

BRCC v Leighton Buzzard 2s (A)

Saturday 25th May 2019

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Ridge Win Despite LB Opener Throwing the Bat

Bag of Bones Becomes Diva

Hamsah Almost Plays Defensive Shot

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LBCC 222 all out (50 overs)

BRCC 226- 6 (35 overs)

Result: Won by 4 wickets

It was all about timing: What time would Keeps arrive? What time would Hamsah have to leave? Would we complete our overs in time?

Leighton Buzzard CC has generally been to the English Riviera what Steve Bird is to Intellectual Discourse but as of this season the club is employing a professional groundsman. The outfield looks excellent the wicket is firm, true and bouncy, and on Saturday the place was Calm and Tranquil (two words that go together like Hamsah and Hurry).

It really made you nostalgic for the guy who liked to loudly mow the grass bank as cricket started, before giving way to a football match on the adjacent pitch between Leighton Town CC and some other team with equally noisy players and supporters.

Jai, 15-year-old debutant, was calm - even tranquil - too, although he might have admitted to some surprise : surprise that there was no official warm-up; surprise that had we won the toss the captain's decision would have been influenced by the start time of Hamsah's evening Shift at Tesco; surprise that he was playing cricket with someone 49 years older than he.

Keeps arrived with minutes to spare, mumbling something about Spending Time with Ned, which sounds like the title of a biopic. MIddsy reclaimed from RolfeDog the Size 12s that had been confiscated after last week's match, pending further news of Melanie from South of Sheffield (another biopic in the making?). Confirmation is required but it appears that he had bowled a maiden over between last week's game and this. The fact that he does not bowl is irrelevant: the lady doesn't know that.

Dakes does not usually start with maiden overs and he opened this match with a couple of full bangers that were hit straight to fielders.

Unknown to us, James Raine, opening bat, was potentially sitting on his third consecutive duck (which sounds like an ornithological term). After the two full tosses, came a third which Raine struck firmly at Extra Cover where an athletic fielder, or in Keeps' words a "bag of bones" was waiting for him.

To make a long story short, Mr Raine underestimated the skeletal figure at which he directed his shot and started to run. He only slowed to a walk halfway to the boundary, when *pausing* to reconsider whether 'Run Out (W Gummidge) O' could have been avoided. He soon reached the pavilion but did so a few moments after his bat, which briefly became a dangerous projectile before coming to rest on the bank after an encounter with an iron fence. There's a gag about throwing the bat in there somewhere.

Regrettably he took no further part in the match and one can only conclude that in Leighton Buzzard, when it Rains it *Pause*.

The second wicket partnership was broken when Brooksie took a regulation catch off Dakes, not an excellent diving legside catch of the sort which I failed to mention in last week's report because it appeared to involve some unnecessary showing off.

Junaid bowled four overs from the top end for six runs and his final figures of 1-49 off 10 were only spoiled by a single over of 17 runs. Junaid is all arms and legs while Dakes is all elbows and legs and the LB batsman admitted to getting rather dizzy.

Hamsah-in-a-Hurry replaced Dakes and did everything at top speed rather like the White Rabbit in Alice Through the Looking Glass, constantly looking at his watch. At 1.45pm Hamsah started worrying whether it was time to leave for

his evening work shift and muttered “I’m late, I’m late, for a very important date” (Lewis Carroll) which reminded us of Midsy too. He was not helped by the LB pavilion clock which spent the whole day stuck at 3.40pm which, conveniently was the time by which we were required to complete our 50 overs.

Hamsah-in-a-Hurry bowled the season’s first Dangerous High-Pitched Delivery at Richard Raine, brother of James, who despite being hit firmly on the hand and shoulder, took it all in good spirit and did not go home for the rest of the day or throw his bat around.

Hamsah dismissed his partner Rhiann Krynauw, which is easy for you to say, neatly stumped by Brooksie’s bandy legs. Brooksie soon began to worry about our over rate to which the Bag of Bones replied he couldn’t comment as there was no clock. “Yes there is, look, on the pavilion” replied Brooksie for whom the time is presumably always Twenty to Four.

At the other end Gilet-Statò bowled a typically mean spell and updated his stats after each delivery, on his mobile. Regrettably he did not take a wicket and so was replaced by Jai.

With the last ball of his first over, Jai got one to rag and bowled Richard Raine who went off to look for his brother.

Just when we were getting on top, Mark Burfoot was joined by Alfie Ruston who has the sort of name you really wish you had been born with, if you are stuck with ‘John Rolfe’, “Mike Gillett” or “Michael Gove’.

Alfie plays in a hurry too and hustled to 35 before being caught by Jai off Hollywood who to everyone’s astonishment had come on to bowl at the football ground end.

LB tried to keep up the tempo but Brooksie caught Burfoot for 70 off Junaid, meaning that Brooksie had three victims and we all agreed that Leighton Buzzard were very unlucky. Buzzard’s Andy Smith then hit one off Hollywood towards the Bag of Bones who caught the ball with an unnecessary but well-disguised dive. This meant that Hollywood had two more wickets than Gilet at this stage, who was busy rebooting his phone.

In order to help Gilet, the Bag of Bones then took another catch with another dive, (what a diva) once he came back on to bowl. Gilet was getting into a frenzy having started the day on 97 league wickets for the club. He collected the last two he needed for his century in the last over, only interrupted by an unexpected dropped catch from Hamsah about 80 yards away.

Having started the 46th over with no wickets to his name Gilet, 9-2-39-3, strode off ahead of the pack as leading wicket taker in the innings, with a Strike Rate of 18, keen to download his figures from one machine to another and also because he was hungry. Sadly for him Hollywood's 2-22 off 5, was taken at a better Strike Rate of 15 thanks of course to come magnificent catching

Looking at the clock, Brooksie said he was glad we had completed our overs in the nick of time.

God help us.

Our innings took a different shape to theirs. Hamsah was in a hurry and at one point demanded loudly that the score be updated. In truth the scoreboard could not keep up with Hamsah and Gilet could not keep up with the scoreboard.

The latter might have been something to do with the arrival of Nathalie and Harry at Leighton Buzzard CC for a family afternoon out. Gilet knows how to treat a girl and even found Nathalie a chair which was good of him, though the rest of his family was not allowed near the laptop. All this contrasted somewhat with Hollywood who was being collected by Fliss after the match, and who ensured she stayed parked up in the car park outside.

While Taggart was collecting singles back at The Ridge, Hamsah was collecting boundaries. If there had been a football match going on it would have been abandoned for dangerous play. Strangely, RolfeDog found that when *he* was facing, the bowlers were generally bowling quite well and they didn't bowl *him* any easy sixes.

Hamsah panicked and stopped the game to ask what the time was as he had to leave at 6.30pm. It was 4:30.

God help us.

He carried on until he was stumped for 75 trying to hit the ball to Aylesbury. At this point we were 90-1 off 10 overs with RolfeDog on 9.

Once you've batted with Hamsah, nothing is quite the same, so RolfeDog became bored with Keeps at the other end and got out for 27. Naturally the scoring rate slowed once RolfeDog was out.

Jai Angell batted in heavenly fashion on his debut in front of proud parents and outlasted Keeps who was short of cash and was bowled for 48. Jai was eventually lbw out for 32. When Hollywood was bowled soon after because he was worried that Fliss might get curious and find out what her hubby does on Saturday afternoons, we had a little wobble.

When you have a wobble there's no one better to sort it out than Fats. He was joined by Junaid who hit the winning runs and we won by 4 wickets.

"Next week. I'll take you to Cropedy" said Gilet to Nathalie, "It's lovely there". Gilet calculated what time Hamsah would have to get out at Cropedy to get back to Tesco in time and Middsy wondered whether Cropedy would be a good place for a date.

News had come through that Taggart had defied gravity by making 49 at home but by the time we returned to the club it had crept up to 50 and is no doubt rising even now. Brooksie started getting Stato-disease and sent us all his wicketkeeping statistics for the season as if we were remotely interested. Middsy took RolfeDog's whites home and we all agreed what a lovely ground Leighton Buzzard is. Especially if we win.

Hamsah hurried back to Tesco just in time for his shift, only to find James Raine was doing it for him.

Harry Kane was not available for comment