

The Art of Beginning Bridge Lessons

by Marlene Phillips

My friend said to me,
“Let’s take a few bridge lessons”
Now, I was looking for some fun
What possible harm could a few bridge sessions be?

So off we went to the Senior Center.
Years ago, I had played a few hands and been a winner.
The people greeted us with smiles and seemed normal and nice
And the lessons were not a very high price

What possible harm could a few bridge sessions be?

But shock set in as I listened to the teacher!
She said, that’s old fashioned, that particular feature!
The examples on the board looked normal
But the bidding was completely foreign.

With ten measly points she called a jump, a limit raise!!
I could not believe my ears and I didn’t understand that phrase!
Nonsense, I thought, as I listened to more!
And who the heck is Carolyn Sydmore?

What happened to “drop dead” bidding?
Bid a suit you don’t even have? You’re kidding!!
Now to play at all I must learn to transfer.
And how will I remember bids that only infer?

I always thought that you removed splinters from your finger!
Now I find it is a bid that I will never remember!!
At last, a bid I DO recall like an old friend.
Oh no; now it’s Puppet, reverse, minor suit Staymen, to my chagrin.

I gathered my notes and went home with my neighbor
I thought, “Learning all this will take me forever!”
But into the group I jumped in
At first I couldn’t figure out WHY I didn’t win

**From every novice to each expert at the table, I received a lecture.
Innocence of rules brought a punishment for me at every juncture.
Then my neighbor and I began to disagree.
Now she and I no longer speak!**

I wondered, “How much harm can a few Bridge lessons be?”

**It was then that determination gripped my very Soul!
Life took on new meaning with Bridge as my goal.
With jaw set, my time went to constant study.
My husband moaned, “Why isn’t dinner ready?”**

**On the computer I played well into the night!
My life’s companion thought I was not very bright!
But what does he know?
And who needs him anyhow?**

**That’s the way it goes, old hubby
I no longer have time to travel and be a buddy!!
He didn’t think it was funny
When I became so busy and spent too much money.**

Now how much harm can a few Bridge lessons be?

**Who needs to clean house every day, I ask.
That is a losing battle, a meaningless task.
Besides, Bridge is more of a challenge.
Because, who wants to remain a player that’s only average?**

But how much harm can a few Bridge lessons be?

**Now my nerves are really frayed
Medication is the only answer, I am afraid.
But when the phone rings, I get out my calendar and to myself say,
I just can’t wait for the next opportunity to play.**

I still don’t see, What harm can a few Bridge lessons Be?