

Flanagan's Running Club – Issue 54

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, sit back, grab a cup of coffee (or beer or wine or whatever), and enjoy the read.

On This Day – 12th December

1901 – Guglielmo Marconi receives the first transatlantic radio signal (the letter "S" [***] in Morse Code), at Signal Hill in St John's, Newfoundland.

1988 – The Clapham Junction rail crash kills thirty-five and injures hundreds after two collisions of three commuter trains—one of the worst train crashes in the United Kingdom.

2015 – The Paris Agreement relating to United Nations Framework Convention on Climate Change is adopted.

Constitution Day (Russia)

Neutrality Day (Turkmenistan)

Thinker, Failure, Solider, Jailer. An Anthology of Great Lives in 365 Days

Antonio Ordonez, b. 1932, d. 1998

Antonio Ordonez, who died aged sixty-six, was perhaps the greatest matador of the twentieth century; certainly, he was the finest exponent of the bullfighter's art during the 1950s and 1960s, when his rivalry with Luis Miguel Dominguin was celebrated by Ernest Hemingway in his paean to machismo, 'The Dangerous Summer'.

Hemingway's admiration for Ordonez began in 1953 when he first saw him fight; in 1959 he spent most of the bullfighting season travelling with the fighter from one corrida to the next. This was the year of what Hemingway called 'the duel,' as Ordonez strove to assert his mastery over his own brother-in-law, Dominguin, who had come out of retirement to prove his continued right to the appellation Numero Uno.

While Dominguin fought in the proud and flashy manner of Seville, Ordonez belonged to the antithetical Ronda tradition, whose classical style has a melancholy edge to it. Like Manolete, he was noted for the fluency of his fighting, often drawing the bull past his body as if in slow motion.

This gave his performances an emotional charge none of his contemporaries could match; Kenneth Tyson described his talent as 'wholly lyric,' while Hemingway wrote that he 'used the cape as no one alive has ever used it.'

Day after day through the Spanish summer, the two matadors fought on the same sand, bringing bullfighting to its highest pitch for a decade. The pressure began to tell on Dominguin, though Hemingway exaggerated in describing the contest as 'the gradual destruction of one person by another.'

On 30 July, Dominguin was badly gored in Valencia when a gust of wind blew his red cape to one side. Just three weeks later, fighting before he had fully recovered, he was again severely wounded in Bilbao. But Ordonez too had been hurt, and by the time Hemingway published his account of that summer in Life magazine in 1960, their dispute had still not been resolved.

Because of the financial problems of both Ordonez and Dominguin, the two men agreed not to fight on the same bills in 1960, much to the relief of Ordonez's wife, Carmen, the sister of Dominguin. At the end of a season fighting in different rings, Dominguin had collected forty-one bulls' ears in forty-two fights, which Ordonez had been awarded a superior eighty-two ears in fifty-six fights.

Antonio Jimenez Ordonez was born on 16 February 1932 in the southern town of Ronda, where modern bullfighting first evolved in the early eighteenth century.

He made his debut in the ring in 1948, became a professional torero in 1951 and soon established a reputation as a fighter in the best classical style. When Dominguin retired from the ring, Ordonez remained to champion the best aspects of a controversial sport and in 1961 won the biggest contract in the history of the ring - £3,500 a fight for five nights in the Plaza de Toros, Madrid.

In 1966, Ordonez suffered one of his most serious injuries, when a bull caught him and left a ten-inch gash in his left thigh. Ordonez struggled to his feet to make another six passes and despatch the bull before being carried semi-conscious from the ring.

There was no doubting Ordonez's courage, although out of the ring he could be hot tempered. He was not averse to beating up a newspaper critic who gave him a bad notice or claimed that he was developing a paunch.

By the early 1980s, having fought more than 2,000 bulls, Ordonez began to dedicate his time to breeding them instead. He bought a ranch outside Ronda, where the ashes of his friend Orson Welles are buried.

The ashes of Ordonez himself were scattered at the bullring in Ronda, which he owned.

Births

1821 – Gustave Flaubert

1915 – Frank Sinatra

1962 – Tracy Austin

1969 – Fiona May

Deaths

1999 – Joseph Heller

2020 – John le Carré

#vss365

A short story in 280 characters or less, based on a prompt word on Twitter

The map was in their grandfather's possessions. It was detailed, and it was of the island of the lake they had used to visit as children. X marked the spot and so they went in search of the #treasure.

It was a disappointment as the X was a physical rock feature, not gold.

#vss365

Joke

One Monday morning a postman is walking the neighbourhood on his usual route. As he approaches one of the homes, he noticed that both cars were in the driveway. His wonder was cut short by Bob, the homeowner, coming out with a load of empty beer and spirit bottles. "Wow Bob, looks like you guys had one hell of a party last night." Bob in obvious pain replies, "Actually we had it Saturday night. This is the first time I have felt like moving since 4am Sunday morning. We had about fifteen couples from around the neighbourhood over for Christmas cheer and it got a bit wild. Hell, we got so drunk around midnight that we started playing 'who am I? The postman thinks for a moment and says, "how do you play that?" "Well, all the guys go in the bedroom, and we come out one at a time with a sheet covering us and only our "privates" showing through a hole in the sheet. Then the women try to guess who it is." The postman laughs and says, "Damn, I'm sorry I missed that." "Probably a good thing you did," Bob responds, "your name came up four or five times."

Drabble

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

Winning

"Hi, I'm here to claim my prize."

"Your prize?"

"Yes, I've spent the last six weeks either just lying-in bed or being sat in my armchair watching mindless rubbish on the TV. I haven't been out anywhere, as per the guidance, and I haven't done any exercise at all. Therefore, I'm here to claim a trophy as was stated in the government guidelines about what I'd get if I didn't move very much at all."

"It wasn't a trophy you'd get, it was all one word, atrophy, muscle wasting that comes with lack of use."

"So, no trophy then?"

Random Items

Facts

Horses and Rabbits cannot vomit

The giant squid has the largest eyes in the world

The male gypsy moth can "smell" the virgin female gypsy moth from 1.8 miles away

Thoughts

Why is a star shape so called when stars are spherical?

Why did we help France in two world wars?

Can blind people see in their dreams?

Never Eat Shredded Wheat

Weird Ways to Remember Things.

The Mohs hardness scale is used to measure how hard a mineral or rock is: essentially the harder rock will scratch a softer rock, and the following minerals are used as benchmarks for the levels 1 to 10: Talc, Gypsum, Calcite, Fluorite, Apatite, Orthoclase Feldspar, Quartz, Topaz, Corundum, Diamond.

Toronto girls Can Flirt And Other Quirky Things Can Do.

Savoir Faire

1,000+ Foreign Words and Phrases You Should Know to Sound Smart

Moccasin \ Mok-ah-sin \ (Algonquin)

A soft leather shoe without a heel.

Strumpshaw, Tincton & Giggleswick's Marvellous Map of Great British Place Names

Entries from the map of rude and odd place names of Great Britain.

Willey

A village in Warwickshire, whose name is derived, rather disappointingly, from Old English for willow-tree wood or clearing. Watch out though, there are Willeys in both Devon and Shropshire too.

Brewers Britain & Ireland

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

Huntingdon

'Huntsman's hill,' or 'Hunta's hill' (Old English huntan or Huntan possessive form of hunta 'hunter' or male personal name Hunta + dun.

A town in Cambridgeshire (before 1974 in Huntingdonshire), on the Great Ouse river, about 17 miles northwest of Cambridge. It was founded by the Anglo-Saxons, on the route of the Romans' Ermine Street, and it rapidly grew in size and prosperity as a bridging point on the Ouse. It continued to prosper in the age of coaching (it is on the Great North Road and the Cambridge to Birmingham road), and it retains many fine Georgian buildings from the period of its pre-eminence. It was once the county town of Huntingdonshire, and it remains an important centre for the surrounding fertile agricultural country.

Huntingdon lies cheek by jowl with Godmanchester to which it is connected by an old six arched bridge dating from 1332.

Oliver Cromwell (1599 – 1659) was born in Huntingdon and was educated at the grammar school here (founded 1565), as was another local boy, Samuel Pepys. Cromwell was MP for the town in the Parliament of 1628-9, a position later held from 1679-2001 by John Major (Conservative Prime Minister 1990-1997).

There are towns called Huntingdon in the USA (New York, Pennsylvania, and Tennessee) and in Canada (Quebec).

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.

Another Wrong Side Of The Bed Day

I definitely got out of bed on the wrong side that morning. Now it's well known that I'm not a morning person, and that I'm a grumpy miserable bastard until I've woken up. In fact, it has been mentioned that it would appear that I never wake up some days, such is my grumpy persona. But that morning was one of those that magnified my grumpiness to hedonistic extremes.

I'd not turned the timer back on for the heating after being away for a few days, and the shower just expelled a freezing cold spray of water over me. After hunting for a towel, I did find some warm liquid, but it wasn't what I wanted or needed. The dam cat had left a puddle by the door before she had gone out through the cat flap. Swearing vengeance on the cat I hopped back to the bathroom and rewashed my foot before clearing up her mess.

I was now late, something I hated being, and as I turned the engine on, the pale orange engine light didn't go out. The car was playing up again, and it was acting as if kangaroo fuel was in the tank rather than diesel.

I must have missed the sign on my car that said, "Please cut me up at every opportunity you inconsiderate twats." Drivers of German luxury cars who wouldn't know what indicators were for if they came out and smacked them around the head.

I just about managed to get into the car park at work in one piece, only to realise it was "smart Wednesday." The day the smart metering team had their team meetings. What an oxymoron. They were about as smart as a pile of donkey poo on the beach. And none of the halfwits could park to save their lives. They all seemed to think that the lines of the car park bays were something they had to line up under the middle of their overpriced Chelsea tractors.

Being late, and with gormless parking in full effect, it meant that there were no spaces available in the car park, so it was off to Tesco for a couple of hours to try again later.

I walked into the office to be met by my overly officious manager, tapping her watch and tutting.

"You should have been here a nine o'clock!"

"Why? What happened?" Was my flippant retort.

She glared at me as if I had grown an additional two heads before dumping a pile of files on my desk. "Deal with them." She barked as she stomped off.

I looked at the pile of files on my desk and just swept the lot of them across the desk and onto the floor beyond as I logged onto my computer. As my recalcitrant machine thought about booting up, I wandered up to the canteen to get breakfast. Only to find that they had an electrical fault and there was no hot food.

My footsteps pounded the floor back to my desk only to be met by one of the project team who was insisting that I helped them out.

So, I did.

I opened the window and pushed them out of it. They made a lovely splashing sound as they hit the stream below the window.

No one else approached my desk all morning after that.

Absolute result!

Well, until the police turned up anyway.

Leicestershire

Lord Lieutenant of Leicestershire

A lord-lieutenant is the British monarch's personal representative in each county of the United Kingdom. Historically, each lieutenant was responsible for organising the county's militia. Lieutenants were first appointed to a number of English counties by King Henry VIII in the 1540s, when the military functions of the sheriffs were handed over to them. In 1871, the lieutenant's responsibility over the local militia was removed. However, it was not until 1921 that they formally lost the right to call upon able-bodied men to fight when needed.

Lord-lieutenant is now an honorary titular position usually awarded to a retired notable person in the county.

It is their foremost duty to uphold the dignity of the Crown, and in so doing they seek to promote a spirit of co-operation and good atmosphere through the time they give to voluntary and benevolent organisations and through the interest they take in the business and social life of their counties.

The modern responsibilities of lord-lieutenants include:

- Arranging visits of members of the royal family and escorting royal visitors;
- Presenting medals and awards on behalf of the sovereign and advising on honours nominations.
- Participating in civic, voluntary, and social activities within the lieutenancy.
- Acting as liaison with local units of the Royal Navy, Royal Marines, Army, Royal Air Force, and their associated cadet forces.
- Leading the local magistracy as chairman of the Advisory Committee on Justices of the Peace; and
- Chairing the local Advisory Committee for the Appointment of the General Commissioners of Income Tax, a tribunal which hears appeals against decisions made by the HM Revenue and Customs on a variety of different tax-related matters.

As the sovereign's representative in his or her county, a lord-lieutenant remains non-political and may not hold office in any political party. They are appointed for life; although the customary age of retirement is 75 and the sovereign may remove them.

Since 1703, all Lord Lieutenants have also been Custos Rotulorum of Leicestershire.

Lord Lieutenants of Leicestershire

Henry Grey, 3rd Marquess of Dorset 1549–1551

Francis Hastings, 2nd Earl of Huntingdon 1551–1552

Henry Grey, 1st Duke of Suffolk 1552–1554

Francis Hastings, 2nd Earl of Huntingdon 1554 – 20 June 1561 jointly with

Henry Hastings, 3rd Earl of Huntingdon 1559 – 14 December 1595

George Hastings, 4th Earl of Huntingdon 2 October 1596 – 30 December 1604

Vacant

Henry Hastings, 5th Earl of Huntingdon 16 May 1607 – 1642 jointly with

Ferdinando Hastings, 6th Earl of Huntingdon 27 December 1638 – 1642

Henry Grey, 1st Earl of Stamford 1642–1645 (Parliamentary)

Interregnum

Henry Hastings, 1st Baron Loughborough 14 January 1661 – 10 January 1667

John Manners, 8th Earl of Rutland 14 February 1667 – 7 July 1677

John Manners, 9th Earl of Rutland 7 July 1677 – 11 August 1687

Theophilus Hastings, 7th Earl of Huntingdon 11 August 1687 – 6 April 1689

John Manners, 9th Earl of Rutland 6 April 1689 – 24 March 1703

Basil Feilding, 4th Earl of Denbigh 24 March 1703 – 1 July 1706

John Manners, 1st Duke of Rutland 1 July 1706 – 10 January 1711

Basil Feilding, 4th Earl of Denbigh 8 September 1711 – 3 December 1714

John Manners, 2nd Duke of Rutland 3 December 1714 – 22 February 1721

John Manners, 3rd Duke of Rutland 26 April 1721 – 29 May 1779

Charles Manners, 4th Duke of Rutland 16 July 1779 – 24 October 1787

Henry Somerset, 5th Duke of Beaufort 14 December 1787 – 21 October 1799

John Manners, 5th Duke of Rutland 21 October 1799 – 20 January 1857

Charles Manners, 6th Duke of Rutland 13 February 1857 – 3 March 1888

Richard William Penn Curzon-Howe, 3rd Earl Howe 19 June 1888 – 25 September 1900

Henry Manners, 8th Duke of Rutland 7 November 1900 – 8 May 1925

Arthur Grey Hazlerigg, 1st Baron Hazlerigg 27 July 1925 – 25 May 1949

Robert Godfrey Wolseley Bewicke-Copley, 5th Baron Cromwell 2 August 1949 – 21 October 1966

Col. Sir Robert Andrew St George Martin, KCVO 5 April 1966 – 24 April 1989

Sir Timothy Gerald Martin Brooks, KCVO 24 April 1989 – 24 February 2003

Jennifer, Lady Gretton JP 24 February 2003 – 14 June 2018
Mike Kapur OBE 14 June 2018 – present

St Peter's, Kirby Bellars



During Edward II's reign a Roger Bellar founded a college with a warden and twelve priests, in 1359 it was made conventual, for a prior and Canons of the order of St Augustine which lasted until the dissolution. There are earthworks near the church which are all that remain of the former Priory. The earthworks are scheduled as the site of Kirby Bellars priory is an unusual example of a moated religious house. The moat island will retain evidence of the priory buildings.

St Peter's is large church, due to it having been a former priory church, of thirteenth century origin with fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth century work. Restored in the late eighteenth century, in 1820, and again in the late nineteenth century. Walling is ironstone and the spire is limestone. The church is built of ironstone in the Gothic style, but no specific date of construction has been found.

The church is down a leafy lane to the north of the village in a very quiet and peaceful location. The well-worn golden ironstone tower demands your attention capped by the tall ashlar broached spire. It has three sets of lucarnes on all four sides. From the west the tower has niches and probably dates to the decorated period 1250-1350 and with the arcades are the oldest fabric. The church consists of a west tower and spire, south porch, south aisle, nave, and chancel. There was a north aisle, but this was pulled down in 1690.

The very wide south aisle dates to the early 14th century and was probably built as a chantry chapel in 1316 but the arcade to the nave is earlier. The nave is 13th century but the clerestory as normal dates to the Perpendicular period 1350-1575. The chancel also dates to the same period as the nave but has been renovated and has a modern east window by Harry Harvey of York installed in 1980. The screen dates to the Perp period at the entrance of the chancel; the font in the south aisle looks Victorian.

The northern blocked arcade the north aisle was removed in 1690. Its parish register dates from 1713.

In the south aisle an early 14th century recess with two alabaster prone effigies of c. 1360-70, a knight and a lady, almost certainly Sir Roger Beler II with one of his four wives. The church is a Grade I listed building but is usually locked.

The church was restored in 1889.

Spire repairs undertaken in 2013 following a National Lottery Heritage Fund Grants for Places of Worship grant. In 2016, an application to the Listed Places of Worship Roof Repairs scheme was unsuccessful. Repairs to the tower masonry, roofs and drainage remain urgently necessary. An unsuccessful application to the National Lottery Heritage Fund in 2018. The building has been subject to heritage crime.

The graveyard is filled with mainly slate headstones, most laid out in family groups.

Bagworth

Bagworth is a village in Leicestershire, England, 9 miles (14 km) west of Leicester. The population is included in the civil parish of Bagworth and Thornton.

There are records of the manor of Bagworth from the early 14th and early 15th centuries when it was held by the same feudal lords as the neighbouring manor of Thornton.

Bagworth Park is first recorded in 1279 under ownership of the Bishop of Durham. In 1318 Roger de Holland was given permission to fortify his property at Bagworth. It is recorded under the ownership of Matilda Lovell in 1411. The Lovell

family later sold the land to the Hastings family. Development of the site was granted to William, Lord Hastings by Edward IV in 1474 for "crenellation and emparkment of 2000 acres of land" along with the castle developments at Ashby de la Zouche and Kirby Muxloe but there is no indication of any building by Hastings on the site prior to his execution by Richard III in 1483. A later moated house was developed on the site by Sir Robert Banaster in 1616.

In 1761 Baron Maynard funded the building and endowment of a village school for Bagworth. The then Viscount Maynard had the first shaft of Bagworth Colliery sunk in 1828 and, initially, the coal was carried to Leicester by road.

In 1832 the Leicester and Swannington Railway was opened. It passed within 1/2-mile (800 m) of Bagworth and provided a railway station to serve the village at the foot of the rope-worked Bagworth Incline, and a convenient connection to the colliery at the top of the incline.

The Midland Railway took over the Leicester and Swannington in 1845 and built a gentler graded deviation line which bypassed the old incline and opened a new Bagworth railway station 1 mile (1.6 km) north of the centre of the old village in 1849. The new station was renamed Bagworth and Ellistown in 1894 to reflect the nearby colliery village that had developed since Ellistown colliery was sunk in 1873. British Railways withdrew passenger services from the line and closed the station in September 1964. The railway remains open for freight.

Bagworth Colliery was connected underground to Nailstone Colliery in 1966. There the coal was raised, washed, and transported by train back along a branch line to interchange sidings next to the site of Bagworth and Ellistown station. In 1980 the branch line from Nailstone colliery was replaced by a conveyor belt which transported the coal to a rapid loader to the north of the site of Bagworth and Ellistown station. The colliery closed in 1991 when economic reserves were exhausted, and the rapid loader was demolished.

In the 1990s BR planned to restore Leicester to Burton upon Trent Line passenger services through Bagworth as the second phase of its Ivanhoe Line project. However, after the privatisation of British Rail in 1995 this phase of the project was discontinued. In 2009 the Association of Train Operating Companies published a £49 million proposal to restore passenger services to the line that would include reopening a station at Bagworth.

Bagworth's Church of England chapel of the Holy Rood was a dependent chapel of the parish church of Saint Peter, Thornton. In 1848 Holy Rood was described as having a Saxon door and that its walls bore the date 1637. In 1873 the entire church except for the tower was rebuilt in granite with limestone dressings, with buttresses banded with red brick and blue vitrified brick.

In the 20th century the Victorian church and medieval tower suffered subsidence so in 1968 they were demolished. They were replaced with a new modern church building that is unusual in being built of CLASP prefabricated concrete panels. Holy Rood is now part of the Church of England parish of Thornton, Bagworth and Stanton, which is part of a united benefice with the parishes of Copt Oak and Markfield. By 1848 Bagworth had also a General Baptists' chapel.

Bagworth was a settlement in Domesday Book, in the hundred of Guthlaxton and the county of Leicestershire. It had a recorded population of 35 households in 1086, putting it in the largest 20% of settlements recorded in Domesday. Land of Count of Meulan: Households: 24 villagers. 3 freemen. 7 smallholders. 1 slave. Land and resources: Plough land: 7 plough lands. 2 lord's plough teams. 5 men's plough teams. Other resources: Woodland 1 * 0.5 leagues. Valuation: Annual value to lord: 4 pounds in 1086; 2 pounds when acquired by the 1086 owner. Owners: Tenant-in-chief in 1086: Count of Meulan. Lord in 1086: Ralph. Lord in 1066: Saxi (of Aylestone).

Top Ten

The ten oldest people whose ages are given in the Bible.

	Name	Age
1	Methuselah	969
2	Jared	962
3	Noah	950
4	Adam	930
5	Seth	912
6	Kenan	910
7	Enos	905
8	Mahalalel	895
9	Lamech	777
10	Shem	600

Poetry Corner

Musings In The Dark

Sat alone in the dark
With only my thoughts
Rattling around inside my empty head
I should be in bed asleep
Or at least cuddled up trying

Yet I feel so worthless
I belong alone in the dark
My pen is my only companion

I don't want to interact
I don't want to be a part of life
I stare at the racks against the wall
I should make the effort to sell it all
I won't get back what I have paid
But surely enough to be debt free

I eat too much crap
I drink too much crap
Carbonated sugar filled not alcohol
I don't care if I never drink again

Christmas is coming it fills me with dread
Could I fit in the drawer that goes under the bed
Hibernate away til the darkness has passed

Twenty twenty-five would I still be alive
The wind swirls ominously outside
Could it blow me away
Or would it just dump rain on me
And make me wetter than I already am

Musical Madness

This Day In Music

Born
1915 – Frank Sinatra
1940 – Dionne Warwick
1966 – Sinead O'Connor
Died
1985 – Ian Stewart (keyboardist with the Rolling Stones)
Event
1968 – Filming began for The Rolling Stones' "Rock And Roll Circus". As well as clowns and acrobats, John, and Yoko, The Who, Eric Clapton, and Jethro Tull all took part. The film was eventually released in 1996.

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

2000 – Xzibit releases his third album "Restless" on Loud.

Executive produced by Dr Dre, the platinum selling set featured production from a slew of all stars, including DJ Quik, Eminem, Sir Jinx, Battlecat, Rick Rock, Soopafly, Erick Sermon, Rockwilder, Mel-Man, Nottz, Scott Storch, and Thayod Ausar.

Debuting at #14 on the Billboard 200, the highly anticipated album featured the hit singles "X", which featured Snoop Dogg, "Get Your Walk On", and "Front 2 Back", as well as guest appearances by Nate Dogg, Defari, King T Butch Cassidy, Suga Free, Goldie Loc, KR's-One, Erick Sermon, J-Ro, Tash, Eminem, and Dr Dre.

Number 1's

Number 1 single in 1976 - Showaddywaddy - Under The Moon Of Love

Number 1 album in 1983 - Paul Young - No Parlez

Number 1 compilation album in 1991 - Now 20

Thirty-Three And One Third Revolutions Per Minute

Run DMC – King Of Rock

King of Rock is the second studio album by American hip hop group Run-D.M.C., released on January 21, 1985, by Profile Records. The album was produced by Russell Simmons and Larry Smith. King of Rock became the first rap album released on CD. The album saw the group adopting a more rock-influenced sound, with several tracks prominently featuring heavy guitar riffs. The song "Roots, Rap, Reggae" features Yellowman, and was one of the first hybrids of rap and dancehall.

King of Rock peaked at number 52 on the Billboard 200, and number 12 on the Top R&B/Hip Hop Albums chart. The album was first certified as Gold on June 3, 1985, before it was certified as Platinum by the RIAA on February 18, 1987. The album features four Billboard chart singles: "King of Rock", "You Talk Too Much", "Jam-Master Jammin'" and "Can You Rock It Like This". "King of Rock" peaked at number 80 on the UK Singles Chart on March 16, 1985.

King of Rock was ranked at number 44 on NME's list of the 50 Albums Released In 1985 That Still Sound Great Today. "King of Rock" featured a popular music video, which became a fan favourite on MTV. It featured Calvert DeForest, also known as Larry "Bud" Melman of NBC's Late Night with David Letterman fame. King of Rock was reissued by Arista Records in 1999 and 2003. An expanded and remastered edition was released in 2005 and contained 4 previously unreleased songs.

On their sophomore album, King of Rock, Run-D.M.C. expanded their musical palette. The album's title itself was equal parts warning, statement of purpose, and legitimate boast. The album signified the group's intentions to pull hip-hop out of the periphery and onto centre stage. It was a golden era in the evolution of contemporary music; a time and place in which hip-hop was called "rap", MTV defined "rock", and Run-D.M.C. were kings of both.

The music on the album was created by Larry Smith's group Orange Krush using the drum machine Oberheim DMX and Jam Master Jay's scratches mixed in a guitar riff. D.M.C. once commented on this fact: "People forget about Larry Smith, but Larry Smith owned hip-hop and rap. He produced our first two albums, and he produced Whodini. The rock-rap sound was Larry Smith's vision, not Rick Rubin's. Rick changed the story, but Larry was there first. Actually, me and Run were against the guitar."

The name for the album came up with Corey Robbins, co-owner of Profile Records. He said: "I don't take any credit for the song title, but I did come up with the idea of calling the album that, based on the song title, and keeping it singular. It was so outrageous then-that rappers would call themselves kings of rock, instead of kings of rap. That would've been the obvious title because they were the kings of rap. They certainly weren't considered rock – yet. Which is why it turned out to be such a cool title: it turned out to be true. They did become rock and roll, in a way; they did get played on rock radio. King of Rap or Kings of Rap would have done nothing for them. King Of Rock was outrageous."

Track listing

Side one

No. - Title - Writer(s) - Length

1. - "Rock the House" - Russell Simmons, Joseph Simmons, Larry Smith - 2:42. Samples their own song "King Of rock" and has been sampled 26 times.

2. - "King of Rock" - J. Simmons, Darryl McDaniels, L. Smith - 5:14. First single from the album, reached number 14 on the US Hot R&B/Hip-Hop songs chart. Contains the line "There's three of us, but we're not the Beatles". This wasn't written as a commentary on the fact that John Lennon was dead, but from a perspective that they really thought there were only three members in the Beatles. Yes, Ringo Starr was that irrelevant to them. Sampled 106 times and covered once.

3. - "You Talk Too Much" - Daniel Hayden, McDaniels, Jason Mizell, J. Simmons, R. Simmons, L. Smith - 5:59. Second single from the album, reached number 19 on the US Hot R&B/Hip-Hop songs chart. Had "Darryl and Joe (Krush-Groove 3)" as the B-side, and on some releases, it was listed as a double A-side. Sampled six times.

4. - "Jam-Master Jammin'" - Run-D.M.C. - 4:20. Third single from the album, reached number 53 on the US Hot R&B/Hip-Hop songs chart. Sampled Billy Squier's "The Big Beat" and sampled twice.

5. - "Roots, Rap, Reggae" (feat. Yellowman) - Run-D.M.C - 3:12.

Side two

No. - Title - Writer(s) - Length

1. - "Can You Rock It Like This" - Rick Rubin, James Smith, L. Smith - 4:30. Fourth single from the album, reached number 19 on the US Hot R&B/Hip-Hop songs chart. Sampled once and covered once.

2. - "You're Blind" - Antonio Lucien Herrera, McDaniels, R. Simmons, L. Smith - 5:31. Sampled once.

3. - "It's Not Funny" - Run-D.M.C. - 5:35. Sampled the "Singers" section of Eddie Murphy's "Delirious" stand up set.
 4. - "Darryl and Joe (Krush-Groove 3)" - McDaniels, J. Simmons, L. Smith - 6:39. Was the B-side to "You Talk Too Much", and on some releases it was listed as a double A-side. Sampled three times.

Chart positions

Chart - Peak position
 US Billboard 200 - 52
 US Top R&B/Hip-Hop Albums - 12

Certifications

Region - Certification - Certified units/sales
 United States - Platinum - 1,000,000

Top 10

The top ten in the UK singles chart on this day in 1983

Position	Last Position	Week's	Title	Artist	Label	Peak Position	Weeks on Chart
1	1		ONLY YOU	THE FLYING PICKETS	10	1	4
2	2		LOVE OF THE COMMON PEOPLE	PAUL YOUNG	CBS	2	5
3	5		MY OH MY	SLADE	RCA	3	5
4	11		VICTIMS	CULTURE CLUB	VIRGIN	4	2
5	4		HOLD ME NOW	THE THOMPSON TWINS	ARISTA	4	5
6	6		LET'S STAY TOGETHER	TINA TURNER	CAPITOL	6	5
7	9		PLEASE DON'T FALL IN LOVE	CLIFF RICHARD	EMI	7	4
8	22		TELL HER ABOUT IT	BILLY JOEL	CBS	8	2
9	8		MOVE OVER DARLING	TRACEY ULLMAN	STIFF	8	3
10	3		UPTOWN GIRL	BILLY JOEL	CBS	1	11

A Single Life

Al Wilson – The Snake

One of the first songs introduced to me as Northern Soul, and one of the main reasons I got into the scene in the first place.

"The Snake" is a song written and first recorded by civil-rights activist Oscar Brown in 1963, which became a hit single by American singer Al Wilson in 1968.

In the US, the hit version of "The Snake" was released in 1968, on Johnny Rivers' Soul City Records. (Rivers had released his own version of the song on his 1966 album ...And I Know You Wanna Dance). Wilson's single made the Top 30 on the Billboard Hot 100 in 1968, and due to exposure on the UK Northern Soul scene made the UK Singles Chart in August 1975 when reissued, reaching number 41 in September. It was re-released on Bell records and spent five weeks in the chart. The success of "The Snake" on the northern soul nightclub circuit has led to it being ranked 4 of 500 top northern soul singles and for it to appear on over 30 pop and northern soul compilation albums. The song was re-released in 1989 as a B-side to a re-release of "Just Don't Want to Be Lonely" by The Main Ingredient. Wilson's recording of "The Snake" was also featured in a Lambrini television advertisement in the UK (amongst others).

Despite finding success on the Northern Soul scene, a lot of people on it look down their noses at it (mainly because it found chart success and its commercial use - much the same as Frank Wilson's (no relation) "Do I Love You"). Which is somewhat ironic, as this inverse snobbery is exactly what they were railing against at the time this came to the fore.

Chart history

Chart - Peak position
 Canada RPM Top Singles - 38
 U.S. Billboard Hot 100 - 27
 U.S. Billboard R&B - 32

The song gained renewed attention during the campaign for the 2016 United States presidential election. Republican candidate Donald Trump read its lyrics at several campaign rallies to illustrate his position on illegal immigration, claiming that the decision to allow people claiming refugee status to enter the United States would "come back to bite us", as happened to the woman who took in the snake in the song. Songwriter Oscar Brown had seven children. His work has been characterized as "a celebration of black culture and a repudiation of racism", and suggestions have been made that the snake in the song refers to a white person. Two of his seven children asked Trump to stop using their late father's song, telling the media: "He's perversely using 'The Snake' to demonize immigrants" and that Brown "never had anything against immigrants." Despite a cease-and-desist letter, President Trump continued reciting the lyrics at rallies until at least November 2020.

It has also been suggested that the "snake" was a male and that it is biting the woman "who saved it" is a rape allegory.

Story Time

A Deadly Word

It was the first word she had ever been taught. Her mother showed her how it was written down and the shape she would need to be able to mouth it but told her it must never be spoken aloud. It had seemed a strange thing to be taught first as a small child. She had been taught many things since that first word, and she now understood the power of the word.

She had spent most of her life since her mother was killed trying to avoid the same fate, but she was now trapped by a mob in a remote village where she had taken refuge. Someone had managed to find out who she was and what she was, and her pursuers had grown in number since she had last eluded them. She had nowhere to run this time, so she would have to use the word to escape.

The pursuers would all die.

She knew the word was deadly; that fact had been drummed into her, but she had never seen it used or the aftermath of it. So, when the word left her mouth, she just wasn't prepared for the devastation that happened in front of her.

Where the mob had been there was a lake of sludge. Their bodies had turned to liquid as the soundwave from the screamed word hit them and now their watery remains formed a pool on the ground before her. She didn't want to have to walk through it, but it was the only way out, and there would be more people coming for her. Word will have got out that she was surrounded.

She ran; splashing through the damp remains of what had been people only moments before. She would need to change her boots and skirt, they would dry, but then she would have dry remains of humans on her. She shuddered at the thought of it.

As she fled the village she reflected and understood why her mother had told her why the word should never be spoken out loud, let alone screamed out as she had done. It was unfathomable to her how her body could hold so much power. And that it could be released by a single word.

She now fully comprehended exactly why they hunted her. Once, her kind had been valued by kings and emperors alike. They had been a weapon to be feared. But then the fear changed. The kings and emperors worried that they could be killed and overthrown by the very weapons they employed. At first, they had been banished, but as the generations passed the banishment was considered too lenient and so hunters had been sent out to kill them all. When they had killed her mother, they had neglected to kill her, they had other targets. Now they were back, as she was the last of her kind.

And now that she had used the power within her and killed with a single word, they would surely stop at nothing to kill her and be rid of her kind forever. If she didn't get out of the kingdom soon the problem would become insurmountable. She couldn't stay awake for the rest of her life. They didn't need to be close either; an arrow could kill her just as well as a dagger plunged into her heart.

No one would give her passage on a ship knowingly, even if they didn't know what she was, there would be descriptions circulating now, even with a disguise no captain who valued his livelihood from the king would be brave or stupid enough to take a single female on a one-way trip to another land. She would need to stowaway on a ship to escape.

As she huddled in between the crates in the hold of the ship she was stowing away in, she reflected on how she came to be in her current predicament. Her mother and a line of mothers before her had had this power, as had other family lines. As the ship pitched in the sea, she wished she had been born normal, without this terrible power her predecessors

held. That she could go about her business as a simple woman. To experience a life that involved working for a living, having a man, maybe even having children, having a house she could settle in, and not have the constant need to look over her shoulder for the next hunter to find her.

When the ship docked, she waited for the right moment and slipped off it carrying a box of supplies as any ship hand might do, before dumping it on the quayside. She couldn't feel anyone watching her, and she hadn't noticed anyone looking in her direction as she had scanned her surroundings as she put the crate down.

She wandered away from the ship and through the port, struggling to understand many of the words that were being spoken. The journey had taken a long time, she had lost count of the number of days, it being difficult to tell in her hiding place below decks whether the darkness was due to the night or just the bad weather that caused the ship to rise and fall and weave about so. She had no idea which land the ship had arrived at.

There were so many different foreign languages being spoken along the docks, many of them that she had never heard before. Occasionally she would pick up a snippet of a conversation in her own tongue, or perhaps a few words in another that she understood. She thought she would be able to hide herself here. Well, more than anything, she hoped she would.

The assassin watched her make her way through the groups of merchants and traders along the dock. He had seen what she had done at Varth. He was a cautious man and wanted none of that carnage let loose upon himself. He had nearly lost her when she slipped onto the ship. It had cost him a pretty penny to get a berth on it as well. She had hidden herself away expertly on the ship, he hadn't been able to find her hiding place in the sixteen days they had been travelling at sea. He had nearly missed her when she came onto the docks as well. If she hadn't turned her head to look around for anyone following her then he wouldn't have seen her face.

He wasn't going to lose her again. She was too dangerous to be allowed to escape.

She saw the stork sat on the roof of the inn as she entered. It was part of the reason she chose this inn. Old wife's tales told of the stork being the deliverer of new-born babies, but her mother had taught her they were an omen. It had told her that death was following her, she would be prepared for it. Although she had not seen anyone following her, the stork said that there was.

The inn would be the best place to face what was coming, she needed a place to sleep, something to eat and drink. A couple of days to arrange things, a new life, a new name, fresh clothes, and then she could be on her way; to find a town where she could live out the rest of her days in peace, and maybe get that normal life she had missed out upon.

She took her room key and left the inn. She wandered about the port; after finding the moneychangers she found the market. It was more expensive than she had been expecting, and she wondered if the moneychangers had swindled her. She had enough to buy what she needed, but it made a bigger dent in her purse than she had hoped.

He hadn't followed her into the inn; it would have been a bit too obvious. He could bide his time. It was a surprise to see her come back out without her small bag not long after she had gone in. He was about to continue following her when the lack of a bag changed his mind. She would be coming back to the inn, and he would be waiting for her.

The inn was more expensive than it looked; the fee for this job was becoming less attractive with each day that passed. He might have to resort to killing a couple of merchants for their purses before he sailed home to make this trip worthwhile. When he had signed the inn's register, he had noted the room number of the guest before him. He didn't recognise the name, but it was the only other entry that day.

Now it was a waiting game, he had easily picked the lock and entered her room. It was plain and offered little in the way of hiding places. Under the bed would be too ungainly and would lack any element of surprise. There was only the wall behind the opening door that would offer any cover. He changed the angle of the mirror so that it wouldn't reflect to where he was hiding. With his knife in his hand, he stood and waited. Waited for that moment when he would slip out from behind the door and slit the witch woman's throat.

When she arrived back at the inn there were two storks atop of the chimney. Death was getting closer. She ordered food and a drink and sat in a dark corner of the inn, and she had her meal before returning to her room.

At the door she paused, the single strand of fine hair was no longer wedged in the frame. It sat upon the floor of the hallway. She slowly turned the key and opened the door a fraction. She silently mouthed the deadly word before kicking the door open with as much strength as she could muster. The door flew open, and she heard the man's exclamation of pain as it crashed into him. A knife clattered to the floor, and she was upon him. She snatched his purse from his belt as she whispered the word "oblivimelt" into his ear.

He felt the shock of the door slamming against him and it made him drop his knife. Then he heard her whisper and felt his life end.

The storks squawked as one and flew from the chimney of the inn into the deepening dusk.

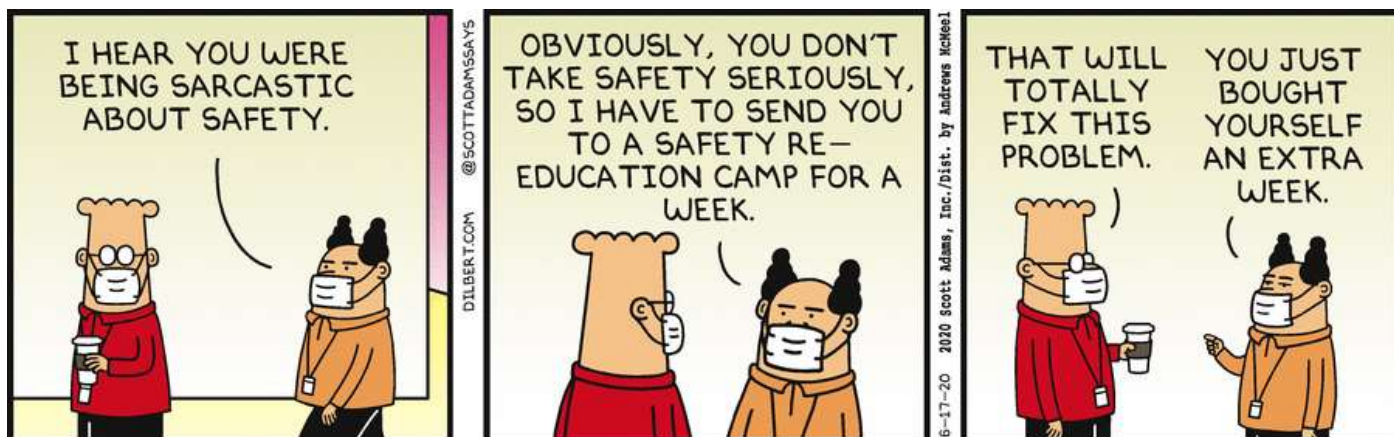
She stepped away from the puddle on the floor and closed the door. She had seen the man before; he must have followed her onto the ship. Was he the last of them, or would she keep needing to run? She couldn't stay here tonight. She changed clothes and put everything else into the new bag. She checked the wig in the mirror ensuring none of her original hair could be seen, and then put on the hat.

Once satisfied she slipped out of the window and into the evening. And although she often looked back over her shoulder, she never saw anything untoward again.

World's Greatest Cathedrals Top Trumps

<u>St. Basil's</u>	
City / Country	Moscow, Russia
Height	47.5 metres
Commenced Building	1555
Character	15
Global Fame	83
Top Trumps Rating	76
Details	Saint Basil's Cathedral's full title is the Cathedral of the Protection of Most Holy Theotokos on the Moat. The spectacular cathedral is situated on Moscow's Red Square and was built from 1555 to 1561. The cathedral used to be white, and its domes were gold to match the Kremlin. The multi-coloured decorations are a more recent addition, with the current paint scheme created in 1860.

Dilbert



Medium

Some of my blog posts were 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/@onettruekey>. A lot has gone onto this site recently, and it would be good if you are on there looking at my work if you could register and become a standard member – it's free for the basic member level, but it allows you to follow me on that site and allows for claps and comments to be made on pieces. Anything to help with profile raising is much appreciated.

UPDATE, I've now become eligible to earn on Medium as I have over 100 followers, and so recent posts are on what they call the metered site, so full members of Medium who read or like my posts generate me money, which is good. It also means I become part of their referral scheme. So, if you are not a member, and are considering [subscribing to Medium](#) if you do so through that link then you will be supporting my writing and you may also discover lots of other great writers, posts, and articles, including those I have already published [here](#).

I earned my first writing money this month \$7.46. Everyone has to start somewhere.

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.

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 now twelve colours available with some new arrivals: red, black, dark green, light blue, maroon, orange, purple, grey, bright pink, dark blue, coral, and white. In addition, speak to me about Flanagan's Running Club torches, limited stock, bright little so and sos available in red or blue. And now three colours of small leather style notepads in green, red, and black, with mini pens and various size sticky notes. Then there are the hand sanitiser bottles, 100 ml of near pure alcohol. (There really isn't a lot of anything left so get it while you can).

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

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