

**Buxted & District Rifle & Pistol Club – Open Benchrest Competition 20/05/2018 (25mtr LV & HV Matches)**

The phone buzzed, a message from The Bloop, it read simply: “Good news and bad. Bad: I’ve stuck us in for two weight categories, the good news is you can use your soon to be new LV rifle.”

Goldieknobs hmmm’d wearily, being lumped in for an extra match was no biggie, but The Bloops massive overly optimistic suggestion that the journey was possible in two and a half hours was sheer insanity. Goldieknobs prayed he’d misheard, surely he meant Buxton.



**That Sean Bean....he’s got a point. Or as the kids say “YA GET ME FAM!”**

05.00Hours. Competition Day. Goldieknobs woke, considered what would constitute a valid excuse for non attendance and thought better of it. The barracking he’d received off The Bloop for not rearranging armoury duty before the Huddersfield competition earlier that month still sounded in his ears...and his whatsapp. HIS WHAT? Fingers crossed everyone south of Watford Gap would still be asleep following the previous days Royal nuptials.

06.16 “Chez Bloop” The bench mobile coasted silently up to the kerbside. An unusually cheery Bloop tiptoed out the front door arms laden with cases and myriad accoutrements.

“Dammit” Exclaimed The Bloop doing his best Oddball impression. “There I was hoping you’d at least message me saying you couldn’t make it.”

“Not a chance of it, misery loves company mate, you got the directions?”



**ABOVE: “Proper science like you wouldn’t believe goes into packing man’s benchmobile, we’re F1 pit crew level fam, standard!” OR for anyone over the age of 30: “Here’s a photo of a neatly packed car.”**

Everything loaded, stashed, secured and stowed, our two headed off beyond the Big Smoke, toward the British Deep South and rather pleasant verdant countryside of Sussex. All together now Faldareee, faldaraaaaa, its..a....chuf...fin long way



**Seriously? 2 ½ hours to Sussex, I mean sure, you look like an over waxed wookie and I’m more cooler-er than Han Solo but I don’t think even the Millenium Falcon could do that.**

As with any of their jaunts the traffic going was minimal to non-existent, conversation erred toward the previous days wedding, the sun shone, roadworks were either invisible or on holiday.



3 hours later and our two meanderers found themselves holed up at Chobham services (somewhere near the parsons nose end of the M25) perusing the breakfast menu in McSatans.

**Goldieknobs doesn’t know if we’re nearly there yet.**



**The Bloop, he poop.**

With breakfast down their necks the duo climbed back into the benchmobile to complete the last hour’s drive toward Buxted Rifle Club.

On leaving the M25 the Bloop was becoming visibly more alarmed, he’d upcycled his McBreakfat wrapper and began fanning himself all lady-like “Whats up” asked Goldieknobs.

“I’ve forgotten the passports, do you think border control will let us in?”

“Mate I wouldn’t worry about that, I hear they eat midlanders down here, stick with me, I know some “dhan saaf” lingo, apples and pairs, cor blimey guv’nor we’ll blend right in”

The Bloop sighed. “You do know we’re not going to suddenly emerge into some magical land full of Del Boys and Bert The Chimney Sweep off’ve Mary Poppins and other east-end stereotypes don’ t you?” Goldieknobs bottom lip jutted out. “...and take off that Camel skin coat you look a right Rodney.”

Cue the "Wish you were here" theme music....

Directions are simple enough – head south on the M1, in the guide book it states "waft round the M25 anticlockwise until you hit the A22 where you'll hook a sweeping right South (yes there is South after London my County-men) and enjoy the greenery as you glide through the Sussex Countryside." The phone beeped. From the Bloops side it sounded like they were late and needed to get a clog on. Leafy green bit, leafy green bit, windy road, windy road – that's windy as in wind, not windy as in wind...I give up...ooh nice council houses round here.

"Hang on, isn't this Harry & Meghan's manor? I heard yesterday they'd been given the newly re-created titles (once formerly held by Prince August Frederick of the House of Hanover)" Piped Goldieknobs trying to sound knowledgeable, umm, knowledgeable, nope, knowledgeable dammit, knolly jibble have that you basket, ahah! "knowledgeable." (cheers internet based dictionary)

"I heard on the radio If you were licky and stood outside in a garden for three days you won a sausage roll!" Replied The Bloop.

Goldieknobs roared with laughter.

"Lucky, I meant lucky."

"Too late...too late, but no, go on, I remember this commentary off the radio yesterday, that and I saw the bit where her driver booted that 1950's Bentley down the 2 mile front drive, went like the clappers."

"Yeah, something about wangling an invite and then hanging round for a couple of days, there's been people camped out..."

Goldieknobs had tears in his eyes. "...all to win a sausage roll."

Pulling into Uckfield, find the medical centre, et voila!

Pee, sign in, smiles and handshakes all round HOPE YOU WASHED YOUR HANDS!, schlep the gear out the motor and into the comps...but not before Auntie Son' fixed us up with a cuppa while Uncle Graham arranged some fine sausage rolls through his local contacts!



Buxted – good shooting and excellent sausage rolls. FACT.

**Buxted & District Rifle Club** caters for Field Target and enjoys an open range for the Air Gunners in neighbouring woodland (sadly we didn't get to see this) and full indoor 25 metre range for those of the bench-reset persuasion.

**"Monitors, Handy are they. Useful. But beware; distraction also can they bring. 9's can this lead to."**



The boys set up and shooting commenced, Goldieknobs rifle enjoying a change in ammo. So far so good – with no wind pattern to worry about this should be a breeze. Badumtsss! He sat up, something was wrong. The last shot had not gone anywhere hear it should have. (3mm out) Heat haze? No. Look again. WHAT.THE.BOB. the whole sight picture was shaking. No-one else seemed phased, maybe he was having a funny turn. End stage caffeine withdrawal perhaps? Nope that'll be the Brighton train thundering past then. The range building is situated next to the rail line. A valuable lesson right there – when the shaking starts wait until the train goes past before you squeeze. Relieved he wasn't having a seizure Goldieknobs completed his card and stood by.

Seriously Though. It's a long old day shooting two comps, shoot, decant gear, wait between matches, switch lanes and repeating the process 6 times in total, while navigating around your fellow masochists 'specially as a day tripper.

Its like tetris and musical chairs rolled into one while you're still zoned out from the journey down there while trying to maintain zen like composure for the current or coming match.

Fully indoors bench will give you heat haze as there's no air movement with mistakes are instantly visible, a couple of 9's sees the heart rate creeps up, suddenly you're thinking about the last shot, the next shot, catch a glimpse of the monitor and mate you could be done. Breathe. Only 250's and X's in the 20's will win the day.

Despite The Bloop bagging 4<sup>th</sup> twice leaving Goldieknobs languishing in 5<sup>th</sup> and 6<sup>th</sup> in HV & LV he still pulled off two PB's on the day. The Bloop however lined up those fireworks and rained down upon them torrent of tiddle so intense, so ferocious that even the mighty Niagra and Victoria falls with all their voluminous capacity combined were but a mere dribble, with two of the finest 250's and an X count of such gargantuan scale and magnitude that nay, even the ancient Warrior-Titans of yore did gaze upon his cards with venerable esteem, proclaiming them; "Not Bad". Thus confirming another crushing victory that would be celebrated with feasting and rejoicing among the lands, or 3 hours jammed on the M25 going home. WOOP!