



Only it was not Keeps with Brooksie, it was Dakes and RolfeDog was next in, the match having progressed from 42-1 to 69-5 in the time it takes to say “now Izzy this won’t hurt, at least not very much, probably more you than me, but I wish you’d keep your head still and if you try and bite me I will bite you back and risk another “Man Bites Dog” headline, and stop wriggling and, there, I said it would be OK, now what did I do with the top of the bottle... etc etc”.

The scorebook really does tell the story, only we must chide BirdDog for interrupting the sequence with a 2 and most of all Scott who was out for 6 in two balls - you can probably work that one out for yourselves. Clearly Scott batting at 11 had a point to prove and it is interesting that the 2s had the same idea on the same day of reversing the batting order (see 2s report when written).

Well what do you say?

I suggested: “Middsy and Brooksie blew it” but that didn’t go down too well.

Tea was good with the exception of an issue over the type of cream to go with the apple pie but I won’t spoil that for you now as it will be one of the subjects of the next RolfeBlog... Can’t stand the tension? Well neither can I!

In the field and this might not seem very credible seeing we lost heavily, but we actually fought quite well.

BirdDog who claims to be totally immobile from a series of afflictions – which is why he batted 10 - caught a mighty skyer off Dakes. SamDog claimed some of the credit for having just challenged the batsman to see how far he could hit it.

Then came two comedy moments, not easy to describe but you will get the idea.

First the other opener hit the ball hard and straight at BenDog at mid-on and seeing who it was, thought ‘this is an easy single even though the fielder is only a few yards from the far set of stumps’.

In a series of movements taken directly from the dying swan in Swan Lake – or was it the Ugly Duckling, I'm not sure? – our illustrious Capitaine-come-owner-of-an-enormous-paddock-with-nothing-but-invisible-horses-in-it - managed to stop the ball, fall slowly to the ground, position himself in such a way to make throwing the ball near-impossible, prove the near-impossibility, then throw it all the same, so that it trickled to the stumps such that the only question was whether the throw would have the force to knock the bails off.

Remarkably it did, and we are left wondering what the running batsman can have been doing during such a long description of an incident such as this, and still not make it to the other end in time.

The second comedy moment came soon afterwards when our star-but-rather-accident-prone bowler Mr Mark Dakin fielded a firm return shot with his shin. To be accurate he did not stick his leg out Shak(e)y-style and swat it, to be honest the ball just hit his leg, he being too slothsome to do anything about it, the message still travelling from brain to leg by the time the ball arrived.

From my vantage point, looking back down the wicket at first slip I could see immediately behind Dakes the prone body of BirdDog who, you remember, is too incapacitated to move, but had nevertheless pulled off a dive that would have comfortably stopped the ball had Dakes' shin not interfered.

Behind all of this in an exact straight line was Captain Bendog who would have easily fielded the ball had it missed every arm and leg on the way (and no doubt he would have run someone out from a prone position). So instead of a relaxed easy piece of fielding from BenDog we had an injured bowler and a more-injured fielder.

Well that's how the day was really.

There was time for Russ to bowl a batsman round his legs, the batsman not being willing to risk his shins in an attempt to protect his wicket.

And that was it.

Man of the Match goes to Griff our scorer who had the sad task of numerically recording what happened ...

...rather better than the literary version.

### **RolfeDog**

PS: I should say that Izzy has never bitten anyone but has a good lawyer, who does not understand poetic licence.

George might now be our fittest bowler.