

Gangster OFs blag their first win of the season (just).

By Steve McDowell

VX: (Very deep, 80-a-day London accented voiceover)

CAMERA PANS OVER EMPTY RANGE, FLAGS FLUTTER GENTLY IN THE SILENT WIND. TEN MEN WALK SLOWLY INTO SHOT, RIFLES SLUNG OVER SHOULDERS, B&Q TOOLBOXES TRAILING BEHIND THEM.

"Gangbangers they called us. They had not a Scooby (Doo, clue) what was to come to pass when the old lags of St Lawrence, Bedford, St Albans, Alleynians and Cranleigh came up to mix it with the Fram Mob.

"Cos if they knew... would they 'ave 'ad the minerals?"

The OFs gather, circling each other like menacing dogs, silent nods of acknowledgment are swapped around.

"Proper tooled up boys!" says Rob "Knuckles" Curtis, "Is there a tidy little Early (Learner, earner) afoot?"

"Could be some silver in it, me ol' China (plate, mate)," pipes up Jim "Spanners" Overbury, "But we've got to see off these oilies (rags, slags) first. They've been a bit cheeky."

"Diabolical liberty, Jim," says Nigel "Double C" Burnip.

"And on our manor too!" says Frenchie Smith, "Liberty!"

"Too right, we'd better have a Ronan (Keating, meeting) before we get into 'em." Says Jonnie the Joystick Ford.

"Can't we just nut 'em in the Jacobs (Crackers, knackers) and then get on the Air (Force, sauce). It's a luvly day for a Leo (Sayer, all dayer)," says "Longshanks" McDowell, "What say you, Razors?"

Razors Mehta eyes them through plumes of smoke.

"I'll chop your Alberts (Halls, balls) orf if you don't calm dahn. We've got this Colney (Hatch, match) to win first, so untwist yer Alans (Whickers, knickers) and let's shoot 'em off the park."

"Too right Razors. Nice One." Says the newboy Jonnie the Throp.

Razors eyes him dubiously.

Voiceover: *"There had not been a proper straightener at Bisley for a year and the Fram mob were bang up for it after they snatched the Q match trophy from the Bedford Boys. Two teams of proper Bisley faces led by Razors lined up to take them on. Tools at the ready and a stare harder than a gorilla on Viagra there were to be some ugly scenes..."*

Razors: "Right as you all know Hooligan (aka John "Fivebellies" Halahan) is finishing a two stretch and won't be out till next month so the A team is Smith, McDowell, Joysticks, and yours truly.

"B team Throp, Double-Entry (John Horton), Double C, Spanners, Knuckles and The Boss (Neil Joy, aged 83 in his 70th successive Bisley season.)"

Into shot wanders He-who-must-be-obeyed, the Range Officer John “Hiviz” Miller.

“OK chaps, I want a clean scrap, no biting, drooling, early discharge or rabbit punches. It’s windy so it’s all a bit of a Naomi (Campbell, gamble) so mind yer Aircrafts (hangers, manners) and keep it righteous.”

Voiceover: So the gunfire begins bathed in spring sun at 500 yards, with Smith and Ford opening their accounts with maximum 50s, McDowell and Throp 49s, Mehta a 48, 47 for Burnip and solid scores in the 40s for the rest of the boys.

They are feeling good as they fall back to 600 yards and lay-up awaiting a visit from other crews but there is a problem.

The Fram Mob are suddenly struck with a bout of incompetence so large you would get pennies out of a Monkey for it.

Magpies for Razors (dubiously claiming his foresight had fallen apart) and McDowell (because he’s a an idiot), 46s for Smith and even a 47 for the amazing Joysticks even though he is claiming cataracts.

There was much gnashing of teeth and some unhappiness.

Still, with Joysticks top holing with a 97.8, Frenchie 96.10, McDimwit 95.9 and the Chairman chipping in a 94.8 we have won, vanquishing the old foe the Lawrentians by a mere eight V-Bulls. But a win is a win is a win and not to have snook cocked at it, as Hiviz points out.

There is one final moment of red faces all round as Razors confesses that it was just as well we won as he couldn’t fine the trophy after the recent ‘unfortunate’ warehouse fire.

All: You were only supposed to blow the bloody doors off!”

Old Framlinghamians A	382.38
Old Lawrentian RC.	382.29
Bedfordians	373.29
Old Albanian R&PC	371.28
Old Framlinghamians B	369.33
Old Cranleighans	366.23
Old Alleynians	354.21