



## Chicken Nuggets In a Toaster

I was practising in the countryside the other day, and I must admit, I was getting rather good at it. When suddenly the announcer reminded me that there were readers watching. So putting my dowsing stick away, I can now reveal a hidden story, which was found among the footnotes of a copy of the New York Campanology (underwater gargling section) karaoke songbook. Memorable songs like: (Sings) Dong! No hang on I've got that bit wrong. Oh well you know how it goes. Carry on Mr Announcer.

Announcer: "Thank you sir". "For people who can read, here is, in association with the BCoA and Tile a Kilt, the next and final load of old rubbish".

Scene: A Viking funeral on a deserted beach somewhere along the Bristol Channel. A longboat and a shortboat made by a well-known Swedish boat manufacturer (well they had to diversify) lay offshore. Weather: Crap.

Tide: Going out fast. Now read on.

Thank you, I'll take it from here. Well, they would have held the funeral when the tide was coming in, but there was a problem further up the River Parrett. In progress was the British supermarket trolley hurling championships. The Police were having trouble enough trying to contain the situation. So the sight of a burning boat floating up river and snagging on the trolleys would cause a full-scale riot and complaints from the organisers. So they decide against it.

The body was a Viking swordsman called En-garrd. Among the mourners were his wife Honor, his sons Shin and Steve (the black sheep of the family).

At the sound of the horn, they launched the shortboat and that's when things started to go wrong.

You see, someone had forgotten to dowse the boat with fuel, thus enabling a good blaze when the flaming arrows hit.



Well it's bad enough shooting and trying to hit something standing still, let alone a target that's wet and moving away at a high rate of knots. As a result, the boat was soon out of range and smouldering. So, complete with flaming arrows and fuel, the funeral party launched the longboat, hoisted the mainsail and rowed like fury after it, blazing away at the wayward boat as they went. Unfortunately with all this activity they forgot to keep an eye on the fire. Pretty soon the mainsail and floor of the ship was on fire, and they were beginning to sink. But do not worry reader they were picked up by Air Sea Rescue and the local lifeboat. As for the boat carrying the body? Well it drifted onto the RAF practise bombing range, just off the coast where it was blasted to bits by an American pilot demonstrating the art of friendly fire. It just goes to show you how dangerous these re-enactments can be.

Scene two: The Inn.

I was staying at this hostelry called, 'The Whistling Beaver'. In the guestbook was a comment from a Canadian lady, who said, she had one that used to whistle but it stopped because it got too old. In the bedroom was the only copy of Gideon, book 2 the sequel. In the snug bar was a tank containing seawater and Limpets. I was told that tickets were still available to watch the Limpet long jump. Unfortunately the conker match was sold out, also the Archery, rowing, pole vault and cycling. Yes you've guessed it. It was the all Limpet games. (Orchestra bursts in TAA DAA)!

Also in the snug were the daily newspapers, some magazines, and guess what? That's right! A copy of OK Arching. Well I'll go to the foot of our stairs! Inside, amongst all the usual technical and boring stuff, were two queries from a Miss Elaine E Us. One was relating to exercise before shooting a tournament. The other was about how much time should be spent holding at full draw.

To answer the first question here is the BCoAs resident hamster on speed, fitness guru Edna Bogg.



“Right come along now. Let’s be having you. Assembly everyone. Jason please don’t do that it’s not nice. Now then. Time for some warm-ups. First of all, the British Haka. Hankies at the ready! Legs akimbo! Readyyyy aaaannndd...

OOHH AAA  
Hippity hoppity hoo-hoo,  
Let’s a prance around,  
And a shaka the bum,  
And a tinkle your bell,  
And a slappa your thigh,  
And a play with your bits,  
Ow! (A la Michael Jackson)

Come on! Let’s see you gurning!  
OOHH AAA  
Hippity hoppity hoo-hoo! Etc.

STOP! Right, next – let’s do some lunges! Face your partner! Look them in the eye! Aaaand lunge together and back and forwards and back! Splendid! Keep it up!  
Next, wave your arms about like a demented windmill in a hurricane. OK, now let’s run around imitating a chicken squawking at full throttle! And rest. Right! Now for a friendly five-mile run! Off we go!”

Phew, I’m glad she’s gone! I think I’ll spend time here in the catering tent. I’ll just leave a message for the sous chef – Never cook chicken nuggets in a toaster, it’s not a good idea.  
Seriously though, any exercise that warms up the arms, chest, shoulders and upper body muscles will do. Also, don’t forget to do warm-downs after shooting to get rid of the lactic acid. Have a look online for some examples of exercises if you’re not sure.



Now onto the second question – how long should one hold and aim at full draw? The answer to this is three to five seconds. Three to five minutes is too long. Your muscles start screaming, your face goes red and your eyeballs will start bulging out of your head. Three to five hours – now what's going on here? There are several disadvantages, first of all you need to start much earlier in the day than anyone else, secondly the target will have been moved twice before you let go, thirdly the judge will have blown you off the line several times, and finally the burger you ordered will have gone cold and turned to concrete.

That's about it. Thank you for reading my stories. I hope they made you smile. I'm off for a job at the Old and Wizeded funeral company (Rent-a-Coffin division) for whom I will be road testing the latest reed coffin. I will be buried above ground in a lifeboat equipped with a periscope, fire extinguisher, mobile phone, and a 'This side up' sticker on the side of the casket. In these days of health and safety, and with the prospect of global warming I'm taking no chances!

Take care.

Good shooting,  
Nigel