

# MATCH REPORT

BVCC vs BRCC 1<sup>st</sup> June 2013

**BRCC 216-9 53 overs**

**BVCC 217-2 35.3 overs**

## **Lost by 8 wickets**

Shaky: Who won the toss?

Taggart: I did

Shaky: What are we doing?

Taggart: Batting

Shaky: Strange decision

Taggart: You're going in 4

Shaky: I hate 4. Can't I go in 7.

Taggart: No

Shaky: I'd rather open than go in 4.

Taggart: Alright you're opening.

Shaky: Oh bollocks

R Dryden ct point, bowled Harmen 134

Unfortunately, that was about the last piece of inspirational captaincy that paid off on the day. As much as it pains me to say, it was a superb knock. Chanceless, well run throughout, with lots of balls hit into gaps, and paced in such a way that incoming batsmen were able to bat around him, which several did to good effect. Vajid looked more relaxed than the previous week in the co-opener role, so much so that when one went past his bat and into the keeper's gloves, there was a pint of milk in the fridge which turned quicker than the batsmen and he was stumped.

Dave Maunder went in at 4 and made a confident looking 16. This inspired his watching skipper to comment that this was exactly the kind of situation that Dave needed to get back into form, which in turn immediately inspired the aforementioned batsman to play round a straight one and lose his stumps.

Malik, having been reported to have been at the top of the road at 12.40 and had actually arrived at 13.00, made an undramatic duck, inspiring the statisticians to look for a correlation between the

number of minutes early he arrives and the number of runs he gets. It was high. Or low. Depending on which side of it you come at.

Nathan, untroubled by the scoring rate, which was rattling along nicely, shared an excellent partnership with the man with no E of 95. His personal tally was on 22 when he got one that virtually stopped in the wicket and ended up back in the bowler's hand, but it was an excellent knock. Shortly afterwards, just as Shaky got to the 3 figure mark, Shauny highlighted the fact that there was no more room in the scorebook. Taggart, still nursing a hangover from the previous night's rugby club dinner dance, that would have killed most Englishmen, was inspired to diplomatically suggest that he put the rest in Ady's column as there was plenty of spare room there. It was later reported that he was receiving a full refund from his "Inspiring your People" course.

Unfortunately, a well paced innings rather limped to a close as we failed to kick on, but in the tea interval, the skipper declared 216 to be a good number. The side's confidence in his work with numbers however was somewhat dented during the same speech as he started to complain that at this point we should all be out raring to go and there were only 10 of us here. Who the hell is messing around somewhere? Ady, diplomatically pointed out that if he counted himself, he may find the number more agreeable. 15 all.

Hamzah bowled reasonably, but these were much better batsmen than the previous week. Taggart bowled unreasonably and they were still better batsmen than last week. We never managed to put them under any pressure early on and by the 12<sup>th</sup> over they were racing along at 6 an over. Saeed came on and started to rein them back in early on, and got one of the openers with one that turned a mile. This inspired the introduction of Joe Mannion (after a tidy holding spell from the Guv'nor which produced a wicket), to try some leg spin, but the young man couldn't find his length and the kindest thing to do was take him out of the firing line.

Taggart came back and with Saeed still looking fairly tight, we began to exert a little more control and the asking rate climbed from just over 4 to just under 6. Tom Burrows (Bledlow no.4) was looking a bit scratchy and was encouraging the bowlers with a Tombsdog like series of conversations along the lines of "Dunno how that one missed", "sorry mate" as he edged through the slip area and "ooh I was lucky there" but by this point Harry Bartlett at the other end was seeing it the size of a beachball and brought up an excellent ton with a massive six off a decent ball from the skipper over mid-wicket.

With the scent of victory drawing stronger, and 8 wickets in hand, they started going after everything and cruised home.

The award for the best basic discipline of the day goes to Vajid, who called so definitively and loudly for a skier that players in Stokenchurch were backing away from it. The award for misjudgement of the day goes to Vajid, who was the third closest fielder to the ball when it landed.

In the end though, Shaky had announced that he had strained his back so badly in his pursuit of personal glory with the bat that he couldn't bowl, so it's his fault we lost!