

Double Match Report  
BRCC 2s vs Dinton 3s

Saturday 17<sup>th</sup> August (Away)

&

BRCC Sunday vs Gt Kingshill

Sunday 18<sup>th</sup> August

Triple Win Weekend for The Ridge  
Tombsy and Taggart in mutual LBW Love In  
Shaky rolls back the years  
Young guns fire for victory on Sunday Outing

BRCC	131-9	(45 overs)
Dinton	60 ao	(29.1 overs)

BRCC win by 71 runs

Old Berkeley CC (home of Dinton 3s) is a beautiful setting to play cricket in. It is basically the back garden of Dinton's President. The facilities are pretty rustic, but it is a wonderfully relaxing location. It could do however with a couple of minor upgrades. Covers would be nice to avoid turning up to a traditional 'sticky dog' and a slightly more efficient lawn mower for the outfield. I'm not suggesting it's long, but on a familiarisation walk round, Shaky and Taggart liberated an advance party of Japanese commandoes who still thought the war was on (letters of apology for any offence caused have already been despatched to the Japanese embassy, the families of the soldiers and all descendants of anyone hailing from Japan in the last 70 years so just calm the hell down).

Fortunately, after 2 minutes of instruction, they had all mastered google maps on a borrowed iPhone and headed off to Yo Sushi by the time the toss had taken place or Shaun would set them on Sniff for a remake of Merry Christmas Mr Harris after our skipper further enhanced his reputation as a useless tosser.

So out we went to bat. Having put on 79 in 20 last week for the first wicket, Sniff decided to break up the opening partnership and drop Taggart down the order a little .... to 9, however not to be done

out of the opening overs, Taggart volunteered to umpire. Chesh was reassured by this. Geoff looked a little nervous.

The scoring was slow, very slow, but not as slow as the pitch which was kicking out clods of mud every time the ball landed on it. Having ground out 12 between them from the first 6 overs, Geoff got one that kept a bit low, heading suspiciously towards the middle pole ..... with Taggart standing at the other end.

Chesh stuck it out for a while and compiled a patient and valuable 22 before finally falling, leaving Shaun to bash a few around. When he went for 12, there was bit of a procession, the only remarkable thing about which was that there were no ducks. We were at 76 when Sufi was the 7<sup>th</sup> wicket to fall, but at this point Sniff's cunning upside down cake batting plan came into effect. The Real Saint was at the wicket on 0 not out and was joined by Taggart on not surprisingly, the same. These 2 put on what was to be the highest partnership of the match. Although only a relatively meagre 24, it got us up to three figures and when Tombsy returned the favour to Taggart from the umpire's end, we still had Sniff and Shaky to come and worked it up to our lowest score of the year, but one that was also 15% higher than the average score on this pitch.

In the tea interval, breath was baited as Tombsy and Taggart encroached on the same space. Geoff opened with;

GT "Absolutely the right decision to give me out. If you hadn't given it, I would have walked"

IM "Mine too, definitely out. Good decision"

GT "Yeah but great decision to give it. Very honest at that point in the game. Seen them not given"

IM "I thought your decision showed even more integrity than mine. Crucial time in the match. You're a credit to the club"

There was so much love and respect in the air, grown men were weeping.

The Spirit of Cricket was the winner.

Shaun and Sufi opened up the bowling and they clearly thought we had enough. Perhaps too many as they endeavoured to reduce the total required to the point that Dinton were at 12 without loss having scored 1 run off the bat. Both however settled after a couple of overs and Shaun ended with 6 overs for 9. Sufi was a bit more expensive going for 20 in his 5, but did pick up a wicket.

Sniff decided he needed to put a break on and rolled back the years to put Taggart up the hill and Shaky down (ever was it thus) and the strangle was well and truly on. Opener Krish Verylongsurname took a temporary liking to Taggart and spanked him for a very big 6 and a 4 in the same over, but lost his middle pole to the same bowler next time they met. Shaky was on a hat trick at one point which didn't quite come off, but when Taggart took the final wicket to reduce his average for the season to under 12 (batsman's age per wicket, not runs per wicket) we had reduced them from 56-4 to 60 all out.

We hung around for a bit of a blether with the oppo for a while and will be sending out multiple letters of apology for scoring runs, taking wickets and anything else that could have conceivably offended anyone.

We still got back to the Ridge in time to watch Morf bowl the longest over in history and Keeps bowl the scariest (they only needed 54 off that over to win and at one stage looked like they might get it), but the 1s safely wrapped up a Dinton double.

There was much jollity and drinking in the clubhouse, which was then duplicated in the curry house as several of our number staggered steadily (and otherwise) towards .....

Sunday 18<sup>th</sup> August

BRCC	222-9	(40 overs)
Gt Kingshill	210-10	(39.1 overs)

BRCC win by 12 runs

So after a very successful Sunday match 4 weeks ago, Rolfie canvassed opinion on Sunday cricket and got a very positive response. 'Yep, it's great' 'Really enjoyed it' 'We should play more Sunday cricket' they all said. 18 if them at that point.

By a remarkable coincidence we had just been contacted by GK about the possibility of setting up a Sunday game, so it was all looking very positive for the rebirth of Sunday cricket. Until Tuesday. When we had 4.

The job of organising this game had fallen to Taggart (well let's face it he does sod all else around the place) and the intention was always to match GK's goal of using it as a vehicle for bringing through some of the younger players. With an air of resigned foresight, he sent out an invitation to a selected number of younger players' parents expecting the usual crop of "Sorry no" answers. But wait. Suddenly names that had previously been thrown wistfully but in vain around previous selection meetings were suddenly appearing as yes's. Jack Pargetter, yes, Tom Miller, yes, Lewy Miller, yes, Jay Simmonds, yes, Aiden Murrell, yes. In an attempt to really push the boundaries, Tags had also invited a couple of his girls from the U13 age group and although none of them could make it, Anouska's younger brother Max, who is 2'6" and about 7 years' old was up for it.

We still needed a bit of steel, just in case the opposition could actually play, so joining our resident grumpy Scotsman from the seniors were the Real Saint, Tombsdog, Cooperman (in case of any of them could really bat) and a Strange man of yesteryear seemingly known as Dan Dan the skipping man.

The Real saint was entrusted with the captaincy duties and went out to toss. We never found out who won it but I suspect it was them as we were inserted to bat.

Rather than a conventional batting order, we designed an algorithm based loosely on chaos theory. Geoff and Jack would go out to open and at least one younger and one older player would pad up. The basis of the formula was that the average age of the 2 batsmen at the crease should not fall below 20 and never go over 50, both of which were highly possible.

Jack got off the mark with a lovely leg glance for 4 but then tried to repeat the shot to a ball that stuck in the pitch a little and looped up to mid on for a simple catch. We then added up the ages of the remaining players, divided by the year the club was founded, applied this as a negative power to Tombsy's age, subtracted the number we first thought of and it turned out Tom was next in. There was then a desperate rush round the clubhouse to find a helmet big enough to accommodate his hair.

After a couple of lusty blows, the bowler (a left armer) decided to go around the wicket. Using all his cricketing experience and perhaps egged on by his hair, which by this time had established a life of its own, Tom deduced that the appropriate shot to the bowler's new angle would be an agricultural hoik to cow corner. He misjudged one vital component however and forgot to hit the ball which was sadly heading straight for his off stump, which it duly uprooted.

Next in was Dan Strange, once of this parish, who played some sweetly timed shots before holing out off an edge for a quick and stylish 14.

All the while, Tombsdog was nibbling away at the bowling with some gentle singles and some brutal boundaries and he was now joined by Lewy Miller. Lewy got off the mark with a couple of singles, followed by a couple of 2s. Geoff, ever the nurturer of young talent, told him he was doing very well for a youngster and not to panic, no need to be slogging, we were going along fine. Lewy's response was to hit his next 5 scoring shots to the boundary, with not a slog in sight. If it was up he drove it, if it was short he pulled or cut it and if it was good he defended with time and grace. By the time he reached 30, he had gone past Geoff's score and there was a distinct lack of bowlers warming up.

Geoff whacked the cover off a few more before being adjudged in front by someone other than Taggart and that brought Aiden to the crease. The **aggregate** age of the 2 batters was now 25 and with our algorithm going into meltdown, the space time continuum imploded in on itself and forced Aiden to play round a straight one, bringing Taggart to the crease. With the **average** age of the 2 batters now restored to 35 (with neither of them within 20 of this number) all was right in the world again and these 2 added 60 odd before Lewy, having been threatened with being retired in 4 overs time finally succumbed for a brilliantly made 78.

Jay nicked one away for 4 before Taggart decided that we needed to push on a bit and came so far down the wicket that he was virtually nose to nose with the umpire and was unsurprisingly stumped when he missed one.

Cooperman bashed a few about and despite the fact that GK had now gone back to their openers to try and stem the runs, Max, the only player ever to play for the Ridge senior team who is shorter than Tombsy, whacked a few out of the middle of the bat. Guided home by the Real Saint, with a typically practical knock, we reached a credible total of 222-9 off our 40 overs.

After a Michelin starred tea including such delicacies as carved ham and smoked salmon, we went out to defend our total.

Cooperman opened up the hill and scared the life out of the GK openers to the extent that they were fighting each other to get to the bottom end. Jay Simmonds at the top end bowled an excellent spell and despite not generating the same pace as his 6'5" partner, did pick up 2 more wickets than him.

We then went to our spin twins of The Real Saint at the bottom end and Tom Miller at the top. I say spin, but Tom decided on the basis that he had been bowling seam up at school that this might be the way forward and proceeded to bowl an over of absolute filth that went for 15. He then resorted to his leg spin which he hadn't bowled for years apparently, and picked up 2 for a further 23.

With GK falling well behind the run rate, TRS put Dan on at the bottom end. This proved to be an inspired move as had he not done so the game would not have been anywhere near as exciting towards the end. Prior to the match Dan had described his ability to bowl as being similar to a 3 year old with no coordination, but it wasn't as good as that and 2 overs and 31 runs later, he handed off to Taggart exclaiming that the ball was now a bar of soap and completely uncontrollable. Taggart then bowled 6 overs for 12 runs and a wicket.

Jack Pargetter was on at the top end bowling a decent spell of off spin which included a fabulous return catch to earn him figures of 1-28 off his 5 overs and after a bit of a rain break, GK were back to needing about 12 an over off the last 8 or so.

The only bowler who hadn't bowled yet was Max, who had he been bowling in partnership with Coops would have dragged the average height of our attack down to about 4'2". We looked on nervously as he ran in for his first over but it went for just 5 singles. His second went for just 2 and as the slog came on in earnest over the last couple, he finished with the excellent death figures of 1-24 off 4.

Jay was brought back on for a final spell which lasted all of one ball as he finished off a brave effort from GK.

Special mention also to Aiden for an excellent game behind the stumps. We have considerably older and more experienced keepers in the club who would have stood further back and missed more to Coops.

All in all, a thoroughly enjoyable day's cricket with a really nice bunch from Great Kingshill.

Now all we have to do is work out how we get some of this lot playing in league cricket.

Taggart