

## Our First Shoot with W.A.C.

I watched the weather forecast with particular interest, tomorrow would bring our first outdoor shoot with our new club, lured by the promise of 24 hour, 7 day shooting we had chosen W.A.C.

Coming from a club that never started shooting before 3:30 PM on a Sunday, we were a little phased to learn that we had to be on the field to shoot at **10:00 AM**, surely that's dawn isn't it?

The day dawned bright and clear, well anyway it dawned, heeding the weatherman's words I instructed the whole family to dress in shorts and, foregoing the Sunday ritual of tea and biccies in bed we set off. As we turned off the A3 we were ready and eager to shoot with WAC. We pulled into Wisley, admiring the lovely landscaped gardens as we set up our equipment and headed for the turnstiles, marked RHS.

"What's that stand for?", asked hubby. "Right hand shooters", I replied "They're to keep out the riff raff, you'll have to find one that says left hand shooters!"

At that point a man in Lincoln green, with a grim and determined expression, approached and politely but very firmly pointed us down the road.

Once on the field we dutifully set up our targets, carefully choosing well worn faces to avoid having to return a face at the end of the round, with only one hole in it!

Eighteen arrows later and the sky turned greyish, well to be honest black. "Has a bird just done a dollop on my head, or is it raining?" queried hubby. Before anyone could answer the heavens opened, "Do we carry on in this?" asked another newcomer. "I'm new myself, what's everyone else doing?" I replied... running like hell to the tea cabin!!! Peter Champion blamed us, of course, for the ensuing rainstorm. I use the word rainstorm as an understatement, in the downpour I discovered my daughter sitting down with her legs parallel to the ground, "What are you doing?" "My wellies were filling up with water" she explained. "This is the only way to stop it!" Meanwhile, I had to run the gauntlet of the family jibes, what was the reasoning behind wearing shorts today?!!!! Well the weather man said... and of course in the torrential rain the bottom of your trousers didn't get wet, the rain just streamed straight down our bare legs into our boots! At the sound of the whistle we returned to the lake to retrieve our arrows and to mark the score on what was now a piece of papier mache, before retiring to the blue smokey haven of Brenda's kitchen.

As we joined the rest of the archers under the shelter of the newly erected roof, (lucky eh?), we were party to a discussion about the weather. "Bad weather?" No. This is good for us, at least we can see the target!" said a regular to the club.

Finally, as the thunderbolts thundered and the lightening flashed, one by one the intrepid members of WAC packed up their soggy equipment and headed for home.

We had we enjoyed our first session? Yes! But we now realise the true meaning of the initials WAC... Waders Are Compulsory!

Sue, Dave, Robert and Tallia Smiff