kitchen.

“Oooh, Mike, I didn’t know you had a daughter.”

“I don’t, this isn’t mine. She claims to be a neighbour and got in through an open door because we were talking about cookies.”

“He’s not doing it right; his mixture is too runny to make cookies properly.”

“AAAARGGH. I’m not making bloody cookies you stupid little brat. As I keep telling you I’m making cocktails. Get out of my house and back to whichever portal from hell you appeared out of.”

The little girl stood silent for a second before bursting into tears.

“Mike, there was no need to shout at her like that, you’ve scared her and made her cry.”

“No, Vicki, there is every need to shout. She’s broken in, won’t leave and doesn’t listen.”

Suzanne was leaning down to talk to the little girl.

"Don't listen to the nasty man; he's had too much to drink." Turning to me she said. "Mike, why don't you leave us a minute while I calm her down."

I lost it.

"NO!!" I screamed, "I'm not leaving my kitchen, in my house, because some cookie obsessed little girl is upset. She shouldn't even be here. Get her out of my kitchen and out of my house. If you don't like it you can get out too, and take anyone else who doesn't like it with you as well."

I looked up and saw that everyone was now looking in through the kitchen doorway. The little girl was crying louder now and to top it off the door-bell started ringing. I pushed my way through the throng around the kitchen door and went to answer the door.

An anxious looking man wearing hideous pink patterned pyjamas stood there.

"Excuse me, but I heard some shouting. I wondered if you had seen my little girl, she wasn't in her room when I got up to go to the bathroom. I normally start looking wherever the most noise is coming from. This time it was here."

I glared at the man. "Is she about four foot high, with dirty blonde hair and acts like an over opinionated spoilt little brat?"

The man looked down at his feet and shuffled awkwardly before whispering a reply.

"Yes, that sounds like Annalise."

"In which case, yes, I have seen her. She's in the kitchen crying her eyes out. Probably because I shouted at her."

"Sorry about that, let me get her and take her home."

I turned around; surprised he was apologising, and found everyone stood in the hallway behind me, listening to the conversation. Including the girl.

"Annalise, what have I told you about leaving the house after dark?"

"Not to." Came the reply through sobs and sniffles.

"And about breaking into other people's houses?"

"Not to."

"What have you got to say for yourself then young lady?"

"I'm sorry daddy."

"Not to me dear."

She turned and looked at me.

"I'm not saying sorry to him daddy. He doesn't know how to make cookies. His mixture is too runny."

I tried to stop myself but the reply burst out of me.

"GET OUT, out out out out out. Everyone get out now. MOVE!!"

My friends looked at me as if I'd gone mad. The man in pyjamas took his daughter's hand and beat a hasty retreat. Everyone else left, mainly without looking at me. When the last one had left I slammed the door shut behind them and made my way into the kitchen.

I looked at the blender full of cocktail and then poured myself a glass.

Perhaps the little girl had been right. It tasted nothing like cookies.

Dilbert



10/11/2018

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

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

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