



ARCSTROLOGY—By Miss Victoria-Leg

ARIES THE RAM.

Aggressive shooter, likes winding bows up well passed the recommended maximum. Uses x10 arrows. Tries to destroy three bosses & stand in one go. Not the sort of person to have at your tournament.

Covers themselves in woad and does Mel Gibson impersonations as done in 'Braveheart'. Grunts like a woman tennis player on release.

Terrible bathroom opera singer. Avid pylon collector.

PISCES THE FISH.

Likes field shooting across rivers, lakes and streams. Been known to carry fishing gear and bait in tackle boxes.

Famous arching Pisces include; Colonel & Lady Cloutsemwitt de Shovel, members of the Upper Class Party. Nude Barebow & Bare shaft shooters. Disqualified from a number of tournaments for illegal use of 12 Bore shotguns on 3D Moose, Weasel and Pheasant targets.

Impressed by Golf divots and on/off switches.

GEMINI THE TWINS.

Always in two minds which bow to use and what distance to shoot at.

Spends a lot of thinking time drinking coffee or tea and eating the occasional Kit Kat or Mars bar, whilst deciding which arrows to use, which strings etc etc.

When the final decision has been reached it's time to pack up and go home.

Other Hobbies: Watching paint dry and ironing golf balls.

CANCER THE CRAB.

Likes fiddling about with their equipment. Rather quiet, tends to be a bit of a hermit and keeps themselves to themselves.

Good sideways stance on the line. Goes red when hot. Trouble knowing which eye to shut when at full draw.

Goes back into their shell when finished.

Talks to invisible people and swears a lot under their breath.

AQUARIUS THE WATER BEARER.

Tend to shoot better in the wet. While others are huddled out of the rain in their tents and bivvies, Aquarians are out in it. Wellies akimbo, splashing nearby judges, themselves and just about everyone else.

Identified by a dank musty smell, wet rot in the tackle box and ver de gris round the edges.

Other Aquarian interests: Making crop circle planks. Staring at Tomatoes when it's wet.



VIRGO THE VIRGIN.

A bit obvious maybe? Also known as a "newbie" or beginner. Treasurer fodder. Doesn't know the right end of an arrow or which way up the bow goes. Never seen a tournament except on old Robin Hood films.

Collects feather dusters.

Usual topics of conversation: Road signs, The History of Balustrading and repairing pencil sharpeners.

SAGITTARIUS THE ARCHER.

Generally an old and wizened person dressed in white with a long strokey beard. For women add a false strokey beard.

Sometimes dispenses words of wisdom. Other times talks complete bollocks.

Kit always immaculate, always helpful and polite. A true archer.

Likes: Whittling arrows and being members of The Strokey Beard Club.

SCORPIO THE SCORPION.

Always third archer on the scorepad. Good FITA shooter, tends to hit a quite a lot of 10s. Hence ScorepIO (Groan!). Hot weather archer.

Scorpios make good treasurers as they can and will sting you for just about anything.

Likes: Pointing at trees and Bog Snorkelling.

Things to avoid: Bricklaying on an airport runway. Inflating sheep.

LEO THE LION.

A retired archer who's gone on to be a Judge or Coach. Voice or roar can be heard anywhere on the field and off the field. Has been known to confuse the Rugby players playing in the next one with their extremely noisy mega-loud thunder blaster whistles.

Can achieve deity status and learn how to play Beethoven's 5th symphony for whistles and trombones from the latest Sport for All/ Arching G.Bs very expensive course.

Things to avoid: Smiling while standing next to traffic wardens.

TAURUS THE BULL.

Nearly always late for a Tournament. Found charging around between car and tent line. Attends assembly with most of their attire at half mast, while the rest of their gear looks like its been pitched on a land mine that's gone off.

Could be dangerous in the catering tent.

Outlawed by shopkeepers at the Beijing Olympics, after all who wants a bull in a China shop?

Orchestra bursts in (TAADAAH)!!

Likes: Doing pirate impressions on buses, waving at cows.



LIBRA THE SCALES.

Some tend to be overweight. Most have a well-balanced upbringing. All shoot a variety of different poundage bows. Experts on stabilisers. All know their way to the catering tent. Also, oh sod it! You make up the rest. Sensitive, likes poking lobsters with a stick.

CAPRICORN THE GOAT.

Grows funny beards. Hates the Sound of Music. Sure-footed stance. Odd style of shooting, which, if goes wrong can result in holding the bits and yodelling on the line, a definite case of equipment failure.

Hoovers up anything left over in the catering tent.

Other interests: Balancing on cliff edges and combing spiders.

Common name William.

Things to avoid: Stopping to shine a torch at a cats eye while still in the fast lane.

Trying to assemble stuff from a well-known Swedish furniture manufacturer.

About the arcstrologer. Miss Victoria-Leg or Miss Vic Leg (Think about it)! First decided she was psychic when she correctly guessed the number of beans in the jar at the local fete.

Immediately took up glass blowing and made a crystal ball. She then enrolled in the Sport for All/ Arching G.Bs expensive clairvoyant course. Which was over a whole weekend.

Good at reading newspapers and tuning forks.

Longbow archer, has a habit of being uncannily inaccurate.

And finally, I predict this story coming to an end. Ooh I was right, well fancy that!

Good Shooting

Nigel.