

Wanganui Tennis Club Inc. www.wanganuitennis.co.nz



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Friday(ish) Flash – 22nd July 2011

Welcome all, in this edition:

- Maree's bits
- Finally – A chill wind

MAREE'S BITS

REMINDER 2011/2012 Tennis Central Points race

Tennis Central have contacted me to say they have had very few Expressions of Interest returned to date. Players have until 19th August to sign up and you can get the forms by emailing tenniswang@xtra.co.nz or going to <http://tenniscentral.co.nz/Article.aspx?ID=6139>

Tennis Central RPC Tournament, Masterton, -3rd/4th September

Just a few weeks left to enter the Tennis Central RPC Tournament (entries close on Wednesday 17th August 5pm). Entry is restricted to 16 players per age group/gender, based on Top Dog. Players not making the cut off will be refunded their entry fee. Entry form is on www.tenniscentral.co.nz

FINALLY

Having lived in warmer climes for many years, this last week has been a bit of a shock as I've had to get out of bed earlier than usual. I consider myself to be an early riser (I'm usually up at the crack of noon) but I guess "early" is a relative term. 8:30am is usually only seen if it is tacked on to the night before, and whilst my pet cat, Vomit, is up and around at all hours and temperatures, I am more than content to bare only my naked eyeballs until the sun is well and truly up. There is a silver lining to being conscious when the mercury hovers around the zero mark, though, and it is seeing a whole different Wanganui population actually out in the elements and seemingly enjoying it. Yes, the early morning joggers seem to be a breed apart (much like Vomit), only coming out when normal people still have at least 30 of their 40 winks to go. Obviously there is something wrong with their circadian rhythms and fate has somehow taken them from their natural time-zone (I'm guessing somewhere mid-Pacific) and plonked them into this foreign country. Either that or they read Rod Bannister's fitness column far too avidly. The reasons are immaterial - these are a people that inhabit a different universe to me yet live in the same town. Early mornings are for newspaper deliveries and strange cats. The rest of us should stay in bed until the temperature at least approaches a civilised number with at least two digits in it.

None of the above has anything to do with tennis of course, but as my computer room has no heating and typing with three pairs of gloves on kinda focuses your thoughts, the only topic that seemed relevant to anything was the cold.

As a footnote, watching Vomit trying to eat frozen cat food is a hoot.

It is almost worth getting up for.

I can't imagine I have offended any person or group with the above ruminations, so to keep up my quota, have a go at this...

A man in London walked into the produce section of his local Tesco's supermarket and asked to buy half a head of lettuce. The boy working in that department told him that they only sold whole heads of lettuce. The man was insistent that the boy ask the manager about the matter.

Walking into the back room, the boy said to the manager,

"Some old bastard wants to buy a half a head of lettuce."

As he finished his sentence, he turned around to find that the man was standing right behind him, so he quickly added,

"and this gentleman kindly offered to buy the other half."

The manager approved the deal and the man went on his way.

Later, the manager said to the boy,"

I was impressed with the way you got yourself out of that situation earlier, we like people who can think on their feet here, where are you from son?"

"New Zealand, sir," the boy replied.

"Why did you leave New Zealand ?" the manager asked.

The boy said, "Sir, there's nothing but prostitutes and rugby players there."

"Is that right?" replied the manager, " My wife is from New Zealand !"

"Really?" replied the boy, "Who'd she play for?"

Enjoy your tennis.

Terry Wright
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