

Flanagan's Running Club – Issue 37

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 – 26th July

1953 - Fidel Castro leads an unsuccessful attack on the Moncada Barracks, thus beginning the Cuban Revolution. The movement took the name of the date: 26th of July Movement

1956 - Following the World Bank's refusal to fund building the Aswan Dam, Egyptian leader Gamal Abdel Nasser nationalizes the Suez Canal, sparking international condemnation.

It's Day of National Significance (Barbados)

Esperanto Day

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

London is officially the most magical city on Earth – if measured by the number of professional magicians. That's because it's the worldwide home of the Magic Circle, the trade guild of illusionists and tricksters. It was founded today in 1905 by 23 top magicians on a boozy night out at London's Pinoli's Restaurant. It was going to be called the 'Martin Chapender Club', but that wasn't very mysterious, so Magic Circle it was. It has 1,500 members (including, bizarrely, Prince Charles), and all are sworn to secrecy about where they keep their rabbits.

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

Eric B. & Rakim release their sophomore album "Follow The Leader" on Uni.

The gold selling "Follow The Leader" produced by Eric B. and Stevie Blass Griffin (Rakim's brother), spawned hits including the lyrically fierce "Microphone Fiend", "The R", and the James Bond sounding title track. The certified gold album also contained classic cuts like "Musical Massacre", and "Lyrics Of Fury".

"Follow The Leader" was the legendary duo's first album for Uni (a subsidiary of MCA) after leaving 4th & Broadway Records, which had released their game changing debut album, "Paid In Full". The album reached #22 on the Billboard 200 and #9 on the R&B charts.

Births

1856 - George Bernard Shaw

1928 - Stanley Kubrick

1943 - Mick Jagger

1945 - Helen Mirren

1967 - Jason Statham

1969 - Tanni Grey-Thompson

Deaths

1952 - Eva Peron

1984 - George Gallup

Number 1's

Number 1 single in 1981 - The Specials - Ghost Town

Number 1 album in 1996 - Alanis Morissette - Jagged Little Pill

Number 1 compilation album in 2005 - Gatecrasher Classics

Top 10

The top ten in the UK singles chart on this day in 2006

Position	Last Week's Position	Title	Artist	Label	Peak Position	Weeks on Chart
1	New	DON'T STOP ME NOW/PLEASE PLEASE	MCFLY	UNIVERSAL	1	1
2	16	UNFAITHFUL	RIHANNA	DEF JAM	2	2
3	2	HIPS DON'T LIE	SHAKIRA FT WYCLEF JEAN	EPIC	1	7
4	1	SMILE	LILY ALLEN	REGAL RECORDINGS	1	4
5	27	YOU GIVE ME SOMETHING	JAMES MORRISON	POLYDOR	5	2
6	3	VOODOO CHILD	ROGUE TRADERS	ARIOLA	3	3
7	4	MANEATER	NELLY FURTADO	GEFFEN	1	8
8	5	I WISH I WAS A PUNK ROCKER	SANDI THOM	RCA	1	13
9	6	LAST REQUEST	PAOLO NUTINI	ATLANTIC	5	4
10	23	SMILEY FACES	GNARLS BARKLEY	WARNER BROS	10	2

Drabble

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

Billy Does Karaoke

Billy was at the local karaoke; his singing hadn't improved since dying.

The DJ was annoying him, talking drivel, doing bad karaoke, getting words wrong as he tried to drum up idiots to come and sing. As for the music he played in between singers, well, even Eurovision would have turned most of them down.

Billy got a song choice book and flicked through, and happily found that they had the song he wanted.

"Next up, Billy, who's going to sing Panic by The Smiths"

Billy smiled, itching to sing the lines "Hang the DJ", whilst looking at the host.

Joke

A man confided to his friend, "Something terrible had happened. I was away on business, and I e-mailed my wife to tell her that I'd be back a day early. I rushed home from the airport and found her in bed with our next-door neighbour. How could she do that to me?"

"Don't be too hard on her," said the friend. "Maybe she didn't read your e-mail."

Random Items

Facts

The combination "ough" can be pronounced in nine different ways. The following sentence contains them all: "A rough-coated, dough-faced, thoughtful ploughman strode through the streets of Scarborough; after falling into a slough, he coughed and hiccoughed."

Thoughts

Why is the word dictionary in the dictionary?

Can fat people go skinny-dipping?

And before they invented drawing boards, what did they go back to?

Words You Should Know

Noisome

Nothing to do with noise, this means harmful or objectionable and is usually applied to smells. The stench itself could be described as noisome or it might emanate from a noisome apartment in a noisome slum.

Popular Expressions – What They Mean And Where We Got Them

Between The Devil And The Deep Blue Sea

Caught between two evils or dangers, in a dilemma with nowhere to turn. The saying may be of nautical origin, the 'devel' being a term for a seam in the hull of a ship that ran along the waterline.

A commonly used modern phrase with a similar meaning is 'between a rock and a hard place.'

Darwin Award

Dum dum boutique

Perhaps as people get older, some really should retire from their careers. Or so it would seem for one fifty-five-year-old burglar. Terrence found new meaning in the term hanging around late at the bar when he failed to return home one night. It turned out that he had been breaking and entering through the rooftop window of a shop called the Dum Dum Boutique – the catchy name of a clothing shop – by bending back bars on the windows. From this vantage point he made a bold move, and jumped into the store through the gap. Unfortunately, his sweater balked at the sight of all that fashion and refused to join him. It caught on one of the bent bars and strangled him to death. He was found hoist by his own petard the next morning.

What The Hygge!

snygge (n.)

the sound made when one comes across someone who either hasn't heard of hygge or who demonstrably knows far less about it than oneself.

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.

Violet

In Paris in 1874 a group of artists founded the Anonymous Society of Painters, Sculptors, Printmakers, &c. and began organising their first show. They wanted the exhibition to act as mission statement, rallying call and, most importantly, a snub to the Académie des Beaux-Arts, which had just rejected their work for the prestigious annual Salon. The founder-members of the new group, Edgar Degas, Claude Monet, Paul Cézanne, Camille Pissarro and others, thought the old, academic style of art was too dull, too staid, and too coated in a unifying layer of honey-coloured varnish to capture the world as it really was and, therefore, to have any value at all. The establishment was equally scathing about the Impressionists. In a biting review for le Charivari newspaper, Louis Leroy accused Monet's Impression, Sunrise, of not being a finished painting at all but a mere preparatory sketch. Many more such criticisms were aimed at the fledgling movement over the following years, but one constant theme concerned their preoccupation with a single colour: violet.

Edmond Duranty, an early admirer of the Impressionists, wrote that their works 'procèdent presque toujours d'une gamme violette et bleuâtre' ('almost always proceed from a violet and bluish range'). For others, this violet tinting was more troubling. Many concluded that the artists were, to a man, completely mad, or at the very least suffering from a hitherto unknown disease, which they dubbed 'violettomania'. It would be as difficult to persuade Pissarro that the trees were not violet, joked one, as to persuade the inmate of a lunatic asylum that he wasn't the Pope in the Vatican. Another wondered if the artists' fascination with the colour was a result of the Impressionists spending too much time en plein air: the violet tint could be the result of a permanent negative after-image caused by looking at sunny yellow landscapes for too long. Alfred de Lostalot, in a review of one of Monet's solo shows, hypothesised that the artist might be among that rare number of people who could see into the ultraviolet part of the spectrum. 'He and his friends see purple,' wrote Lostalot. '[T]he crowd sees otherwise; hence the disagreement.'

Their preference for violet was the result of two new-minted theories. One was the Impressionists' conviction that shadows were never really black or grey, but coloured; the second concerned complementary colours. Since the complimentary colour to the yellow of sunlight was violet, it made sense that this would be the colour of the shade. Soon enough, though, this shade had transcended its role in the shadows. In 1881 Édouard Manet announced to his friends that he had finally discovered the true colour of the atmosphere. 'It is violet,' he said. 'Fresh air is violet. Three years from now, the whole world will work in violet.'

Brewers Britain & Ireland

The history, culture, folklore and etymology of 7,500 places in these islands.

Hassocks

From a field called *Hassocks*, from Old English *hassuc* 'clump of coarse grass'

A village in West Sussex, about 7 miles north of Brighton. It grew up around the London to Brighton railway line, which opened in 1841, and today contributes commuters to both termini.

(All of which is a surprise to me as I thought it was just a statement about owning footwear. "Has Socks!")

If anyone has any place names they'd like to see then let me know and if they're in the book I'll put them in.

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.

The Birthday

She had gotten past the point where she took the day off work for her birthday. It had been great taking a couple of days off to get absolutely blitzed when she was in her twenties back in the nineties. To her now a birthday was just another day in the never-ending grind towards old age and inevitable death.

She had been woken up by the radio on her alarm. It had been playing something with indeterminable lyrics that she hadn't recognised. If that hadn't been bad enough, Chris Evans was being even more of a twat this morning than normal. She really needed to find a different channel and get away from radio two.

She shuffled to the bathroom and her eyes were drawn to the shaving foam; left in the corner of the shelf when Andrew had moved out six months ago. She got hold of it and threw it out of the bathroom window. She didn't want a reminder of him on her birthday, his infidelity was the reason she was all alone now. She got dressed unenthusiastically and left the house for work.

She hadn't received any cards so far, and it was far too early for the postman this morning. She looked at her phone on the bus journey into work; checking her texts, Whatsapp, Facebook, twitter, e-mail and Instagram accounts. It was just the usual round of shite; cat videos, get rich quick schemes, people's dinners and over exaggerated claims of fun and frolics. Not a single message on any of the feeds was wishing her a happy birthday.

She got into work and sat at her desk. Her colleagues barely acknowledged her at all. She sat typing figures into spreadsheets, hardly saying a word all day. No one mentioned her birthday at all, and she left at the end of the day feeling thoroughly miserable and unloved.

She checked her phone again on the journey home, but still no one had sent her any birthday messages. The various feeds were still full of irrelevant crap.

She opened her front door and her heart leapt a little at the site of various envelopes on the mat inside the door. And it fell again as she flicked through the post only to find it was a mixture of bills and charity begging letters. The utility companies seemed to be the only ones who acknowledged her existence. No one would notice if she just turned the gas on and stuck her head in the over and ended it all.

Such a miserable day, a birthday thoroughly bereft of human companionship or empathy. She headed to the kitchen, aiming for the over, but as she opened the kitchen door, there was Billy. Billy jumped up to greet her, licking her hand and dancing around. The Springer spaniel was her only companion now, and he was genuinely pleased to see her, bouncing around full of joy.

She felt her negative feelings flow away as she picked up the ball that Billy had deposited at her feet. She opened the back door leading to the small garden and threw the ball. Billy bounded away after it, and was back, dropping it at her feet for another go in a few seconds.

She would be fine now.

Leicestershire

Raw Dykes



Raw Dykes is a Roman earthwork and scheduled monument in Leicester. The monument consists of two parallel banks up to 20 metres apart, with an excavated channel running between them. A stretch 110 metres long survives, but originally the earthwork was at least 550 metres in length.

The Raw Dykes represents a rare survival of a Roman water control feature in an urban context. It is particularly unusual in that it could not have operated on the more usual gravity flow principle utilized elsewhere in Britain, and thus represents a segment of a comparatively complex system which would have required both intensive labour and considerable engineering skills to construct. The remains of the Raw Dykes survive well in the form of a series of substantial earthworks. Since only a small section of the earthworks have been subjected to archaeological excavation the remainder of the site is comparatively undisturbed and will therefore retain significant potential for the survival of buried deposits. As a result of the survival of both historical and archaeological documentation relating to the site the remains are quite well understood. The location and accessibility of the Raw Dykes considerably enhances its function as a public amenity.

A publication by Leicester City Council has speculated that the earthwork may have been a canal, rather than a source of clean water, but concluded that the aqueduct-interpretation is "by far the most likely suggestion". Kathleen Kenyon, among others, argued that the level of the aqueduct (following the modern 60-metre contour) was lower than the Roman bath in Leicester, and that Raw Dykes was therefore a failure. However, J.S. Wachter has argued that the Romans were skilled hydraulic engineers, and that it is possible that they pumped water into the town from the Raw Dykes aqueduct. There is evidence that they employed a pump and a storage tank at Leicester's Roman baths in the 4th century.

The earliest known documentary reference to the earthworks is contained within the Lord Mayor's accounts for the Borough of Leicester of 1322 which refer to the 'Rowedick'. The etymology is considered to suggest that the name was originally derived from the linearity of the earthworks, the present form 'Raw Dykes' representing a corruption of this. Numerous references within land deeds over the following centuries suggest that the earthworks were formerly far more extensive, an early-17th century account recording that they then terminated 'not five hundred paces from the south gate'.

A contemporary diary kept by a Royalist officer during the Civil War suggests that a section, if not the complete length of the earthworks, was utilized by the Royalist forces besieging Leicester in 1645. The earthworks are clearly depicted in an early 18th century engraving, and a subsequent survey and description at the beginning of the 19th century recorded that sections had been levelled for a turnpike road and a racecourse.

A map of 1885 depicts the Raw Dykes as continuing for a further 400m northwards of the 110m length visible today, subsequent development having reduced them to their present length by the early 20th century.

Excavations in 1938 recovered pottery suggesting that the earthworks were constructed during or immediately after the first century AD and consisted of banks defining a broad ditch within which was a much narrower central channel. The layout and nature of the earthworks are considered to suggest that the narrow cut within the centre of the ditch represented the main water channel and was designed to increase the flow of water by concentrating it within a

constricted space. In addition, the orientation of the earthworks suggests that the Saffron or Knighton Brook, located approximately 1km south of the site would have been the most plausible source of water to feed the aqueduct.

Members of the public cannot access the site, but a viewing enclosure has been constructed leading off Aylestone Road.

Holy Trinity



Set on Regent Road, close to Leicester prison, stands the rather impressive 13th century gothic looking church of Holy Trinity.

Looks however are deceiving, and the church was built originally in 1838, two years after the land on which it stands was purchased. It was built by Sydney Smirke for a cost of £3,000 (paid for by Mr Frewen Turner, who is commemorated in the name of an adjacent street).

It started life as a modest, elegant Georgian church, fitting in with the nearby buildings (such as the King Street Crescent). It was enlarged by Flint & Wickes in 1853-54 for a further £2,300, with them adding two hundred and thirty-five seats. However, any of this work has been lost as the church was turned into what we see today by a total remodelling undertaken by S.S. Teulon in 1871-72 at a cost of £5,700.

The roguish gothic 13th century look created by Teulon is like nothing else in the country (St Mary's, Ealing is the closest resemblance), and represents the art of high Victorian church building at its most flamboyant, and could be considered over the top. Teulon was infamous for the individual style of his churches.

It had a wide interior, and lacked a separate chancel, it had a flat ceiling, and the reredos was added in 1901 by Purcell & sons. The west tower was crowned by the spiky, fussy spire with prominent dormers and lots of busy detail. There are passage aisles, separated from the nave by twin arches with segmented heads. There are a multitude of vestibules and porches all around the building and one is curved to make the door meet the street at a right angle.

Alterations continued throughout the twentieth century, and a reduction in the parish meant that a radical subdivision of the church took place. The galleries were removed, and the nave was partitioned to make an upper and lower hall. The ceiling is flat with large recessed panels, which were once decorated. The east end of the church houses a tiled mosaic depicting the last supper. This was completed by Powell & Sons.

The chancel end wall has five arched stained glass windows featuring contemporary designs of the Parable of The Sower (see Matthew 12:1-24), above which there is a more traditional floral design including an emblem of the Trinity, with smaller windows featuring "The Truth" and "The Life".

However, come the 1980's the parish was on the increase, and work had to be done to build a west gallery. This was done by buying the neighbouring building, and incorporating this into the structure of the church.

Holy Trinity is now a Mission-Shaped church, where church members belong to mid-sized Mission Shaped Communities (MSCs) based around geographical locations, social networks or interests. Holy Trinity states that its vision is to "be a community that glorifies God by transforming Leicester and beyond."

The church community is made up of a range of different ages, including many children and young people and a large population of University Students. Holy Trinity is also connected with the ministry of the Charismatic Evangelical movement New Wine and John McGinley, the Vicar, is the local Regional Director.

The church is actively involved in outreach into the local communities in Leicester including an expanding ministry to the city's Homeless called "Triangle." Holy Trinity runs the Alpha course throughout the year as well as a multimedia and arts table-talk style event called "Questions," pioneered by the previous Vicar Roger Morgan, who also introduced "Cell Groups" to the church.

The Sunday services follow a theme during each term. The morning services are family-oriented with music is by a live band and, the evening tends to attract more students and young adults. At each service, the sermons are recorded and are made available as a podcast or can be downloaded individually from the church website in MP3 audio format.

Bushby

Bushby is a village in Leicestershire, England. It is in Harborough DC.

The name is derived from the Danish and was Butr's village.

It lies just south of the A47 Uppingham Road, which leads east from Leicester, and contiguous with the village of Thurnby, with which it shares a parish.

The population is included in the civil parish of Thurnby and Bushby. The principal thoroughfare is the east-west Main Street, off which lead half a dozen closes built since the 1950s.

Its central point is the 'spinney', a clump of pine trees forming an island created when a dog's-leg in Main Street was straightened out. Most of the settlement is made up of commuter housing, but it retains a handful of farms and shops.

Though the local pub lies in Thurnby, its old skittle alley is on Bushby territory, with the consequence that it used to have later opening hours.

Top Ten

The first ten Jason Statham films.

Pos	Film	Released
1	Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels	1998
2	Snatch	2000
3	Turn It Up	2000
4	Ghosts Of Mars	2001
5	The One	2001
6	Mean Machine	2001
7	The Transporter	2002
8	The Italian Job	2003
9	Collateral	2004
10	Cellular	2004

Poetry Corner

What is Home?

Home

Home is a concept, a vision, a feeling, where the senses see, hear, touch, taste and smell as one.

Home is a fallacy, sold to us as a dream to aspire to but in reality, it is a fleeting image gone.

Home, what is it really? Everyone has an answer that makes them believe they have a place to belong.

Home, what is it really? Despite over seven billion answers not a single person on Earth is wrong.

Home

Home is where I place my head at the end of a weary day, laying it on the pillow of my bed.

Home is where I want it to be when I am alive, and it won't matter where it is when I'm dead.

Home is where I wake without wondering where I am, the surroundings are my own.

Home is where walls hear me laugh, watch me cry, see me celebrate and listen to me moan.

Home

Home is comfort for my mind, my body and my soul, protection from the world so cold.

Home is comfort for me now and was when I was young and will be so when I'm old.

Home is where the sofa is moulded to my shape, holding me subtly in place as I rest.
 Home is where I can be at my very lowest or at my worst, or it can be where I am at my best.
 Home
 Home can be when I am alone; it can be when family, friends and pets spill out the doors.
 Home can be much more than a collection of belongings, of a roof, of walls and the floors.
 Home can change its location every day, or it can stay rooted to the spot for all of my days.
 Home can change to how I feel, it mirrors my ever-changing moods, and my instructions it obeys.
 Home
 Home is not where everyone can live; some unfortunate souls' homes are in the abyss.
 Home is not to be taken for granted, it can slip away without care, and gone is the bliss.
 Home doesn't have to be a grand structure, a palace or mansion; it could be a tent or shed.
 Home doesn't have to be conventional construction, as long as it is constructed in your head.
 Home
 Home, the worst place to be when disaster strikes as you witness everything you have built destroyed.
 Home, the best place to be when disaster strikes as you are with those you love, and you are overjoyed.
 Home, the worst place in the world when it all falls apart and you are left with no option but to go.
 Home, the best place in the world at the end of the day, it's where the cosmos allows your spirit to grow.
 Home is home.

Cathedral Fact Files

Cathedral	Manchester Cathedral		
Dedicated To	Collegiate Church of St Mary, St Denys and St George		
Type	Parish Church	Architecture	Perpendicular
Religion	COE	Tower / Spire	1 Tower
Site Founded	923	Height (External)	140ft
Church Founded	1215	Height (Internal)	61ft
Bishopric Founded	1847	Length	248ft
Current Bishopric Founded	1847	Width	162ft

Thirty-Three And One Third Revolutions Per Minute

Eric B. & Rakim – Follow The Leader

Follow the Leader is the second studio album by American hip hop duo Eric B. & Rakim. Following their debut album Paid in Full (1987), Eric B. & Rakim left 4th & B'way Records and signed with Uni Records, a subsidiary label of major label MCA Records. They recorded Follow the Leader at Power Play Studios in New York City. The duo produced, composed, and arranged the album with additional contributions from Rakim's brother Stevie Blass Griffin, who contributed with various instruments. Eric B. & Rakim worked with audio engineers Carlton Batts and Patrick Adams on the album. In a similar manner to their first album, a "ghost producer" was brought in for two songs. In a 2007 interview with Unkut.com, The 45 King said he produced both "Microphone Fiend" and "The R". "Microphone Fiend" was originally made for Fab 5 Freddy, until 45 King gave it over to Eric B., the group's "DJ".

Follow the Leader peaked at number 22 on the U.S. Billboard Top Pop Albums and at number seven on Billboard's Top Black Albums chart.] It achieved higher charting than Eric B. & Rakim's debut album and serves as their best-charting album in the United States. The album produced four singles, "Follow the Leader", "Microphone Fiend", "The R", and "Lyrics of Fury". "Follow the Leader" peaked at number 16 on the Hot Black Singles, at number 11 on the Hot Dance/Disco, and at number five on the Hot Dance Music/Maxi-Singles Sales chart. "The R" reached number 79 on the Hot Black Singles, number 28 on the Hot Dance/Disco, number 41 on the Hot Dance Music/Maxi-Singles Sales, and number 14 on the Hot Rap Singles chart. On September 27, 1988, the album was certified gold by the Recording Industry Association of America for shipments in excess of 500,000 copies in the United States.

Follow the Leader was well received by contemporary critics. Los Angeles Times writer Jonathan Gold viewed it as "far more consistent" than the duo's Paid in Full, calling Eric B. "a master of chill, understated beats" and complimenting Rakim for weaving "a laid-back web of words, his whiskey-smooth tenor less noisy but more intense than the machine-gun mutterings you hear booming from beat boxes, his keen rhymes all the more devastating for being near-whispered where lesser rappers would shout". In his review for The Village Voice, Robert Christgau found the duo's sampling as an improvement from their previous work's "Brownian motion" and complimented Rakim's "ever-increasing words-per-minute ratio—the man loves language like a young Bob D". Peter Watrous of The New York Times commended Eric B.'s mixes and described him as "a minimalist virtuoso". Watrous called Rakim "one of the most distinctive rappers in the business" and elaborated on his lyricism: "His voice soars as gracefully as a well-thrown football; it'll change direction on the spot. He will vary rhythms, pushing and pulling against the beat to highlight his lyrics. Insistent, cool and dedicated, his rapping has an urgency that makes the music much more than pop; it sounds like a musical version of a political, social vision.

In a retrospective review, AllMusic editor Steve Huey gave the album five out of five stars and viewed it as an improvement over *Paid in Full*, commending Rakim's "agile, up-tempo lyrical showcases". In a dual review of both *Paid in Full* and *Follow the Leader's* reissues, Pitchfork Media's Jess Harvell expressed that the high points of the latter album "are as high as any rap group has gotten" and wrote that both albums' music serve as "a reminder of a brief period where people thought they could become a millionaire on skills alone, where the reality of that was so far away that no one had to think about what being a millionaire would mean to the culture that nurtured those skills". In 1998, *Follow the Leader* was selected as one of *The Source's* 100 Best Rap Albums, and in 2005, it was ranked number 12 on comedian Chris Rock's list of the "Top 25 Hip-Hop Albums". The track "Lyrics of Fury" was ranked number five on About.com's list of "Top 100 Rap Songs"

Follow the Leader, re-imagined as jazz is an instrumental reworking of the entire album by Jonathan Hay, Mike Smith and Benny Reid. The album spent four non-consecutive weeks at No. 1 on the Billboard Jazz Albums chart, dethroning Michael Bublé's *Love*. Eric B told Forbes, "Hearing the music faithfully arranged and re-recorded with the stellar group of musicians Jonathan Hay and Benny Reid brought together not only stays true to our original work, but elevates and highlights the core concepts we drew from 30 years ago," Eric B. continued. "It really completes a full circle... We imitated jazz, and now jazz is imitating us."

All songs were written and produced by Eric B. & Rakim (Eric Barrier, William Griffin).

Side One

1 - "Follow the Leader" - 5:36. "Follow the Leader" has been described as a "space-age" track, featuring a "pulsing bass line" and an "almost-ambient use of samples." Samples used in the song include "Nautilus" by jazz musician Bob James, "Listen to Me" by funk musician Baby Huey and "I Wouldn't Change a Thing" by percussionist Coke Escovedo, plus their own "I Know You Got Soul". The song's music video was directed by Scott Kalvert and premiered on the August 6, 1988 pilot episode of television music program *Yo! MTV Raps*. Described as the "first rap video epic and period piece of the new televised world of hip hop", the video featured Rakim as a mob boss in a variety of situations—including getting a shave, sparing a fellow gangster's life and engaging in phone calls with other mob bosses. Scenes from the video are inspired by the 1987 crime drama *the Untouchables*. It has been sampled over ninety times.

Chart (1988) - Peak position

Netherlands (Single Top 100) - 75

UK Singles (Official Charts Company) - 21

US Dance Club Songs (Billboard) - 11

US Hot R&B/Hip-Hop Songs (Billboard) - 16

2 - "Microphone Fiend" - 5:17. "Microphone Fiend" is the second single released from the hip hop duo Eric B. & Rakim's second album *Follow the Leader*. The song became something of a signature song for rapper Rakim, and AllMusic's Steve Huey says the song "weaves references to substance addiction throughout in explaining why Rakim can't keep away from the mic." Featuring a prominent sample of Average White Band's 1975 hit "School Boy Crush", the song was further evidence of Eric B.'s fondness for soul samples and became one of the most quoted songs in hip hop. *Microphone Fiend* contains many of the elements that are often cited as having been prominent in the golden age of hip hop, such as samples, record scratching, and vocal syncopation. The song has been covered numerous times and has become a 'standard' of hip-hop music. The most notable cover was performed by Rage Against the Machine for their album *Renegades*. Reached number 74 in the UK charts. Also sampled *Beside's* "Change The Beat (Female Version)" and *The Trix Rabbit and the Trix Kids's* "Silly Rabbit, Trix Are For Kids". Has been sampled in one hundred and eighty-eight songs.

3 - "Lyrics of Fury" - 4:15. 5th Single from the album, failed to chart in the UK. Has the "Funky Drummer" sample from James Brown very much to the fore all the way through the track and also samples Funkadelic's "No Head, No Backstage Pass". Sampled fourteen times.

4 - "Eric B. Never Scared" - 5:21. Samples The Eagles' "Those Shoes", Bob Marley and the Wailers' "Get Up, Stand Up", The Mohawks' "The Champ", and their own "Eric B Is President". Sampled once.

5 - "Just a Beat" - 2:07. was the B-side for the single "Follow The Leader" and for the single "The R". Samples Jackie Robinson's "Pussyfooter", and was sampled once.

Side Two

6 - "Put Your Hands Together" - 5:15. 3rd single from the album, failed to chart in the UK. Was also the B side on some versions of the "Microphone Fiend" release. Samples Upp's "Give It To You", Mountain's "Long Red", Denis Coffey's "Son Of Scorpio", The Magic Disco Machine's "Scratchin'", and their own "As The Rhyme Goes On". Sampled in six songs.

7 - "To the Listeners" - 4:32. Samples Mandrill's "Fat City Strut" and The Headhunters feat Pointer Sisters' "God Made Me Funky". Sampled seven times.

8 - "No Competition" - 3:52. Samples Manzel's "Space Funk", and Juice's "Catch A Groove". Sampled seven times.

9 - "The R" - 3:55. 4th single release from the album, failed to hit the UK main chart, peaking just outside at number 76. Samples The Blackbyrds's "Rock Creek Park". Has been sampled five times.

10 - "Musical Massacre" - 4:29. Samples The Jimmy Castor Bunch's "It's Just Begun", James Brown's "It's A New Day So Let A Man Come In And Do The Popcorn", Beside's "Change The Beat (Female Version)", plus their own "I Know You Got Soul". Sampled once.

11 - "Beats for the Listeners" - 4:08 - B side of "Microphone Fiend".

Credits for Follow the Leader

Patrick Adams – engineer

Carlton Batts – engineer

Eric B. & Rakim – vocals, producer

Eric B. – performer

Stevie Blass Griffin – composer, performer

Rakim – arranger, producer

Charts

Chart - Peak position

U.S. Top Pop Albums - 22

U.S. Top Black Albums – 7

Story Time

The Lone Traveller

I was used to being alone, I preferred it in fact. No one to have to talk to. No need to make the effort to make small talk. No worrying about any possible uncomfortable silences. Or the even more uncomfortable, forced, unnatural conversations.

I was what most people would consider to be a seasonal traveller. It was certainly true that I would be well salted by the time it reached the end of the day and I had stopped moving for long enough for the sweat to have dried upon my skin. I had been travelling alone across the Earth for nearly five years now.

Ever since that day at Weston-Super-Mare where a standard family squabble had gotten out of hand and started a mass brawl by the closed entrance to the old Birnbeck Pier. I had been one of six arrested that day, and I hadn't spoken to another member of the family since then. I hadn't gone home either, I'd just kept moving on. A small rucksack, a toothbrush, my passport, and a couple of changes of clothes.

I had been to some remote places over those five years but this one took the biscuit. It took the cake as well, and the whole damn confectionary store. It wasn't just the middle of nowhere. It was the middle of nowhere sat in a vast unknown landscape that could have been on another planet. I had been told not to come in this direction. In fact, the bossy redneck had berated me at the saloon for nigh on two hours about how no one should ever wander off into the wilderness of the Wyoming plains during autumn.

The more the annoying Yank berated me, the more I was certain that I was going to head into the wilderness. I was an awkward stubborn bastard at heart. If someone told me not to do something, you could guarantee that I would be doing that exact same thing within five minutes.

As the saloon bar had shut its doors for the evening, I didn't even bother with the motel I'd planned on sleeping at. I just headed off on the road I'd been told to avoid.

I didn't know when it had last rained in these parts, but it was dusty as hell, and to save the constant grit from drying out my mouth and forcing me to dip into my ever decreasing supplies of liquids, I had covered the lower half of my face with a scarf. The silk flowery scarf had appeared in my rucksack somewhere in Iowa. I had no idea who it used to belong to, or why I had kept it for the last five hundred miles, but I was glad I had. It kept out the swirling dust.

I hadn't seen a human for the last day or so. Hadn't seen a building anywhere on the horizon. The road was covered with dirt, and there hadn't been a car pass in either direction as I walked along. Looking at the road there was no sign that there had ever been a passing car here. It made me wonder if I had walked straight off of Earth and onto some other planet in a parallel dimension.

I had seen buffalo several times, and I could just about make out the shapes of large buzzards circling overhead. Probably watching to see if I would just curl up and die so they could have me as carrion. But I was tougher than they gave me credit for. All the buffalo I was seeing now were heading in the same direction as me, and their numbers were increasing. It meant there was likely to be water ahead, and if there was water there would likely be signs of human life. There would be a store, or a bar, or a church, something to say I wasn't the last man alive on Earth.

But I would be wrong on that last count. The lake appeared mid-afternoon through the dust. The sun was shimmering upon its surface. There was a church, a store and a bar and half a dozen houses to boot. I was actually glad to see it. I could do with supplies, and after the last couple of days I could even stretch to a few words of conversation.

Yet as I approached the buildings, I could smell the stench of rotting flesh. Yet there was no sign of the buzzards now. Well not until I got up really close. That's when I saw them. They were lying on the ground. Dead. As were all the humans. Their bodies were laid out on the ground as well. It looked as if the birds had been pecking at the bodies. Some of them were missing eyes; others had chunks of flesh torn from their bones. None of the bodies looked as if they were human anymore. They were all an unusual shade of blue, a shade I had never seen a human turn before. The buzzards were lying dead on the ground near the human bodies they had fed off. The flesh they had eaten had killed them before they had even had a chance to fly away again. No other birds hovered. The buffalo didn't come near the buildings. They stayed on the other side of the lake. They were drinking from it and dropping themselves into it to cool down.

I looked at the bodies on the ground and tightened the scarf around my face; trying to keep the smell from my nostrils. Reluctant to breath in the atmosphere that was emanating from the dead bodies. I heard a strange roaring noise from behind me. The buffalo were falling over as if they were drunk. I looked at the calm surface of the water. There didn't seem to be anything strange about it, but the buffalo were acting as if they had been poisoned.

I headed to the store. The doors were open, but no lights were on. It smelt worse in the store than it had near the dead bodies. There was rotting food everywhere. I didn't know how long the power had been out or how long the bodies had been lying outside. Through the gloom I found the fridges and took out the now warm bottles from inside. I took as much as I thought I could carry and searched for some sealed long-life foods.

I left the store without paying, and almost ran to what existed for a road. I carried on in the direction I had been travelling before I'd come across the devastation at the lake; carrying on through the wilderness. I jogged for as long as I could wanting to put miles between me and the dead settlement.

As I walked and jogged, hours became days, days became weeks and weeks became months. I never saw another human alive. I saw plenty of dead humans, all that strange blue colour. All of them lying on the ground with dead animals around them as well; all slowly rotting away and becoming one with the Earth again.

The further I went the less I wanted to go into the settlements, towns and cities. They had supplies. All the perishables were beyond usefulness, but the canned food and bottled drinks were all fine. None of it had killed me so far; none of it appeared to have been tainted by whatever had killed all the humans and animals.

I eventually got to the coast. Out there, as far as I could see, was the Pacific. When I got to the shore there was no beach, or if there was, I couldn't see it anymore. Where it should have been was covered. Fish, seals, sharks, whales, every marine animal it was possible to think of, they were all piled up on the shore. All dead and rotting away.

Despite my predisposition towards shunning human contact, I was growing tired of being alone now. I hadn't seen or heard a living being for months now. I couldn't help but think that I was the last living soul on the planet. I had escaped the devastation that laid the rest of the planet low. I didn't know how or why. I thought back to the redneck berating me about going into the wilderness. My stubbornness had saved my life, but was this really living now?

I blinked and I saw an image of the redneck lying on the ground, his neck now blue along with the rest of him. There would be others like me, those that were so remote to life they would have missed the catastrophe. I could try and find them, but if they were remote enough to survive, it is likely they would not want to start a community.

And so, I walked into the ocean, and I kept walking, letting it come up over my head until there was no chance of me being able to breath. My whole world went black and blinked out of existence. Just as everyone else's had.

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 two of the four books I have in progress at the moment are on there now and the others will go on there in time. The follow up to "The Talisman" – "The Magicusians" is at <https://www.goodreads.com/story/show/1253978-the-magicusians> and "The Repsuli Deception" is at <https://www.goodreads.com/story/show/1253979-the-repsuli-deception>

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>

You can also follow all my writing on the Facebook page Onetruekev which is at <https://www.facebook.com/Onetruekev-102649357993650/>

Speak to me about getting a pen, there are currently six colours available; red, black, dark green, blue, purple and orange, the apple green ones are completely out and there is one yellow one left, but is showing signs of having being carried around for a long time. In addition, speak to me about Flanagan's Running Club torches, limited stock, bright little bastards available in red or blue.

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

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