

Flanagan's Running Club – Issue 31

Introduction

The first rule of Flanagan's Running Club is everyone should be telling everyone they know about Flanagan's Running Club! After all, sharing is caring. Details of how to sign up is in the epilogue.

There is no need to panic, there is no actual running involved, it is not a running club in that sense. The title is made up from extending the title of my favourite book – Flanagan's Run by Tom McNab.

So enjoy the read.

On This Day – 10th February

1870 - The YWCA is founded in New York City.

1940 - Tom and Jerry make their debut with Puss Gets the Boot.

1996 - IBM supercomputer Deep Blue defeats Garry Kasparov in chess for the first time.

It's Feast of St. Paul's Shipwreck (Malta)

Fenkil Day (Eritrea)

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

What is the bestselling novel ever, in any language? Thankfully it's not 50 Shades, but A Tale of Two Cities, by Charles Dickens (200 million copies sold). Dickens created some of the most memorable characters in literary history, including Oliver Twist, Ebenezer Scrooge, Mr Micawber, Miss Havisham and Uriah Heep. 'Dickensian London' has entered our imagination as a real place – not that you'd like to go there. And it was today in 1836 that Dickens' first novel, The Pickwick Papers, was commissioned as a monthly serial. It was an immediate success, bringing the twenty-four-year-old writer instant fame.

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

Public Enemy release "Yo! Bum Rush The Show" on Def Jam.

"Yo! Bum Rush The Show", which ushered in the golden era of socially conscious hip-hop, was produced by the legendary Bomb Squad production team, which consisted of Hank and Keith Shocklee, Eric 'Vietnam' Sadler, and Chuck D. The set featured early Public Enemy classics like "Public Enemy No. 1", "You're Gonna Get Yours", "Miuzi Weighs A Ton", "Sophisticated Bitch", and "Timebomb".

The album was executively produced by Def Jam cofounder Rick Rubin, who was also responsible for convincing Chuck D to pursue a music career at the age of twenty-six.

"Yo! Bum Rush The Show" featured turntable work by Terminator X and Johnny 'Juice' Rosado and musical contributions by Stephen Linsley and Bill Stepney. The album featured Living Colour guitarist Vernon Reid on the track "Sophisticated Bitch".

The album reached #125 on the Billboard 200 and #28 on the R&B chart. The debut album by the now legendary political hip-hop group, with its sparse beats and powerful rhetoric, was named album of the year by NME magazine in its critic's poll.

Births

1824 - Samuel Plimsoll

1926 - Danny Blanchflower

1955 - Greg Norman

1981 - Holly Willoughby

Deaths

2005 - Arthur Miller

2014 - Shirley Temple

Number 1's

Number 1 single in 1997 - LL Cool J - Ain't Nobody

Number 1 album in 1988 - Terence Trent D'arby - Introducing The Hardline According To Terence Trent D'arby

Number 1 compilation album in 1995 - The Best Punk Album In The World ... Ever!

Top 10

The top ten in the UK singles chart on this day in 1964

Position	Last Week's Position	Title	Artist	Label	Peak Position	Weeks on Chart
1	1	NEEDLES AND PINS	THE SEARCHERS	PYE	1	4
2	4	I'M THE ONE	GERRY AND THE PACEMAKERS	COLUMBIA	2	4
3	3	HIPPY HIPPI SHAKE	SWINGING BLUE JEANS	HMV	2	9
4	2	GLAD ALL OVER	THE DAVE CLARK FIVE	COLUMBIA	1	12
5	9	AS USUAL	BRENDA LEE	BRUNSWICK	5	5
6	7	TWENTY-FOUR HOURS FROM TULSA	GENE PITNEY	UNITED ARTISTS	5	10
7	6	I WANT TO HOLD YOUR HAND	THE BEATLES	PARLOPHONE	1	10
8	22	DIANE	THE BACHELORS	DECCA	8	3
9	14	5-4-3-2-1	MANFRED MANN	HMV	9	3
10	10	DON'T BLAME ME	FRANK IFIELD	COLUMBIA	10	5

Drabble

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

The Unexpected Parcel

David wasn't expecting the large parcel on his door step, he dragged it inside and tore the cardboard from it. It was a large picture, upon seeing the image within the frame, his mouth gaped open; he was rooted to the spot, frightened beyond belief. His bladder let go as the ghosts of his father's past caught up with him.

The picture was of Pol Pot, disturbing enough by itself, but the speech bubble shaped post-it note in the front of Pol Pot's mouth made it worse. Upon it were the bold type faced words that said,

"YOU'RE NEXT!"

David fainted.

Joke

After a terrible round, a golfer reached the eighteenth hole and spotted a lake beside the fairway. In despair he said to his caddie, "I've played so badly today, I'm going to drown myself in that lake."

The caddie gave him a withering glare and said, "Do you think you'll be able to keep your head down that long?"

Random Items

Facts

The reason firehouses have circular stairways is from the days of yore when the engines were pulled by horses. The horses were stabled on the ground floor and figured out how to walk up straight staircases.

Non-dairy creamer is flammable.

Texas is also the only state that is allowed to fly its state flag at the same height as the U.S. flag.

Thoughts

How much deeper would the ocean be if there were no sponges in it?

Why isn't phonetic spelled the way it sounds?

Why are there flotation devices under plane seats instead of parachutes?

Forgotten English

Pulveration

A beating into powder.

Words You Should Know

Infinitesimal

Tiny, tiny, tiny, immeasurably small. 'I have an infinitesimal amount of sugar in my coffee because I can't bear to give it up altogether.'

Popular Expressions – What They Mean And Where We Got Them

Cloak And Dagger

Any operation that involves some intrigue, especially the melodramatic undercover activities of those involved in espionage or other secret work.

Cloak and dagger plays were swashbuckling adventures popular in the seventeenth century. In France, a performance of this type was known as a comedie de cape er d'epee and this is the direct source of the English phrase, 'cloak and dagger'.

Darwin Award

Deadly reading habits

A twenty-four-year-old salesman from Hialeah was killed near Lantana in March 1993 when his car smashed into a pole on the median strip of Interstate 95 in the middle of the afternoon. Police said the man was travelling at eighty miles per hour and, judging by the sales manual that was found open and clutched to his chest, he had been busy reading when the accident occurred.

What The Hygge!

glygge (n.)

warm, cosy, onomatopoeic variant of booze popular in Nordic parts.

The Secrets Lives of Colours

A great book that goes into details about how colours got their names and their history of use. By Kassia St. Clair, it is well worth buying.

Acid yellow

In 2015 the Oxford English Dictionary announced that its word of the year was not, in fact, a word, but an emoji: 'face with tears of joy'. The same year Unicode, an organisation that ensures text (and emojis) are represented consistently across different platforms, announced that people had been using many of these little yellow faces incorrectly for years. The one with a double jet of steam coming out of its nose, for example, commonly used to express fury, was intended to appear triumphant. And Unicode 1F633 ('Flushed Face') was used differently depending on the system: Apple users used it to signal alarm, while the Microsoft version looked 'happy go lucky, but with sheepish eyes'.

One that seemingly needed no clarification though, was the original smiley. The origins of the crude design – a perfect bright yellow circle outlined with black, two small lines for eyes and a semi-circular mouth – are contested. A crude smiley appeared in an American television programme in 1963; two brothers based in Philadelphia printed a similar design on badges, some 50 million of which had been sold by 1972. But during the political upheavals of the 1970s, the childlike smiley was co-opted as a symbol of subversion. By 1988 it was a pop-culture phenomenon, inextricably linked with music and the new club scene. A yellow smiley was used on the UK cover for the Talking Heads' song 'Psycho Killer', on 'Beat Dis' by Bomb the Bass, on an iconic flyer for London's Shroom club and later – with crosses for eyes and a squirming mouth – as an informal logo for the band Nirvana. A blood-spattered version was also the primary visual motif of Watchmen, the 1985 dystopian graphic novel by Alan Moore and Dave Gibbons.

Soon the acid yellow of the smiley seeped out to become the signature colour of the dance-happy youth, euphoric one moment, insidious, chemical and rebellious the next. Rave culture – or rather the drugs that were believed to fuel it – began to cause moral panic. ‘Acid’ could refer both to the subgenre of house music and LSD, while this bright yellow also evoked the laser light shows of nightclubs.

Although rave culture has come down from its pre-millennial high, its informal mascot, the seemingly benign acid yellow smiley face, beams on. For a new generation it signals something very different. It is believed that the first emoticon smiley appeared in a bone-dry email about humour from Scott E. Fahlman, a research professor at Carnegie Mellon, sent in 1982: ‘I propose ... the following character sequence for joke markers :-).’ From such inauspicious beginnings the emoticon smiley has become intrinsic to modern communication, its subversive traces, for the moment, forgotten.

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.

Call Me A Paramedic

I used to be a paramedic. I spent seven years studying, doing exams, and training to become one. I had wanted to do it since I was a child. I hadn’t wanted to be a doctor or a nurse. It was very specifically a paramedic. I don’t know what it was about the job that called out to me. Was it the feeling of heroism of being the first on the scene to try and save someone’s life? Or that I’d be able to drive a vehicle with flashing lights and a siren and everyone else would have to get out of my way? Whatever it had been I had stuck it out and qualified to become a paramedic.

Only to find that there was a distinct possibility that I would end up being known as one of the most unsuccessful paramedics in history.

Within the first month of deployment I had harmed nearly as many people as I had cured: There was the poor old woman I was giving CPR to, whose rib I had broken with over enthusiastic compressions. It had punctured her lung and finished her off. Then there was the 12-year-old boy whose leg I had shattered by slamming the ambulance doors shut before the gurney had been fully loaded.

I’ve had three accidents driving the ambulance as well. I wrote one off, along with the four parked cars I hit; I demolished a wall, trapping three people underneath it; and then finally I’d misjudged that zebra crossing, and hit two nuns. Only one had died. The other was uninjured, but the language that came out of her mouth was most ungodly. I hadn’t heard swearing like it since I’d locked my dad in the shed when I was seven. Some of the words she used I’d never heard before and I’d had to look them up on the internet. I hope no one looks at my browsing history from that evening.

I’ve been suspended. For my own good they had said; for the good of the general public I would imagine is what they really meant. I wasn’t allowed to go into work and I’d had no contact from any of my colleagues. Then again, I hadn’t known them that long I suppose, but it doesn’t make me feel any less abandoned by them.

I’d gotten bored at home. So, I decided to go on a trip. I’d always wanted to come to Venice. I packed a small case and got a flight from Gatwick on Monday afternoon. I’d not really flown much before and I got into a terrible mess on arrival at Marco Polo airport. I didn’t understand any of the signs and it taken me nearly three hours to find the water buses to take me across to Venice.

It was dark by the time I arrived in the city. It took me another two hours to find the small hotel I was staying at. The numbering system of their buildings was beyond me. Eventually an American tourist took pity on me and led me to my hotel. It was all locked up and it took a good ten minutes before a grumpy Italian man opened the door. I signed in the book and when I looked up the man had gone and there was just a key there.

The numbers of the rooms didn’t follow any pattern and it took me a while to find my room. Stuck by itself at the top of a random spiral staircase. The bed was uncomfortable, and I’d slept badly. The breakfast was nearly as hard as the bed. Hard cheese curled up slivers of meats, and bulletproof rolls. The coffee had been strong enough to lay down as tarmac roads.

Once out in the city, all I could smell was the water. The rank smell of stagnant water seemed to be all around. I couldn’t walk more than a dozen steps without needing to climb over another bridge. I wandered through the maze-like streets and canals for an eternity before stumbling, blinking into the sunlight in St Mark’s Square.

I stopped for a drink and nearly choked when presented with a bill. I tried to squeeze very last drop of coke out of the empty bottle and headed to the Campanile. I paid for my ticket and made my way into the cramped lift, and on the slow journey up to the top I got the impression that no one else had ever heard of deodorant.

I now stand up above the square and I've had a thought. I climb up over the railings. I couldn't be a failure anymore. I jumped. As I fall, I have two thoughts. First that no one is under me for me to flatten, and secondly that any paramedic that attends the scene is more adept than I was.

Quote

Kara (on a call) talking about our charity partner
"It's for prospect cancer."
(Prostrate is the word you are looking for.)

Lianne (as she pushes her plate to one side after starters at the Indian buffet)
I didn't mean to pick up two profiteroles.
(Think the word you were looking for was poppadum's).

Leicestershire

The Town Hall



When it became clear that the Guildhall was becoming too small to enact the town business, it was agreed that a new town hall would be needed. In 1870 the decision was made to build a new town hall. For the next three years there was a great deal of discussion over where it should be situated, until in 1873 it was finalised that it would be placed on a site by Horsefair Street on the former site of the Cattle Market.

The architect Francis Hames was awarded the contract, and the firm Flude & White was given the task of excavating the earthworks for the foundations. The main building work was carried out by Bass of London, and the foundation stone was laid in 1874 by the Mayor of Leicester Alderman William Kempson.

The clock for the tower was only an afterthought, and was designed by E.T. Loseby of Leicester and was commissioned in September 1875. The new town hall was completed in 1876, and opened by the Mayor, Alderman William Bartlett.

It was built in the Queen Anne style and is a Grade II* listed building

The ground to the front were laid out and the fountain was a gift to the town by the then Mayor, Sir Israel Hart, in 1878. The fountain was designed by F.J. Hames again; it is constructed of bronze-painted cast iron, Shap granite and Ross of Mullgranite. A copy of the fountain stands in Oporto in Portugal, as visitors to the Val d'Osne foundry from the city were so impressed with the fountain they were making for Leicester.



The side wings to the building, at the front in the square and the rear in Bowling Green Street were added to the building in 1932. The building housed (and in some cases still houses) the council chamber, committee rooms, Lord Mayor's parlour, law courts, town clerk (city attorney) and city treasurer.

Although Leicester became a city just after World War I, the town hall has never been considered to be christened as a City hall. That name is used by the Art Deco building on the corner of Charles Street and Rutland Street.

Leicester Town Hall covers an area of nearly 7,000 m² and claims (Leicester City Council) to be the most energy-efficient in the UK following a £80,000 investment in 1994. The installation of a number of energy-saving measures has reduced heating costs by more than £13,000 in less than ten years.

On the first Wednesday of each month, a free tour is given by a Blue Badge tourist guide, which starts at 2 pm and lasts up to 2 hours and concludes with tea and biscuits in the Lord Mayor's Tea Room. Contrary to the notice board outside, visitors do not need tickets for the tour. Some history is given of the building, including details of previous Lord Mayors etc. and one can visit the former courtroom and the current main council chamber.

St. Peter's, Braunstone

Braunstone is a Saxon settlement, about three to four miles south / south east of the city centre. It is now part of the urban sprawl of Leicester, but the original village stands outside the city limits in Blaby District Council, whereas the new housing estate with the same name sits within the city boundaries.

It was built in or before 1168, as a Chapel of Ease for the Manor and Parish of Glenfield. The oldest parts of the church date from this time, mainly the tower, which sits as a small low incomplete perpendicular tower with a pyramid style roof. The Nave and chancel are from 1300. The original dedication of the church was St. Botolph, and this remained until the time of the reformation.

By Tudor times, the Lords of the Manor were the Hastings family. But Sir Henry Hastings ruined himself by supporting the losing Royalist side in the Civil War of 1642-48. In 1650 he had to sell his estate, which was bought by a Lancashire family called Winstanley. The Winstanleys dominated village life for nearly 300 years, until in 1929 the whole estate was compulsorily purchased by Leicester Corporation, in order to build new houses for working families who, at that time, were crowded into Leicester's poorer inner-city districts.

After the reformation the dedication of the church was changed to St. John the Baptist, however by 1637 the church is reported to be run down and in a dilapidated condition, some improvements must have been done in the years that followed, and in 1654 the first two of three bells in the tower were added. The tower itself underwent rebuilding, and was probably lowered to its current height in 1704. The porch was added at some stage during the 18th century.

Much work was done on the church during the 19th century. A third bell was added to the tower in 1812, and the two original bells were recast. The inside was restored, with an organ by Bravington of London, was added in 1861. The Nave and Chancel roofs were redone in 1867. New windows were installed in 1875, and in 1880 the dedication of the church was changed to its current title of St. Peter's. In 1885 the gallery was removed, and the floor was raised to combat damp, however in raising the floor, some memorials to the Hastings and Winstanley families were covered and lost.

There was major expansion in 1937 as the church became a parish church in its own right. A new nave and aisle on North at a right angle to the original building, but the full work was never completed, and there is an unfinished chancel arch and arcades. In 1972 a new Walker organ was installed as a bequest of E. Withers. The north wall and porch were built in 1973 and seem to be an acceptance that further enlargement would not take place.

In 1975 the church was damaged by arson, with the tower and organ suffering serious damage. Much of the damage was repaired and restored, however the bells were removed from the tower.

As church numbers have dwindled, the expansion of the church has been converted into hall, and the worship space is once again the old medieval church.

A substantial recumbent reddish-brown stone by the south porch of the Church is said to be a possible Standing Stone.

The church is a Grade II* listed building.

Cold Newton

Cold Newton is a small hamlet and civil parish in the Harborough district of Leicestershire. It is situated about two miles from Tilton on the Hill and two miles north of Billesdon. Some 700 feet (210 m) above sea level, it overlooks the Wreake valley. Any population remaining is listed in the civil parish of Lowesby

Newton, spelt Niwetone is recorded in the Domesday Book. The name later changed to Newton Burdett when Hugo de Burdet became Lord of the Manor and was also known as Newton Marmion when the Marmion family were seated there.

The estates of Loseby and Quenby meet at Cold Newton. Cold Newton is now deserted. Ridges and hollows in fields mark where the village stood, and the site is a scheduled monument.

For administrative purposes the village is linked with Lowesby parish. It has no church, public house or shop. A village green was created in 1977 to mark Queen Elizabeth II's Silver Jubilee on land gifted to the parish by the Quenby estate.

Top Ten

The ten tallest buildings in Leicester.

Pos	Name	Height (in feet)
1	Cardinal Telephone Exchange	276
2	St George's Tower	269
3=	Leicester Cathedral	220
3=	The Summit Eastern Boulevard	220
5	Goscote House	217
6	Thames Tower	190
7=	Clipstone House	171
7=	Framland House	171
7=	Gordon House	171
7=	Maxfield House	171
7=	Attenborough Building	171

Poetry Corner

Darkness Descends

I open my eyes and it is still dark outside my eyelids.
I blink several times waiting for the black to retreat a bit.
But it doesn't fade to grey as it should, I can't see my hand in front of my face.
No luminous hands break the dark as they should, no idea of the time.
Have I gone blind? Panic starts to creep in, my breathing becomes shallow.
I sit up trying not to hyperventilate, swing my legs off the bed.
The floor feels like ice, the shock to my feet causes me to cry out.

But no sound comes out despite feeling the shout in my throat.
 I stop and strain to listen trying to hear any sound out there at all.
 Nothing reaches my ears, no birds, no planes, no traffic, no signs of life.
 Deaf and blind, please don't let it be so, how could I cope without the senses.
 Am I dumb as well; visions of pinball rattle through my mind.
 I smile despite everything I am feeling, small respite from the fear.
 Feet back down on the ice-cold floor, stumble from the bed to the door.
 The handle is like ice, painful to the touch, the door is pulled open though.
 I feel my way to the top of the stairs, no pets in the way for once.
 Slowly descending one careful step at a time, I don't want to fall.
 The carpet becomes warm as I get halfway down, no more ice.
 Then suddenly there is light, and noises invade my ears in a rush.
 Everything is normal on the ground floor, now I am confused.
 I turn and look up; everything is black above the eighth step.
 I reach my hand up above my head and it disappears from sight.
 I pull it back out and retreat from the impossible darkness above.
 Standing like a statue staring into that abyss that has swallowed upstairs.
 It appears to be moving, slowly creeping down the stairs as if following me.
 I run to the front door and fling it open wide and step out of it.
 The street is light, it is mid-morning and the sun shines brightly overhead.
 But as I turn to go back to the house, I see the blackness seep out.
 Through the walls into the open air to stop right above where I stand.
 Back in and through the house and out the back door to the garden beyond.
 Across the patio to stand on the grass that could do with being mown.
 I look up at the house and sure enough the darkness starts to emerge.
 It seems to be lower down now, creeping to the ground. Unstoppable.
 A dark shape like a finger, drawn to me like it's pointing at my soul.
 I move to the left and the finger expands in that direction as well.
 I run back inside and throw on dirty clothes from the basket.
 I need to escape this darkness that is following me, slowly sinking down.
 In my car, but where do I go, can I run away from this and escape?
 I'm frozen in place watching the black coming to claim me for itself.
 Neighbours cross the road to avoid the strange darkness expanding out.
 They glance at me and look away, no wish to acknowledge my fate.
 Unwilling to help as if they will be doomed to eternal night with me.
 And I realise I can't run; I'll just bring this blackness to everyone I meet.
 I sob and leave the car and walk back to the house and sit on the settee.
 Resigned to my fate I let the darkness envelop me losing sight and sound.
 As the eternal shadow runs down my body and deep into the ground.
 I'm lost to this world my life is forfeit; it would seem I'm forgotten.
 Then I feel something brush my lips, a tingle, I feel the warmth.
 I blink and I am back in the light, the darkness has all but gone.
 A kiss from Helen had taken the shadow away from my reverie.
 Her love helps to keep me living in this world when it tries to close in.
 And I know how lucky I am and cry again but now tears of joy.

Cathedral Fact Files

Cathedral	Leicester Cathedral		
Dedicated To	St. Martin		
Type	Parish Church	Architecture	Norman
Religion	COE	Tower / Spire	1 Spire
Site Founded	965	Height (External)	220ft
Church Founded	1086	Height (Internal)	66ft
Bishopric Founded	858	Length	187ft
Current Bishopric Founded	1927	Width	106ft



Thirty-Three And One Third Revolutions Per Minute

Wet Wet Wet – Popped In Souled Out

Popped in Souled Out is the debut studio album by Scottish band Wet Wet Wet. It was released on 21 September 1987. Its offspring singles were "Wishing I Was Lucky", "Sweet Little Mystery", "Angel Eyes (Home and Away)" and "Temptation". Upon release, it reached number two on the UK Albums Chart, held off top spot by Michael Jackson's Bad. It reached number one on 16 January 1988. A 5-CD 30th Anniversary Edition was released on 22 September 2017.

Track listing

All tracks are written by Clark/Cunningham/Mitchell/Pellow, except "Don't Let Me Be Lonely Tonight" by James Taylor.

Side 1

No. - Title - Length

1. - "Wishing I Was Lucky" - 3:52. "Wishing I Was Lucky" was the debut single by Wet Wet Wet. It was taken from their 1987 album Popped in Souled Out. Recorded for £600 in Edinburgh, it was released on 6 April 1987 and was their first hit, peaking at No. 6 on the UK Singles Chart. Tommy Cunningham later said: "I was in a queue in a chip shop in Glasgow when it came on Radio Clyde. I felt like shouting to everybody, 'That's me and my mates!' It was an incredible feeling I've not forgotten."

Two videos were made. The video in the UK features the band watching TV. As they switch channels, each member of the band is sent to the TV on a different channel before being sent back. The video ends with the band (performing the song throughout the video) getting trapped before the TV shuts off abruptly ending the song. The video in the US shows the band performing in a dimly lit room while shots of the band members travel in the city and have fun.

2. - "East of the River" - 3:24

3. - "I Remember" - 4:44

4. - "Angel Eyes (Home and Away)" - 5:13. "Angel Eyes (Home and Away)" is the third single from Wet Wet Wet's debut album, Popped In Souled Out. It was released on 30 November 1987 and reached #5 in the UK charts. The lyrics in the chorus make reference to two Hal David and Burt Bacharach compositions "Walk On By" and "The Look of Love". As well, the lyrics quote an entire verse of the Squeeze single "Heartbreaking World". Some later issues of this single (including all US issues) accordingly credit Squeeze lyricist Chris Difford as a co-author.

Side 2

1. - "Sweet Little Mystery" - 3:43. "Sweet Little Mystery" is the second single from Wet Wet Wet's debut album, Popped In Souled Out. It was released on 13 July 1987 and reached #5 in the UK charts. In the video, recorded in Gambia, the lyrics in the second verse are Didn't I come to give you a sense of wonder / Didn't I come to lift this fiery vision. Van Morrison sued the band for copyright infringement, as the lyrics in the second verse were derived from his song "Sense Of Wonder", Morrison received an out of court settlement and a co-writers credit, along with John Martyn who also received a credit, as the chorus was based on his song, also called "Sweet Little Mystery". The lyrics in the second verse were changed to Didn't I come resisting this sight of wonder / Didn't I come insisting the higher decision for the single release.

2. - "I Don't Believe (Sonny's Letter)" - 4:39

3. - "Temptation" - 4:59. "Temptation" is the fourth and final single from Wet Wet Wet's debut album, Popped In Souled Out. It was released on 7 March 1988, and reached number 12 on the UK Singles Chart.

4. - "I Can Give You Everything" - 4:05

5. - "The Moment You Left Me" - 5:02

Additional tracks on CD re-release from 2001

"Words of Wisdom" - 3:50

"Don't Let Me Be Lonely Tonight" - 3:43

"World in Another" - 3:05

"Wishing I Was Lucky" (Recorded live on The Wendy May Show – Capital Radio) - 3:49

Credits and personnel

Vocals by Wet Wet Wet and Graeme Duffin.

Marti Pellow – Vocals

Graeme Clark – Bass

Neil Mitchell – Synthesizers

Tommy Cunningham – Drums

Graeme Duffin – Guitar

Design – Alex Marshall, Andrea Miller

Engineer [Mix] – Ralph P Ruppert* (tracks: A3, A4, B2 to B4)

Mixed By – JWWWL (tracks: A1 to A4, B1 to B4)

Photography By [Sleeve] – Robert Erdmann

Producer – Axel Kröll (tracks: A2, A4, B1, B2, B4, B5), JWWWL (tracks: A1, A3, B3), Michael Baker (tracks: A2, A4, B1, B2, B4, B5), Wilf Smarties (tracks: A1, A3)

Released - 21 September 1987

Recorded - January 1986 — 1987

Label - Mercury Records for worldwide release, on The Precious Organisation label for UK release.

Story Time

Home Time

"I need to be going; I've got to get home."

"Just ring your parents and tell them you're staying over; it won't be a problem here."

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"We don't have a phone."

"What do you mean you don't have a phone?"

"We don't have a phone at home, never have."

"You've got to be shitting me Kev, this is the 1980s not the 1880s, everyone has a phone."

"We don't"

"So how on earth do you keep in contact with anyone?"

"Either go round their house, or if that's a bit too far away, find a phone box that hasn't been vandalised and doesn't smell too badly of piss."

"What if someone wants to call you?"

"They can't, why do you think you don't have my phone number?"

"That's crazy. So, when you're meeting up with me or others in town, how do you know if someone isn't going to make it?"

"When they don't turn up. I've got used to hanging around waiting for people who don't turn up. Most people think I'm being an awkward sod when I don't give them my phone number. I'm not though; I mean how can I give them something I don't have?"

"If you can't ring home, you could just stay over anyway and go back in the morning."

"Yeah, if I wanted to arrive just in time for my own funeral. Jeez, by the morning my parents will have the police, the army, air force, navy, coast guard, Sherlock Holmes and Inspector Clouseau out looking for me. It's not worth the

aggravation of me not going home tonight. Staying out involves a long-term plan, written invitations, permission slips in triplicate and a telegram from the queen.”

“They’re not that bad surely; they weren’t like that when I met them.”

“Of course not, they’re in the polite parents’ mode when I have visitors, they’re the nicest people in the world until the second you leave, and then Mr Hyde appears.”

“Who?”

“Mr Hyde.”

“Is he one of our teachers?”

“No, he isn’t you cloth head. He’s the monster part of Jekyll and Hyde.”

“Oh, you mean the book.”

“Yeah.”

“Never read it.”

“Hardly surprising, you never read anything, that’s why you’re in the bottom group for everything at school.”

“No, that’s because school is a crock of shit. I’d rather be working downstairs in the pub.”

“Drinking in the pub more like.”

“Well, one or two may end up coming my way.”

“Yeah, one or two gallons.”

“I’m not that bad Kev, and furthermore, for your information I have actually read something this weekend.”

“Such as?”

“A magazine.”

“What, another copy of Razzle?”

“No,”

“Really?”

“It was Penthouse.”

“Definitely going up in the world then John. I’ve heard they actually have pages without any pictures on in that, just full of words.”

“Haven’t noticed any words yet, but I could lend it to you at a later date.”

“You’re alright thanks mate; I’ll pass on having to peel the pages apart.”

“Your loss.”

“I do need to be going, there aren’t many buses left that I can catch now. Need to get that last inner circle.”

“Don’t you want to watch the end of the film?”

“Yeah, but it’ll have to be another time.”

“I can lend you the video if you want.”

“Fat lot of use that’ll be.”

“Why?”

"Don't have anything to play it on."

"You have to be shitting me. No video recorder either. Are you even in the twentieth century Kev?"

"I am, not entirely sure my parents are though."

"So how do you watch films then?"

"On TV."

"What about modern ones?"

"I don't normally, it would be a case of a rare trip out to the cinema, watch them on video round someone else's house, or wait until they're not so modern and see them on TV."

"What if you're going out and there's something on TV?"

"Two choices mate, go out and miss it, or stay in and watch it."

"You'll have to get a pass out for a night and come round and watch films all night then."

"Sounds good, I'll put in the application when I get home. Though it will be a straight rejection if I don't get moving and catch that bus."

"Yeah OK, I'll let you out the back of the pub. It will be heaving bar side at this time on a Saturday."

I checked my watch again only to find it was ten second later than the last time I looked. I checked the sodden timetable on the concrete post for the fiftieth time. The bus was due here in the next minute or so, and it did go as far as I needed it to. I stood watching the second-hand tick slowly round the face of the watch. Willing it to move faster and bring the bus with it. Two complete laps of the clock face were done before the bus arrived. I jumped on to find I was the only passenger.

"Melton Road please."

"Where?"

"Melton Road."

"That isn't on my route list."

"The stop before Gypsy Road then."

"15p."

I paid the driver and took the ticket and being spoilt for choice I took a seat at the front of the bus and watched the streets as they passed by the outside of the window. Only to watch the bus as it headed straight on instead of turning left into Abbey Lane."

"Where are you going?"

"Back to the depot."

"But the timetable says you're supposed to be going round as far as Coleman Road."

"Well I'm not."

"So why didn't you say that when I asked for my stop. You took the money and said nothing."

"I could let you off here and you could get the next one."

"There isn't a next one; this is the last one that is supposed to go where I live."

"Not tonight."

"So how am I supposed to get home then?"

"You could get a bus from Belgrave Road."

"With what, I paid you the last of my money for the fare all the way home."

"Shouldn't have spent all your money then."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. The driver pulled into the depot and got off leaving me on the bus. I had no choice but to get off. I started to walk home. And then put some bursts of jogging in as well. Swerving to avoid the dregs being kicked out of the pubs I passed at closing time.

Now I was hot and bothered. Bothered about the kind of reception I'd get when I arrive home late. Again.

The entry gate was open which meant my parents hadn't gone to bed yet. The yard gate was locked but only at the top, so I was able to reach over and undo the latch. There was music playing inside. Billy Joel. So, it was likely that Margaret and Stan were round. I let myself in the back door and closed it behind me. My dad was in the kitchen, getting a Guinness out of the fridge.

"Alright dad?"

"Fine, fine. You look worn out; have you been running."

"Yeah, had to walk / run back from Abbey Park, the inner circle driver went back to the depot instead of coming up here."

"Why didn't you drive it back yourself then?"

It was a wonder I'd survived as long as I had when this was the kind of advice I received on a regular basis. My dad was grinning when he went back into the living room. My mum and Margaret were giggling like two naughty schoolgirls. I suspected that the gin had taken a big hit. My dad and Stan were trying to out cheat each other at cards, and my brother was still up, acting as a young inexperienced referee to the shenanigans.

"You playing Kev?"

"What are you playing?"

"Pontoon."

"Ok, deal me in."

I went and opened the sideboard drawer and got the few remaining pennies out of my wallet. I'd not taken all my cash with me when I'd gone round to John's. I had cursed myself for that decision when I was running home, but at least I had some money to play with. If I hadn't had there would have been the third degree on what I'd been spending it all on.

I won on the first couple of hands, getting a five-card trick on one, and then got pontoon on my third hand which meant I took over the bank. By the time Margaret and Stan were leaving I was eighty pence up, not a bad evening's work.

As they were leaving, I could hear my mum berating my dad.

"You shouldn't encourage him to gamble so much. You know he gets obsessive about things; he's got a compulsive nature. Remember the football stickers."

I winced at that; I been caught stealing loads of packs of football stickers from the local newsagents as I was wearing trousers without any pockets. My mum had made me stand outside the shop for a couple of hours with a cardboard sign around my neck saying, "I am a thief".

"It's just a bit of fun love."

"It won't be if he gets older and he's gambling away all his money."

"He's only fourteen, just leave him be, he'll be fine."

I acted as if I hadn't heard the conversation as they came back into the living room.

"Right, time for bed then."

No mention of me being late, so I headed for the stairs whilst the going was good, only to hear the words as I climbed up them.

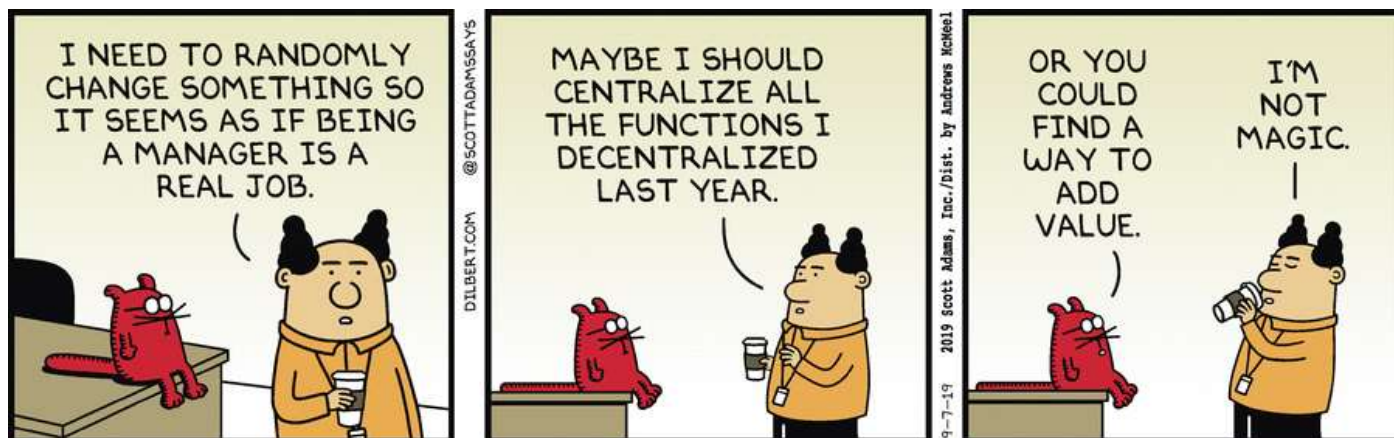
“We’ll deal with the timekeeping issue tomorrow.”

So close to an escape yet so far. The last few steps were trudging up, and I carried on trudging along the passageway to my bedroom I shared with my brother. He was already in bed and the light was off. There was snoring coming from my bed as well. In all the excitement I had forgotten it was Saturday, and therefore my grandad was staying with us. He’d already gone to bed before I’d got in, and as was the case every week, he was in my bed. I left the room and headed to the box room.

I changed out of my clothes into my pyjamas and lay on top of the bed and struggled to go to sleep moaning in my head how hard done by I was.

But I wasn’t, it was just real life and I was lucky to have a home and a family that cared. We may not have been the most modern household, but none of that really mattered. There was always food and drink on the table, clothes on our backs and shoes on our feet. And as happened that night I slept in a proper bed. I should have been more grateful for it at the time.

Dilbert



Epilogue – Where To Find More Of My Writing

To get people to sign up, point them in the direction of my website’s homepage of <http://www.onetruekev.co.uk/> scroll down past the menu and then enter their e-mail address and select whether they want Flanagan’s Running Club or blog post updates or both and then hit submit.

If you want to catch up on old issues, go to the website at <http://www.onetruekev.co.uk/frc.php> where all the issues are available.

For blog posts go to <https://onetruekev.co.uk/Mutterings/> which will have the most current post and the ability to scroll back in time.

Some of the blog posts also get published on my Medium account, especially ones that are picture heavy, as there are no hosting costs to store all the photos there, the link is <https://medium.com/@onetruekev>

For all previous works including the old Surerandomality pieces go to <https://onetruekev.co.uk/Mutterings/else/> where pretty much everything I’ve written before is linked through to.

Then there are my books. Nothing published yet, but I have one full book available online, it’s called “Where The Lights Shine Brightest”. Can I ask you all a favour, please can you review my book on Inkitt, and the link is below. Even if you don’t take time to read it properly, please flick through a few chapters, give it ratings and a review and vote for it please. It may help me get it published.

<https://www.inkitt.com/stories/thriller/201530>

In addition, the first chapter of “Where The Lights Shine Brightest”, and my other completed book, “The Talisman”, are available on my Goodreads page <https://www.goodreads.com/story/list/77442053-kev-neylon> and the first chapters of the four books I have in progress will go on there in time.

I have had a number (seventy three) of Drabbles published on the BookHippo web site, and they can all be found at <https://bookhippo.uk/profiles/kevin.neylon/drabbles>

You can also follow me on Twitter, where I will occasionally put up some micro fiction or micro poems, my Twitter handle is @Onetruekev – <https://twitter.com/onetruekev>

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

E-mail any ideas or suggestions to kev@onetruekev.co.uk

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