



September Supplement

Part I

“This is the best part of the trip.....this is the trip, the best part....you’ll really like....”
The Doors’ Jim Morrison in The Soft Parade

As any of you that have read my prose knows, I rarely start at the beginning. I have a tendency to start before the beginning, and this should be no exception.

1) Prologue: How Did I Get Here?

I’ve become a peated whisky appreciator over the course of the last few years, thanks to John Grisham and one of his lawyer-centric books, and as a fellow who not only follows his compulsions, but truly embraces them, I decided it

would be an amazing idea to attend the Fèis Ìle (or Islay Festival, as we non-Scots say) last year. Having never been to Scotland before, I arranged our itinerary very simply; three days at the festival on Islay, three days exploring Glasgow and then fly down to London for four days, where I'd been solo previously in 2017, but wanted to visit with Daryl. The trip was spectacular and we had an incredible time. Daryl (my lovely smarter half, who's mercifully tolerant and admittedly more oenophile than whisky-phile) and I decided that returning the following year (this year) would be fun.

In planning our most recent trip to Scotland this past May, I came to realize that since the vacation was going to be shortened by a couple of days due to my wife's limited available vacation time, we weren't going to be including a "London Leg" this time around, as we did last year. That made me sad. And it started me thinking, "how am I going to justify getting to the UK at some point next year? I know.....let me see if Noddy's Puncture has any shows booked for 2023!" Great idea! And suddenly, I'm not sad any more. Well, no sooner does that thought enter my head, when I saw a post on Facebook that some blokes in England are attempting to put together the Nene Valley Rock Festival, with big name acts, including Ten Years After, Colosseum, Corky Laing's Mountain, The Crazy World of Arthur Brown and.....NODDY'S PUNCTURE!!! No shit!! Labor Day weekend (or last weekend in August, for anyone outside the US) was the anticipated date. This was to be a first-time festival and they were still pulling the idea together. But they had a crazy-long list of bands that were to be



included and they wanted to ascertain whether it would be a viable thing, so in a post on FB, they requested that anyone interested should pre-purchase festival tickets (fully refundable if the festival never came about) through Crowdfunder and if they couldn't sell 400 - four-day tickets by March 13th, the

We must sell the equivalent of 400 4-day tickets by 13th March or NVRF cannot go ahead

Classic Rock, Prog & Blues

64 amazing bands
All stages inside marquees
Close to hotels, public transport
On-site camping, motorhomes etc
On-site shops & restaurant
Must sell 400 tickets by 13 March

NENE VALLEY ROCK FESTIVAL

www.nvrf.rocks

31st August - 3rd September
Picturesque location
Nene Park, Peterborough
Club feel in a festival setting
Maximum 1,000 people
Run 'not-for-profit' by fans

TEN YEARS AFTER COLLOSSEUM THE CRAZY WORLD OF ARTHUR BROWN LIFESIGNS cycled Noddy's Puncture LeafHound NANA & DERECHO

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festival wouldn't go forward. Along with the massive number of bands, the festival planners promised luxury loos, deluxe showers and gourmet food trucks and attendance was limited to 1000 festival-goers a day. As it happened, they were NOT able to meet their 400 ticket target, but since they were close, they decided to go forward with the festival. There we go, decision made for me! Double-checked the calendar to make certain the weekend was free and.....it was!

Back in March, when I decided I was considering this, I put it out there to my bandmates, Ron and John. I explained my reasoning for going and to my surprise, Ron said, "ok, what the fuck....I'm in!" I was shocked and pleased. "Really?" I asked.

"Yeah, let me just double check my calendar, but I'm pretty sure I can do this." Wow, way cool! We then both looked at John and his response was, "yeah, no. I don't think I can make it happen. I've got too much stuff going on and I really have to work." Okay, fine. But at least two of the ~~Anticore~~ ^{Anticore} crew were going to go and represent. I told Ron that it still wasn't a 'definite' thing, but I'd monitor the festival posts and the Crowdfunding numbers and let him know if it was gonna be a thing or not. All good.

I made an executive decision NOT to pre-purchase our two tickets and instead, kept an eye on the NVRF website. I figured two tickets weren't going to skew the numbers either way and since we were going to have to make a major commitment - airfare and hotel - it was better to just be an outside observer for the time being. When the planners decided they were absolutely going to go forward with the festival, I broke down and bought a pair of full-weekend passes and started researching airfares and hotels. At about the same time, my good friend in the UK, Nigel Hewitson, contacted me about the festival and said he already had his weekend pass and was booking the Premier Inn Hotel right



outside the Nene Valley Park - about a mile walk from the festival. We started doing the planning together and he determined that he could pick us up at Heathrow Airport the day before the festivities started and he'd have his car up there the whole time, should we need it. I booked my flight (Ron has flying privileges, due to his wife, Lyn, working for American

Airlines....but he DID spring for difference to obtain a First Class seat, while I

was relegated to languishing in steerage) and then I contacted the hotel to book our room, a single with a sofa - Ron would take the bed, due to his bad back, and I was perfectly fine sleeping on the couch. Whatever! We're only going to be in the room to sleep and shower - it's not like we needed the luxury suite.

Weeks went by and, probably a month later, John said, 'uh, guys.....Grace said I should go with you, so it looks like I'll be going to England after all!' Wow! Cool! We'll be going to the UK together, as a band! This was gonna be the most amazing guy-weekend ever! I got in touch with the hotel and asked if we could arrange for a cot to be brought into the room for a third guest. There was silence at the other end. "You want a cot?" "Yes." "Is your third party a baby?" "No, not last time I spoke with him." Apparently, in England, a cot isn't a spare bed....it's a baby's crib. Good thing I didn't just request it and let it go at that. Needless to say, we needed a "roll-away", which they didn't have anyway. In any case, I wasn't able to get John into our hotel, since there wasn't enough space in our room and the rest of the hotel was booked up. But he said that's ok, he'd just find another place and deal with it later. A short time after that, John bought his



airline tickets. We were all going to be on the same flight, which was hugely convenient. Ok, Ron was in First Class, but at least we were sharing a plane. As long as we brought minimal luggage, Nigel would have no trouble fitting us into his car. The planning was underway and as Spring turned to Summer, our anticipation built.

Maybe a month before our journey was to begin, I got a text from John saying he found a room in the Peterborough Holiday Inn, which was about two miles from our place. Not quite daily walking distance, but we would just make it work. Everything was falling into place nicely.....until maybe a week before the trip, John asked, "so do I have to buy tickets for this thing?"

2) Come On The Amazing Journey

We met at JFK about 3 hours before our flight. Thankfully lines were short, so even though Ron and I had TSA Pre-check, John wasn't far behind without it. The flight, though long, was relatively uneventful and despite the cramped



quarters (except for Ron, who had ample space to luxuriate and stretch out) we managed to survive. We regrouped at the arrival gate and set about for the security area so we could clear customs and look for Nigel, who notified me he got a late start, but was on his way (oh well, there go my chances of actually having someone greet me at the arrival area holding a sign with my name on it...). Some time later, after finally meeting up with Nigel and squeezing all our crap into his 2023 Bugatti Chiron, we were on our



way up to

Peterborough. Even though I'd experienced the "driving on the wrong side of the road" thing previously, it still never ceases to amaze, and terrify me when I have to get into the left side of the car to ride shotgun. The thought 'I'm so glad I'm not driving' swirled in my head the entire trip!



Still being relatively early, and quite hungry, we stopped at the first decent eatery we passed, the Gordon Arms Pub in Peterborough, to grab some brunch and have

our first official meal in the UK. In reality, I don't remember what the other chaps ordered, but I



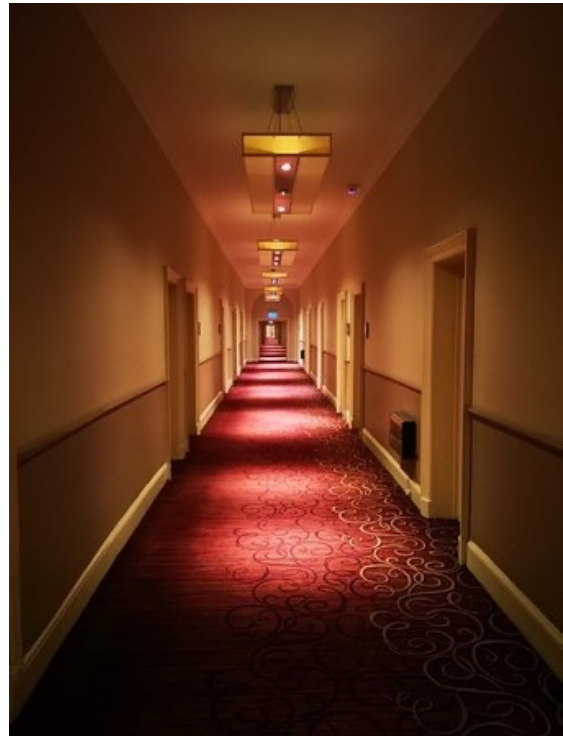
felt it was incumbent upon me to make my first meal fish & chips. I scarfed it down so fast that I



neglected to take a first meal photo.....without having a "before" picture, I did however remember to take an "after" pic. But I DID remember to photograph the dessert which, while necessary and scrumptious, looked nothing like its name implied - Sticky Toffee & Bourbon Pudding. Needless to say, it was all delicious!

It was 1:45pm GMT when we dropped John off at his Holiday Inn and we arrived at our Premier Inn about fifteen minutes later. The two young women working at the reception desk were nice enough, although they informed us that there'd be a £10 per room early check-in charge if we check in before 3....it'd probably be better spent going to

the attached Beefeater Granary Restaurant and having a coupla pints to bide the time while we wait, which is what we did. So we let them lock our bags in a security room for a couple of hours (for free) and we strolled next door and ordered a few brews. We sat at an outdoor picnic table and chatted while watching the golfers at the Pitch & Putt next door stroll from hole to hole. Several pints later, we returned to the front desk of our hotel to retrieve our bags and formally check in. Premier Inns, typically, are budget hotels. Not to say that they're shabby or ill-kempt....not at all! It was a very nice place, but without some of the little luxuries, like phones in the rooms for example or elevators (lifts, as our British hosts call them). So the excursion up to our rooms involved going up two separate stairways located at opposite ends of a long hallway in the hotel - I just took it as an opportunity to make up for the obvious lack of an in-house work-out facility (another luxury, but one that I regularly look forward to avoiding anyway). In any event, Ron and I had room 201 and Nigel got 208. However, upon inspection, room 201 didn't have a sofa (apparently the only room in the place that didn't), but instead had a comfy chair. Now I enjoy comfy chairs as much as anyone else, but I couldn't envision myself sleeping in one for five consecutive nights. Inevitably we walked with our bags back down the two flights of stairs and through the ever-lengthening hallway to see about changing our room. Unfortunately the hotel was entirely booked up, due to the festival, so there wasn't another room to switch to. So



we decided to ask Nigel to swap rooms with us, since he had no use for a sofa (OR a comfy chair, for that matter) and both Nigel and the front desk was fine with this. Tragedy (and screaming back) averted, we exchanged keys and retired, once again climbing the Mt Everest of stairs and Appalachian Trail-length hallway to our respective new rooms to wash up and relax a bit after our long trip. (Side note - despite any of the travails recounted in this narrative, they never got us down or soured our chill! We enjoyed every single aspect of this trip, hands down, and are including them if only to relate an in-depth and interesting tale. Good times without trials and tribulations are just boring.)

Nigel decided he wanted to take a walk over to the fairground to see exactly where it was and how far we'd be walking each day, so he texted me and asked

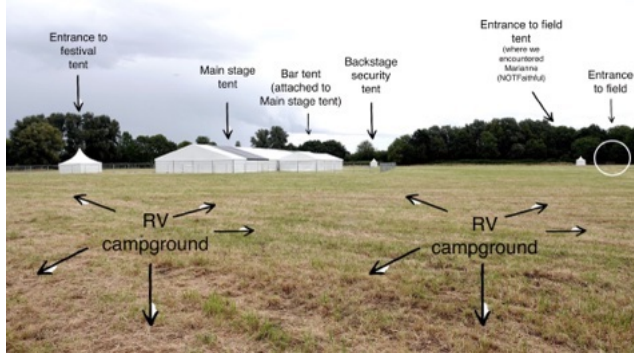
if we'd want to join him. I looked over at Ron, who was passed-out on the bed and said "give me fifteen minutes and I'll meet you downstairs" and went back to logging onto the hotel wifi on my laptop, while lying on the comfy sofa with fresh new linens and soft pillow.....when I suddenly snapped awake and looked at the time! Fortunately, only twenty minutes had passed and I was able to catch Nigel after he'd only started taking the hike to the fairgrounds. In the time it took me to make it to the lobby - you can imagine how this exercise turned quickly into a workout - and get to the trailhead, Nigel was there to meet me. I said that Ron was napping and wouldn't be joining us for this, so we started on our walk to see exactly where we'd be rocking for the next four days.



Since Nige had previously started the walk (without me), he already had an idea where the entrance pathway was. He had done some research way back when he booked his hotel room and determined that the festival

site was roughly a mile walk from the hotel. I determined, after walking for about twenty minutes that it was about a hundred miles from our hotel! We walked down the road for a little bit changed sides, crossed a stream and some train tracks, until there appeared a narrow dirt road off to the side. We turned onto the dirt path and walked....and walked.....and saw a bunny.....and walked....and walked.....I was certain night had fallen, followed by the dawn.....days had passed - possibly several.....and walked.....ok, I could possibly be exaggerating a little bit, but what felt like forever turned out to be a little over a mile and a half. HEY! I was still recovering from the sleepless overnight flight (and possibly the Sticky Toffee & Bourbon Pudding) so it's understandable that my bearings were off, just a tad. At the end of our journey, we encountered a woman sitting just outside a small tent. Gatekeeper? Black





knight? Bridge troll? No. This, I learned, was Marianne - not Marianne Faithful, just Marianne. She was a greeter and briefly explained to us how everything was going to work tomorrow. In front of us and behind her, there was a big open field. This was where all the RVs and campers were going to park and create a nice sized several acre

trailer park. In the distance were several more tents ranging from massive to moderate to small, all inside a fenced in area about the size of a football field. This would all be populated tomorrow. Today, it was just hanging in limbo, waiting. So we walked back towards the hotel and the trek didn't seem quite as long as it initially had, although I was still afraid I might overload my FitBit with too many steps for the day. I needn't have worried - suddenly we were back at our abode. Easy-peasy. We woke Ron, took a drive over to get John, came back and had a nice dinner at the Beefeater Granary Restaurant. Their food was pretty much on par with their brews - excellent - and the service was splendid. We definitely weren't going to starve on THIS trip. With dinner out of the way, we all hopped in Nigel's car and took a short drive to bring John back to his hotel, after which we came back to ours and all decided to turn in early. We traveled successfully, spent our first day in England, our *Manticore* Vacation was under way and none of us wanted to kill each other. A win-win-win all around! Tomorrow would be the first day of the Nene Valley Rock Festival.

3) An Unexpected Party

I wanted to get to the festival in time for Noddy's Puncture's sound check, so I decided it's probably a good time to find and actually look at the schedule of events. When I first glanced at it previously, I was under the impression that NP was going on first. Upon scrutinizing the day's events a little more closely, I came to realize that the schedule was written upside down, with last bands written first. I don't know whose idea THAT was, but it required I give it my full attention to understand where and when each band was to be performing. Noddy's Puncture wasn't going on until 7pm. Wow,

HERON stage	SWAN stage	KINGFISHER stage
8:25pm - 9:35pm Skylines Coral inlets	9:45pm - 10:55pm Noddy's Puncture LP tribute, 2nd set	9:35pm - 10:55pm Leaf Hound
5:30pm - 6:45pm Progfatherz	6:55pm - 8:15pm Noddy's Puncture LP tribute, 1st set	8:05pm - 9:20pm Hibian
		6:45pm - 7:45pm Daxx & Roxane
		5:30pm - 6:25pm Derecho

5:00pm - Music Arena opens

Some important information for campers

- No glass is allowed on site
- BBQs or open fires are not permitted
- Do not play music that can be heard beyond your pitch
- Please be mindful of neighbours
- Ensure you know where the nearest fire point is located
- Read the full set of camping and festival rules!

11:00am - Campsite opens

If you arrive before the campsite opens, you can explore the rest of Nene Park / Ferry Meadows!

Tickets and full details
www.NVRF.rocks

ok....that gives us most of the day to sightsee. I still wanted to get there by around 3 - a bit before the performance time-crunch started. First band would be Progfather's at 5:30. Thursday morning's agenda was now to have a light breakfast, pick up John and get-out-of-Dodge to go see anything that we can't see at home. Nigel was already on the ball and had sought out a few notable landmarks that might interest us. Nige had already been up early and had his five-mile morning walk out of the way long before we had even come down to breakfast. I did happen to get a curious early morning photo-text from him that brought me back to my days playing with a Genesis tribute band, but it wasn't until I found out about his early excursion that I was able to piece together where he had seen it.

Our first destination was to be Fotheringhay Castle - the place where Mary, Queen of Scots was imprisoned and executed. We headed off in an westerly direction for what was to be about a twenty minute drive from the hotel.



Monty Python sketch The Death of Mary, Queen of Scots

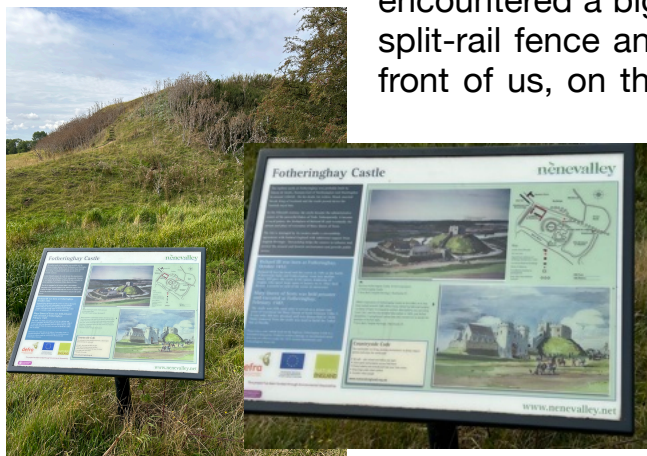
We drove down narrow scenic lanes, admiring the beautiful countryside. Due to his tendency towards motion-sickness when not driving, I suggested that John ride shotgun. I reasoned that even though he wasn't driving, the fact that he was sitting in what would be the "driver's seat" in The States, maybe he could fool his head into thinking he was in control of the vehicle. He agreed it was worth a shot and it seemed to have the desired effect for the time being. However, I also suggested that he might want to try some of my Bonine (meclizine hydrochloride, which I've found causes less drowsiness than Dramamine and has been effective for me on fishing trips in the past). We

figured on the way back, maybe we could stop at a drugstore (or chemist, as they call them in the UK) and try to pick some up. At the moment, though, the shotgun idea seemed to be doing the trick.

We soon arrived at a small, one-car-at-a-time bridge with a big stone structure just past it. We figured it was the castle, but Nigel said no, that's a church, so we crossed the bridge (luckily no cars were on the other side, crossing toward us. The little bridge was just tall enough to shield our view of oncoming traffic) and drove a little further. Looking around and seeing no castle, we turned around and drove back, across the little bridge again - maybe we passed it without realizing? No, nothing there, so we turned around and recrossed the bridge once again - further increasing the odds of happening into an oncoming car or truck seeking to cross at the same time as us. This time, we just parked over by what we now determined was Fotheringhay Cathedral (found out later, it was St Mary's and All Saints Church).



We exited our trusty vehicle and started walking south and encountered some signs that read Castle Farm Guest House B&B. This looked promising. While we were walking, I took out my phone to do a little research. I couldn't find any pictures of Fotheringhay Castle and all references to it were in the past tense. Curious. We walked down a dirt path where a brass sign said, Castle Site. Still walking, I said, "hey guys, I think the castle is no longer there. All the pictures I've Googled just show a big mound where the castle USED to be."



We rounded a corner and encountered a big barn-type shed on our left, a wooden split-rail fence and a wrought-iron gate to our right. In front of us, on the other side of the fence, was a large hill. Nothing here. As the guys turned to go back to the car, I spotted a sign. "Hold up guys, I think we're here." They turned around and came back. Next to the barn was a small wooden gate and a descriptive sign saying: Fotheringhay Castle. We walked through the gate and proceeded to walk up the steps inlaid into the side

of the hill. Apparently, Fotheringhay Castle was dismantled in 1628, shortly after Mary Stuart's execution in 1587. The stones were then removed and used to build the Talbot Inn in Oundle. We trundled up Fotheringhay Mound and had a look around up top. This was where the castle stood, up until about 400 years

ago. We soon arrived at a small, one-car-at-a-time bridge with a big stone structure just past it. We figured it was the castle, but Nigel said no, that's a church, so we crossed the bridge (luckily no cars were on the other side, crossing toward us. The little bridge was just tall enough to shield our view of oncoming traffic) and drove a little further. Looking around and seeing no castle, we turned around and drove back, across the little bridge again - maybe we passed it without realizing? No, nothing there, so we turned around and recrossed the bridge once again - further increasing the odds of happening into an oncoming car or truck seeking to cross at the same time as us. This time, we just parked over by what we now determined was Fotheringhay Cathedral (found out later, it was St Mary's and All Saints Church).

ago. Just missed it! Looking around, we saw beautiful countryside and the River Nene running alongside. I also discerned a now-dry moat around the mound, which was obviously filled by removing a piece of the riverbank. At the base of the mound, down by river was a huge stone inside a wrought-iron enclosure -



the only stone left from the castle - with a plaque on it (seen here, behind John's right elbow).



Not at all what we expected, but an adventure, nonetheless, we started back the way we came and all turned to Nigel: "What else ya got?"



During his morning research, Nigel had also found Apethorpe Palace (formerly called Apethorpe Hall) - just ten to fifteen minutes from Fotheringhay "Castle" - former "favourite royal residence" for James I, back in the 15th century. Ok, let's give it a go. We followed the GPS, traversing more rural country lanes, into a small picturesque

village populated by stone homes with incredible thatched roofs. We came to a dead end, parked, got out and looked around.....looking for a palace. Um, it must be around here somewhere.....I was inspecting an iconic red former-phone booth, now repurposed as a street side Defibrillator, when Nigel returned from the far end of the block.



"Well, I've found it...it does exist (unlike the castle), but it's only open in July and August and then, only by appointment....." So Apethorpe Palace was apparently a bust, too <sigh>.

Seeing as it was already past noon, we opted to head back toward home base. Mid-way, we

decided to try and find a chemist for John and Ron needed some stuff, too. We found the Queensgate Shopping Center, which we would equate with a shopping mall back home. Apparently, there was a Boots Pharmacy there. We parked the car in a multi-level parking garage and strode into the definitely-existing mall, to get some Bonine for John.

The pharmacist had never heard of Bonine and was unfamiliar with meclizine at all, so we just gave up and left through the far end of the mall in search of someplace to get some lunch. We walked out into a cute little piazza, I guess it was the Peterborough City Center. We found Wildwood, a nice little Italian place (with a little in-house movie theater in the back), went in and had



some really

great pizza and beers for lunch! With the time approaching three o'clock, we then figured we'd had enough sightseeing and it was time to start working our way to the fairgrounds to get going with the whole purpose of our trip - the Nene Valley Rock Festival!

We left Nigel's car back at the Premier Inn, I went back to the room to pick up the ~~Anticore~~ merch and stuff that I had brought for the Noddy's guys and we

started our hike - first time for John and Ron - to the festival site. As we got closer, we were able to hear a band in the midst of a sound check. We correctly presumed it was Progfather, since they were playing recognizable pieces of Yes and Genesis tunes. We went around to the entrance and were met by Keith Turner, keyboardist from Jersey-based ELP tribute band Tarkus, and Cheryl Griffith from Progzilla Radio. Keith had told me in advance he was coming to the festival, but he



came earlier - to stay south and see Stonehenge and Bath - and was just coming to the fest for the first two days, so it was really great to have a chance



to hang out and just veg for a few days with him. And Cheryl met us all with hugs and homemade curry chutney for the band to chow-down on - which was totally delicious!

The festival area, as we walked in through the security tent, stretched out before us about the size of a football field - close to an acre and a half. To our right was a long white tent stretching from the fence through which we just walked, almost totally to the far fence. Then, along the far fence, was a medium-sized white tent, going from the left-hand fence to just past the middle of the field. The rest of the far fence was hidden by the luxury loo area. Along the left fencing were food kiosks & trucks, merch tents, a little mini-golf area and in the center of everything, there was an ample distribution of portable streetlamps and picnic tables.

We made our way over to the big tent on the right, and as we entered, we noticed that it looked even bigger on the inside than from outside. On the far left was the Swan stage, to the far right was the Heron stage and in the middle



of the room was a dual sound/lighting booth with twin mixing boards so the tech crew merely had to turn around to do sound for the corresponding stage. It was set up rather brilliantly. Then, on the opposite side of the tent, stretching about two-thirds the length of the wall was the bar - fully equipped with tapped kegs and liquor bottles of all types. This room was truly a rock & roll dream!

We sauntered over to the Swan stage and caught the eyes of the Noddy's Puncture dudes. They had already completed their sound check and were just finishing up getting rid of road cases, gig bags, trap cases and unnecessary

paraphernalia, but there was still just so much shit on the stage, it looked as if a Chinook helicopter had just circled in and dropped the gear right onto the stage. Whereas the Heron stage across the way was pristine and sparsely equipped, the Swan stage looked like a battle had just taken place - just the way we like it! I had the same thoughts in my head that I usually have after set-up at *Manticore's* shows: How is it that three guys take up so much fucking space!?

4) The Nexus of Power

Had a meteor or some other god-awful catastrophe chosen that moment to destroy the tent and everything in it, the world would've been absolutely bereft of tributes to the music of Emerson Lake & Palmer! On Thursday August 31, 2023, at 5:10pm GMT, Noddy's Puncture, *Manticore* and Keith Turner (keyboardist from Tarkus) were all together on the same stage in Peterborough UK, greeting one another, taking selfies, talking shop and having a grand-ol' time. I had seen NP live once before, at the Keith Emerson tribute show back in 2017 at Symphony Hall in Birmingham UK - during the first year of *Manticore's* existence - when I felt it was my responsibility to be there to represent for my project that was still in its infancy. I was so excited to be there and due to Jim Davidson's largesse and love for all things ELP, I



was able to commiserate at the afterparty with the likes of Regina Lake, the Emerson family, Mari Kawaguchi, Rachel Flowers, Marc Bonilla, Thierry Eliez & Ceilin Poggi, Buzz Delano, Jerry LoFaro, Maestro Terje Mikkelsen and the many

attending notables in the prog music world. Noddy's Puncture was also invited to play at that show, but for whatever reason, they didn't show up at the party afterward (neither did Rick Wakeman, even though he, too, played that night). I was a little disappointed, but at least I had the opportunity to see them do their thing live. Coming to the Nene Valley Rock Festival, however gave me the opportunity to not only see them again in a much more relaxed setting, but to also meet them, hang out and chat a bit, and even get to introduce them to my mates.

Manticore and Keith Turner went up onto the stage to meet the NP guys (Tom Szakaly on keys, Ed Blaney on bass and Frank Askew on percussion) and it was hugs all around. This was truly a gathering of brothers. I had brought some gifts with me from home. For Tom Szakaly, I had brought two things from superfan Andrea Tutrani (a necklace that looked identical



to one that Keith was photographed wearing at some time in the past and a



soft-cover copy of the Pictures of an Exhibitionist autobiography that Keith had written) and from me, a Leslie

jack he needed brought from the States and an official *Manticore* shirt.

For Frank and Ed, I had brought a pair of official *Manticore* caps, which came in handy, considering their obviously naked pates (according to Frank's Facebook post, he never took his off for the remainder of the festival). We stayed onstage commiserating for a while, until the

Progfathers were ready to play the

opening set of the festival, and it seemed like a good idea to let the NP guys finish what they were doing and get prepared for their first set, about an hour from then.

5) The Four Musketeers

My good friend Nigel Hewitson became a major player in our **Manticore** exploits. In addition to chauffeuring us around the countryside and participating in all of our antics, he was our interpreter when it came to translating anything from British English to stupid-American English (in which we're all fluent), our tour-guide, finding sights for us to see in Peterborough - granted, we never saw any sights, but we went to the right locations and soldiered on, and our Solicitor..... Ok, Nigel is, in fact, a Solicitor in the British legal system. He became OUR solicitor when Ron decided that it sounded really cool to have a Solicitor, and he would announce it to the world - at full volume, every chance he got, in his most resonant radio voice - "Quick... Get me my Solicitor! Let's sue, under the 'Unacceptable Contract Terms Agreement!'" or while we're eating in a restaurant, if he thought the food wasn't as shown in the menu.... "Get my Solicitor and we'll sue under the 'Trade Descriptions Act!'" This became the catchphrase for our misadventures and thus locked Nigel in (probably against his better and more-proper-British-upbringing judgment) as an official member of the **Manticore** (legal) team! To wit, I fear we permanently perverted Nigel's sense of better and proper-British-upbringing judgment and Americanized him past the point of no return, where he was shouting, "Yes, as Solicitor, we'll SUE THE BASTARDS!!" along with Ron. By the end of the festival, we had degenerated from being four old guys enjoying a music weekend to four delinquent post-teenagers, galavanting about, terrorizing the British countryside and spreading American improprieties to all within earshot. Needless to say, a good time was had by all.



End of September Supplement, part I

Catch our September Supplement, part II some time in October

Manticore *thanks you for your support!*