

BRCC 1s v Horley 2s

Home

Saturday 26th May 2018

**Brooksie and Keeps forget their wallets
in runfest**

Shagger puts up a fight (!) for Horley

Pavilion Clock Keeps Mexico Time

BRCC: 344-8 (50 overs)

Horley: 199 ao (54.3 overs)

Result Won by 145 runs

At 10pm on Friday night, Taggart called to tell me that the club clock was saying 3.30pm and I needed to bring a new battery the next day. I went to The Village Store on the way to the match, paid nearly a fiver for a pack of four only to find the clock was working perfectly.

Which was more than my eyes were doing, as a first over duck in a score of 344-8 proved. A fall from grace after last week's 92.

There's nothing much wrong with being bitter and twisted so a couple of hours later, when Brooksie hit the ground, his head, his arm, his elbow and who knows the ball too and was adjudged out for wait for it... 91 there was cause for much celebration particularly from RolfeDog.

That served him right for putting all the rubbish he could find in RolfeDog's rucksack at Lords the previous day and blaming it on Lloyd.

Most of the batsmen enjoyed themselves. This time, Brooksie was rapier to BenDog's banker (see Challow report). With scores of 98, 64 and now 46, BenDog is clearly accumulating runs and hemorrhaging beer money. It had been a tough week on international markets.

We then had The Curious Incident of the Lost Ball Which Was Not Lost when a shot bounced over the fence on the Stud Farm side. The nearest Horley fielder went to look for it and immediately found a bright, hard, newish ball in exactly the spot the ball had gone and pronounced that this was *not* the match ball. There being no other ball in the area at all this was a strange conclusion to make, but Horley's umpire bought the idea and the game was stopped while the box of spares was brought out before everyone concluded that none were as good as the ball that had been lost then immediately found a minute or two earlier.

"That...", said BenDog, trying to sound intelligent "... is not even *village*, it's *hamlet*" which RolfeDog pointed out is the title of a Shakespeare play. "Who is Shakespeare?" asked HairBear who looked like death... like Hamlet in fact.

Still embittered, RolfeDog implored his mates not to applaud Brooksie's 50. Brooksie counts every run just like BenDog counts every penny so that when the 50th run came he ran down the wicket waving his bat around like a demented cossack with a sabre. It is rare to gratefully acknowledge applause that you haven't received but Brooksie managed it, whereupon RolfeDog's teammates weakened and acknowledged his acknowledgement of his fifty, much to RolfeDog's annoyance.

On BenDog's dismissal someone looking a bit like Mark Brightwell came to the wicket. This particular person had spent two weeks in a sun lounge in Slough which the operators called Mexico.

Our groundsman puts a lot of work into mowing the outfield and surrounds but Hollywood wastes it by blasting sixes straight into the field. Luckily, although playing similar shots with all his might, Brooksie's trickle to boundary and occasionally though the fence which is this week being covered with chicken wire to prevent such an eventuality. It will also prevent chickens getting through if anyone brings any.

Hollywood made 53 mostly with boring sixes and more ball-hunting by Horley. Dakes took over from Hollywood and made 50 (that's how you do it BenDog) and by this time RolfeDog had the satisfaction of seeing Brooksie out for 91, even though he (RolfeDog) had brought Roz out of the kitchen to witness the 100. This was a particular shame as there are few things Roz is allowed to come out of the kitchen for. It would have made a good plot for a Shakespearean tragedy or alternatively a story by someone HairBear has heard of.

BirdDog did what BirdDog does and made 37 while the much-awaited season's debut from Hamsah was a score which equalled RolfeDog's and for which RolfeDog was most grateful.

This brought a highly-dishevelled HairBear to the wicket. He made an aggressive 18 not out in his sleep, while the highlight of the afternoon was the run out of Ben Hillarious, adjudged so by his dad much to the merriment of his mum and sister, watching from the pavilion.

Allan made 0 not out without facing a ball and we were all relieved that Gilet did not bat.

Tea was the usual Five Star Spread from Roz after which we informed her that she has the job for life.

The question for the Horley innings was whether The Ridge could bowl them out before a) bowling so many wides we lost the game, b) being docked penalty runs for slow over rate, and before c) Dakes had to go to a party. It was a race against the clock which was showing the right time, for Mexico at least.

To cut a long story short, and this is already a long story, Buckets Hollywood took his fourth and fifth catches of the season then got a run out, only going to prove how effective two-week sun lounges in Slough can be. As further proof of this Hollywood won a race to the ball against Hamzah in a kind of "When Hollywood Beats Bollywood" turn of speed. RolfeDog caught Henry Moon (known as Half Moon). while his father Perran Moon (a Perran being a very rare alignment of planets apparently) was LBW to Allan.

Gilet is very mean with wides so got through his overs quickly. In Dakes' case the *only* runs he concedes are wides. Hamzah does not bowl many, Allan bowls a few but BenDog put the victory in doubt.

BenDog came on to bowl Left Arm Slow Tripe as opposed to Left Arm Medium Tripe.

The result was the same ratio of wides but with much less effort and somehow with more wickets, four in fact which only goes to show. Taggart has proved for years that all you have to do is trot up and bowl slow left-arm and batsmen commit Hari-Kari. Allan is working on reducing his speed in order to achieve the same mystifying results. Talking of Hari Kari, he is back next week to play and to collect his 2s Player of the Year trophy for 2015

Andrew "Shagger" Parker had come in at three and remained to the end being encouraged by teammates calling out his name which he told us he had acquired as a result of the activity he had been involved in when he received the call to play in this match.

He claimed to have ignored the call but we knew this was not true because for all cricketers, the opportunity to make a century is better than sex, although that can depend what age you are.

Anyway with Horley nine down he was in sight of a hundred but first had to pass Brooksie's 91. Brooksie the 'keeper baited him to go down the track to some rubbish from BenDog and was duly stumped which at least potentially gave Shagger more time for other evening activities and enabled Dakes to get to his party. (Who would invite Dakes to a party?)

It also, extraordinarily, put BenDog at the top of the run-scoring and wicket-taking lists. Now that *is* a tragedy.

Our third victory in three completed matches was crowned by the presence of the King, Martin Middleton, having a beer with the second best batsman in the club, BlrdDog.

Celebrations went on into the evening. When RolfeDog finally got home at 10pm he was greeted with the enquiry: "What time do you call this?" and was able to clear customs by answering, "About 3.30 in the afternoon".