

# BRCC 1s v Sandford St Martin 2s Home

Saturday 23rd June 2018

**Gilet goes wicketless but finds his trouser cord**

**RidgeBears lose intellectual battle but win cricket match**

Birdy wears Shaun's clothes in battle of Time & Space

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**S St M:** 193 ao (52.3 overs)  
**BRCC:** 196 -6 (45.5overs)

## **Result: BRCC Won by 4 wickets**

Sandford St Martin arrived with car loads of students. Clearly The Ridge was not going to be able to match their level of intellect and intelligent discussion. One player, watching Gilet warm up in the nets commented that it is remarkable how bowlers have so many different methods with which to propel the ball to the other end of the wicket.

He might just as well have said: "Look at that chap's strange bowling action", but being polite he didn't and just chatted about Einstein's Theory of Relativity instead and in particular that "massive objects cause a distortion in space-time" as anyone who has ever shared a changing room with Dickers would know.

Sandford batted. Their batsmen were like Russian dolls in reverse: each time we got one out a bigger one came in.

In a nutshell they raced to 29-0 off 6 but although they batted for all but three balls of the permitted 53 overs only Greg Pearson made over 16.

Captain Dakin Birdseye greedily took 4-47 while Hamzah was a little more expensive, but still effective with 3-67. Ben Hillarious managed 1-13 off seven overs upstaging Gilet-Statto

who also conceded only 13 off 7 overs. Gilet decided not to concentrate on taking wickets, but more on containment, in the sense that his new trouser elastic kept his shirt contained within his trousers for most of the afternoon. This alone justified the comment about the strange action referred to in the second paragraph of this piece.

While all this was going on we had the incident of Shaun and the Mobile Net.

Shaun had bowled his first spell of the season. This had included a number of deliveries to a Ben Taylor who had played a wide range of impressive and aggressive strokes very few of which had made contact with the ball. RolfeDog was just musing that Ben Hillarious was wasted on the deep square leg boundary when next ball, Mr Taylor made contact (law of averages) straight into the hands of said fielder who did not have to move an inch. Ben did however perform a neat little ballet manoeuvre on catching the ball to give us the impression that staying inside the rope had not been easy.

Being only about 3 years old, Shaun was taken off after six successful overs but soon found himself haring after a shot which he stopped with his foot inches from the boundary while still running full tilt. He only came to a stop on hitting the horizontal bar lying across the open end of a mobile net situated a few feet beyond the boundary – which from now on shall be called a ShaunTrap.

In brief, Shaun's body stopped instantly except that his little legs didn't, which shed doubt on Einstein's view on the relationship between Space and Time. These little legs only stopped running when they realised Shaun was by now on the floor having struck the metal bar with his manly chest causing it to bend appreciably - the bar that is. – bringing into play Shaun's Theory of Elasticity.

Drama Queen that he is, he lay there until his father – one ShakEy Dryden - arrived with the news that had Shaun bothered diving as the ball went passed he would not have run into the ShaunTrap. Luckily Shaun was more ShakEn than Stirred and in the event it only hurt when he laughed, RolfeDog telling him lots of jokes to cheer him up, and that.

The outcome was Shaun, Sharon and ShakEy looking very twee as they sat on a bench, while BirdDog who had been sitting out this week due to injury, forgot that he was injured, offered to field as a substitute for our newly broken man and squeezed his way into Shaun's kit. He took the pitch as some sort of muscle-bound-looking Buzz Lightyear and proved just as ineffective as Shaun at stopping the ball without histrionics.

SStM set us 194 to win and after Roz did her best to reduce our lifespans with another gourmet tea, The Ridge made a ritual sacrifice of two RolfeDog's in the first over in order to give the opposition encouragement.

Both fell to Ben Ackland Snow – he who had commented on Gilet's bowling before the match. He has three names as he is as tall as at least three people and is at least as intelligent as all of our team combined.

He bowled an outstanding spell and the RolfeDogs lived in hope for a full 12 overs that Brooksie would join them with a 0 to his name, a hope that was dashed only in the 13<sup>th</sup> over when he got off the mark. He had 8 after 20 overs but the RolfeDogs grudgingly had to admit that his patient innings with Hollywood who was going silly at the other end, set up our hard-won victory

There was still a lot to do when Brooksie was caught for 35 by those Three Wise Men, Ben Ackland & Snow, but Dakes kept up the momentum while watching Hollywood pepper the field.

One of these shots brought about a return of this year's new phenomenon whereby a fielder hops over a boundary fence to retrieve a ball, picks up a bright match ball from precisely the point where the shot has landed only to declare "It's not the match ball" as if by some astronomic phenomena nearly-new replica cricket balls have been scattered over the place to confuse match-ball-hunters.

That last paragraph contained only one sentence.

Anyway HairBear made 7 after Captain Birdseye's dismissal for 22 and Hollywood's for a very lucky 73, mostly in fours and sixes. This brought in Allan to join Hamsah who had stunned us all by not trying to hit his first ball into the stratosphere where Einstein might catch it and bung it into a black hole.

He was also wary of the bowling prowess of top scorer Greg Pearson who had accounted for Brooksie, Birdseye and HairBear and was making a decent bid for Man of the Match (in the end Albert Einstein shaded it, so to speak).

Indeed another strange thing was happening... another new phenomenon: Hamzah was batting sensibly and was playing defensive shots. Whatever next?: a RidgeBear running full speed into a ShaunTrap perhaps? Lord Lucan riding past on Shergar?

SStM decided against recalling any of Ben, Ackland or Snow (2-19 off 13 overs), gambling instead on the slow bowling of Ian Reynolds to the surprise of all those RidgeBears with a lower IQ than B.A.S., ie all of us.

it was Allan who hit the big six that added to Hamzah's good work and got us very close, before in a bizarre moment with just four wanted for victory and 8 balls left, Hamzah drilled a shot with great power only for its journey to the boundary to be interrupted by Allan who took its full force much in the way the bar of the ShaunTrap had taken the full force of Shaun and his little legs a few hours earlier.

Instead, next ball, Hamsah went for subtlety and finished the game with a delicate leg glance to the square leg boundary and left the field to applause and to the sight of Statto looking at his mobile phone before declaring 'That's only the third time since the age of 13 that Hamzah has made a score of over 15 without hitting a six, in a year which is not a leap year and when there's a World Cup'.

At this news, we all stared into a vacuum.

It remained for us to share a beer or two with the opposition who later sent a message by email to say what a nice ground we have (probably true) and what a good bunch we are (definitely true) all of which just confirmed what an intelligent bunch they were, even though they have no idea the Earth is flat and the Moon is made of cheese.

*Rob Brydon is away.*