

REFLECTIONS FROM THE SEA END – AUGUST 2016

Summer seems to have been and gone but we still have a Test Series to enjoy and your author and the pussycats are looking forward to celebrating more glorious victories in the near future. Most cricket grounds have been compared with billiards tables at some stage in their lives, even though they are often than not trampled into quasi-cabbage patches on which the noble arts of cribbage and bar skittles were displayed. Such rustic thoughts prompted me to reflect on the antics of bridge players over the years when they have been resting from the demands of their plastic coated masters.

Your author once witnessed an episode where a leading international player (LIP) in a smart Midlands hotel was seen walking bare-chested from Reception to the Ballroom with a couple of hotel employees in tow as an official escort. On spotting your author, LIP grinned ruefully and said “Don’t ask!” Some five minutes later he was seen in the same mode of attire returning to the Reception area, talking animatedly with the Hotel Manager and a couple of security guards who had been added to the original entourage.

These happenings were unquestionable facts but at breakfast the following morning LIP shed some further light on what had occurred. It transpired that LIP was returning to his hotel room, cogitating no doubt on an odd bizarre bidding sequence he had encountered during the previous bridge session, when an attractive young lady dressed only in her birthday suit burst out of one of the adjoining rooms into the path of our hero. The young lady was crying her eyes out and she indicated that her boyfriend had thrown her out of the room that they were sharing for some mysterious reason and called upon LIP to give her some aid in her hour of need. LIP with commendable enthusiasm acted like a true knight in shining armour, and whipped off his white shirt and gave it to the young lady to protect her modesty and then escorted her back to Reception so that further assistance could be rendered.

This had necessitated finding the Hotel Manager and a couple of security guards to confront and ultimately negotiate with the boyfriend and restore some order. However LIP reported that the negotiations had not gone well, since the boyfriend refused to allow anyone into his room and indeed had eventually fallen into a drunken stupor. This caused some consternation since because the hotel was fully occupied, there was no spare room available for the use of the young lady. Accordingly as any gentleman would, LIP had offered the damsel in distress the use of the bed in his room, while he slept on the floor. LIP ended his account there and he basked in the approbation of his audience.

No further facts emerged about the incident at the time but speculation was rife within our circle. However your author was slightly better informed than the rest, since he gave LIP a lift home in his car at the end of the event and found to his surprise in his boot a personalised LIP white shirt decorated with what looked like pink lip-stick stains. The mind boggled!

Geoffrey Wolfarth, Hove.