

Match Report – Sat 11<sup>th</sup> May 2013-05-13  
BRCC 172ao 46 overs  
Cublington 173-2 – 20 overs

It's hard to be funny when you get a good hiding.

172 all out might have been defensible but really we knew it was too few as Russ Moran had produced a fine wicket.

We played on a pick-a-number-between-24-and-31 basis in the middle order and Nos 3 to 7 made: 31,24,29,25,26 but no one hung around to finish the job.

Uncle Paul got Nephew Phil out LBW which was reasonably funny, no complaints from Phil. Saeed located the only boundary fielder with a shot to deep cover which was really quite funny and Doughty Doug found that even though he thought he may not have been out, when you are the last wicket and when the umpire has put his finger up, then the opposition are not really bothered and just walk off chortling!

Roz tried to to pep us up with a fine tea and Jamie said to nick a couple of wickets early on and then pray for rain. After two or was it four overs the score was 19-2. We then started praying.

But the Lord amused himself first by striking down our front line bowler Keeping who pulled up lame in about his third over which he couldn't complete (where is David Maunder when you need him?.... ah yes, creating new batting records in the 2s I understand).

As the score accelerated I was about to suggest to Jamie that we try Brooksie only to see him putting on the 'keeping pads (that name Keeping again) as Birdy could bend down but not stand up. God knows how Birdy goes to the bathroom - we should ask the Lord and we should also register a complaint against him (or is God a 'her' I cannot remember? certainly is in my house) as, no matter how hard we prayed he or she did not get organised quickly enough.

Apparently the rain had to be blown all the way down from Scotland and the Good Lord had not reckoned on us going at eight an over and so it was that Cublington completed the run chase about five minutes before we were hit not by rain in fact as the Scots sent some hail. Perhaps they have a sense of humour after all.

Talking of which we did have one fine visual moment when Doughty Doug ran about 20 yards and dived full length only to come up with a clump of grass. Still, he did try, as The Almighty might have said.

Talking of The Almighty, Sid kindly scored and reminded us that it is a simple game; we just need to biff their bowling about then bowl them out.

I asked a Cublington player whether their (otherwise fine) clubhouse now offered more than the one Gents Loo which had been occupied almost all afternoon when we went there last year by BirdDog who was hot-off-the-curry so to speak. "Yes" he replied "We have a disabled Loo too". I am not sure whether this was a Celtic

attempt at humour but having seen us physically disintegrate it might have been offered as a crumb of comfort for when we visit in July.

We have a bit to do this season; need to rally round and fire up our bowling. And pray harder of course.

Re-reading this report I realise I might have offended those of you of a particularly sensitive religious nature. Please rest assured I have nothing against Scotland or the Scots. As a matter of fact I have porridge nearly every day in winter.

RolfeDog.