



In the Beginning.... By Nigel Boley

The scene: BCOA HQ

A sunny day . People enjoying shooting, chatting, telling bad jokes, slurping tea and coffee. When suddenly, a scream is heard causing premature releases! Long bows to hit gold's! And violent spluttering of beverages! Then total silence....they look across towards the end of the shooting line where an old Sage, wizened by oldness, was looking through his spotting scope and leaping up and down.

“What can you see, O wizened one?” “And why are your leaping up and down? Is it some kind of secret ritual?”

“No!” replied the Sage, “I’ve inadvertently backed into somebody's long rod. Oh ‘shot high in target’ and other rude phrases!”

“Wait!” cried the Sage “I see them! They are coming!” (Strains of the TV theme from Black Beauty) “The beginners are approaching! Look you can see the dust thrown up by their modes of transport”

“Make ready for them , we must” Said the Chairperson, who did Yoda impersonations, “To the Iron Cavern of many archery delights!” (Better know as the T.C.– The Container)

There is a mad dash to welcome them. On arrival they are given an eye test to determine dominant eye. Measured for length of arrow, which determines length of bow. Provided with arm bracers, finger tabs, quivers and their bits numbered. They are then fleeced of hard earned dosh by the ‘hard earned dosh fleecer’ (Treasurer) and stand waiting for him.

From the other end of the field the ground began to tremble....the gate slowly, loudly creaked open.....and there in the entrance came forth a recycled chicken shed with a V8 outboard engine, which parks itself up and promptly falls to bits. With the historic words “Jesus, that gate needs oiling”, out steps ‘THE INSTRUCTOR’

“Your sacrifices...I mean, your beginners are ready, your Instructorness” said the Sage.

“Great! Set up the targets and follow me! After I have donned the magical whistle” (which is kept in the legendary tin box that fixes all things, which was inside the sacred cupboard, whose keys are known to only a handful of trusted souls)

And all was done.

And he lead them away to a place where he would tourment..I mean teach them, for six weeks. And all was peace, quiet and calm again. Except for the trilling of the magical whistle, thudding of arrows, twanging of strings, telling of more bad jokes, chatting, mobile phone rings, revving of cars coming & going and the gate creaking...In fact, it was bloody noisy! Oh Well! Coffee and Kitkat? Yes Please!

Good Shooting Everyone!