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Subject: Summer Round of 3
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At last, the Hazy Boys of Summer finally clicked into gear, welcoming local derby rivals Crow Wood to the Pickup Stadia, and sending them back home with an 18-7 defeat. With late arrivals by four of our team, it was left to Mr Punctual Thomas McVick to hold the fort in the early stages. I think our captain is finding that title wearing very heavily on his slender shoulders.

So first up, and valiantly holding on to his number one slot, Tom M produced game of the night, with a 3-2 win against PC James Owen. Despite going 2-1 down against a very talented opponent, Tom fought back aggressively to steamroller the 4th by 11-2, and then closed out with great grit 11-9 in a very tight decider. Well played young man!

Next up at two, the returning Gordon G after a spell in The Priory, against the ever awkward Nick Uttley. Our Gordy looked a bit ring rusty for about the first five points, until returning to type and winning 3-0 in impressive style. All the old running was back, along with some more deft touches he's picked up on YouTube. Good to have you back Gordon, but you'll have to work to win the number one spot back.

The two number threes worryingly arrived in the same car, with our man Simon L being driven by Mark Green, and clearly under threat of not being given a lift home if he won. Additionally, Simon was allowed a drink, which he clearly seemed to have partaken in BEFORE he played. I didn't see this match because I was playing on the other court at the time, but we did have to suspend our game twice due to the bad language booming across from this match. I'm reliably informed by a spectator at the match (Simon himself!) that Simon was "shit", in going down 3-1.

So we're 2-1 up with two to go, so it was left to Mr Unreliable, John C to try to bring the bacon home for our first win of the season, against the mercurial Jimmy Nelson. Despite about 10 consecutive defeats in a row, I somehow managed to eek out a 3-0 win, much to the chagrin of Jimmy when told him I hadn't won since Christmas.

So we're 3-1 up, the bacon is in the bag, and just left to Ben N to wrap it in it in cling film. Playing the tall and surprisingly fleet of foot Karl Kampy, Ben came home a 3-2 victor in a cracking match. Well played Ben, once you stopped the unforced errors, a good win ensued.

So there we go, our first win, and welcome back to Gordon's pub banter with such gems as, "Hey John, you're late, have you been in the showers with that gay guy?", and "Ben, I can see your dick". It's like he's never been away....

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