

MATCH REPORT

BLEDLow RIDGE V TWYFORD 2s (Away)

Saturday 16th May 2015

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Twyford out-talk and out-score the Ridge's best

HairBear experiences rarified atmosphere at Twyford

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BRCC 279-3 (53 overs)
Kimble 281-5 (45 overs)

Lost by 5 wickets

This is not going to be a long match report.

We made 279. For three. And lost. And lost. **And lost.** And Hairbear got a nosebleed. I don't know which was worse.

There was a bit of 'friendly banter' between the teams too – we found someone who likes to talk more than Birdy and Scotty combined. Or should that be Birdy and Waitey combined?

Taggart had pulled off the extraordinary feat of finding 11 players who did not have to play at home. Saeed has even played for Twyford (he recommended the Chinese take-away on the corner). We arrived early, got in the mode and batted on a wicket where bizarrely only eight wickets fell all day but which gave ample help to the bowlers.

Dickers fell early and later discovered that his only run had been credited to RolfeDog who managed to make 58 mostly in an arc between third man and fine leg. This innings contained a certain amount of attention-seeking with ice packs and sprays being sent out to treat an elbow injury: 'rub it man you know it hurts' as Curtley Ambrose once said.

Lloydy looked in fine form as always although form refers more to batting than to shape. He and Fats (I shall henceforth refer to Simon Martin as "Fats" as I can't keep writing his full name out just to avoid confusion with Simon Lloyd... even if Fats is now slim as a stick) managed not to run each other out or at least not before Lloydy was caught behind for 46.

Geoff joined Fats. Little and Large. Geoff started with a “conversation” with one of the opposition fielders: “you’d better be good” he said to him. Unfortunately, as we later learnt, he was. Geoff opened up with his traditional cover drive over midwicket and the third wicket partnership was ultimately worth 150 –odd. Half way through it Taggart announced that Saeed would be promoted above Birdy and Brooksie in the batting order.

Mayhem. Mass resignations.

Most players thought it should be Taggart himself.

Now that really would devastate a batsman.

During his innings, Fats’ dad Richard arrived. He had been ‘here’ for an hour he said, only what he meant was that he had been nearby, in the wrong village looking for a cricket ground that wasn’t there. This seemed unfortunate but was partly explained during the tea interval when Fats got on the phone and managed to say to someone that he was ‘playing cricket at Bicester’. Which is a nearby town, but is not Twyford. Obviously.

Tea was great even if Scott nicked the strawberry off my cream scone.

Fats 67no, Geoff 64no. Geoff now has an average of 97 (the same number as the times Brooksie removed the bails in their innings, according to the oppo.)

Surely we had enough runs.

The first two wickets took a while to come and when Fats got the first one a private conversation – albeit over a distance of 30 yards – between Birdy and him, was interpreted as ‘giving the batsman a send-off’. The non-striker stoked the fires, the new batsman came in with plenty to say about something none of us had heard anyway.

His name was Curley, one of Lloyd’s Beachdean ice cream brands I believe.

We had a bit of walking, non-walking banter with the other opener. Lloyd said to me that he thought it fair enough as he doesn’t ‘walk’ himself. “You did today” I replied – “Oh yes, so I did” he said ... leaving me rather confused. This opener was then caught by, wait for it, Birdy and nothing was said by anybody. Amazingly.

Hairbear commented that cricket was a tad more competitive at this high altitude.

Curley was joined by Lyon, whose name is mysteriously like an ice cream brand too, but fear not, this week’s report is not going to descend into another bout of ice-cream-name-calling. We did, however slowly go into meltdown and only removed the talkative Curley for 78 when the score was well beyond 150.

I say 'removed' but even when given out LBW he hung around for a chat. Mostly with Scotty and Birdy couldn't get a word in edgeways. Scot then took another wicket with his next ball. Much later he bowled Lyon for 77 but by then they had so much momentum and the large boundary was proving too much for our particular fielding side to defend.

So we lost and all had a very friendly chat with the oppo in the local pub afterwards where James was recovering from a nosebleed that, he says, only happens "at the end of cricket matches" - a somewhat strange medical phenomenon that should perhaps be investigated by Luke Williams who was not playing. No, not even 'home only'.

The provision of permanent medical assistance on-site for our team, as hinted in the last match report is looking increasingly like a good idea. During the week four club members attended and passed a first aid course, as a result of which Taggart is very keen we obtain a defibrillator. "No disrespect" said Mr Curley afterwards, "but you are an ageing" team. On the contrary no greater praise has been given even though James and Scott might object.

James went on that first aid course, unfortunately it did not cover nose-bleeds.