

UK iDance Bboy Championships, Watford

After a rather disturbing occurrence, which took place and may not be heard of again (all I can say is that it was about Tin Hat and a Prince ahh you have to be there), TrubL Roc, Ben Jammin', Tin Hat, Elle Roc, Soul Baby, Mar-Shki and Curious George made their way to Watford. This was our destination. This was where we all hoped to win a trip to LA, to compete in the finals. By the way if you had not already figured, we were going to battle in the UK Qualifiers, which was won last year by our very own Sinstars.

We approached the venue, preparing. We went to register and met our fellow crew "Born to Rock". With a quick good luck and goodbye, we collected our competitors armbands and grabbed the best changing room available. Whilst stretching, we were running through our sets, links, routines and the orders in our minds.

Not too long after, we were called back-stage. TrubL Roc rushed to meet us and warned us that all the rules had changed. She told us that there would be no links allowed in the first round and that the first round was only 5 minutes long. Pffffft! We were still ready. After all, Soul Baby and Mar-Shki had just entered a crowd locking comp...and lost!!!

Anyway our time had come. We went on stage, shook the judges hands and stood facing "Flava Squad" our arch enemies. The music started and the battle began. We started the battle with a legendary Mar-Shki burst and air chair. Ha we could see 'em shaking in their sneakers. Followed by furious Curious George's back flip set.



Elle Roc went in next but she had a competitor: her name was Baby Flex but she was nothing to worry about, she was just a gymnast undercover. Then came Soul Baby with his swipe set.



And then mister princey himself I mean Tin Hat came. Lastly the one and only Ben Jammin'. The tune was stopped half way through his second set but like a true Bboy, he kept the beat in his head and carried on through a dope halo to chair!



We were well chuffed! We represented amazingly and we absolutely whooped their asses. We went to our changing room and calmed down. We were so confident we had won, we started going through our next round. We then found out the result. It wasn't good. It couldn't have been right... but it was - we had to take it. At least we knew we represented well. Oh well. We took as much free red bull as we could and got out of there. You wait till next time "Flava Squad" you wont be so lucky.

"Mwahahaha Brap Brap B&Q!!!!!!"

Even though the crowd was tiny, with about 60 people, I think we gained a lot of experience by being involved in this type of event. We thought that Flava Squad weren't very good as they were more gymnastic and didn't show any passion for the dance. We didn't think the judges were fair maybe because the majority of our crew was young and that most of the crew we were battling were

adults – perhaps they thought we might not have enough stuff for the next rounds. Ha! Don't be fooled! Half of the judges weren't even Bboys or Bgirls.

Our inspiration for power was a French bloke from a different crew doing air flares but we weren't really that inspired by the day as most of the crews there weren't even Bboys apart from Soul Mavericks and Born to Rock.

We learnt from the day that everything wasn't going to be the same as we expected. We took all the things that we did from the day that we did wrong and improved on them. That really wasn't much...

Many thanks to TrubL Roc for helping us on our way. Also to Ben Jammin' and Tin Hat for filling in at short notice.

written by Mar-Shki, Curious George, Elle Roc & Soul Baby



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