

## MATCH REPORT

BRCC 1s v Oxford Downs 2s Away – Sat 8<sup>th</sup> June 2013

### *RidgeBears 1s in Injury Scare*

Team discovers that not everyone in the team is totally crocked

BRCC 1S                    182-9 (53 overs)

Oxford Downs 2s – 183-4 (39 overs)

LOST by 4 wickets

I arrived at BRCC with my injured ankle the colour of an Indian Sunset and the size of a melon expecting sympathy and the promise of a day fielding at slip only to be greeted by the likes of BenDog (recently damaged hamstring) and McTaggart (recently damaged calf) and realised I could be in the top third of our team's fitness rankings.

Driven by BenDog, he, the ultra-fit long-distance runner Middsy and I, stopped off at Sid's house to collect Scorer Griff. There was a brief stand-off as Lord Ben was forced to wait outside the automatic gates of Sid Towers while Lord Sid called Griff and declined to open the gates, even for another Lord.

Traffic was dreadful but we were entertained in a series of phone calls from those bored children BirdDog and Brooksie who played songs about Dick Turpin and Nellie the Elephant to us over the airways and mentioned TombsDog (permanently injured knee) a few times. Eventually we found them even more boring than the 10 mile traffic jam we were sat in and found a use for the Off button.

Our late arrival spared us the ignominy of a warm-up as this would probably have disabled a few more of our disabled players and Brooksie (permanently bad back) opened the batting with Super-Fit Middsy but didn't last long and was replaced with Conor (recent sore shoulder and bowler's yips) and they built the score up to the 70s before Conor was LBW.

Middsy was joined by Russ Turner (permanently damaged knee ) and we progressed, with Middsy in fine form even hitting a six as Lord Lucan rode by on Shergar. Eventually he was out for 75 and a slow procession began with BirdDog (wrecked knees, calves, ankles, hips and back) sticking around for a little. Jamma miscued one and Saeed then played a couple of defensive shots before hitting one out of the ground, another almost out of the ground and then missing a straight one. Saeed does not have any injuries that I can detect so joined RolfeDog in the upper quartile of Fit Blokes playing for Ridge 1<sup>st</sup> X1.

After BirdDog expired, RolfeDog managed 10 with BenDog (15) and Matt Donnelly and McTaggart managed a few at the end to take us to 182 which was worse than we might have hoped and also better than we might have hoped. While the last part of our innings was going on BirdDog lay on the floor of the dressing room, ice-pack on his back, totally unable to get up. Nobody really cared until the skipper realised he would need his carpets cleaned one day and ordered a crane to lift him to his feet.

After a tea designed to weigh down a visiting fielding side, BirdDog bravely decided to field. We carried him out there and opened up the bowling – *or possibly bowling, but at his age you cannot be sure (Ed)* - with McTaggart, our 2<sup>nd</sup> X1 Captain and Principal Selector who had mysteriously selected himself for his 1<sup>st</sup> Team Debut.

Well the opposition were fooled and he got a nick from their left-handed opener on the sixth ball of the first over but unfortunately Brooksie was suffering from Premature Celebration which meant that after an over from BenDog, McTaggart and Brooksie were able to repeat the routine with the first ball of the next. We were spared a hat-trick of identical chances but when the same batsmen gave Matt a difficult chance off BenDog a couple of minutes later we decided it was only fair that if the same batsman was dropped five times he would be forced to retire.

However Buckets Turner was to see to that with a fine forward diving catch to dismiss this batsman off the hitherto Unlucky Scotsman (isn't that their fate?). We were always up against it but fought hard, Saeed eventually hanging on to a powerful drive at deep mid-off off McTaggart who had been brought on at the other end under a kind of 'Well We Captains Who Bowl Look After Ourselves' agreement with BenDog, this after a spell by Russ. Actually the rule in the 1s is that if you take a catch, as Russ had, you immediately get to bowl.

Thus Saeed came on immediately and bowled what may have been his most consistent spell for the club being unlucky not to pick up a wicket. That privilege later went to BenDog off the first ball of his comeback when BirdDog, against all odds, found he could not only move but dived-come-fell and clung on to a decent catch at Deep Gully (which is a phrase that describes what I was still suffering from after that uber-thick-sandwich-and chocolate-cake-heavy tea).

The thought of BirdDog coming to bowl Scotched (geddit?) the above-mentioned theory about catching and bowling and BenDog continued. We had forced Downs behind the run-rate and were fielding competitively none more so than Conor who was making powerful sore-shoulder-defying throws on the run: most of us call it showing off.

They had too many wickets in hand however and started accelerating toward the target which they reached off 39 overs but not before the Lucky BenDog had induced an fractionally uppish powerful leg glance from their opener (who made 80) and Russ Buckets Turner (permanently damaged knee) flew just above the ground and bagged a superb catch. Had Downs not been on the verge of victory there can be no doubt Russ would have been immediately brought back on for another spell.

A doughty effort in the field against a fine side brought a fine motivational post-match speech by Captain BenDog and thus uplifted we discovered the showers were freezing. This did not prevent

Brooksie deciding to brave it. He was rewarded when BirdDog threw an entire bucket of the ice that Brooksie had earlier in the day got for him (to help BirdDog's back) over Brooksie and the hitherto lame BirdDog suddenly found he could run with a towel around him, faster than Brooksie could chase him totally naked. Thus the folk of Oxford Downs were briefly entertained by these two Greek Gods and we reflected that were he alive today Lazarus would be turning in his grave at the sight of BirdDog's remarkable recovery.

All that was left was the trip back in BenDog's motor, successfully scattering wildlife in all directions. TombsDog did call during the trip and after a while we had to up the level of personal abuse a bit so that he called off and we were able to concentrate again on approaching roundabouts at 90 miles an hour. We returned to the club to discover that no one had been injured in the 2<sup>nd</sup> X1 and therefore that on this basis none of the 2<sup>nd</sup> X1 would be eligible for the 1<sup>st</sup> next week.

RolfeDog