

Boston Original
Bands Initiative

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PENNY DREADFUL

JUDGE

HALF

SINCE 2024

Grail Guard

Only Destiny

Viral Peach

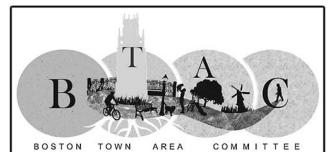
Jasper Cain

**BOBI Gig Number 19:
Saturday 25th October
2025
Ellenders Bar, BUFC,
Boston**



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BOBI #19: WHO HAVE WE GOT LINED UP FOR YOU THIS TIME?

Grail Guard



Coventry's Grail Guard, I think it is fair to say, are not happy with the current state of affairs in the UK, not to mention elsewhere. The ferocious four piece have channelled this anger in to what can best be described as "raging Hardcore Punk". Pretty unsubtle and straight forward stuff ... and I mean that in a very, very positive manner. Taking it to the streets style politics with lyrics as confrontational as the savage sounds they make. After catching them live at this year's Manchester Punk Festival, I was incredibly impressed with the passion and energy coming from the stage and picked the series of CD EPs they have produced capturing their intense, enraged Punk sounds on disc. You want "sounds like ..." references? Oi Polloi? Conflict at their hardest? Dr Know? Maybe even Bad Brains ... yeah, fast and hard and nasty. As it should be.

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<https://grailguard.bandcamp.com/music>

Viral Peach

It's that time of year where you may be feeling a bit blue isn't it? Dark mornings, darker nights and the weather doesn't help does it? Well, fear not, for Viral Peach

will be bringing the Blues to BOBI tonight and it will certainly not leave you in something of a seasonal adjustment related malaise! Last time we hosted these fellows, they left the whole crowd grinning from ear to ear with their unique style of upbeat Blues Rock n' Roll, played on guitars fashioned from - are you ready for this? - cigar boxes! Yep. Viral Peach have been rocking out with their blend of Stones-y Blues-y Rock n' Roll for a good while now and are well over due a second visit to BOBI! <https://viralpeach.co.uk/>



Jasper Cain

A hard edged Indie three piece out of Grantham, we welcome



Jasper Cain to their BOBI debut gig tonight. Described as "*fusing intense raw energy with edgy guitars, strong lyrics and rhythmic grooves*" you can detect a range of influences going way beyond "Indie". A bit of proto Punk, Pub Rock from the smoky back rooms of the 70s, the odd groovy 60s beat band moment and every so often a hint of 77 London Punk creeping in there and all wrapped up in the raucous and boisterous Indie of more recent times. A heady mix indeed!

<https://soundcloud.com/jaspercainband>

Only Destiny

A welcome return for this Lincoln unit – and their mannequin – after they impressed greatly at BOBI #3 last year. If I recall they were described, rather intriguingly, as something like Depeche Mode covering Bad Religion! Dark Gothic synths and anthem, tune laden Punk Rock all combining in a flurry of black lipstick and eye liner ... it was certainly an eye opening set back then which had the Punks present pogoing and the Goths getting giddy too! The Digital Punks will be causing a rumpus with guitars and electro backing to create what they call "*high tech low art*" that fuses political Punk like lyrical themes with dark electronic oddness. It is absolutely perfect, I think you'll agree, for a spooky season gig with BOBI!



<https://0nlyd3stiny.bandcamp.com/>

Quite Good ... HALLOWEEN SPECIAL! Marv Gadgie

Now then gadgie,

'Tis Halloween (ish) and therefore, time to pull up a chair as the fire is crackling way in the murky gloom whilst outside the storm rages. Sip from a glass of Port and settle down to hear the tale of the time I experience some strange phenomena in this very town of Boston ...



I first moved to the outpost of civilisation known as Boston (as in Boston, Lincolnshire, England) in the middle of that strange decade known as the 1990s. One of many of my early lodgings was a rather sacky flat above the High Street which was entertainingly right in the middle of the Night Club/Kebab Shop/Wine Bar "district" of this usually quiet, little Fenland market town. On a weekend evening, it would burst in to life with wild, drunken capers and recreational violence as the boozed up boppers got themselves all excited and daft as arseholes. Brand new ones at that. I would observe the mayhem from the window ledge of my sash window on a Saturday night with a can of mucky beer and some Punk Rock on the stereo. My neighbours from downstairs were a couple who were a few years younger than me and shared a love of Punk Rock. And mucky beer. We would often take in the sights together and chortle as Police vans ploughed in to raucous revellers intent on booting each other's heads in. Chinny and K were an odd

couple. Chindog (he of many names relating to his unusual shaped chin) was a bit of a rascal and we were, at one point, all unemployed and on the dole, making the acquisition of records and booze tricky some days. Chinny took to half inching ZX Spectrum cassettes from Charity Shops and asking me to tape him loads of brutal 7"s on 'em. We also formed a rather "naïve" Punk band called Chicken Sex Death, but that's another story for another day ... this one is about ghostly goings on so let's get to the spooky bit ...

One evening we were all sat in K and Chinny's first floor flat. Below the first floor was simply a massive medieval like wooden door that wouldn't have looked out of place on a castle inhabited by Vincent Price. It was huge and a good few inches thick. Our protection from the madness that would often be swirling about outside. Now this door was immovable when shut. Honestly it was like a fort. There was a great big key that locked and unlocked it that the landlord had given us one each of. I think he got it from Hammer Horror's props department. On top of this seemingly Middle Ages security system was a honking great bolt on the inside that meant you could bolt the door shut from the inside and no bugger could get in from the outside whether the door 'twas locked or not. Solid. If you wanted to get in you had to shout up to the windows to be let in and hope that one of us was in and heard you. We

could then pop down and unbolt the immense barrier. Behind the enoromo-door was a narrow and rather dank corridor which led to a staircase that wound it's way to the first floor landing and Chinoid and K's flat. A second set of stairs lead further up in to the gloom of the second floor landing and my nest followed by a third set of stairs that ascended to a third, but derelict, and rather creepy unlivied in pad. Hardly a penthouse suite, a bit of roof was missing and daylight



streamed through giving the filthy mattress and damaged cupboards, piled up chairs and legless tables a rather lovely shade of Dickensian hovel. It was filthy and I think some birds had set up home in there and lorks knows what else. There was no door either. Well, there was, it just wasn't in the door frame. As for the floor, well there were floorboards. In some parts ... The landlord had told us to just **"stay out of it mate, not sure it's safe"**. Maybe he had hidden a body in there or summat? I don't know but we kept our distance ...

One evening as a motley assortment of me, some mates, Chinster and K were supping cans and watching footy on telly in their flat we were all wondering if our dole money could stretch to some chips or a pizza or something from the local kebab emporium. An order was hastily knocked up and scribbled on the back of an envelope, pennies were scraped together and three of our army of Dole Scrotes set off. They had to be let out of the unbolted door and would bray on it loudly upon their return so myself and K, who stayed in the flat, could nip back down, unbolt the door and let them in with their greasy goods and the punk junk food feast would begin. A while later, myself and K, were struck by a strange sound however. The door – that is the huge slab of wood that a missile wouldn't open, that usually would come with a drawbridge, portcullis and moat – opened! We heard it slam shut, sending a powerful and unmistakable shudder up the walls of the whole block, and then a set of footsteps scampered up the stairs! Obviously, we had forgotten to put the bolt on. We nervously giggled. Obviously. Of course.



Yeah. Right. Right? The footsteps of our presumed Chips and Pizza delivering buddies however did not stop there. No. They skittled on and up the next set of stairs heading up towards my flat. There was nowt else up there. A landing and a door. Then, however, our blood turned somewhat chilly. We looked at each other with drained expressions. The owner, and producer, of the freaky footsteps continued to the next set of stairs and the top flat. The derelict top flat. The derelict and dangerous to go in top flat. Where no bugger lives! Yipes. We decided to be brave

and, like Scooby Doo, wandered up to find not a single soul there. Not a sausage. Gulp. We looked at each other as a pale shard of moonlight shone through the hole in the roof slates. Stood in silence, peering in to the derelict flat to see there was quite clearly nobody here, K and I nervously tried to say something. The words wouldn't come though. Alarmingly we then were brought back to reality when we heard a cacophonous racket down stairs at the front door. Our mates had returned with a pile of pizzas, chips and other takeaway treat-age and wanted to get in. They were hungrily stood on the pavement with grease leaking all over their hands and wanting in. They were hammering away at the door! Downstairs we flew at quite a pace, not looking back, to find that that great big door, upon our arrival, was still bolted on the inside. Crikey! How on earth is it still bolted? Someone just opened it from the outside and we heard it and ... woooooo! Sleep well oh people of BOBI, sleep well ...

On the subject of spooky encounters and ghostly goings on in Boston, our alternative venue Blackfriars is not, if you believe what

some folk will tell you, short of a spectral presence either! Whilst The Revue Bar, the dual home of BOBI, is rocking out to the sounds of the original bands we've brought to town, be sure to keep an eye out in the darkest corners of the medieval theatre for "Micky The Monk" wandering around all shrouded in darkness and hiding his face beneath his cowl. The hooded horror is believed to one of the Monks who inhabited the area back in ye days of yore and whose burial site may well be somewhere beneath our feet as we bop away to bands of many description at the BOBI gigs. Who knows, with everyone snapping away taking photos of our capers, maybe there will be an extra presence in one of the action pics that we weren't expecting? I wonder what Father Michael, to give the spook his full name, makes of it all? Maybe he'd prefer to hear The Monk-ees? Judas Priest? A bit of Black Sabbath? This pun fun could run and run ... Further Monk-ish manifestations have also been mentioned around the Grammar School grounds and Geoff Moulder Swimming Pool! Crumbs!

Head outside in to the town though and there's plenty more paranormal pandemonium to ponder in Boston! As with many towns and villages, we have a "Grey Lady" who sounds, to be honest, like more of an urban myth. Legend tells that if you are brave enough to run around the Stump – Boston's famous 16th century Church – three times as the bells ring out for midnight, you will meet the apparition thought to be the widow of a chap who passed away shortly after the birth of the couple's first child. Stricken with unbearable grief, the poor lass chucked herself and the bairn from atop the Stump in the hope of an after-life reunion

with her beloved husband. Sadly, her plan backfired and it appears she has been doomed to see out time immemorial, damned for eternity in ghostly limbo scaring folk at midnight around Boston's famous landmark. She is not the only one though! Our next spine-tingling tall tale of terror takes us back to that dreaded time of The Black Death! Like many a port town in the era of the Plague, Boston was not immune to the scourge of Europe in the 1600s ... a certain Sarah Preston, who's husband was out gallivanting off somewhere else at the time, in her wisdom, decided to take a sailor back to her hovel for some extra marital rumpo.

This was of course, a big mistake as, Sailor Boy brought with him the Plague which soon started whipping round the town, killing a number of folk. Aghast at her ghastly actions, the guilt was just too much for Mrs Preston and she flung

herself from the top of the tallest building in town, a scene that she is said to repeat to this day, although the story goes that should you see her, the ghoulish vision will disappear before the deadly collision with the ground is re-enacted.

Halloween in Boston is all good and well, what with folk dressing and going to riotous Punk and Rock gigs ... but late October/early November 'twas also a great time of year for me as a bairn, and to this day you can give me the ghouls and goblins of All Hallows Eve (and Mischief Night!) over Christmas any day. In this excerpt from my book "Now The Gadgie" (available at all BOBI gigs for a mere £4) I explain why ...

The night before the celebration of all things spooky however is Mischief Night in many parts of the country and there certainly seems to be a consensus that Mischief Night



was indeed for mischief doing, but you've all got it wrong! As all fully paid up members of the Guisborough Wild Kids know, the night for Knock-A-Door-Run is the night before Bonfire Night – November 4th. Halloween was usually uneventful as we took hollowed out turnips with candles in around folk's doorsteps saying "Penny to keep the spooks away", before returning home to marvel at the vast amount of loose change we had accumulated – "Wow! Look "2.74. EACH!" One year sticks with me though as Gwyn, one of our mates got run over by a car. His turnip flew up in the air one way, his shoe in the other, and he himself had a good close look at a car bonnet. We recovered the turnip but never his shoe. What happened to it remains a mystery to this very day ... Mischief Night was a totally different experience

however, and made it's first entry into my consciousness when standing in an orderly queue waiting to be served at the ice cream van. Lenny's Ices was an institution, a classic ice cream van that we first encountered down town when visiting our cousins. This ice cream man turned up with weird flavoured goodies. Liquorice ice cream for Debbie Harry's sake! Anyway, as we waiting patiently for our Dolphin flavour ice cream some scrotes ran by and yoggied rose buds in the van at Lenny. "*Oi! You little buggers! Look ya, that's 'cos it's Mischief Night!*" the exasperated treats-mobile owner sighed. And so began a love affair with the adrenaline rush of causing bother then trying your best to get away with it! Gwyn, him again, was a star at mischief, and one evening said he'd knock on a door and we could all peg it. He didn't bother knocking though He simply lifted up the letterbox and screamed a lengthy howl



through the narrow slit in one of our neighbour's doors. One particular individual, who shall remain nameless, actually shoved his donger through a letterbox and knocked on the door. I didn't stick around long enough to find out the conclusion of this sordid tale. Apart from the endless amusement of finding a door buzzer that sounds a bit party, it was all pretty routine stuff until we met this lad who lived down our road called Henry. He had impossibly curly, brillo pad hair and we were introduced to him when he was hanging out with Graham in his Dad's garage. We had

been out in the night, amateur cat burglars that we were, and half inched a bottle of milk from this woman who we knew was having an affair. This bloke, who was married, we had observed would sneak round her house on a regular basis, and as an elder member of our street crew said, that means they must be having it off. Who were we to argue. We didn't even know what "*having it off*" was. I thought it was what you said to the barber at the end of the 80's when you **went in and he/she said "Do you want the length leaving on the back sir?" "No, I'll have it off please, Glenn Hoddle had his hair cut you know."** Ahem. After drinking the milk back in Graham's garage, we were left with the evidence of our dastardly deed. Simple said Henry – pee in it and hang it on someone's door handle. Well, of course, that's the first thing I thought of, he just beat me to vocalising his solution. So, we all have to have a slash in it then? Curious then, that despite having drank a bottle of milk between four of us and it being a cold November night, no one wanted to come forward and have a shake. Henry said you get AIDS by pissing in the same milk bottle, and we were buggered if we were gonna go look for three more so we could have one each, so Henry, who had the initial idea was nominated for the deed. Wandering off round the back garden, he returned minutes

later with a bottle half full of a warm, yellow liquid. A house on the junction between the street that crossed the top of ours and another one that goes up a big hill was our selected target. We all agreed to go over and place the bottle together so no one could get away with being a “chicken” – the worst insult anyone could have levelled at them in a Mischief context. Fortunately, the handle was one of them long curved Victorian style ones and as Henry carefully placed the piss bottle on the elegant curves of the handle, we paused in silence, our breath visible as we all trembled with a mixture of adrenaline, fear and the cold. The bottle held. Henry looked at us. What now? Do we wait for someone to open the door? They might be like those weird working class people who only ever use the back door and consider the front door for ornamental purposes only? It’s night time. They won’t open it till tomorrow at best. Do we just stand here like idiots until someone sees us? ***“Knock on the door and leg it!”*** ran through everyone’s mind and as if we had some joint consciousness, all four of us hammered on the door like a nymphomaniac on death row, and of course, ran like bloody hell. As we cornered our street just out of sight of the house we had just piss bottled we heard a smash. ***“We’ve done it! We’ve gone and done it!”*** rasped Henry and we all had to go see. Big mistake. Big, stupid mistake. Big, idiotic, potentially get into loads of trouble, stupid mistake. Wandering into the gap between Graham’s Dad’s garage and his hedge, a very narrow gap which was wide enough for only really one person, all four of us were lined up looking at the piss bottle door that someone had just come out of right opposite us. An irate home owner took one look at the piddle bottle explosion at his stocking feet, ran back indoors to get his slippers on, though at the time we feared it might be a gun or bazooka or rottweiler. If we moved, we might get rumbled and sheer terror was freezing our limbs as this bloke wandered around his front garden looking for the deviants who deemed him worthy of

their urine that evening. He was, at one point stood about a yard away from us, a large privet hedge was all that kept us from certain death. We all stood like soldiers to attention trying not to breath, and suppress the hilarity and mirth this caused us. Then the unthinkable happened. Our Mam appeared on the other side of the road to shout us in! ***“Come on in you two, it’s school tomorrow!”*** Uh Oh! He now knew which kids were kicking about! Fortunately, though this distraction took his gaze away from where we were hidden. A quick ***“Evening”*** to our Mam and he gave up. I think the embarrassment of telling a neighbour someone had piss bottled him prevented any further discussion with our mother. Phew! Right, said Henry, who fancies having a shit on his door step tomorrow night? **Marv Gadgie**



Wanna get in touch?

The **BOBI** website is your first port of call! Read back issues of Penny Dreadful, find the latest line ups and of course, buy tickets online.

<https://bobi.boston/>

Gadgie Fanzine is the Punk Rock zine that Marv has been writing since the 90s. Read reviews, interviews, articles and daft tales of misadventure, then order paper copies at the Gadgie Facebook page.

<https://www.facebook.com/Nowthengadgie>

Bitchin’ Fanzine is Emma’s zine dedicated to promoting creative women in all manner of artistic endeavours from the worlds of music, poetry, art and anything else! **@bitchin’ fanzine**

**Coming up next month:
BOBI Gig Number 20**

**Jack Stephenson
& The Band**

**The Dust
Bunnies**

Type Forty

Bat Flattery

**Saturday 29th November 2025
Ellender's Bar, BUFC, Boston**

Further BOBI events coming up.
Remember to pre-book a ticket online as it's cheaper!

<https://bobi.boston/gigs.php>

