

Training for the Limp-ics

Phil Mellows

We're all Olympians now. Inspired by a harvest of gold the entire nation has its toes on the starting blocks of a new era of sportiness. Muscles ripple lasciviously under latex. The pungent, invigorating aroma of horse linament wafts through city streets clogged with joggers. The pubs are empty.

I myself am warming up for Rio de Janeiro 2016. My expectations are modest. A bronze will do. And I'm not aspiring to a washboard stomach like Jessica Ennis. Not even my washboard can manage that. But I'm determined to be a part of Team GB next time around. Or any team really. Depends what citizenships I can pick up on e-bay.

The real puzzle is, which event?

With my corns it'll probably have to be one of the sitting-down ones, a GB speciality. And living in Brighton I am drawn to the sea. So yachting it is, then. I've even done it twice. Though like the punchline to the joke, the rest of which I've forgotten, the first time I was sick and the second time my hat blew off.

Ah, and Brighton also has a beach volleyball court. Or dune. Whatever it's called. The sand will be soft on my toes.



But no. I daren't inflict my bare legs on the world. Another obstacle. It's like the bloody 3km steeplechase just deciding what to. But I can't give up now. Where's my Olympic spirit?

It will just have to be a trousered sport. Like clay pigeon shooting. I've done that too. Think the bruise on my shoulder has gone down now. At one point it was visible from space. Quite pretty colours. The pigeons came out of it in better shape, though.

The equestrian disciplines are obviously out, following that nasty incident with the donkey on Margate beach in 1962.

I've got it. Judo. Pyjamas. A fair bit of sitting down, looking exhausted. I could do that.

Oh, I don't know. Perhaps some of us are only here to stand and stare. I'll think about it in the pub over a pint. Let the stirring words of Mike Nesmith be my motto:

'And I probably won't fly down to Rio, But, then again, I just might.'

www.philmellows.com