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Taieri Bridge Club

Issue Number 132 December 2007



Holidays and fun

There is not very much bridge in this holiday edition of the newsletter. Enjoy the holiday season, stay safe if not sober, and see you all in 2008



"Well no wonder why they're more productive than us!"

Bridge vignettes

"Partner, every day you play worse than the day before. Today you are playing as if it is tomorrow already."

One member of a pair was heavily criticising the other one without stopping. The 3rd person at the table took an "Extra Strong Mint" from his pocket, gave it to this person, said "Have a mint", and turned to the others "Let's keep his mouth busy."

A prominent doctor was an enthusiastic but not very good bridge player. One day his friend, a man he occasionally played bridge with, fell sick and the doctor was called in.

The patient was gloomy over his condition, and the doctor made a careful examination. Wishing to reassure him that there was nothing to worry about, he said cheerfully, "You'll be all right. Mark my words, you'll live to play many a rubber of bridge with me as your partner yet."
"Oh Lord," groaned the despondent patient. "I think I'd rather die."

Bridge," said the sage, "is a great comfort in your old age.
It also helps you get there faster."



Editor's farewell

This issue of the club newsletter is my last as editor. A few months ago I moved to Carey's Bay, to a small house high on a hill with wonderful views down to the head of the Otago harbour, and a large and challenging section. Happy though I am in the new location I am now a good 40 minutes drive away from Mosgiel and it just doesn't make sense for me to play so regularly on Wednesday nights and be in the close touch that a news reporter needs to bring scoops to the readership. However, I shall remain a member of the club and you will see me perhaps once every month. I have made many friends at Taieri (some of you - you know who you are - have been stauncher than I could ever have expected) and I look forward to seeing you all when I make my odd appearances. My five years as editor have allowed me to enjoy my bridge in a different sort of way. Finding interesting hands and discussing them has been a particular pleasure and, of course, it has been a great treat for me to look over the shoulders of Voluptua, Randy and Company, celebrating their triumphs and commiserating with their reverses. Thank you one and all for tolerating my eccentricities and giving me a forum to write about my favourite game.

Mike

Psychiatrist's automatic phone system

Recording - "Hello, Welcome to the Psychiatric Hotline." If you are obsessive-compulsive, please press 1 repeatedly. If you are co-dependent, please ask someone to press 2. If you have multiple personalities, please press 3, 4, 5 and 6. If you are paranoid-delusional, we know who you are and what you want. Just stay on the line until we can trace the call. If you are schizophrenic, listen carefully and a little voice will tell you which number to press. If you are manic-depressive, it doesn't matter which number you press. No one will answer.

One-liners

What's the difference between a man and a dog? A man wears a suit, a dog just pants.

Did you hear about the prawn that went to a nightclub - he pulled a mussel.

A man walks into a surgery "Doctor" he cries "I think I'm shrinking" "I'm sorry, sir there are no appointments at the moment" says the physician "you will just have to be a little patient"

Thieves made off with a toilet from police station; police say they have nothing to go on

Happily ever after

Randy Hardwick was on edge. He had reached a turning point in his young life; a time when boyish things were being set aside and the responsibilities of adulthood were being cautiously embraced. True, he did not think quite in these terms; indeed, "embraced" was a word he more eagerly associated with his passion for the love of his life (No, reader, of course I do not mean bridge).

For the last several nights he had paced the streets of Mosgiel, sleep was now a rare pleasure, and a certain haunted look on his face could now be discerned. At last, screwing all his courage up, he knocked hesitantly on the door of Voluptua's apartment. The object of his affection opened the door with surprise. It was several days since she had seen him and she was becoming quite concerned; his haggard appearance did not reassure her. With some trepidation she invited him across her threshold.

Randy looked at Voluptua. Voluptua looked at Randy. The familiar urge to rush into each other's arms was somehow tonight overlaid by a poignancy that stayed their impulse for the moment. Tongue-tied they felt the other's awkwardness, wonderingly they felt an empathy hitherto unexperienced.

Randy at last broke the silence. "Voluptua" he began haltingly and she replied with a zephyr sigh that none but he could hear. Once again, "Voluptua" and now with growing confidence "Voluptua, sweet darling".

This was something new for him - the tenderness of a man, not the sentimentality of a boy. Voluptua's heart quickened. She saw him now, fearful, struggling, courageous, as a champion facing demons, and she realised that all that had passed previously between them was just a youthful friendship that now was flaring like the hot sun; no longer just the flame of desire but the slow deep passion that sustains, nourishes and fulfills for a life-time.

She could not speak and with wide eyes she waited for him to continue. He was tall, this man of hers, wide-shouldered and strong; and he was here tonight, here for her. He took her by the hand, touched her cheek.

"Voluptua, here am I, standing before you, standing with you, in your presence that delights me, enthral and entrances me. I have little to offer you but my love, my care, and my loyalty. Please, Voluptua, sweet girl, please be my wife".

And she, with shining tearful eyes, with happy heart made answer "Yes".