

## **That's Mr Coach to You !!!!!**

I thought it was about time I gave you an insight into the world of weird and wonderful coaching techniques used by Mr "C". Firstly I have to say that the past few months have produced copious amounts of sweat, the odd tear and a rather impressive bruise.

After a disastrous start to the season Pete has taken the unenviable task of trying to turn me into a half decent archer (has he bitten off more than he can chew!!!), It all started one Tuesday evening at the beginning of May. I have known Pete for around 19 years, so imagine my surprise when he picked me up by the collars, shook me and asked me "What the hell was I doing wrong" Well after a brief discussion and me being too terrified to say No it was decided that Pete would resume my coaching duties.

I imagine over the past few months many of you have wondered why I have been shooting distances that I could throw the arrows at. No it wasn't just to revisit my youth. Pete had decided that everything was in such a mess that we would start from scratch and work our way slowly back until I reach 80 yards (still got bloody 30 yards to go).

The first couple of weeks were spent on 20 yards firstly aiming at a pink dot (and yes I did have nightmares) and then moving on to a 80cm target face. Pete thought that the first thing that I needed changing was my head position. He informed me at our first coaching session that he had spent the whole day drawing my head (what a pleasant experience!). After about 14 days and 33 million arrows shot I finally managed to shoot a group containing all six arrows at the same time and I was duly rewarded with a move to 30 yards (I could hardly contain the excitement !!!). This happened after Brenda had instructed me to pull my finger out as she was getting bored watching me at 20 yards (she was bored, I was suicidal but Pete remained happy).

The next 2 weeks were spent shooting at 30 yards. I tried to shoot most evenings and apart from the odd mumbled swear word and the odd rendition of "that doesn't feel right" there wasn't much incident (more than could be said for 40 yards). I think me shooting these distances has caused both amusement and drama. Every Thursday people seem to hold their breath in anticipation to see if I have been a good girl and been promoted to the next distance. Pete now gave me the green light to move to 40 yards.

The initial visit to 40 yards proved to be the most hilarious and painful night. Pete has regularly given up time on a Wednesday evening to coach me and this particular week was no exception. I had started the evening shooting like a complete prat (nothing new there then !!!). Pete wanted me to move my head one way but however hard I tried my head seemed to move every other way. It culminated in the worst 6 arrows ever shot. When we approached the target the group was unbelievable (all 6 arrows in a tight group). I think they call it sod's law but maybe they should change it to Andrea's law!! Anyway next coaching point was the position of the string on my face. Looking back, when your coach tells you that you are doing something never ever disagree because disagreement has consequences as you will see. Pete told me to put the string in a certain position on my face. "I already do that" I foolishly replied. "No you don't" came the response anyway after an intellectual discussion of "Yes I do", "No you don't" Pete strode off to the kitchen with a wicked glint in his eye. I warn you now if you ever see this look move rapidly towards your car and leave the field immediately. He returned from the kitchen with a mirror and a big grin on his face. Pete then proceeded to stand in front of me holding the mirror so I could

see the position of the string. Needless to say Pete was right all along. We used the mirror for the next few ends to get the position right and this caused a few giggles for the others down the field (thank God it wasn't a club night!!). One shot that evening will stick in my mind. As with all the previous arrows I pulled up looking at the mirror. I think this particular arrow I was admiring how wonderful I looked when I remembered that it was probably a good idea to aim at the target. I quickly turned my attentions to aiming (unfortunately forgetting that my bow arm was a little on the straight side), the clicker went and 34lbs thundered into my arm courtesy of the string. Pete's response was "you didn't want to do that" and I politely nodded and smiled (no sympathy though). I ended up with the wickedest bruise I have ever had which took two weeks to fade away.

After this incident I have vowed to believe whatever Pete tells me or the mirror may make an unwanted reappearance.

I have now successfully progressed to 50 yards by the time you read this I may have been lucky enough to get promotion to 60 yards (you never know).

I think this is an appropriate moment to thank Pete for all the hours he has spent with me over the past few months. It hasn't been easy but Pete has always been there to administer a kick up the backside when I have needed it. I have achieved some good results over the years and I can only put this down to Pete's coaching (he is the one that first taught me to shoot and has guided me ever since) and his and Brenda's continued and unwavering support through good and bad times. I would like to thank Pete for his patience as there aren't many people that would put up with me on such a regular basis

Andrea