

# Flanagan's Running Club – Issue 60

## 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 – 23<sup>rd</sup> June

1894 – The International Olympic Committee is founded at the Sorbonne in Paris, at the initiative of Baron Pierre de Coubertin.

1969 – IBM announces that effective January 1970 it will price its software and services separately from hardware thus creating the modern software industry.

2016 – The United Kingdom votes in a referendum to leave the European Union, by 52% to 48%.

Grand Duke's Official Birthday (Luxembourg)

International Widows Day

National Day of Remembrance for Victims of Terrorism (Canada)

### A Grim Almanac of Sussex

1941 – 'All persons over 65 not engaged in essential work should be shipped to Canada and the United States.' This was one of the suggestions for improving the country's food situation made at a meeting of experts by Dr Duncan Forbes, the former medical Officer of Health for Brighton. The country was now a fortress, he said, and the deportation of 3 million people over 65 would save food. All useless animals – dogs in particular – should be destroyed. Those who fed pigeons in public gardens with grain and bread should be prosecuted. Condemned meat, if sterilised, could safely be sold for human food.

### Births

1912 – Alan Turing

1957 – Frances McDormand

1972 – Zinedine Zidane

1984 – Duffy

### Deaths

2006 – Aaron Spelling

2011 – Peter Falk

### Number 1's

Number 1 single in 1988 - Timelords - Doctorin' The Tardis

Number 1 album in 2009 - Kasabian - West Ryder Pauper Lunatic Asylum

Number 1 compilation album in 1991 - Various - The Essential Mozart

## #vss365

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

Brodie may have been born on Earth, but he hadn't been back there in nearly twenty years. He was no longer considered a #tellurian, and since he'd had his cybernetic arm fitted, he'd been actively discouraged from returning.

But the case was taking him back to the cesspit.

#vss365

## Joke

Albert Einstein arrives at a party and introduces himself to the first person he sees and asks, "What is your IQ?" to which the man answers "241." "That is wonderful!" says Albert. "We will talk about the Grand Unification Theory and the mysteries of the universe. We will have much to discuss!" Next Albert introduces himself to a woman and asks, "What is your IQ?" to which the lady answers, "144." "That is great!" says Albert. "We can discuss politics and current affairs. We will have much to discuss!" Albert then goes to another person and asks, "What is your IQ?" to which the man answers, "51." Albert ponders this for a moment, and then says, "GO COWBOYS!"

## Drabble

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

### A Deadly Kiss

She loved the bright, vibrant red lipstick that her husband bought her and wore it every day. The shade was called vermilion, but she didn't know it contained cinnabar, actual vermilion, until she started to fall ill. By the time she saw a doctor and had tests it was too late to stop the mercury poisoning from killing her.

But her husband wasn't getting away with killing her. She had taken another of the lipsticks he had bought her and had crushed bits of it into his food, the heat and colour of his favourite curries hiding it from him.

## Random Items

### Facts

The first elevator, called the Flying Chair, was erected in King Louis XV's private apartments in the Palace of Versailles in 1743. It gave him ready access to his mistress, Madame de Chateauroux, on the floor above. The Flying Chair was operated by weights.

A group of ravens is called a murder.

Africa has 11 official languages

### Thoughts

Let he who takes the plunge remember to return it by Tuesday

You can only be young once, but you can be immature for ever.

If we were intended to talk more than we hear, we'd have two mouths and only one ear.

### A Word A Day

#### **Deliquescent**

Adjective

One of those words that means something markedly different from how it sounds. One could be forgiven for assuming that deliquescent had some relationship to delightful or delicate. In fact, it has no connection to either of those words. The Latin verb delitescere, meaning 'to hide or conceal', provides the source for deliquescent. Anything that is wilfully or slyly concealed can be described with this word.

*The deliquescent nature of the report means that the full details of the investigation are unlikely to be made public.*

## 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.

### Slam

The door slammed behind me. The rest of the group jumped in surprise, but to a certain extent I was expecting something like that to happen. It would all be for effect. You come to a dilapidated mansion like this for a team building exercise, you have a certain level of expectation as to what will happen. They want to play on people's fear. It was no accident that there was leaked information about the mansion being haunted in the lead up to our visit here.

A slamming door would just be part of the theatre. As were the lights suddenly going out in this room without any windows. I tried to vision just who it was that screamed when the lights went out. My money would be on Glen. He talked a good game, but had those nervous shifty looking eyes that tried looking everywhere at once as if he was permanently checking out the best route for an escape.

I was certain it wasn't going to have been one of the two females in our group. A scary pairing they were, they would be more likely to be causing the screaming rather than doing it.

There was a dull thud, and someone said ouch. Obviously still moving about in the dark they'd walked into a wall or one of the tables I'd seen before the lights went out. I had stopped moving, for exactly that kind of reason. I didn't want to walk into anything or anybody.

Instead I was waiting for my eyes to adjust to the dark. My night vision was really good, but I wasn't picking anything up. I turned my head to look back towards the doors that had slammed behind us. I was expecting to see a crack of light somewhere there, around the frame of the doors, or through a keyhole, but there was nothing, as if the doors had been hermetically sealed.

Susan was the first to properly react. She had been the last one into the room, and now she was banging on the door we'd come through.

"What the fuck do you think you are doing you shits?"

There was no response from the other side of the doors, and I suggested feeling for the door handles only for Susan to snap back,

"What the fuck do you think I've been doing you stupid prick. There are no fucking handles. The doors are as smooth as your ugly pre-pubescent face."

"Not as rough as your tongue then eh Susie?"

"Don't call me that."

There was a snigger somewhere, and again I suspected it was Glen, which was confirmed as I heard a slap and him being told to stop fucking laughing by Mary.

"No need to hit me you fucking psycho."

Dave, our manager piped up.

"Just calm down everyone, I'm sure there is nothing to worry about. This will just be a part of the activities. Seeing how we react under certain circumstances."

Susan snorted and replied,

"Jeez, you are a fucking drip, aren't you?"

I had to laugh, it was a fair assessment of his leadership capabilities. There was another thud and mumbled curses. Stanley had tripped over. I shook my head, although no one could see me, and heard Dave wearily say,

"Seriously people, stop moving about, there's little point if we can't see, you're more likely to injure yourself or others if you keep blundering about."

It was time for an intervention of common sense.

“Whoever has their phones with them, just get them out and put the torch apps on so we can all see.”

There was a scrambling as people dived into their pockets and bags, and one by one lights came on around the room. Then the real screaming started, including my own. The lights illuminated the room OK, only to show it was full of misshapen demons.

And once the demons were illuminated, they attacked, and we were all gone in a matter of moments.

The doors opened and the lights came back on to show a room with a few tables and chairs in. There was no sign that anyone had been in the room in years. It waited patiently for the next team building group to turn up to feed the demons trapped there.

## Leicestershire

### Abbey Pumping Station

The Abbey Pumping Station is a museum of science and technology in Leicester, England, on Corporation Road, next to the National Space Centre. With four working steam-powered beam engines from its time as a sewage pumping station, it also houses exhibits for transport, public health, light and optics, toys and civil engineering.

The building was constructed in 1891 by Leicester Corporation on the north side of Leicester, alongside the River Soar, as a pumping station used to pump the town's sewage to the sewage farm at Beaumont Leys. The grand Victorian building, designed by Stockdale Harrison (Leicester architect) in 1890, houses four Arthur Woolf compound beam engines built by Gimson and Company of Leicester. The first attempt to respond to the population's sewage disposal was in 1850 when piped water made water closets possible, and Thomas Wicksteed designed and built sewers leading to a sedimentation and de-odorisation treatment works on the northern, downstream, edge of the town. Limited capacity and high costs meant that a Pail closet system continued to be used for poorer neighbourhoods.

As the town expanded so did the problems of pollution in the River Soar from the treatment works. Disposal of the Night soil from the pail closets, via railway wagons and canal barges, caused complaints of smell and pollution. A new solution was needed, and the answer was to pump everything to a Sewage farm on higher ground at Beaumont Leys. The Abbey Pumping Station replaced a smaller facility at Knighton. The pumping station was fed by two main trunk sewers, one from the East of the city that ran under Bruin Street and then under the Grand Union Canal, and another that ran along the route of Abbey Lane and then across fields.

By 1912, the 2,000 acres sewage farm and pumping capacity of up to 20 million gallons a day was insufficient to meet the needs of the growing city, with 130 miles of new sewers built since the station opened, and extensions were agreed. In 1939 a ram pump was installed, reportedly the largest of its kind in Europe at the time. The station continued pumping Leicester's sewage until 1964, when electric pumps took over, and within a few years the Wanlip Sewage Treatment plant took over and the pumping station was no longer needed.

In 1972 the building re-opened as a museum of science and technology, run by Leicestershire Museums. The huge beam engines were retained intact, and were gradually restored to full working order. It is one of a number of historic pumping stations which have been preserved. Leicester City Council became a unitary authority in 1997 and the Abbey Pumping Station is one of the museums that is within their jurisdiction.

The steam engines (see below) which drive the sewage pumps can be seen. In addition, there is combination of informative educational displays (mainly about water and sewage), an old-fashioned film theatre, and collections of artefacts and pictures ranging from domestic appliances to trams. An eclectic collection of larger items of industrial archaeology is in the grounds. This includes a narrow-gauge railway and some transport items.

The four steam engines were built in Leicester by Gimson and Company and today are rare examples of Woolf compound rotative beam engines. At the time these engines were built they were considered an old-fashioned but very well-established design. The engines are large examples. The cylinders are 30 inches (76 cm) x 69.5 inches (177 cm) and 48 inches (120 cm) x 102 inches (260 cm). The cast-iron flywheels are 21 feet (6.4 m) diameter and the beams are of plain steel plate construction and 28 feet (8.5 m) long. The engines are of 200 indicated horsepower each.

These engines are rated at 200 hp, at 12–19 rpm, of which they pumped 208,000 imperial gallons of sewage an hour (263 L/s).

All four engines have been restored back to working condition by a dedicated team of volunteers: the Leicester Museums Technology Association. It is the only engine house in the world where you can see four working examples of the same beam engine in one building.

Current projects in the engine house are the ongoing maintenance of the latest restored engine, No.1 (restored over a period of 4 years by the volunteers). The Pumping Station is normally open Daily from 11am - 4:30pm. Engines can be seen in steam at various steam days along with other steam and early internal combustion exhibits.

The Museum has a narrow-gauge railway which is normally operated by Leonard, an 0-4-0 ST 2 ft. (610 mm) narrow gauge locomotive built by W.G. Bagnall, Stafford as works number 2087 in 1918, but four diesel locomotives – two Simplex, one Lister and one Ruston – are also available if needed.

There is also a collection of vintage road vehicles which are operated on selected days. Exhibits include: several fire engines, buses (see below), an 1894 Aveling and Porter steam roller, several diesel rollers, a Bedford fish and chips van, an ex-Leicester Corporation Tramways tower wagon and an Austin K2 brewery dray lorry with ales.

1939 Leicester City Transport: AEC Renown 0664 CBC 921. Fully restored and operational.

1958 Delaine Coaches: Leyland Tiger Cub PSUC1/2 MTL 750. Fully restored and operational.

1958 Leicester City Transport: Leyland Titan PD3/1 TBC 164. Fully restored and operational.

### **All Saints, Newtown Linford**



The church dates from the 15th century and consists of a west tower with small recessed spire, nave, north aisle, north transept, south porch, chancel, organ chamber and vestry. The north transept dates from late in the 15th century and is separated from the nave by an arch. The north aisle and chancel were built by Roberts & Simpson in 1894-95. The vestry and organ chamber were added in 1915. The church is rather quaint and has white washed walls and some other items of interest. The altar woodwork and panelling are very fine and added in 1915.

The large window in the south wall is 15th century and is very attractive. The chancel beam carries the Royal Arms of George I (1714-1727) which was later updated during the reign of George III (1760-1820) by adding the royal cypher G.R.III above the central crown. On either side of the panel there is a round shield bearing the arms of the Earls of Stamford, supported on the right by a unicorn and on the left by a satyr (half man, half goat). The east window was donated in 1915 as a memorial to Lady Jane Grey and shows Christ in Glory with a company of saints at his feet. Although Lady Jane Grey was never sainted, she is depicted in the glass on the left in red holding a book. In the south wall is a war memorial window by Theodora Salusbury c. 1920. The porch was added in 1860 and the lychgate in 1921. It is a Grade II\* listed building (listed 01/06/1966), and its listing is shown below.

GV II\* Church of C14/15, enlarged C19. Granite and slate rubble stone with Swithland slate roof. W tower with recessed stone spire, nave, C19 N transept, and C19 S porch and chancel. Tower with plinth, 4 bell openings, battlements, 1706 slate sun dial and restored spire. C14/15 W window. Nave has C19 3-bay N arcade of moulded arches on octagonal piers, one arch wider to transept. Right of this arch a C15 carved head label stop.

Plain plastered nave roof with 2 tie beams visible. N aisle with 2 small Perp type windows, restored 3-light Perp window in transept with carved head label stops inside. Stone stack NE outside corner. 1915 vestry N of chancel. On S wall 2 C15 2-light windows one over S door and Perp 5-light window with transom, renewed tracery upper lights. Perp 2-light windows either side before chancel arch, c1920 stained glass in S.

C19 chancel with open common rafter roof with collar beams and struts. E window reticulated type tracery with 1915 stained glass. Pulpit 1893 and C19 font. Mason's slate ledger stone mounted on W wall and wall monument c1777. On eastern tie beam hangs late C18 3 arch screen with royal and earl's arms in gable and earl's coronets as pendant finials. The church still sits as a stand-alone parish in the Diocese of Leicester, and is well visited during the summer months when people flock to the neighbouring Bradgate Park for days out.

## Humberstone

Humberstone & Hamilton is bordered by the wards of Rushey Mead to the north, Charnwood to the east and Coleman and Thurncourt to the south. The ward borders the county of Leicestershire; in particular, the borough of Charnwood to the north and the district of Harborough to the east.

The ward comprises the suburb of Humberstone in the west, Netherhall in the southeast and Hamilton to the northeast (which makes Hamilton the most north easterly suburb of Leicester).

The ward takes its name from the historical village of Humberstone and the modern housing estate of Hamilton. The place-name 'Humberstone' is first attested in the Domesday Book of 1086, where it appears as 'Humerstane'. The name means 'Hunbeorht's stone'. The "Humber stone" is a granite monolith of unknown (perhaps glacial) origin that lies in a field in Hamilton. Until 1750 it had been fully exposed, but was then truncated and the remainder buried by a farmer. In the 1980s it was partially uncovered and made accessible to the public. It was then fenced in when the Leicester north ring road was built and had a sign erected at the site, describing the stone's history.

The village of Humberstone has been inhabited for many centuries. Part of the wall around the local St Mary's church is an original cob wall. There is also a thatched cruck cottage dating from a similar time. Most of the houses in Humberstone were built in the 1920s on land that used to be part of the estate of Humberstone Hall. Some of the gardens in the area bear testament to this as they still have parts of the century-old orchard trees in them.

Humberstone was annexed to the city in 1935. In the late 1980s and early 1990s several private gardens were sold to property developers, but a combination of local hostility and a crash in the property market resulted in the land becoming disused. It has since been taken over by the council and converted into a public garden.

The development of Humberstone Garden was based on the principles of the Garden city movement. Garden suburbs modified the principles of garden cities to allow for residential "garden suburbs" without the commercial and industrial components of the garden city. They were built on the outskirts of cities, in rural settings such as Humberstone.

The Humberstone Garden Suburb is notable because it is the only example in which a UK workers cooperative has created housing cooperative and built a housing estate for its members. The Anchor Tenants Housing Association was formed in 1887 by the workers cooperative of the Anchor Boot and Shoe Co-operative Society which was a cooperatively run boot and shoe works in Asfordby Street, Leicester. The members of the cooperative contributed a percentage of their wages and bought a plot of land just outside Leicester by the village of Humberstone and built 97 houses. The first houses were in use by 1908 and the Anchor employees were let houses by the association at a rent that was collected to cover the upkeep of the properties. The original houses were designed by George Hern in a roughcast cottage style at a density of 7 to 8 houses an acre. The suburb consists of houses in Lilac Avenue, Laburnum Road, Fern Rise, Chestnut Avenue and a part of Keyham Lane. The names of the new streets were chosen to emphasise the garden nature of the scheme.

Humberstone & Hamilton had a population of 11,893 at the 2001 census.

Until the mid-1980s Humberstone village had two pubs, The Humberstone (which still exists and which in about 1960 replaced The Plough which stood closer to the road) and The Windmill (which lay derelict until the late 1990s when it was demolished). The village is also home to two members' clubs, the Humberstone Royal British Legion and the Old Humberstone Constitutional Club.

The original public library was on Main Street - a small building on the left-hand side going down the hill which resembled a non-conformist chapel. This was eventually replaced by a public library situated next to the school, but was relocated to the car park of the nearby Hamilton Tesco Extra store in the mid-2000s.

The local golf club, Humberstone Heights, is one of the few council-run clubs in the city.

When it was built, Humberstone Garden Suburb had a bowling green, a cricket pitch, a skittle alley, a football ground, tennis courts and golf links. These facilities and the shoe factory no longer exist but the housing estate remains intact. Humberstone used to have a station on the Leicester spur of the Great Northern Railway, named Humberstone Railway Station. This was on Uppingham Road to the west of the old village. Further to the west, Humberstone Road railway station was on the Midland Main Line.

## Life's What You Make It

Excerpts from life writing.

### Is That You?

It was another boozy night out in Manchester. I'm sure I'd arranged it, a group of what ended up being about twenty of us meeting up in Scubar for cocktails and shooters before heading off to Subspace for their Northern Funk night. It must have been a big pre-planned night as a disposable camera had been bought for the occasion, ready to take blurred off kilter snaps of us all in various states of inebriation. There was no such thing as a smart phone there, so no whipping your phone out to take a photo and put it on social media. Thankfully for us really.

A great many drinks had flowed, and we had been on and off the dance floor many times, it was a good atmosphere, people had come to enjoy the Motown, soul and funk that was played on this club night. The usual naked aggression of other venues just wasn't here.

It has already got past midnight, Friday had exited, and Saturday morning had just sneaked in when one of my housemates staggered over to me and said,

"Your doppelganger is over there."

"What?"

"That bloke over there is the spitting image of you."

I looked where he was pointing, but I couldn't see it myself.

"Give me the camera." He insisted.

"Why?"

"So, I can take a picture of your doppelganger."

I was still dubious, but I gave him the camera anyway. They dragged me over to another part of the dance floor so I could get a closer look, but even so I didn't really see it. Yes, he was tall and heavy set, with short hair and a goatee, but I didn't recognise the face and there was no trace of the bleach blonde hair currently growing out on my head.

Photos were taken by my housemate, as it turned out; he took three of them, one from a few feet away, and a side view in a crowd of people. Then a second, another side view but closer, and it was just the man by himself. Then a third, and I've no idea of how they could have taken this photo, so close up to the man at a forty-five-degree angle to him, but with the flash light right in his face.

The journey home was the normal drunken one full of tales of the evening, drawn out into long stuttering sentences. It was punctuated by the usual 3am curry stop at Lal Qila. There was no mention of the doppelganger that evening, or even over the rest of the weekend. It didn't start up again until the Tuesday when I picked up the developed photos, and I start asking who the hell the random bloke is in three of the photographs.

"That's your doppelganger, don't you remember?"

"I'm still not convinced."

Although I suppose I can see the resemblance now. Even fourteen years down the line, my friend will still talk about the time we saw my doppelganger on a night out at Northern Funk, and have I still got the photos.

I do, but after all these years, my biggest question about that set of photos is just whose cleavage does that close up photo of belong to?

## Top Tens

### Random Top Ten

The ten most mentioned characters in the Lord of the Rings trilogy.

Pos	Character	Mentions
1	Frodo	1,990
2	Samwise	1,316
3	Gandalf	1,174
4	Aragorn	977
5	Pippin	736
6	Merry	577
7	Gollum	573
8	Gimli	390
9	Bilbo	367
10	Legolas	340

### Chart

The top ten in the UK singles chart on this day in 1972

Position	Last Week's Position	Title	Artist	Label	Peak Position	Weeks on Chart
1	1	VINCENT	DON MCLEAN	UNITED ARTISTS	1	7
2	3	TAKE ME BAK 'OME	SLADE	POLYDOR	2	4
3	5	ROCKIN' ROBIN	MICHAEL JACKSON	TAMLA MOTOWN	3	6
4	2	METAL GURU	T. REX	EMI	1	7
5	4	AT THE CLUB/SATURDAY NIGHT AT THE MOVIES	THE DRIFTERS	ATLANTIC	3	13
6	21	ROCK AND ROLL PARTS 1 AND 2	GARY GLITTER	BELL	6	3
7	7	CALIFORNIA MAN	THE MOVE	HARVEST	7	7
8	23	LITTLE WILLY	THE SWEET	RCA	8	3
9	10	MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB	WINGS	APPLE	9	5
10	6	LADY ELEANOR	LINDISFARNE	CHARISMA	3	7

## Poetry Corner

### Hanging By A Thread

You hang there, in mid air  
On your gossamer spun thread  
I stand here, with no fear  
Despite your size and colouring  
I look up to see to what you are attached  
And see nothing above you  
Yet, there you float on your line  
The wind buffeting you back and forth

I've never seen your type before  
Your shape, your colour, and your size set you apart  
I'm fascinated by you  
I want to take a photo



It's hard to focus the lens  
And as I click and the shutter whirrs  
The wind takes you out of shot  
All I get is random people stood far away  
And then you are back  
And I click again  
I have your image now

As if satisfied you start to climb  
Back to where I cannot see  
Your mission somehow complete, you retreat  
Your round orange body rises to the clouds  
Is that where your thread starts  
And why I haven't seen you before  
A lesser spotted cloud spider  
Returning to the sky  
Until the next time you want to be a star  
And have your picture taken

## **Thirty-Three And One Third Revolutions Per Minute**

### **ABC – The Lexicon Of Love**

The Lexicon of Love was the debut studio album by English pop band ABC. The band had formed a few years earlier as Vice Versa and released their first single as ABC "Tears Are Not Enough" in 1981. It was released in June 1982 by Neutron Records in the United Kingdom, by Mercury Records in the United States and Japan, and by Vertigo Records in Canada and Europe. The album entered the UK Albums Chart at number one (where it spent four weeks), and remained on the charts for 50 weeks. It was the fourth biggest selling album in the UK in 1982. It has been certified platinum by the British Phonographic Industry (BPI) and gold by the Recording Industry Association of America (RIAA). It features four UK top 20 singles; "Tears Are Not Enough", "Poison Arrow", "The Look of Love" and "All of My Heart".

The songs on the album were written collectively by the band, with arranger Anne Dudley given song writing credits on some tracks. Martin Fry said that the band's ambition was to fuse punk and disco, music that was more sophisticated but still had some attitude. Lyrically, the songs are all about the matters of the heart. "Most of the other people were writing about electric pylons. We wanted to hark back to Cole Porter and his ilk, but in a very modern way", Fry said. The title The Lexicon of Love originated from a headline of a live review of ABC in NME. Though Martin Fry has declined to label it a concept album, the album features repeated themes in which the singer experiences heartache as he tries and fails to have a meaningful relationship.

The majority of the album was recorded at Sarm East Studios in London, as well as at Abbey Road Studios, Townhouse Studios, RAK Studios and Good Earth Studios. The production includes both orchestral arrangements and the use of the then latest technology. The album was produced by Trevor Horn, engineered by Gary Langan and features orchestrations by Anne Dudley and Fairlight CMI programming by J. J. Jeczalik; Horn, Langan, Dudley and Jeczalik would later form the Art of Noise a year after the release of this album. Indeed, most of the production team and session players on the album would form the basis for the ZTT label, and their work with Horn meant all concerned would be in constant demand throughout the industry in years to come. The cover photo is by Gered Mankowitz.

The album was followed by a tour with the band extended to an 11-piece on stage, reaching Europe, USA and Japan. The shows at Hammersmith Odeon in November 1982 were recorded for inclusion in ABC's longform music video/film, Mantrap, featuring songs from the album was released in 1983.

### **Track listing**

All tracks are written by Martin Fry, Mark White, Stephen Singleton and David Palmer, except where noted.

#### **Side one**

No. - Title - Writer(s) - Length

1. - "Show Me" - 4:02

2. - "Poison Arrow" - Martin Fry, Mark White, Stephen Singleton, David Palmer, Mark Lickley - 3:24. Second single off the album, it reached number 6 in the UK singles chart and spent 11 weeks on the chart. The B-side was non-album track "Theme from Man-Trap". Released as a double A-side with "The Look Of Love" in America, and later on both the Old Gold and Collectables labels. Also released in America as a double A-side with "Tears Are Not Enough". Sampled three times and covered once.

3. - "Many Happy Returns" - 3:56

4. - "Tears Are Not Enough" - Fry, White, Singleton, Lickley, David Robinson - 3:31. First single off the album, it reached number 19 in the UK singles chart and spent 8 weeks on the chart. The B-side was non-album track "Alphabet Soup." Also released in America as a double A-side with "Poison Arrow".

5. - "Valentine's Day" - 3:42. Was released in Japan as a 1982 single with the B-side "The Look Of Love (Part 3)".

#### **Side two**

6. - "The Look of Love" (Part One) - Fry, White, Singleton, Palmer, Lickley - 3:26. Third single off the album, it reached number 4 in the UK singles chart and spent 14 weeks on the chart. A 1990 remix charted at number 68 and spent two weeks on the chart. The B-side was "The Look Of Love (Part 2)". Released as a double A-side with "Poison Arrow" in America, and later on both the Old Gold and Collectables labels. Live version appeared as the B-side to their 1987 single "King Without A Crown". Released as a double A-side 12" single in America in 1989 with "How To Be A Millionaire". Live version appeared on the B-side to their 1997 single "Rolling Sevens". Was sampled in five songs and was covered fifteen times.

7. - "Date Stamp" - 3:51

8. - "All of My Heart" - 5:12. Fourth single off the album, it reached number 5 in the UK singles chart and spent 8 weeks on the chart. The B-side was non-album track "Overture". Live version appeared on the B-side to their 1997 single "Rolling Sevens". Covered once.

9. - "4 Ever 2 Gether" - Fry, White, Singleton, Palmer, Anne Dudley - 5:30

10. - "The Look of Love" (Part Four) - Fry, White, Singleton, Palmer, Lickley - 1:02

#### **Personnel**

##### **ABC**

Martin Fry – lead and backing vocals

Mark White – keyboards, guitars, backing vocals (6)

Stephen Singleton – alto saxophone, tenor saxophone

Mark Lickley – bass (2, 4, 6)

David Palmer – drums, Linn LM-1 programming, percussion

David Robinson – drums on single/demo versions of "Tears Are Not Enough"

##### **Additional personnel**

Anne Dudley – keyboards, orchestrations

J. J. Jeczalik – Fairlight CMI programming

Brad Lang – bass

Luís Jardim (misspelled as "Louis Jardin" on album notes) – additional percussion

Andy Gray – trombone (4)

Kim Wear – trumpet

John Thirkell – trumpet (2, 6), flugelhorn (2, 6)

Gaynor Sadler – harp

Karen Clayton – female speaking voice (2)

Tessa Webb – female lead vocal (7)

##### **Production**

Trevor Horn – producer

Gary Langan – engineer

Howard Gray – assistant engineer

Gered Mankowitz – film photography

Paul Cox – band photography

Pete Bill – cover photography

Visible Inc. – design

Neutron Records – design

#### **Charts**

Chart - Peak position

Australian Albums - 9

Canada Top Albums/CDs - 3

Dutch Albums - 16

Finnish Albums - 1

German Albums - 23

Japanese Albums - 17

New Zealand Albums - 1

Norwegian Albums - 13

Swedish Albums - 3

UK Albums - 1

US Billboard 200 - 24

#### **Certifications**

Region - Certification - Certified units/sales

Canada - Platinum - 100,000  
New Zealand - Platinum 15,000  
United Kingdom - Platinum - 300,000  
United States - Gold - 500,000

## Story Time

### The Diner

I thought it was a mirage at first. A heat haze induced trick of the light. But as I got closer, I could see it was no trick, it was a diner. Unusually there had been none of the usual signs advertising it. None of the usual ones you see on these straight, featureless blacktops running through the scrub desert land out here in the west of the states. You know the ones, "10 miles to Sam's Diner", or "Bill's Diner, next intersection."

Yet here was the diner itself with no prelude. If I'm honest I didn't even know which state I was in right now, California, Nevada, Arizona? It all looked the same out here, not that I supposed it mattered, it was all part of the journey. And the diner was a welcome sight, I could do with the break. Stretch my legs, use the facilities, get something to eat and drink before carrying on to the coast.

The red neon signs proclaiming Zebub's Diner were like nothing I'd seen before. They not only lit up the sign at the front of the diner, but they bathed in tarmac of the parking lot and road, and large swathes of the scrubland surrounding the diner. It gave the place an eerie glow.

The second thing I noticed was how clean the place was, there was none of the expected weather beaten concrete and chrome, or peeling paint I associated with diners out in the wilds. The building looked as if it could have been completed and opened a couple of days before. I suppose that may have been the case. After all it had been nigh on twenty years since I'd driven down this particular highway.

As I approached the doors, they swooshed open automatically, and I felt the cool blast of air-conditioned air ride over me. With it came the most wonderful aromas; fresh coffee, pancakes, bacon, maple syrup, and something else sweet which I couldn't quite place.

The doors hadn't finished closing behind me when the most beautiful woman I had ever seen approached me, carrying a menu and bidding me to follow her to a table. In that moment I would have followed her anywhere.

I found myself seated on a comfortable leather seat as the vision sashayed away from the table. I didn't remember being seated, or the menu being placed on the table in front of me; I was just so captivated.

I shook my head to try and clear it enough to focus on the menu, and although I did manage to clear my head of the woman, I found my focus wandering. I looked around the diner, surprised by how large it seemed inside. I didn't recall it being this big from the outside. I thought back to the parking lot and couldn't recollect how many vehicles there were out there. I hadn't noticed any, but the diner was full of people; talking and eating, creating a general buzz of background noise.

Music was playing through speakers I couldn't see, it sounded as if it was an old Rock 'n' Roll station. There was a fifties vibe to the diner, it looked as if it belonged in a film or TV series. A fair few of the customers around the diner looked as if they were dressed from the time as well. In fact, it looked a fairly eclectic crowd, with all sorts of fashion throwbacks going on.

I managed to drag myself away from the surroundings and back to the menu. It was pretty basic, but that suited me, I'm a basic guy after all. I'd made a decision when the waitress appeared at my side without me having to catch her attention. I placed an order, but it took me some time to get the words out in the correct order. I don't think I've ever felt so tongue tied.

A stack of pancakes, maple syrup, bacon, and scrambled eggs, plus a coffee. All those wonderful smells as I'd entered the diner were incorporated into my order. As she walked away with my order written down, I decided the other sweet smell I'd picked up when the doors opened must have been the beauty's perfume.

I'm not sure how long I sat alone with my thoughts before the food arrived, but when it did turn up, I only briefly glanced at the waitress, I felt compelled to eat my food. Eating it as if I had been on hunger strike for weeks. The whole plate was gone within seconds and I washed it down with scalding hot coffee. And then sat there wondering what the hell had come over me to prompt that feeding frenzy.

The radio station caught my attention. They didn't seem to have a wide range of music to play, I was sure they had been playing the Big Bopper's "Chantilly Lace" when I'd arrived, and when it was followed again by Eddie Cochran's "Something Else", it made me wonder if they were playing things on a loop.

I looked around and the crowd seemed as it had before I ordered, no one had left, not something you'd expect in this kind of diner. People usually came in, eat and got back on the road as soon as they could. Yet none of them looked as if their food had gone down from the last time I'd looked. But they were still all eating and talking as they had been before.

Then the waitress returned to my table, and there was my food order again. I went to say something, but the sweetness of her smile seemed to melt the words in my mouth away. And then I found myself doing what I had before and consuming the food in a flash. Shovelling it in as if I'd not eaten only minutes before, yet not feeling full in doing so.

It was the fourth time the food arrived before I realised, I wasn't the only person on a loop.

Everyone was.

A wave of panic came over me, how was this happening? How could I get it to stop? And so, I went to get up, I needed to leave, get out the door and back to my car and the journey I'd broken to eat here.

And so, I tried, only to find I couldn't get up. I couldn't move my legs at all. I tried pulling them up off the floor with my arms, but they wouldn't move. It was as if they had become concrete and were now a part of the fixtures and fittings of the diner. I leant over and tried to drag myself out of the booth, but although my torso bent and moved it couldn't force the lower half of my body to join it in motion. I could eat and drink but nothing else.

I tried shouting out. I felt the words come out of my mouth and heard them reverberate inside my head, but no one acknowledged my cries. They all sat there carrying on with their meals and conversations as if nothing unusual was happening here.

Perhaps for them it was nothing unusual. It was the new normal for them. The rest of the diners had been doing this since they had arrived. That was why there were fashion victims from every decade. They'd entered this diner in their time and never left. Stuck on an eternal loop, eat, drink, talk, repeat.

I stopped trying to shout and looked down at my replenished food and set about eating it again. At least I'd ordered something tasty for my last, if never ending, meal.

The waitress came back to the table.

"I'm glad to see you've settled in now sir. If you need anything, don't worry about it, we already know what you want." And with that she gave me a wink, turned and walked away, her hips swinging more than I'd noticed any woman's hip swing before. Or would again I suppose. I never saw her again. I didn't really see anything again, it was all a blur. I'm not sure how long eternity lasts, but I would be spending it in this diner. I wouldn't be making it to the coast after all.

## **World's Greatest Cathedrals Top Trumps**

<b><u>The Cardboard Cathedral</u></b>	
City / Country	Christchurch, New Zealand
Height	24 metres
Commenced Building	2013
Character	17
Global Fame	65
Top Trumps Rating	52
Details	The Cardboard Cathedral in New Zealand was designed by the Japanese architect Shigeru Ban, who made the structure to withstand the elements, after the last church was damaged during an earthquake in 2011. Made from 98 giant cardboard tubes, the cathedral is designed to last up to 50 years.

## Chapter and Verse

A chapter from one of my completed books, works in progress, or novella length short stories.

### The Eclipse Chapter One

Marty

Marty had followed eclipses for most of his adult life; over the last thirty years he had been to every continent in the world to see full, partial and x eclipses. He had used up all of his holiday entitlements, and spent all of his money on them, and although some of them had been literal washouts due to the weather, he never felt it was a waste. The wonder of celestial bodies lining up in such a way thrilled him; it was something that he would never tire of.

Wherever he went for the eclipses, they always gave away special eclipse glasses, which were okay for the one-time users, people who just happened to be close to where the eclipse was passing that time. But Marty had his own, as did many other members of the eclipse chasing fraternity, people he saw all over the globe. The glasses had a whole range of special filters within them, fixed with solid metal frames; these beauties were built to last for a lifetime.

Many of the others that he had met over the years, from all over the world would be here today; he fully expected this to be the single biggest gathering for an eclipse event that he had ever encountered. It was going to be one of his shortest journeys for one as well, he could have stayed at home and seen this one, and the eclipse path over south east London was going to be approximately thirty miles wide, so even with its central point over the Greenwich Observatory, his flat would be in a totality area.

But there was no way he was staying at home for this one, the centre of the eclipse was going to pass right over the Greenwich Observatory, right over the Prime Meridian line for the first time in recorded history. The mathematicians, cosmologists and astronomers had calculated that it had probably happened before, twelve to thirteen thousand years ago, back towards the end of the last ice age, but no one living then really knew about the sun and the moon.

In addition to the rarity of the path crossing the meridian, all of the experts were saying that it would be the first time it had happened whilst the two moons and the planet of Mars was also in a direct line with the eclipse as well. Further out in to the solar system, they were only a small fraction of a degree out from directly lining up with the planet Neptune as well. It was going to be a momentous day, and the forums had been humming hot about it for months.

They were lucky that Greenwich Park was a decent sized open space to get people in to, but they had probably overdone the razzamatazz with the stage show, and the bands and artists playing. They had copied the yanks by lining up Bonnie Tyler to do Total Eclipse Of The Heart, to which they had added numerous acts with tenuous links to eclipses in what they performed or their names.

They had fenced off the whole park and made it ticket only, but had still managed to sell two hundred thousand of them, the promoters were going to make an absolute killing. There was probably going to be over fifty times that amount out in open spaces across London, the thirty mile swathe the full eclipse was going to be cutting across the city was going to attract watchers from the whole city, the rest of Britain, and from all around the world.

He started walking over to Greenwich from his flat in Eltham early in the morning; he planned to be there in good time as he wanted a spot as close to the Prime Meridian Monument as possible, that way he could claim to have been under the dead centre of the eclipse as it passed over the Prime Meridian.

The eclipse was going to be coming in on a parabolic path, starting its totality over Essex, and slowly curving its way across East London and The Thames, going overhead at the Meridian at 15:37 local time, before it headed off through Kent and Sussex before losing totality somewhere over the South Downs before heading off over the English Channel and hitting the French coast in Normandy.

The experts had said that the totality was going to last overhead for just over six minutes as the bodies moved through the sky, one of the longest totalities he had witnessed, and twice the average length of most. He had sorted out his specially equipped camera, modified to be able to take pictures and record videos of the direct sunlight without the tell-tale glare that ruined most shots.

As he approached the park he was surprised as just how many people had arrived already, thousands were wandering around, unable to get into Greenwich Park until they opened the gates at ten. Until one they were only going to be admitting people through the Blackheath Gate, before then opening the other gates to allow the final masses of people through for the entertainment that would be starting then.

It took Marty twenty minutes to get through the Blackheath Gate from the time it opened, the organisers obviously underestimating just how many people had been planning on getting there early. He heard a heated discussion between

some of the stewards about getting more staff down there now, and getting some of the other gates opened early. It would make sense and ease the queues, but it seemed one of them was baulking at the potential cost.

Once he got through the gate Marty walked briskly to the Prime Meridian Monument, only to find it barricaded off with a ten-yard exclusion zone around it. He recognised some of the people there, leaning on the barricade, as some of his fellow eclipsers, nodding to a couple of them as he passed them by, before stopping at a point between the monument and the old Observatory, lining himself up on the Meridian line.

He had a look around and decided that this would be the best place to make his base for the day. The sound stage was away to the right on the other side of the monument, and it was a hive of activity, people were rushing about all over the place, putting finishing touches to displays, rolling out never ending cables, testing lights and microphones. Everyone appeared to be moving purposely around the stage area, doing something that was important to the operation apart from one woman, stood in the middle of the stage, who only looked down at the clipboard she held.

Marty thought that she would probably be the person in charge, it's always likely that the higher up the food chain you were, the less movement they felt they needed to make. It was what he had found all the way through his own working life. It didn't look much fun to him either.

He looked away from the stage and set about making himself comfortable, putting his cushion on the ground, he sat on it, put his headphones back on, and pulled out his book, all he had to do now was wait for the show to start later, he was all set.

## 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/@onetruekev>. 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](#).

## 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.

There are various short story competition entries on my Reedsy prompts page at <https://blog.reedsy.com/creative-writing-prompts/author/kev-neylon/>

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/>

And also, now on LinkedIn at <https://www.linkedin.com/in/onetruekev/>

New – Just published on Paragraph Planet - <https://www.paragraphplanet.com/index.php>

Speak to me about getting a pen, there are a few colours left (not many at the moment).

E-mail any ideas or suggestions to [kev@onetruekev.co.uk](mailto:kev@onetruekev.co.uk)

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