

Flanagan's Running Club – Issue 39

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 – 16th September

1620 - Pilgrims set sail from England on the Mayflower.

1959 - The first successful photocopier, the Xerox 914, is introduced in a demonstration on live television from New York City.

It's International Day for the Preservation of the Ozone Layer
National Heroes Day (Saint Kitts and Nevis)

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

Henry Hudson was one of the greatest, and most unsung, of all explorers and he was a Londoner. Today in 1609 he sailed up the river in New York that now bears his name. Hudson County, the Henry Hudson Bridge, the Hudson Strait, and the town of Hudson, New York are also named after him. So too is the huge bay, twice the size of the Baltic Sea, that he discovered the following year. His obscurity is possibly because he actually thought Hudson Bay was the Pacific Ocean and his crew got so hacked off that they cast him and his son adrift, never to be seen again.

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

The Sugarhill Gang releases their classic and ground-breaking hit, "Rapper's Delight", on Sugarhill.

Sugarhill Records owner Sylvia Robinson was looking for rappers near their New Jersey recording studio. Her son came across Henry 'Big Bank Hank' Jackson who was flipping pizzas at a local shop. Hank was managing the legendary Grandmaster Caz, who later claimed Hank borrowed his notebook filled with rhymes for the song. The lyrics back up Caz's claim of theft, as his original rapping name, Casanova Fly, is even spelled out by Hank on the classic track.

The balance of the Sugarhill Gang was Jersey's Michael 'Wonder Mike' Wright and Guy 'Master Gee' O'Brien.

The song begins with an interpolation of "Here Comes That Sound Again" by Love Deluxe, and is followed by the bass line and main groove of Chic's hit single "Good Times", both released on Atlantic that same year. The interpolations were played by the funk band Positive Force.

Chic members threatened to sue until they were added to the credits as co-songwriters and received compensation.

The fifteen-minute, ten verse song has sold more than two million copies and is credited with bringing rap music on the mainstream. on January 5th, 1980, it was the first hip-hop record to enter Billboard's Hot 100 chart, reaching #36.

Births

1924 - Lauren Bacall

1927 - Peter Falk

1971 - Amy Poehler

Deaths

1977 - Marc Bolan

1977 - Maria Callas

Number 1's

Number 1 single in 1970 - Smokey Robinson & The Miracles - Tears Of A Clown

Number 1 album in 2013 - Arctic Monkeys - AM

Number 1 compilation album in 1990 - Megabass

Top 10

The top ten in the UK singles chart on this day in 2012

Position	Last Week's Position	Title	Artist	Label	Peak Position	Weeks on Chart
1	2	HALL OF FAME	SCRIPT FT WILL I AM	EPIC / PHONOGENIC	1	2
2	New	YOU BRING ME JOY	AMELIA LILY	XENOMANIA	2	1
3	1	LET ME LOVE YOU (UNTIL YOU LEARN TO LOVE)	NE-YO	DEF JAM	1	2
4	4	WINGS	LITTLE MIX	SYCO MUSIC	1	3
5	3	BLOW ME (ONE LAST KISS)	PINK	RCA	3	2
6	11	I CRY	FLO RIDA	ATLANTIC	6	2
7	8	WE ARE NEVER EVER GETTING BACK TOGETHER	TAYLOR SWIFT	MERCURY	5	4
8	6	GOOD TIME	OWL CITY / CARLY RAE JEPSEN	INTERSCOPE / REPUBLIC	5	4
9	5	BOM BOM	SAM & THE WOMP	ONE MORE TUNE / STIFF	1	4
10	10	SOME NIGHTS	FUN	ATLANTIC / FUELED BY RAMEN	10	7

Drabble

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

Pooh Sticks

He dropped the stick from the bridge into the water. He ran across the width of the bridge in time to see the stick come through the other side, and watched it float off.

Happy days for him.

Not so much for the stickleback the stick had landed on when dropped into the water, crushed to the bed of the stream, unable to swim anymore.

Not so much for the duck that was spooked on being hit by the stick downstream and flew into the electric fence.

And definitely not for the dog that drowned trying to retrieve the stick.

Joke

With the car hood up, a man was carrying out repairs to the vehicle's engine. A tramp came along and looked to see what the man was doing.

The man explained, "Piston broke."

"Me too," sighed the tramp wearily.

Random Items

Facts

Pamela Anderson Lee is Canada's Centennial Baby, being the first baby born on the centennial anniversary of Canada's independence.

On a Canadian two-dollar bill, the flag flying over the Parliament Building is an American flag

The Main Library at Indiana University sinks over an inch every year because when it was built, engineers failed to take into account the weight of all the books that would occupy the building.

Thoughts

Why are they called "stands" when they are made for sitting?

Why is it call "after dark" when it really is "after light"?

Doesn't "expecting the unexpected" make the unexpected expected?

Words You Should Know

Irrefutable

That cannot be refuted, disproved, or denied. Usually irrefutable evidence, evidence that will prove someone's guilt or innocence beyond doubt, or an irrefutable argument, one to which there is no answer.

Popular Expressions – What They Mean And Where We Got Them

To Come A Cropper

To fall heavily, head over heels, or to fail ignominiously.

The origin probably lies in the old term for the hindquarters of a horse, the croup or crupper. If you fell from a horse in the eighteenth century, you were said to have fallen neck and crop, which came to be used colloquially to mean headlong or head over heels. So, to fall to the ground neck and crop is to 'come a cropper'.

We now use the phrase to mean 'to get into trouble' or 'to fail', rather than literally 'to fall'.

Darwin Award

Intersecting Darwins

The day before the U.S. tax filing deadline, a Memphis Darwin Award winner trying to beat a train drove across the crossing gates – only to be struck by an oncoming vehicle whose driver had the same mad plan. The occupants of one vehicle were killed, making this monumental stupidity the first instance we have witnessed of a Darwin Award winner crashing into an honourable mention. The accident happened to one side of the tracks, so the train passed by unimpeded.

What The Hygge!

hygge (n.)

ancient art of exercise and meditation practised by the Vikings before they laid waste to northern England with cashmere throws and scented candles.

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.

Fallow

Sometime in the tenth century, a collection of around 90 handwritten Anglo-Saxon riddles were collected into the back of a book known as the Codex exoniensis. Its origins are murky: we only know for certain that it was owned by Leofric, the first bishop of Exeter who died in 1072, and who donated the manuscript to his cathedral library. It is also a mystery why the riddles – which range from the whimsical to the filthy – are there at all. They are huddled at the back after pages of serious, Christian content more befitting reading matter for a man of the cloth. While most of the riddles have been solved, with answers ranging from an iceberg to a one-eyed garlic seller, a definitive answer to the fifteenth still proves elusive. It begins:

Hals is min hwit – heafod fealo

*Sidan swa some – swift ic eom on feþe ...
beadowæpen bere – me on bæce standað ...
[My neck is white, my head is fallow
And so are my sides. I am swift in my stride ...
I bear weapons of battle. On my back there is hair ...]*

Fallow is a faded, caramel-tawny colour, the tint of withered leaves or grass, and one of the oldest colour names in the English language. From the 1300s the word has been applied to farmland resting between seasons of use to replenish the soil – we still speak of fields lying fallow – but it has also been used to describe animals with coats that help them melt into their surroundings. An early debut was in 'Beowulf', where it's used to describe horses; Shakespeare mentions a 'fallow Greyhound' in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The best example, however, is the coquettishly white-rumped, dappled-bodied fallow deer, the forebears of which have been common over Europe and the Middle East for millennia. Hunting them was a favourite pastime of the Norman nobility after the conquest of England in 1066, and special parks were created to close the deer off from wolves and Britons alike. So seriously did the hunters take their sport that under William the Conqueror the punishment for killing such deer was equal to that for killing a man – even centuries later, if you were caught poaching one you might find yourself being deported.

A deer, however, is not the answer to riddle 15 – that would be too easy. This animal, the riddler tells us, walks on her toes on the grass but also burrows, 'with both hands and feet ... through the high hill' to escape the 'hateful foe' that means to kill her and her children. Guesses as to the mystery creature's identity have included badger, porcupine, hedgehog, fox, and weasel, with no one animal quite fitting exactly. The answer, it seems, may remain hidden forever, while the hunters keep on hunting.

Brewers Britain & Ireland

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

Hove

'hood-shaped hill' or 'shelter', Old English *hufe*

A town and seaside resort in East Sussex, immediately to the west of and contiguous with BRIGHTON, and since 1998 part of (and administrative centre of) the unitary authority (and, since 2000, city) of Brighton and Hove. The two names go together in many things local (the local football team, for instance, is **Brighton and Hove Albion**), and Hove has always been judged very much in the context of its next door neighbour. The impression is of a slightly starchy dowager who has seen better days, looking with some disapproval at a rakish and sometimes disreputable nephew and often, it seems, trying to pretend that they are not related at all. The apartheid is symbolized by a change in the colour of the road surface along the esplanade from black in Brighton to red in Hove (with positively no political subtext). As a resort it offers nothing more sensational than seafront gardens and boating pools, but it is also a comfortable residential town, with broad boulevards and Edwardian villas.

Hove's County Ground is headquarters of the Sussex County Cricket Club.

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.

Not Invited

I look at the half open door; or is it half closed? Would it be described as being ajar? No, it's definitely a door.

It's what is beyond the door that is catching my attention. Well not so much catching my attention, more beating my attention to death with an armoury full of weapons.

There is a party in the house. One that I have not been invited to. Such can be the life living in a shared house when you are a misanthropic ass. I don't get on with the others living in the house. Mainly because I hate other people. Yet there seems to be something about this batch of halfwits that take the biscuit. They take the cake and the whole confectionary stall as well. I stay in my room as much as possible, reading, writing, listening to music and playing infantile games on social media. They think I'm weird. I know they are.

They'll have arranged the party to try and get on my nerves. They think that filling the house with their empty-headed friends and blasting music through their tinny sounding speakers is going to annoy me. I can tune the music out, or down to a bearable level. They think because I'm old they can play Hip-Hop, thinking I won't like it. What the demented little hobgoblins don't know is, I was playing Hip-Hop at much higher volumes than this before any of the little inbreeds were born.

They made a great show of all the alcohol they had bought for the party. They must think I'm teetotal or something. I just don't drink at home. I've never been one for drinking at home alone. In a pub or club, I'll drink until it comes out of my ears. I can hear bottles and glasses clinking. The sounds of people desperately trying to show they are having a good time.

But how many of them really are? How many are forcing it? Faking that look of enjoyment because that's what people are supposed to do at parties.

There is a constant stream of people walking past the room. Queuing to go to the single toilet in the house. A couple of them have poked their head in the open door. This is despite what they will have been told by my housemates' downstairs. They are here to look at the miserable old git in his gilded cage. They retreat quickly as a baseball whizzes towards their head. I have dozens of them stacked in the drawer of my desk. Just for situations like this.

You could ask the question of why don't I shut the door? I mean I do normally when there isn't a party going on. Or why don't I go out? Well, going out would involve spending money; money that would be much more wisely spent on books or pens. And if I went out then at some point there would be a pair of horny imbeciles crashing into my space to copulate on my bed.

Not happening.

If I close the door then people will open it anyway. You know how nosy people are when at a party in someone else's house; going into every room and poking around to see what they have. Well they ain't poking around in here.

And there it goes, the first puker of the night. I can hear them praying to god on the big white telephone. Their bodies rejecting all that cheap alcohol their hosts have supplied. The smell follows them as they make their way unsteadily back to the party below.

It seems to go on for days. I know it is only hours, but I feel like I could have grown a full beard in the time it has been going on. The music has stopped. People have left to go home or to some other more happening party. Others are just strewn over the floors and furniture.

Now it is time for me to go out. But first I'll put my stereo on. Full blast. Public Enemy. I wedge a chair under my door handle and slip out of the window and down the drainpipe.

Enjoy the new party bell ends.

Leicestershire

Bishops of Leicester

The title bishop of Leicester was originally created in 679AD, when the town became the seat of the Bishopric of the Middle Angles, which was created from the See of Lichfield. The title was joined with the Bishop of Lichfield as the position was joined to the See of Lichfield from 697-737AD. The Cathedral was based on the site of St Nicholas' Church. There was an original Saxon church on the site as early as the sixth century, and the current church has fabric from the early ninth century in it.

It was restored in 737AD and continued until 877AD when Leicester became part of the Danelaw, Leicester, and then became a part of the Lincoln Diocese. When Aethelflaed reclaimed Leicester for the Anglo-Saxons it then fell into a new See created at Dorchester on Thames in Oxfordshire. This was moved to Lincoln in the reign of William the Conqueror, and remained there until 1927 when the City of Leicester was re-awarded a bishopric.

There was a suffragan bishop of the Church of England Diocese of Peterborough in the Province of Canterbury. A thousand years after it had last been used (for a diocesan Mercian bishop, 679–888) the episcopal title was resurrected as a suffragan see within the diocese of Peterborough. The suffragan Bishop of Leicester assisted the diocesan Bishop of Peterborough in overseeing the diocese.

Through reorganisation within the Church of England, the Diocese of Leicester was re-founded in 1927, and St Martin's Church became Leicester Cathedral. The present bishop's residence is Bishop's Lodge, Knighton, south Leicester.

Bishops of the original See of Leicester

679-691	Cuthwine
691-705	Wilfrid (Bishop of York but in exile from Northumbria)
709-727	Headda
727-737	Aldwine

737-764	Torthelm
764-785	Eadbeorht
785-803	Unwona
803-816	Wernbeorht
816-839	Hraethhun
839-840	Ealdred
840-888	Ceobred

Suffragan Bishops

1888-1903	Francis Thicknesse
1903-1913	Lewis Clayton
1913-1927	Norman Lang

Bishops of the Modern See of Leicester

1927-1940	Charles Bowman Bardsley
1940-1953	Guy Smith
1953-1979	Ronald Williams
1979-1991	Richard Rutt
1991-1999	Tom Butler
1999-2015	Tim Stevens
2015-2016	John Holbrook (acting Bishop)
2016-	Martyn Snow

St. Mary the Virgin, Bottesford



Bottesford stands as the most northerly village in Leicestershire on the eastern prong in the Vale of Belvoir. It is nearer to Nottingham than Leicester, and to get there from Leicester the quickest route is to follow the Fosse Way into Nottinghamshire before heading east back into Leicestershire.

The church dates from Saxon times, and there would have been a Saxon church on the location before the current building was started in 1190.

It is known as the "Lady of the Vale" (of Belvoir), and has the second highest spire on any church in the county, after Leicester Cathedral.

The church itself is one of the largest village churches in the country, and the massive spire belies its height by the fact that it is probably the only one in the country that is in perfect proportion to the tower and church. Uniquely the

spire is 36 feet taller than the tower on which it sits, but so skilfully designed it is in perfect proportion; overall the tower and spire reach a height of 210 feet. Of note are the richly carved gargoyles which decorate the outside, some of which can only be seen when standing at a distance from the church.

The current structure was started in 1190, with the chancel, tower, nave, and aisle arches dating from this time. The tower itself stands 87 feet high, and is 27 feet square with six feet thick walls. The huge nave was rebuilt during the 14th century, and in 1350 the north and south aisles were added.

During the 15th century the magnificent 123 feet high spire was added (on top of the tall tower), and the west clock was put in the tower. The vestry door dates from this time, and the north and south transepts were added. The clerestory was also added, and the font dates from this century. The south transept houses the Mareschall family chantry chapel.

The chancel was transformed into the Manners' family mausoleum. The Manners were the Earls, and now Dukes of Rutland, who live close by at Belvoir Castle. And such was the rich patronage of the church that it is full almost the bursting with memorials and monuments, to the point where during the 18th century, there was no more room for new additions. The monuments include work by Caius Gabriel Cibber and Gerard Johnson the elder. One of the Rutland tombs is famous for its inscription, which attributes a death to witchcraft by the Witches of Belvoir; the only known tomb in England to do so.

You could not see the altar from the nave due to the alabaster tombs and fine figures, so an altar was moved to the west end of the chancel so the congregation could see the priest.

On the north side of the chancel is the facade of the old organ. In 1995 this organ was purchased by the church at Willoughby-on-the Wolds and replaced by a restored T C Lewis 1905 organ, built into the north transept. The Codyngtoun Brass situated in the floor of the chancel is a fine example commemorating Henry de Codyngtoun, Rector of Bottesford who died in 1404.

The tower houses a peal of eight bells; the earliest bell was cast in 1612 the last two in 1903. In 1926 the bell frame was found to be defective. A new frame was constructed and installed sixteen feet lower to lessen the strain on the tower and improve the spread of the sound.

The pulpit is Jacobean style from the 17th century, and sits in the nave along with the magnificent brass eagle lectern (presented by the ladies of the parish in 1873) and the accompanying podium (presented by Rector Jackson in 1907). The roof was repaired in 1740, but the church remained free from the Victorian gothic reproduction craze, probably due to the fact that it would have been hard for them to have made any improvements.

Yet a number of restorations were carried out during the 19th century. The restoration in 1847–48 was carried out by the Lancaster partnership of Sharpe and Paley. This involved restoring the nave, aisles, and transepts, replacing the seating and the roofs of the aisles, removing the gallery, inserting the tower screen, adding new pinnacles, reflooring the church and replacing windows. This cost £2,235 (equivalent to £220,000 in 2018), towards which the Duke of Rutland gave £600, the Revd F. J. Norman gave £550, and a grant of £110 was received from the Incorporated Church Building Society.

In the north transept is a wall plaque recognising the life of Bishop Thomas White of Peterborough, Rector of Bottesford 1678-1685, who was one of the seven bishops committed to the tower in 1688 for petitioning against the reading in all churches an order issued by King James II the "Declaration of Indulgence".

The church is recorded in the National Heritage List for England as a designated Grade I listed building, and is the church in the county most worth visiting.

Leire

Leire is a village and civil parish in the Harborough district, in the county of Leicestershire, England. The name is thought to originate from the old British name for the river Soar, which has a tributary with a source south of the village. Present day Leire has a population of around 500, measured at 587 in the 2011 census. The village is north of Lutterworth.

On this stretch of the river, the village has two water mills: the one at the northern end being Stemborough Mill and on the southern boundary is Leire Mill.

At the time of Domesday, the number of households totalled 20. Multiplying this by five, which was the average household, it is estimated the population of Leire was approximately 100. In 1831 there were 90 houses and the population was at a high of 485. It then fell to 239 in 1901 and has since increased steadily.

Today the village possesses one village shop with Post Office and two public houses, namely the Queen's Arms and The White Horse.

Top Ten

The ten underground lines with the most stations.

Pos	Line	No of stations
1	District	59
2	Piccadilly	53
3	Northern	50
4	Central	49
5	Circle	35
6	Metropolitan	34
7	Hammersmith & City	28
8	Jubilee	27
9	Bakerloo	24
10	Victoria	16

Poetry Corner

The Winning Machine

Imagine if you can such an extraordinary machine
Of such clever machinations that you cannot fail
Its secret calculations brings the answers that it gleans
That those who so not possess it will surely cry and wail

What would you do if you had such a thing
Could you explain away why you now always win
Or would you tell everyone at the top of your voice sing
Or even have to destroy the machine, put it in the bin

If it made you rich would it make you happy
If it made others poor could you live with that
So rich that you drink too much and wear a nappy
Or look down on others like some pompous twat

Would others want to take the machine away from you
Would they change all the rules to make you lose
Could you resist the temptation to not have a clue
Could you stop using the machine and chill and snooze

But a winning machine one that could never be beat
Guaranteeing you bragging rights and golden dreams
You could lead a life of luxury, wouldn't that be neat
But you know that nothing is ever what it seems

At some point there must come a time when it stops
Wins become losses and your world's upside down
That sick feeling in your stomach now you're no longer top
And that smile on your face has turned to a frown

Yes a winning machine may sound like the best
A way to beat the odds, to become number one
But it doesn't exist and your hopes have gone west
It could attract us all but it is just a big con

Cathedral Fact Files

Cathedral	Birmingham Cathedral
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Dedicated To	St Philip		
Type	Parish Church	Architecture	Baroque
Religion	COE	Tower / Spire	1 Spire
Site Founded	1711	Height (External)	100ft
Church Founded	1711	Height (Internal)	61ft
Bishopric Founded	1905	Length	226ft
Current Bishopric Founded	1905	Width	151ft



Thirty-Three And One Third Revolutions Per Minute

Depeche Mode – Speak and Spell

Speak & Spell is the debut studio album by English electronic music band Depeche Mode. It was released on 5 October 1981 by Mute Records. It was the band's only album to feature Vince Clarke, and as a result, is much lighter in tone than their subsequent releases.

The album peaked at number 10 on the UK Albums Chart, and was ranked number 991 in the 2000 book All-Time Top 1000 Albums.

This was the only Depeche Mode album with Vince Clarke as a member. Clarke wrote most of the songs for the band, before departing to form Yazoo and later Erasure.

The album is significantly lighter in tone and melody than their later work, a direction which can largely be attributed to Clarke's writing. After he left, Martin Gore took over song writing duties, writing almost all of the band's material. Later albums written by him would explore darker subjects and melodies.

The album title alludes to the then-popular "Speak & Spell" electronic toy.

When interviewed by Simon Amstell for Channel 4's Popworld programme in 2005, Gore and Fletcher both stated that the track "What's Your Name?" was their least favourite Depeche Mode song of all time.

Upon its release, Speak & Spell was extremely well received. In a five-star review, Record Mirror praised the band's smart simplicity and noted the album offers "much to admire and little to disappoint". Reviewer Sunie commented that the band's chief skill "lies in making their art sound artless; simple synthesiser melodies, Gahan's tuneful but undramatic singing and a matter-of-fact, gimmick-free production all help achieve this unforced effect". As a whole she describes it as "a charming, cheeky collection of compulsive dance tunes". Mike Stand of Smash Hits wrote: "Synthesisers and bubblegum pop go together like tinned peaches and Carnation, hence [Depeche Mode's] hit singles – melody, uncluttered electronics and nice voices in humanising harmony." Paul Morley of the New Musical Express described the album as "generous, silly, susceptible electro-tickled pop... that despite its relentless friskiness and unprincipled cheerfulness is encouraging not exasperating", noting the music's "diverting vitality", and concluding that "Depeche Mode, apparently, could quickly move... far up and away from constructing slightly sarcastic jingles."

Paul Colbert of Melody Maker felt that the band speak with "a winning immediacy" and called the album "a wriggling giant of motivation, persuading each muscle to jump in time with the music", while at the same time criticising the presence of certain tracks such as "Nodisco" that "repeat earlier thoughts and feels without adding fresh views." Rob White, writing for the Christchurch Press, was less positive, calling the music on Speak & Spell "instantly disposable, as precious as the gladwrapped swan on the... cover", remarking that the songs "would actually blow away in the wind... if it wasn't for their ability to chance upon melody hooks that drag you along without any real protest" and ultimately calling the album "tedious".

For all versions, all songs were written by Vince Clarke, except for "Tora! Tora! Tora!" and "Big Muff" written by Martin Gore. Dave Gahan performs lead vocals on all songs except "Any Second Now [Voices]", which is sung by Martin Gore. "Big Muff" and the original version of "Any Second Now" are instrumentals.

Side one

No. - Title - Length

1. - "New Life" - 3:43. First single release from the album, reached number 11 on the UK singles chart. Covered five times.
2. - "I Sometimes Wish I Was Dead" - 2:16
3. - "Puppets" - 3:55. Covered twice.
4. - "Boys Say Go!" - 3:03
5. - "Nodisco" - 4:11. Covered three times.
6. - "What's Your Name?" - 2:41

Side two

7. - "Photographic" - 4:44. Covered nine times.
8. - "Tora! Tora! Tora!" - 4:34
9. - "Big Muff" - 4:20
10. - "Any Second Now (Voices)" - 2:35. Covered twice.
11. - "Just Can't Get Enough" - 3:40. Second single release from the album, reached number 8 on the UK singles chart. Sampled fourteen times and covered twenty-nine times.

Bonus tracks on 1988 CD re-release

12. - "Dreaming of Me" (cold-end version) - 4:03. First single release from the group, reached number 57 on the UK singles chart. Covered four times.
13. - "Ice Machine" - 4:05
14. - "Shout!" - 3:46
15. - "Any Second Now" - 3:08
16. - "Just Can't Get Enough" (Schizo mix) - 6:41

Personnel

Depeche Mode – synthetics, voices, production
Daniel Miller – production
Eric Radcliffe – engineering
John Fryer – engineering
Brian Griffin – photography

Charts

Chart - Peak position

Australian Albums (Kent Music Report) - 28
German Albums (Offizielle Top 100) - 49
New Zealand Albums (RMNZ) - 45
Swedish Albums (Sverigetopplistan) - 21
UK Albums (OCC) - 10
US Billboard 200 - 192

Certifications

Region - Certification - Certified units/sales
Germany (BVMI) - Gold - 250,000
Sweden (GLF) - Gold - 50,000
United Kingdom (BPI) - Gold - 100,000

Story Time

The Ship

Captain Caramel was bored. If ever there was a pointless job, it was this one. A captain of a ship that had no crew. One that steered itself and did everything as if by magic.

He had taken the job for the very attractive salary, but he wanted out of it now. And he had done for months. Yet he couldn't find a way out of the contract, and there were some very excruciating penalty clauses in it. He would prefer to keep all of his extremities if at all possible. So, he resisted the temptation to slink off into the crowds at whichever port the ship rocked up to that week.

It was always a week. The ship would dock on a Saturday at 10am local time at whichever port it felt like. The single passenger would disembark, and a new single passenger would get on. Then at 2pm the ship would set sail again. The passenger would rarely speak to the Captain. And many of them didn't appear to speak any English.

As far as Caramel could tell, his only function on the ship was to ensure the passenger left when the ship docked. Even if they were dead, like that time at Valparaiso. It had felt strange to just take the passenger's body down the gangplank and leave it on the quayside with their luggage. But those were his instructions.

The whole thing was weird.

The passenger for the week had the other stateroom on the ship. The one opposite the Captain's own. Yet there were rooms hidden away on the other side of the other stateroom, which he had never managed to get into. The only entrance was through the passenger stateroom, and was controlled by some access card all the passengers seemed to carry. Caramel had tried using the deceased passenger's card at Valparaiso, but he had only received an electric shock for his troubles.

On the various voyages he had walked around and measured every aspect of the ship. By his calculations there was somewhere in the region of six hundred square feet of space unaccounted for. What lay beyond the stateroom was large, but was still a complete mystery to him.

What was it that these passengers needed that was supplied by a week on this ship randomly sailing from port to port? He hadn't seen any obvious changes to the appearance of any of the passengers between them boarding and their disembarkation. (Well apart from the dead one.)

What were the passengers paying for? It couldn't be cheap. The Captain's salary alone would push the price up above that a normal cruise would be. Let alone the cost of the food, drink and other supplies that appeared for every voyage. There didn't appear to be any rhyme or reason to who the passengers were, or where the ports they were picked up from and dropped off at happened to be. Male, female, unknown; pretty much every race going; all ages, the child was the most surprising one. She couldn't have been more than eight years old, but she spent the week in her stateroom like all the others before and after her.

It was driving him mad, what was beyond that room? Caramel decided that he would get the tools to find out at the next port. He had searched the ship for anything he could use to prise his way into that space but had found no kind of tool anywhere on the ship. He was going to get a heavy-duty drill, sledgehammer, crowbar, and anything else that caught his eye.

He would use them to get through that divided wall and he would see what was in there.

When the ship docked at Mombasa, Caramel was off the ship before his passenger, almost running down the gangplank as it slid into place. He hadn't been there before. It was a teeming mass of humanity, ridiculously warm and humid, and the smells from the port and markets almost overwhelmed him. His head was pounding from the noise of the city.

It took him longer than he had expected to find somewhere that sold the hardware he required. He had been offered all sort of automatic weapons before he had managed to convey the fact that wasn't the kind of hardware he was looking for. Even when he did manage to explain that he wanted material to get through three-inch-thick steel, their first offer was some plastic explosive.

The Captain struggled back through the crowded streets to the ship. It had taken him nearly three hours, and when he got back the new passenger was already aboard. They brusquely asked him if he were the captain, and when he said yes, they said they would be in their rooms, and turned to go inside and closed the door behind them.

Caramel picked up on the fact that they had said rooms. It confirmed that there was something beyond their stateroom, and that the passengers all knew about it. He dragged his tools round to a part of the ship where he had worked out there was something hidden from him behind the steel bulkhead.

He had identified a smaller section of the steel dividing walls which he thought would be the best point of entry. It was held in place by rivets, but there were less in this section than in any of the others. He started work immediately, taking the drill he had bought and working on the rivets down one side.

By the time he had drilled out the rivets from one side of the panel he was soaking wet. Even his sweat was sweating. He could have taken off his clothes and wrung them out. He tried prying the panel open with the crowbar, but it didn't move. He tried smashing it through with the sledgehammer, again with no success. He hadn't paid any mind to the fact that he was making an inordinate amount of noise. Noise that should have attracted his passenger's attention. He hadn't noticed that the ship was underway either.

Instead he had gone back to drilling out the rivets, working on the ones at the top and bottom of the panel. When he had finished with them, he tried the sledgehammer first. The panel vibrated, but didn't move forward. He tried the

crowbar and there was some movement. There was a gap of a couple of inches. He leaned in to see what was behind it only to see a deep blackness.

He was feeling drained by now, he hadn't eaten or drunk anything, and the sweat was still pouring off his body. He could smell himself, the body odour lapping over him as he moved. Yet, he wasn't going to give up, and he set to the rivets on the remaining side of the panel.

As the final rivet came out, Caramel breathed a sigh of relief, but hadn't thought about what an unhinged panel might do once free of its bearings. The panel was heavier than he was expecting and as it fell towards him, he couldn't hold it back and it was all he could do not to become trapped underneath it. As it was the panel hit the base of his spine and propelled him forward into the bulkhead in front of him. He hit it head first and knocked himself out.

When he woke, he was strapped into a strange chair in a room he didn't recognise. A strange orange pulsing amorphous form was leaning over him. A strange noise came from the form, which eventually Caramel realised, was an attempt at speech.

"Captain, you have succumbed to your curiosity finally."

Caramel just sat blinking as his senses returned.

"You have done a lot better than your predecessors."

"What are you on about?"

"Do you not realise what has been happening here?"

"I was paid to pretend to be a captain as this ship moved around the world."

"Did you not think about what the reason for that might be?"

"Yes, it was whatever was in the hidden room."

"And what did you think that might be?"

"Drugs at first, some kind of smuggling ring, but that seemed too simple, there would have to be easier ways to do it than by moving a couple of suitcases every week."

"Did you ever look at the suitcases?"

"Not really, I moved them a couple of times, just normal suitcases."

"You didn't notice they were the same suitcases every time then."

"No, they can't have been."

"They were Captain. The suitcases never changed; they were always empty."

"How?"

"Because your passenger never changed. It has always been me."

"But you're just a blob."

"Now, that isn't very nice is it Captain Caramel. I like this form as I can relax like this. It is difficult to hold the shape of a human form for very long. And I can hold any form I like, and I like this one the best."

"So, what, you're some kind of shapeshifter?"

"Exactly."

"An alien?"

"Yes, such a derisive term you humans have."

"So why are you here, what is this ship?"

"It is an experiment. To see how long a human can go before they start asking questions of their environment. How long can they do the same thing without trying to break out of their self-imposed little box? How far will they go before curiosity overrides all their other senses?"

"I'm an experiment then?"

"Yes, you and all the others before you.

"How many have there been?"

"That doesn't matter. You will be the last. I'm not sure whether you have lasted sixty-three body changes because you are lazy, or because you are a coward, or even just greedy, wanting the money to keep rolling in. But you have confirmed that we don't want anything to do with the human race.

"You can keep the ship, always assuming you can work out how to get it going now you are in the actual control room. And you can tell as many people as you like about your encounter with "aliens" as you want. No one will believe you, not with your behaviour in the sixty-three ports you've drunk too much in and wrecked bars. There aren't many places left on the planet that won't know you by reputation now Captain."

And with that the orange shape disappeared, leaving the captain confused sat on a chair with a panel of controls in front of him. In the middle of the panel was a bottle of rum and a glass with an ice cube in it.

If he had a reputation as a drunk, then why not live up to it. If the ship crashed so be it.

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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