

## **BRCC v Cropedy 2s (A)**

Saturday 1<sup>st</sup> June 2019

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### **Hardly anything funny happens as Ridge lose**

Drydens in Wolf-Whistling Scandal

**Birdy leaves best move until 8.20pm**

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Cropedy      260-7 (50 overs)  
BRCC          184 ao (33.2 overs)

**Result: Lost by 76 runs**

This was not a hugely funny match. It started well when Cropedy opener Joe Haynes teed off at the start and Hollywood took a fine catch over his shoulder from a steepler, under pressure from RolfeDog who was saying ‘this will be a VERY good catch’. And it was.

A while later they were 160-1 and we’d shelled Harry Walters before he’d got going. Again Junaid bowled well but without the figures to show for it.

They had four front line batsmen and three of them came off. Opener E Heath made 79 and I spent much of the afternoon wondering whether the former Prime Minister had ever batted like this. Once we got into them, the par score dropped from 300+ to 260 thanks to Dakes’ 3-17. Hamsah took 3 wickets but even given the shortish boundary on one side this was going to be a test.

Hamsah started with the usual fireworks. Two lady members of the Dryden household passed behind the sightscreen in a brazen attempt to distract the opposition, on their way to serve a glass of red to ShakEy who was parked on a picnic blanket at deep mid-wicket. Arguably they provided the best figures of the day. RolfeDog denied accusations of wolf-whistling from the Cropedy fielders.

RolfeDog was bowled and Hamsah continued his pyrotechnics until he was bowled for 36. Hollywood went first ball to a juggling catch down the legside and Dakes survived the hat trick ball which he missed while trying to hit it out of Great Britain.

Keeps watched this from the other end with the air of an investment manager watching the FTSE100 on the slide. Afterwards, Richard Lynch of Cropydy, described him as a “class batsman” which only proves you should take proper financial advice.

Shaun was taking a good rest while all this was going on, no doubt reflecting on his good fortune: after the previous Sunday’s party at the club, ostensibly an Over 50’s event but one which was populated by a bevy of young ladies, he had discovered that his mobile phone was missing. The big money was that it would turn up in someone’s underwear – probably not Shaun’s – but in the event it was discovered in the family fridge by ShakEy. The connection between red wine and unaccountable actions is being investigated.

By this time we had lost Dakes and Hugo but Junaid and Brooksie were going along rapidly.

A full bunger did for Brooksie for an aggressive 29, but Junaid was batting well enough to give us the belief that he and Birdy might take us all the way. The scoreboard had read a rather absurd 140-7 off only 20 over when the seventh wicket fell.

Alas wickets tumbled and Gilet who was planning a few sixes was left without a partner.

Thus ended a pretty average performance against a team who were no better than us but who played better.

The best part of the day was yet to come for those who returned by 8pm to a packed clubhouse to watch the Champions Cup Final. Twenty minutes in, Birdy managed to press the wrong button on the remote and bring coverage to a standstill for several minutes.

There were only two solutions: the first involved the President grabbing the remote from whoever had tried to put things right, and pressing each button

as hard as he could while pointing it at the screen and shouting “You’re an idiot Birdy” or words to that effect.

The other was to do what we all do in a crisis and call Saint at home. He came up with a solution that no one else could have thought of: to ask Chesh who was working behind the bar so hard hat he had no idea of the crisis unfolding, although he was wondering why the bar had become suddenly busy.

Chesh calmly grabbed the remote from the President and restored coverage of the football while singing: “Birdy is my hero, Birdy is my hero, la la la la, la la la la” or words to that effect.

And that was about the most amusing moment of the day.

*Jeremy Corbyn is on holiday in Disneyworld*