

Indoor Sovereignty

Welcome back and thanks for subscribing. I'll do my best to keep it interesting and worth your while. You're welcome to leave any feedback or comments below the blog post. Do keep it classy, it's all moderated (unlike the comments section of the MailOnline).

Finale

As the curtain gently falls on the EU's dictatorship of the UK, I spent my final evening of servitude at a sports hall on the outskirts of Germany's capital, playing one of Britain's most successful sporting exports, with an international melting pot of Kiwis, Ozzies, Germans, Indians, Pakistanis, Afghans and, of course, Brits. "What has freedom of movement ever done for us?", I hear you cry.



Curtain Down

We are, of course, very lucky to even have the venue. After a ten-year wait and some behind the scenes back-slapping and cajolery, we were finally offered not one, but two halls to practice in during the winter months. Are Berlin sports halls rather like London buses? It would seem so.

Curtain-Raiser



Curtain Up

When one curtain closes, another one opens – as they say in Unicornland – and while we look forward to the new outdoor season with an Odyssean gusto, our esteemed chairman has been locked in a Charlottenburg backroom with various Berlin cricket aficionados and some hooded figures from the Olympic Stadium to thrash out a level playing field for the new season. Sadly, they hold all the cards and we've been told the season must finish

by the end of July. There are some more changes, the details of which I won't bore you with here. But suffice it to say: we really do need to take back control.