

## ***A Room with a View***

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“Have you got your partners yet?” Juney asked as we walked into the hall we all loved.

“Not yet. I’ll see Sarah shortly and see who she’s got lined up for me this year.”

I always came to the competition on my own, and that meant Sarah had to find two other people to partner me, to make up a triples team. Sometimes, two people came together and needed a third, or she might have brought someone in from a local club. In any event we had a team.

We stopped just inside the doors and gazed at the huge hall. One hundred and fifty feet long and eighty feet wide. And at one end, a balcony served as a café, bar, and viewing platform. Sixteen Short Mat bowling mats covered the hall floor, each forty five feet by six and in the middle, the dreaded block, two inches square, eighteen inches long; hit it at your peril. The mats were already populated by a hundred or so enthusiastic bowlers practicing their tactics.

The well-known trio were greeted on all sides. The game of bowls is simple! You roll a big ball towards a little ball and get as near to it as you can! Simple? Then why is it so hard?

The trio are the ultimate exponents of this art.

“When are you on?” I asked.

“After this lot,” grinned Anna, raising her eyebrows and giving me wink.

The three of them smiled. “Best of luck” I said.

“We all need that,” they replied. I shrugged. “I’ll go and see who my partners are. Hopefully good enough to beat you three.”

They gave me a jokey wave and laughingly repeated. “Best of Luck.”

I headed for the balcony and a coffee. Sarah hailed me as soon I put my nose in the room.

“Come and meet your partners,” she called.

I walked to her desk with a quizzical smile on my face. Always one for the dramatic, she linked my arm and walked me across to a table where two ladies sat with their backs to us.

“Hi,” she said, “Meet Roy.”

They turned towards us; my jaw must have dropped a mile. Two heart shaped faces, with sparkling blue eyes, small turned up noses and full lips, which were puckered with cheeky smiles stared up at us. These identical look alike faces, wreathed in blonde curls, weighed me up with calculating intensity.

“Roy,” said Sarah, “Meet Mary-Jane Fowler and Sarah-Jane Fowler.”

“Are you any good?” asked Mary-Jane her chin jutting towards me.

They were an unlikely looking trio, I thought, as I watched my friends Eugene, Juney, and Anna walk towards the bowls hall.

Eugene, six feet five inches tall; thin as a rake handle; his face, a pale, almost translucent white, was adorned with wire framed spectacles through which sparkling blue eyes laughed at you. His wife Juney, was altogether stockier. Walking upright like a guardsman, at five feet seven, her shoulders looked twice the width of Eugene. Broad forearms swinging loosely by her side, looked as they could floor Nicola Adams like dusting off a feather.

While Anna looked, and was, the comic, she was the antithesis of the trio. At barely five feet she was squat! Looking at her from the rear she was wide; in fact, she looked wider than the other two put together. And Anna was round. Round around her bosom. Round around her buttocks. Round around each leg, which looked like extended barrels.

But!! They are the unbeaten Triples champions. As I know to my cost, they can all bend a bowl better than Beckham could bend a soccer ball into the net.

I caught up with them at the bowls hall door. "You three ready for off?" I asked.

They gave me three thumbs up. "Oh, Sarah-Jane, We've got a bright spark here."

She gazed at me caustically. Then, turning on a bewitching smile, she said "Bowls, you knumbskull."

"Let's find out. A rollup starts in ten minutes" I said.

Sarah left saying, "Have a good week."

"Come on then get your skates on" I said, and thinking, God I've got these two dishy dishes for a whole week Whoopee. I dug my hand into the bag to get a placement disc. "Mat five" I said. We headed over. Our opponents were already in place. I began to laugh.

"What are you laughing at?" they chorused.

"Come and meet my friends," I said still chuckling.

"Eugene, Juney, Anna, meet my partners, Sarah-Jane and Mary-Jane. They tell me we are definitely going to win the tournament."

"And the best of luck," they said in unison.

We tossed for the jack and won putting the others into play first. Seven ends, games to the uninitiated, we lost by one point. Shaking hands, and telling each other how well they'd played Mary-Jane said, "Just you wait until we get you in the final."

"And the best of luck!" collectively the Champion trio replied, waving victory arms in the air.

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