



The Search for the Lost Arrow By Nigel Boley

Ah splendid! There you are. Ready for another silly story? Are you sitting comfortably?
Then I'll begin.....

Once upon a time at a tournament, an archer shot his arrows at the target he was on. After scoring, he collected his arrows and found one was missing. He looked high and low. His fellow archers looked high and low using a metal detector, a pitchfork, even their bare hands but they couldn't find it. Someone suggested using a digger, but the judge said no as it would hold up the tournament even further and things were running late as it was. So they left it, carried on and put it down to experience. And they all lived happily ever after.

THE END.

(Play out music from "The Archers" sudden sound of needle scraping across old record).

What!! Oh really? The end? Is it bullocks!! I was in the snug bar of my local Ye Olde Trout and Whistle. (Funny how it keeps on changing hands). Reading the local rag. Supping a welcome pint of Trannys' 'Old Bilge'. (A mans drink with bits added).

Half watching an old re-run of The Cowboy Gas Fitters Explosion of the Year posthumous award ceremony on the pub telly. The winner being streets ahead, behind and all around everyone else. When I saw something in the lost and found column it read: Lost. One arrow on BCOA ground please help! Well never say we do things by halves here in Burnham. We contacted a well-known team of archaeologists and gave them just three days to find it. (Action Music.)

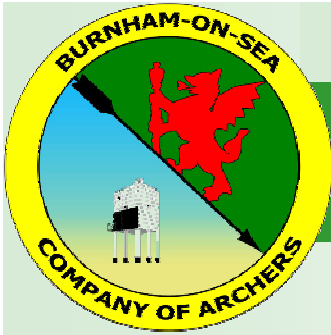
Day one:

Well they Geo Phys-ed part of the field and found nothing. But they decided to put a trench in anyway and dug down just to confirm it. Sure enough they were right, there was exactly nothing. Time and again the same result and yet more trenches. The place looked more like the Somme than an archery field.

Day two:

Post holes from a wattle and daub square house was discovered, dating back to at least the sixties, before B.C. was invented. Next to the building was a grave. They carefully took the stone off and underneath was a man in a foetal position with his hands covering his wizened face. "Must be because of his oldness?" speculated an ologist. "I know who this is," said the chief archaeologist "It's Rufus the Unmentionable". "Why are his hands covering his face?" said another. "Ah that's because, in his time, according to ancient legend, he was the greatest ever hide and seek champion. The trouble is he never knew when to quit". They reburied him and pressed on looking for the arrow.

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Day three:

It really looked like they were never going to find it, when suddenly a detectorist, who was digging with his detector around the tent line, got the shock of his life. He accidentally switched it on and immediately got a response. Well they all rushed over and ran him down in the process. They Geo Phys-ed it, carefully scraped it over with a trowel and sure enough buried in the grass they found what they had been looking for **The Lost Arrow** and there was much rejoicing. (Triumphant sound of the 1812 overture played at fantastic speed.) Cheers rang out all over the field, which now resembled the surface of the moon.

We now realised that the pillock, whose arrow it was, hadn't shot it at all. It turns out the arrow fell out of his quiver when he was sitting down waiting for his turn to shoot and had only shot five instead of six. Anyway we sent the arrow back to him along with a moose's head and a colossal bill.

Announcer: “ And now the serious bit”. (Solemn music) There are many and varied ways an archer loses his/her arrows, most can be avoided by simply taking more care. Check your site mark. Keep your bow arm still. Don't put your arrow on top of the pressure button. Check your equipment before shooting. Adjust to weather conditions. Remember which target number you're on. Leave your release aid trigger alone until your ready. I could go on, but I'm not going to so there (sticks tongue out).

We celebrated the finding of the arrow with a typical traditional Anglo Saxon feast. Bacon butties, salad, beef and veggie burgers, tea, coffee and Kit Kats. Then the field was put back to rights so well, that no one will ever know the difference. You see the turfs were labelled, so that all the bits, including the lines, fitted together perfectly. Oh yeah? OK if you don't believe me just have a quick look under the grass next time you're down the field. See ya.

Good Shooting. Nigel