

Flanagan's Running Club – Issue 64

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 – 23rd October

1642 – The Battle of Edgehill is the first major battle of the English Civil War.

1707 – The First Parliament of the Kingdom of Great Britain convenes.

Aviator's Day (Brazil)

Chulalongkorn Day (Thailand)

Day of the Macedonian Revolutionary Struggle (Republic of North Macedonia)

Mole Day

A Grim Almanac of Sussex

1841 – 'For several weeks past,' says the Brighton Guardian, 'an enquiry of the most searching character has been carrying on by the Magistrates of the Lewes Bench and the police under the direction of Superintendent Fagan into the circumstances of the death of a woman named Smith, an itinerant dealer in tapes, laces, children's trinkets etc., who was pursuing her vocation of Ringmer on 2nd June 1838, upwards of three years ago, and was next day found drowned in a pond near the Rectory. An open verdict of "found drowned" was returned. It had long been suspected that there had been some foul play in the mysterious affair and certain facts having come to the knowledge of the police, a man named General Washer, aged about 60 years of age, was apprehended on Monday, the 11th inst., on a charge of having murdered the poor woman.'

General Washer was a farm labourer who was arrested by later discharged. Three other village lads who, late in the evening, had had 'connexion' with Hannah Smith who had been drinking all day, were brought to trial. They were investigated and in March 1842 were found guilty of stealing her property, but the conclusion was that, still drunk, she had staggered into the pond after they had left her.

Births

1931 – Diana Dors

1940 – Pelé

1942 – Anita Roddick

1959 – "Weird Al" Yankovic

Deaths

1915 – W. G. Grace

1950 – Al Jolson

Number 1's

Number 1 single in 2005 - Arctic Monkeys - I Bet You Look Good On The Dancefloor

Number 1 album in 1977 - The Supremes - 20 Golden Greats

Number 1 compilation album in 2015 - Various - Rapper's Delight

#vss365

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

She looked around the class, finding it hard to believe that she was in school with such a bunch of sheep like fools. Yes, the teacher had told them to use their #head in all situations. But surely anyone with any sense at all wouldn't include hammering a nail in with it.

#vss365

Joke

An assistant pastor, an avid football fan, had to hear confessions on Saturday during an important Nebraska - Missouri game. When one man had finished his confession, the Father asked him, "Are you by any chance going to be around the church for a while " "Yes, Father," answered the man, "I'm painting the church, and I'll be here all afternoon." "Would you mind, then," the priest asked, "coming back in now and then and keeping me posted on the game " "Sure thing." Later, the priest slid open the confessional grille and heard, "Father my last confession was fifteen minutes ago. Since then I ain't done nothing and neither has Nebraska."

Drabble

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

The Ice

No one had ever found ice this deep beneath the surface of the planet. It was nearly two and a half miles deep under the formerly frozen tundra of Siberia. It should have been too warm for anything to be frozen that deep down.

When they got the samples back up to the surface and the makeshift town that had grown up there, they were surprised when the ice didn't melt.

Instead when the seals were taken off, the ice evaporated, and the unseen, encased microbes escaped into the atmosphere, and in doing so The Human Race's fate was sealed.

Random Items

Facts

White Out (Tippex for the non yanks) was invented by the mother of Mike Nesmith (Formerly of the Monkees)

A group of larks is called exaltation

More food is thrown out each day in the United States than is needed to feed its hungry . . . by McDonalds.

Thoughts

If you mated a bulldog and a shitzu, would it be called a bullshit?

Why does mineral water that 'has trickled through mountains for centuries' have a 'use by' date?

What do people in China call their good plates?

A Word A Day

Gabelle

Noun

In France, the gabelle was a very unpopular tax on salt that was established during the mid fourteenth century and lasted, with brief lapses and revisions, up until the end of the Second World War. The term gabelle is derived from the Italian gabella, meaning 'a duty'. Gabelle is often used as a rather fancy way of describing some particularly unfair stealth tax or duty or hidden charge, such as booking fees on concert tickets for which there seems little or no justification.

The hotel's insistence that we pay extra to use the safety deposit box in our room was clearly just a gabelle.

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.

Alex's Dreams

Alex knew he shouldn't have eaten so much of that cheese last night, his mind was now playing tricks on him, yet it all looked so real. There in front of him, dancing on the ironing board he had left set up against the wall in his bedroom, were a coffee percolator and an aardvark. He blinked rapidly and looked over at them again. They were definitely there, and they were still dancing.

Alex dragged himself off his bed and walked over to the ironing board, and put his hand out to see if his vision had any substance, and as he did the coffee percolator bit the whole of his left hand off, turned into a blender and liquidised his hand within seconds.

Alex screamed as the blood spurted from the stump that used to be his hand, and hit the aardvark. His screaming was short lived as the aardvark retaliated to being hit by spurting blood by shooting boiling hot coffee from his snout straight into Alex's wide open, screaming mouth.

Alex couldn't decide whether he needed to choke or go into shock as the liquid burned his insides as he involuntarily swallowed the red-hot liquid. He rushed to the bathroom to try and get some relief from cold water. He opened the door and stepped inside only to find that there was no relief to be found there.

His bathroom wasn't actually a bathroom any more. It had metamorphosed into a giant Venus fly trap and he was now stuck to the base of it. He looked up to see the rest of it hovering over him, it was making a strange creaking sound. He found out what that noise meant as the top snapped shut with a rush and crushed what was left of both his body, and his psyche and the lights went out for him.

Alex woke with a start gasping for breath, his left hand hurt like hell, and when he looked down at it, he found that it was caught in a mouse trap that didn't have any cheese in it. He wondered where it had come from, as he didn't have mice, and he certainly hadn't been laying any traps.

He looked up and there on his ironing board sat an open jar of Nescafe, and an open book, which as he got closer, he could see it was a dictionary, opened at the first page. Somewhat freaked out by this after his dream, he got out of bed and wandered over to his bathroom, which he thankfully found wasn't masquerading as a Venus fly trap this morning.

Alex took a deep breath and as he did so, the bee struck; flying into his mouth and stinging his tongue. Alex's mouth burned, his tongue swelled up, blocking his airway, and as he felt his consciousness slipping away from him, his last random thought was "should I cancel the milk?"

Leicestershire

Donington Grand Prix Collection

The Donington Grand Prix Collection, sometime known as the Donington Grand Prix Exhibition, was a museum of motor racing cars, based at the Donington Park motor racing circuit in Leicestershire, England. The museum closed permanently on 5 November 2018.

With five halls and over 130 exhibits, the Donington Grand Prix Collection comprises the largest exhibition of Grand Prix cars in the world. The collection contains vehicles from many forms of open-wheel, single-seater racing, but is primarily focussed on Grand Prix and Formula One machinery. The museum was formed by the late Tom Wheatcroft in March 1973 and is based on Wheatcroft's personal collection of vehicles. These include some that Wheatcroft's own motor racing team ran for drivers such as Roger Williamson and Derek Bell, although many cars exhibited are on loan from other owners. Various external collections of automobilia and motor racing ephemera have been donated to the museum over the years.

Specific attractions include the world's only complete collection of Vanwall cars, a near-complete collection of McLaren Formula One cars from the team's inception to the early 2000s, and extensive collections of Williams and BRM cars (including examples of both notorious BRM V16-powered machines as well as the H16-powered BRM P83). The collection also has examples of four different four-wheel drive Formula One cars, including an unraced Cosworth car.

Another star exhibit is the Lotus 18 with which Stirling Moss won the 1961 Monaco Grand Prix, along with Jim Clark's World Championship-winning Lotus 25. Noticeable, however, is the distinct lack of Ferrari vehicles, 3 in all, but fine examples nonetheless. First being a Ferrari 312 driven by Chris Amon, second a 312B and thirdly, a Ferrari F2000 (The particular chassis driven to victory in the 2000 Canadian Grand Prix, one of nine victories for Michael Schumacher in his maiden championship winning series with Ferrari), conversely, the establishment houses the Jordan 191 in which he made his formula 1 debut in 1991.

The 1998 Jordan 198, the most successful in Jordan's history, (the chassis being the one Damon Hill drove to victory in a 1-2 with team mate Ralf Schumacher at the 1998 Belgian Grand Prix at Spa Francorchamps) also figures. Another

interesting exhibit is an Auto Union, built from pre-war plans following the factory's destruction by Allied bombing during World War II. Wheatcroft has also supplemented the racing car collection with some additional notable cars, including a replica of the personal Bugatti Royale of Ettore Bugatti.

Augmenting the car collections are the world's largest collection of motor racing helmets; Fangio, Graham Hill, Mansell, Hunt and Alonso amongst others, a small collection of racing motorcycles, including a Daijuro Kato Honda and a Barry Sheene Heron Texaco Suzuki and a number of collections of trophies and awards gained by a selection of British drivers and riders. In addition to exhibits, the Donington Grand Prix Collection museum also incorporates a conference suite and gift shop.

The Donington Grand Prix Collection was closed briefly in late 2009 in the wake of the death of Tom Wheatcroft and Donington Ventures Leisure Ltd. entering administration. It reopened in January 2010, along with the cafe and race control offices.

The museum sold the Jim Clark Lotus 25 c.2008 to an unknown private collector. Although it is no longer on public display, it has given the car the chance to be raced on track by Damon Hill and David Coulthard. Several other Formula 1 cars have also disappeared from the museum including Jackie Stewart's 1973 championship winning Tyrrell, Lotus 72 and Ferrari F2000. These cars may have been sold in order to solve Donington's financial problems when it enlarged the circuit and attempted to host the 2012 British Grand Prix.

The Donington Collection is home to the largest exhibition (being almost comprehensive of the 1970s, 1980s and 1990s) of McLaren vehicles. Highlights of the collection include the #1 McLaren M23 driven by Formula 1 World Champion James Hunt in 1977, the McLaren MP4/14 chassis number 4, untouched after crossing the line and affirming Mika Häkkinen as 1999 Formula 1 World Champion, also, the 1993 MP4/8 driven to victory by Ayrton Senna on location at the 1993 European Grand Prix.

An MP4/4, designed by Gordon Murray carrying chassis number 3 and being the only example of said model to not win a Grand Prix stands in exhibition of the all-conquering McLaren of the 1988 Formula One season. Conversely, its lacklustre predecessor, the Steve Nichols designed MP4/3 TAG Porsche twin-turbo stands alongside it in a diachronic exhibition of McLaren creations. In addition, rarities such as a Häkkinen's MP4/13 in test livery (prior to the unveiling of their new sponsorship ahead of the 1998 season), an M14A driven by Denny Hulme and an MP4/2, the car that took Alain Prost to his first World Drivers' Championship in 1985. Alongside these lie helmets of great drivers who drove for the Woking based outfit over the years such as Senna, Prost, Lauda, Häkkinen, Berger and Coulthard.

St John the Baptist, Belton



The church is built in the Early English style and consists of a nave, clerestory, south porch, tower with spire and 3 bells, and a chancel. Each of the nave arcades have 4 arches and are supported on octagonal piers with moulded capitals. The chancel screen was restored in memory of Miss Louisa Blakeney in 1894. The chancel also has a piscina as does the east end of the aisles.

In the north aisle, there is a restored upper slab belonging to the altar tomb of Roesia de Verdun (died 1247), who founded nearby Grace Dieu Priory ("Grace Dieu" also being the name of a brook that runs through the north end of the village). The south aisle has a memorial window to Charles Thompson. The church was restored in 1850 and 1877.

The church forms part of a Benefice with St Michael & All Angels, Diseworth, St Peter & St Paul, Hathern, St Andrew's, Kegworth, St Mary The Virgin, Osgathorpe, and All Saints, Long Whatton.

It is a Grade II* listed building (listed on 07/12/1962), the listing detail is below.

Parish church. Mostly C14, with C15 clerestory and alterations to tower. Much restored C19. Random rubble stone with ashlar tower, spire and clerestory. Lead roofs. West tower, nave, aisles, south porch, chancel. In Decorated style. West tower is of 3 stages with tall octagonal spire. Moulded plinth and C15 parapet with crocketed corner finials. Diagonal offset buttresses with gables. Spire has 3 tiers of lucarnes, the lower tiers with 2-light tracery, and small east door. Bell-chamber has tall C15 2-light openings with tracery and transoms. Cusped ogee single lights to mid stage; ogee slits to south west stairs; 2-light west window with restored tracery, over small C19 door with Caernarvon arch.

Remainder of church has moulded plinths, battlemented parapets, gabled buttresses and restored window tracery. C15 clerestory is of 4 bays and has 2-light rectangular windows with ogee tracery. North aisle has windows with reticulated tracery, 2-light to north and west, 3-light to east. 2 of the 3 north windows have square heads; others are arched. North door in moulded arch with ogee hood and finial. South aisle has windows with cusped intersecting tracery, 3-light to west, 3 2-light to south, one with square head. East end of aisle has early C16 window with 5 arched lights in shallow arched surround with heraldic tablet above. Medieval board and stud south door in restored double-chamfered arch. C19 gabled south porch with moulded arch and ogee side lights. Chancel has 2-light traceried windows with arched heads in east bay another 2-light window with square head to south, and a cusped ogee light to north. Large C19 east window of 5 traceried lights in 4-centred arch. Small south door in moulded arch with restored hood.

INTERIOR is much restored. Tower-arch is triple-chamfered and dies into jambs. Nave has 4-bay arcades of double-chamfered arches on octagonal piers with moulded capitals. One capital at SE end has carved figures. Nave retains C15 roof with moulded beams and arch-braces to moulded corbel posts. Carved stone angel corbels are restored. North aisle roof is also C15, with moulded beams and carved head corbels. South aisle has C19-C20 roof, and arched piscina with bowl on pilaster. Moulded chancel arch. C20 chancel roof in C15 style. Aumbry in north wall, triple-arched piscina in south wall.

FITTINGS: C15 chancel screen with traceried panels, restored 1894; chair in chancel dated 1781; chest in north aisle dated BELTON 1787 in studs on lid; bowl-shaped font on octagonal base, either C19-C20 or very heavily restored. Other fittings are C19 and include stone pulpit with carved figures in arches, carved stone reredos, and encaustic tiles on east wall.

Fine MONUMENT to Roesia de Verdun, dated 1248, foundress of Grace Dieu Priory. Heavily restored and mounted on new base 1912. Recumbent carved effigy, wearing a wimple, with cusped canopy on shafts. Sides of canopy are carved with kneeling figures of nuns and the scene of Christ's baptism. Base also has carved scene, probably that of the 2 Maries at Christ's tomb.

Shangton

Shangton is a parish and small village near Tur Langton in Leicestershire, England, and part of Harborough district.

The parish of Shangton is situated ten miles southeast of Leicester and six miles north of Market Harborough. Hardwick formed part of the parish and probably lay in the area north of the Gartree road and east of the road from Melton Mowbray to Market Harborough. The area of the parish is 1,268 a.

The village lies in a valley at the foot of a spur formed by two streams which meet south-east of the village to flow into a tributary of the Welland. Shangton, from Old English scanca, a shank or leg, derives its name from this spur. The land rises from 300 ft. in the south-east to 500 ft. in the northwest. The ground is hilly and the soil mostly clay, but there is some gravel and several gravel pits were worked in the late 19th century. The land is chiefly under pasture.

The parish is crossed by the road running north to south from Melton Mowbray to Market Harborough, and by the Gartree road, which in 1961 was only a rough track to the south-east of its intersection with the Melton Mowbray road. Near the point of intersection is the former meeting-place of the hundred of Gartree. The Gartree road crosses a bridge over the tributary of the Welland into Stonton Wyville parish.

Shangton village itself lies at the junction of two minor roads which form a triangle on the west side of the Melton Mowbray road. Other secondary roads form parts of the southern and northern parish boundaries. The parish boundary is formed by the tributary of the Welland in the south-east and a minor stream in the north-east.

The former manor-house was pulled down in 1836 and a farm-house was built on the site in 1837 by Sir Justinian Isham. The present house, known as the Old Hall, is of two stories and is built of ironstone ashlar with limestone dressings and a slate roof. Materials from the former house, including the 17th-century windows, have been re-used and one fire-place incorporates ovolo-moulded mullions.

Remains of the old forecourt walls and a 17th-century stone gateway are still standing, the latter consisting of a semi-circular arch with a large keystone. Some fragments of masonry, stacked nearby, include crocketed pinnacles and a

stone inscribed 'S.I. [sham] 1669'. To the north-east of the house near the stream is what appears to be part of a moated area, perhaps of medieval origin.

The road leading south from the village to join the road from Market Harborough to Melton Mowbray was evidently the main approach to the former hall. At its southern end it consists of a broad avenue of ancient wych elms but further north it has been diverted to the west of the hall grounds. An overgrown length of the old drive with a large levelled area beside it are still visible to the south of the stone archway. The 19th-century farm buildings stand north of the hall; one barn is dated 1854 with the initials C.E.I.

The church and former Rectory are on the west side of the southern approach road. The Rectory, now known as the Manor House, was built in 1841 and is a large brick house, irregular in plan, with a slate roof and widely projecting eaves. The road forming the north side of the triangle referred to above is continued westwards as a short cul-de-sac, on which stand the few cottages which constitute the village.

They are mostly of red and blue brick and were built or reconstructed in the middle of the 19th century. An altered row of older ironstone cottages bears a tablet of 1869 with the initials C.E.I. Another pair is dated 1857. A cottage on the north side of the road was used as a school in the late 19th century. The outlying farms in the north of the parish, including Shangton Grange and Shangton Lodge, are of 19th-century date.

Shangton has always been a small village. There were 13 inhabitants recorded in 1086. By 1377 there were 73 taxpayers, but fewer than 10 households in 1428. There were 17 households in 1563 and 69 communicants in 1603, but the population again declined: There were 11 households in 1670 and 26 communicants in 1676.

There were only 7 families in the early 18th century, and 7 houses in 1879. The population in 1801 was 34. Apart from a slight decline in the 1820's and 1830's there was a steady rise to the maximum, 101, in 1871. In the 20th century the population has fluctuated between 42 and 58; in 1951 it was 46. There is no evidence that there was ever a village of Hardwick, and only Shangton Grange now stands in that part of the parish.

Life's What You Make It

Excerpts from life writing.

Daytrip to Cleethorpes

Godfrey and John had got to Kev's house just after seven. The three of them, along with Kev's younger brother Larry were on day four of their week of travels around the centre of the country. They had got a week's child explorer ticket for all trains around the Midlands area. So far, they had been to Lincoln, Peterborough and New Mills. Today they were planning on trying to get to Cleethorpes and back, the furthest pint on the network map the ticket allowed, and probably the most awkward to get to.

The four of them got the bus through town and got to Leicester train station just before eight. Their first train was at five past eight to take them on the first leg of their journey, to Nottingham. The station was busy with people coming and going, getting themselves to work. They flashed their passes at the gate and wandered down to platform two. It was a local train and the little DMU (diesel multiple unit) ground to a halt and a host of miserable looking people got off the train, and the four of them got on and found seats near each other, unable to get four together.

The engine's whine started up again and they were off. The journey through the north of Leicester took them past one of their regular stomping grounds, the fields at the top end of Rushey Mead, where they often played on and around the train tracks. Despite it being the summer holidays, there were no kids out on the fields yet, too early for most of them.

The train pulled in to its only stop on the journey, Loughborough. Every time they stopped at Loughborough, they had the same joke, "Don't get swept off the train", due to the BRUSH engineering works that straddled the east side of the station. The train filled up, and the four of them gave up their seats to let the adults sit down. There wasn't a lot of chatter; they were all still feeling their way into the day.

At Nottingham they jumped off and went to the boards to check where their next train was due to go from. They'd done this part of the journey on Monday, and were just checking that the Lincoln train was going from the same platform this morning that it had on Monday. It was, and another DMU sat there waiting for its passengers. They managed to get a set of six seats together and got ready for the journey. The pack of playing cards came out ready for when they got going. They'd agreed this would be a cards day; they had been playing top trumps the rest of the week and wanted a change.

They didn't look out of the windows much on this leg of the journey, it was going over old ground, and the train terminated at Lincoln, so they wouldn't need to look out for the station. The scenery flew past unwatched, and it didn't seem like any time at all until they were pulling into Lincoln St. Marks. However, the train was late, and they had missed their

planned train to Cleethorpes by a couple of minutes. There was just over an hour to wait for the next one, which they spent as the only people in the waiting room, carrying on with their card games.

When the Cleethorpes train did arrive, they were already on the platform raring to go. The train was a class 40 with proper old-style carriages with the corridor down one side and separate compartments. They found an empty one in the second to last carriage and piled in.

The journey seemed slow and they spent a lot of the time with the window in their compartment pulled down as far as it would go, taking turns hanging out the window as the fields and villages sauntered by as the train wound its way through the North Lincolnshire countryside. The train had only just left Grimsby station for the last little part of the journey and made its way across the level crossing outside the station when it stopped again.

It just sat there for ages, and no one seemed to know why. The guard wandered up and down the train saying it was just a temporary stop, but didn't know the reason why. There was a lot of muttering from the few other passengers on the train, asking why "if we can't go forward, can't you at least reverse back into Grimsby station and let us get a bus or taxi?" Someone made a break for it, opening their compartment door, dropping to the tracks and running back to the level crossing and out to freedom.

The four of them discussed it, but Godfrey was firm in saying not to. His dad worked for British Rail, and he couldn't afford to be caught doing it, and didn't want to take the risk. The train sat in the same place for what seemed an age, teasing them with being so close to a station, but so far away, before suddenly there was movement. The train wound through the built-up area, at some point moving through the unseen border between the two towns before pulling into Cleethorpes station, the end of the line.

What should have been over two hours in Cleethorpes would now be less than twenty minutes if they were to get home by the agreed time. The four of them ran down the platform and out of the station, emerging on to the sea front. They crossed the road and up to the short pier, the mass of sand seeming to stretch out for miles in front of them. The tide being out, and the sand flats made it look like they were at Skegness – the one place they had all been strictly forbidden from going on their week of travels.

They made it to the end of the pier and got ice creams and candy floss before running like crazy children back to the station and back on to the same train they had come in on ready for the journey back home to Leicester.

Top Tens

Random Top Ten

The first ten number ones, whether singles or albums, for Paul Weller.

No	Artist	Title	Format	Date
1	The Jam	Going Underground / Dreams Of Children	Single	22/03/1980
2	The Jam	Start	Single	30/08/1980
3	The Jam	Town Called Malice / Precious	Single	13/02/1982
4	The Jam	The Gift	Album	20/03/1982
5	The Jam	Beat Surrender	Single	04/12/1982
6	Style Council	Our Favourite Shop	Album	08/06/1985
7	Paul Weller	Stanley Road	Album	27/08/1995
8	Paul Weller	Illumination	Album	28/09/2002
9	Paul Weller	22 Dreams	Album	14/06/2008
10	Paul Weller	Sonik Kicks	Album	31/03/2012

Chart

The top ten in the UK singles chart on this day in 1996

Position	Last Week's Position	Title	Artist	Label	Peak Position	Weeks on Chart
1	New	SAY YOU'LL BE THERE	SPICE GIRLS	VIRGIN	1	1
2	1	WORDS	BOYZONE	POLYDOR	1	2
3	Re	INSOMNIA	FAITHLESS	CHEEKY	3	3
4	New	FLYING	CAST	POLYDOR	4	1
5	3	IT'S ALL COMING BACK TO ME NOW	CELINE DION	EPIC	3	4
6	6	YOU'RE GORGEOUS	BABYBIRD	ECHO	3	3
7	2	BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S	DEEP BLUE SOMETHING	INTERSCOPE	1	8
8	New	BEAUTIFUL ONES	SUEDE	NUDE	8	1
9	7	I LOVE YOU ALWAYS FOREVER	DONNA LEWIS	ATLANTIC	5	8
10	5	ROTTERDAM	BEAUTIFUL SOUTH	GO! DISCS	5	3

Poetry Corner

Waiting



I sit, I wait, I contemplate
I sit on a rattan chair, in the open air
It is fresh, or maybe it is cold
I feel it more as I get old

And the view is wonderful
Even with the mass of grey clouds
Little rays of light break through
White against the grey oppression

The green rolling hills meet the sky
But beyond them I see the sea
And little bright reflections on its surface
From the pinpricks of sun fighting the gloom

In front of me the world is still
The trees don't submit to the breeze
I breathe deeply, there is a faint taste of salt
I close my eyes, I feel at ease
Yet behind me there is activity
The medical centre had constant motion
No silence, many people talking at once
Treatments and tests, healing, and outcomes

I sit, I wait, none of this for myself
Perhaps I should be contemplating my own health

But I am here for the one I love
As beautiful as the scene before me

A battery of tests, all of them routine
Well, that is my hope, hers as well
Once all is done, I will see her face
And with joy and sorrow we will leave this place

Thirty-Three And One Third Revolutions Per Minute

LL Cool J – Bigger And Deffer (BAD)

Bigger and Deffer (abbreviated as BAD on the album cover) was the second studio album by American rapper LL Cool J, released on May 29, 1987 by Def Jam Recordings and Columbia Records. It features the hit single "I'm Bad", and the first commercially successful "rap ballad", "I Need Love". It also contains the track "Go Cut Creator Go", which paid homage to his DJ. Other tracks like "Kanday", "The Do Wop", "My Rhyme Ain't Done", "The Breakthrough", and "The Bristol Hotel" were also popular with fans, and helped make the album a hip-hop classic. With over two million copies sold in the United States alone, it stands as one of LL Cool J's biggest career albums. Bigger And Deffer dominated the summer of 1987, spending 11 weeks at number one on the Billboard Top R&B/Hip-Hop Albums chart while also reaching number 3 on the Billboard 200 pop albums chart.

In 1998, the album was selected as one of The Source's 100 Best Rap Albums. The cover photo was taken in front of Andrew Jackson High School in Queens (from which he dropped out), while standing on the hood of his Audi 5000, and the back cover was shot in his grandmother's basement (his residence at the time). Both images were shot by Glen E. Friedman.

The album reached number 54 on the UK album chart and spent 19 weeks on the chart. Neither of which sound great, but for Hip-Hop albums in the UK in 1987, it was a good performance. I bought the album and played it a lot. The single "I Need Love" hit the top ten, and got a lot of airplay, but I never really took to it, and much preferred the harder sound on tracks such as "I'm Bad" and "Go Cut Creator Go", and the comedic elements on "The Bristol Hotel" and "My Rhyme Ain't Done". Side 1 got a lot more spins than side 2 did.

Track listing

All tracks written and produced by LL Cool J and L.A. Posse, except where noted.

Side 1

No. - Title - Writer(s) - Producer(s) - Length

1. - "I'm Bad" - James Todd Smith, Bobby Ervin, Darryl Pierce - 4:39. First single from the album, reached number 71 on the UK singles chart, spending 6 weeks on the chart. The B-side was "Get Down". Has been sampled fifty-nine times, and covered twice. Includes samples of Rhythm Heritage's "Them From S.W.A.T.", The Theme to "Courageous Cat And Minute Mouse", 7th Wonder's "Daisy Lady, and his own "Rock The Bells".
2. - "Kanday" - Smith, Erving, Pierce - 3:59. Was the B-Side of the single release of "Go Cut Creator Go". Has been sampled six times. Includes sample of James Brown's "I Feel Good".
3. - "Get Down" - Smith, Erving, Pierce - 3:23. Was the B-Side of the single release of "I'm Bad". Has been sampled fourteen times. Includes samples of Isaac Hayes' "Theme From Shaft", Tom Browne's "Funkin' For Jamaica (N.Y.)", Vaughan Mason and Crew's "Bounce, Rock, Skate, Roll", Doug E Fresh and Slick Rick's "La Di Da Di", Funk. Inc's "Kool Is Back", Trouble Funk's "So Early In The Morning", UTFO's "Leader Of The Pack", and a whole load of Run DMC tracks - "Here We Go (Live at the Funhouse)", "Rock Box", "Jam Master Jay", "Hit It Run", and "Hard Times".
4. - "The Bristol Hotel" - Smith, Mark Jordan, Pierce - LL Cool J, L.A. Posse - 2:43. Has been sampled twice. Includes samples of Wilson Pickett's "Get Me Back On Time Engine Number 9", and Funkadelic's "You'll Like It Too".
5. - "My Rhyme Ain't Done" - Smith, Erving, Pierce - 3:45. Was the B-Side of the single release of "I Need Love".
6. - ".357 – Break It On Down" - Smith, Jordan, Pierce - LL Cool J, L.A. Posse - 4:05. Has been sampled twice. Includes sample of Kurtis Blow's "AJ Scratch".

Side 2

7. - "Go Cut Creator Go" - Smith, Erving, Pierce - 3:57. Third single from the album, reached number 66 on the UK singles chart, spending 2 weeks on the chart. The B-side was "Kanday". Has been sampled twice. Includes samples of Chuck Berry's "Johnny B. Goode" and "Roll Over Beethoven", Bill Haley & His Comets' "Rock Around The Clock", Richard Pryor's "Eulogy", Beastie Boys' "Slow And Low", Run DMC's "Hit It Run", and his own "Rock The Bells".
8. - "The Breakthrough" - Smith, Steven Ettinger - Steve Ett - 4:04. Has been sampled eight times. Includes samples of La Pregunta's "Shangri La", and Mantronix's "Hardcore Hip Hop".
9. - "I Need Love" - Smith, Erving, Pierce - 5:23. Second single from the album, reached number 8 on the UK singles chart, spending 11 weeks on the chart. The B-side was "My Rhyme Ain't Done". Re-released as a double A-side with "Mama Said Knock You Out" in 1996 to coincide with the greatest hits' album "All World". Has been sampled forty-four times, and covered nine times.
10. - "Ahh, Let's Get III" - Smith, Erving, Pierce - 3:45. Includes sample of Cheryl Lynn's "Encore".

11. - "The Do Wop" - Smith, Erving, Pierce - 4:59. Has been sampled once. Includes sample of The Moonglows' "Over And Over Again".

12. - "On the Ill Tip" (skit) - Smith - 0:31. Has been sampled five times.

Total length: 45:13

Personnel

Person - Credit

James Todd Smith - vocals, producer

Bobby Ervin - disc jockey

Russell Simmons - production supervisor

Steven Ett - engineer, mixing

Rod Hui - engineer

Jay Henry - engineer

Mark Mandelbaum - engineer

Chuck Vale - assistant engineer

Howie Weinberg - mastering

L.A. Posse (Darryl Pierce, Dwayne Simon, and Bobby Erving) - additional vocals, producer

Eric Haze - design

Nelson George - liner notes

Glen E. Friedman - liner photography

Charts

Chart - Peak position

Dutch Albums Chart - 28

German Albums Chart - 35

New Zealand Albums Chart - 23

UK Albums Chart - 54

US Billboard 200 - 3

US Billboard Top R&B/Hip-Hop Albums - 1

Certifications

Region - Certification - Certified units/sales

Canada - Gold - 50,000

United States - 2x Platinum - 2,000,000

Story Time

Cold Harbour

It's a cold day. Another one. It feels as if it has been cold for months. I can see my breath as I walk down from the church to the harbour. Or what would be the harbour in usual circumstances. It's been so cold for so long even the sea has frozen. Something it hadn't done for years. It's been this way for weeks now, and what had been rough thin ice at the start, has been smoothed out by the snow fall on it, and the footfall over it.

I should have been out to sea by now, but my ship is icebound. We managed to get the ship winched up onto the shore when the early ice came, before the ice thickened, and it crushed my hull into kindling. But I can't get it back to the sea until the thaw comes.

Not that my crew care. Extended shore leave for them all. If it goes on much longer some of them won't come back. They will have found a young thing here and be wanting to stay. I can see a couple of them skating out there, showing off to the local girls. Nearly knocking over the young children as they tentatively play on the ice.

It must be a strange sensation for those who live here. Being able to walk across the cove instead of going all the way around the edge. The local fishermen aren't as happy. they struggle and arguments break out as they try to cut holes in the ice. Complaints that the holes make it dangerous for everyone else. But I understand their need to make a living. I feel the same way, the ice costs me money every day.

At the same time, I do see the villagers' viewpoint, how would the fishermen feel if it was one of their own children who fell through a hole cut by them.

I can't imagine a crueller death than losing someone beneath the ice. The desperation of trying to break free, to break through the ice above them as others try to break down through it to reach them. All the time unable to breath and the bitterly cold water sapping your energy. I've lost men on the high seas, pulled down by their clothes and the cold water. Some never to be seen again; others dragged back on to the deck only for them to die with lungs full of salty water or from hypothermia, with nothing we could do for them apart from to push them back into the very seas that had claimed their lives in the first place. They say it is burial at sea, but it is just abandonment. I can't keep the dead body on the ship

to bring them home to whatever family they have. There is nowhere we can store them to prevent decomposition. Nothing to prevent the stink. And even if there were, the crew wouldn't stand for it. Bad luck, they would say, encouraging death to linger on the ship, to entice more of the crew to join it.

I hear the scream. It goes through me with a far deeper chill than the cold wind provides today. A woman is screeching at the fishermen. Shouting that her son has fallen through one of the holes they have cut in the ice.

And then I am running. Running past all the others on the ice who were frozen in place, staring at the scene but unable to move with it. Not one other person seemed to be moving. I am leaving items in my wake, my hat is gone, then my scarf, my overcoat on the ice and then my jacket. All gone, left strewn on the ice behind me. And then I am through the hole, plunging into that icy cold water.

However cold I had imagined it to be is nothing compared to the shock I feel now. I had been on deck in freezing winds and icy sleet and had thought I was cold, but this, this is a different level. If I am able to breathe underwater, I wouldn't be able to. It feels as if my whole body has shut down. I can't hear or see a thing. It feels like forever has passed in a moment before everything comes back to me.

I see the boy, only a few feet away from me, and close to the hole he had fallen through. He is scrabbling against the ice, trying to find a way to get back above it. unable to find the hole again. I reach for him and he struggles against me, trying to break free from my grip and get to god knows where. Not knowing that I am here trying to help the poor boy.

But help him I do, I drag him back to where the hole is, and get him into that open space, and I use as much strength as I can muster and push him up through that hole in the ice. To where multiple pairs of hands grab at him and pull him onto the solid surface of the ice.

In pushing the boy up, I have propelled myself down. The adrenaline surge my body felt in saving the boy drops away as I drop deeper into the freezing water. I try, but I have no energy to swim to the surface. I try to move my arms, but they don't want to work, they won't follow the instructions my brain is sending them. My legs feel as if they are lumps of stone, stones that continue to drag me down.

My sight is fading. I don't know if this is because of the effect the cold is having on my senses, or whether it is getting darker the deeper I go. I see that hole in the ice above my head get smaller and then it disappears.

I was frozen, but my lungs were burning. I couldn't help myself, I took in a breath, a breath of freezing cold water.

My last breath as the cold and darkness took me away for good.

World's Greatest Cathedrals Top Trumps

<u>Lincoln Cathedral</u>	
City / Country	Lincoln, UK
Height	83 metres
Commenced Building	1072
Character	13
Global Fame	78
Top Trumps Rating	71
Details	The tallest building in the world for 238 years, Lincoln Cathedral has stood as a beacon for Lincolnshire and the UK for more than 900 years. Spires on each of the three towers were once double the height that we see today. This iconic place of worship is open for all to visit and enjoy.

Chapter and Verse

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

Downfall – Chapter 1

“The Azteca's are here. They are in the city, we are doomed.”

These are the first words I clearly remember hearing. I was six years old when I heard these words. There is no doubt that I had heard a great many words before these twelve, but I have no memory of them. None of them were important. None of them were to change my life like these twelve were going to. They were the start of my life as I know it now. Any words before these belonged to a life that I never got to live.

The Aztecs had been trying to conquer our city for many years, generations as it would turn out. We were far enough away from the centre of their Empire to not warrant their full attention. There had been a peace for a number of years since they had established their fort at Huaxyacac, a small tribute was paid to their Tlatoani each year and all was good. However, their Tlatoani Ahultzotl had died, and therefore their new claimant to be the Tlatoani now needed to prove himself worthy of the role. Moctezuma had brought an army across the mountains from Tenochtitlan and was intent on conquering our city of Oaxaca. He had chosen it seemingly at random just because of its distance from the centre of their Empire. He was here to subjugate the city to his rule, and then to take whatever his army could carry back to Tenochtitlan in order to celebrate his coronation.

My father was part of the Oaxaca army; he had not been at home for some time. Word had come that there was an Azteca army marching through the mountains on their way down to the coastal plains. There was no indication where they were heading when the scouts had relayed their message. Even so all the cities of the plains had started to prepare. The Oaxaca army had been swept aside with ease and the Aztecs were going through Oaxaca laying claim to anything of value they could carry away with them. I thought my mother was shouting and crying, worried that my father had been killed in whatever battle had taken place. I didn't realise she had an even greater worry.

"Xicohtencatl, quickly, run, hide yourself, find somewhere away from the house to hide before they arrive."

I just looked at my mother confused. She always hated it when I hid from her, telling me not to be childish. And here she was now telling me to run and hide.

"What's wrong Nantli?"

"You need to hide, I don't want to lose you little one."

As she was talking my eyes moved away from her and to the large figure that came in the door directly behind her. My mother saw my change in attention, and she looked back over her shoulder. When she saw the figure in the doorway, she began to scream at it.

"Get out; leave us alone, we have nothing of value."

The figure swung its arm and hit my mother with the black club in its hand. My mother collapsed down onto the floor without making another sound.

I should have been afraid. I should have run, but I couldn't. I was in awe of the figure in front of me. It was an Azteca warrior. He was covered with the pattern of a jaguar, golden with black spots. He held a shield with the same pattern and adorned with feathers. His black club, something I found out later was made from obsidian, I had already seen in action. Atop his head was a headdress with various feathers. He looked magnificent. I had seen Oaxaca warriors before, but they didn't look like this. I just stood there looking at him. I didn't say a word, or even scream when he picked me up and carried me away.

I was going to be leaving Oaxaca, and even as a child I doubted I would ever see it again.

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/@onetruekey>. 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>

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>

I've recently been submitting to Paragraph Planet and have had some pieces published there, they will be in the archive somewhere, one piece a month from me since June. <https://www.paragraphplanet.com/index.php>

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/>

Speak to me about getting a pen, there are a few pens left in one colour if you are quick.

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

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