

## MATCH REPORT

### Bledlow Ridge 2s v Oxford 4s (Home)

Saturday 5<sup>th</sup> September 2015

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#### **Drayman Pete in Dramatic Last Ball Win**

#### **David Maunder Swallows a Dictionary**

*Doug and the mysterious case of the missing keys*

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**BRCC 2s**  
**Oxford 4s**

**198-8 (45 ov)**  
**197 all out (45 ov)**

**Won by 1 run** on the last ball.

Who would have thought it? Under Doddy Doug's distinctive direction Drayman Pete took a stunning catch off the bowling of Deliveryman Gary to give the Ridge 2s their second successive victory by the narrowest of margins and lift them to ninth in the table.

The game almost wasn't played at all. Oxford having initially called off the game, the night before, thinking that we had called it off. When the calling-off ceremony was called off both teams agreed they were able to play.

Nevertheless the game almost didn't start at all. Disorganised Doug had mislaid the club keys at home. Two teams less Doug plus the two Langans were at the club with no way of getting in, while Doug was rummaging through all his pockets and every bin in Little Marlow.

Amazingly he found the keys in the most improbable of places: his dentures box. Yes Distressed Doug has the Dreaded Dentures. Jude became the prime suspect. After all she had motive: the unlikely late cancellation of a rock concert which they were going to attend together, could have been made on Doug's intervention just so he could play cricket.

As it happened, Postman Gary had discovered that the kitchen door was slightly ajar and so had been able to get in and prepare several rounds (geddit?) of sandwiches. He had brought a few strawberries for Cooperman to smoke later while waiting to bat.

Doug won the toss even though he was not there. DOEG and Dickers put on 25 before Dickers responded to DOEG's call of "Do you think there's a run there?" only to discover that it was merely a philosophical question posed by an English Graduate, and found himself stranded mid-wicket.

Dom had been promoted to No3 on the basis he would be able to rationalize anything DOEG said. "Batsman's name please" called Scorer Wendy: "Domenico Oliviero Edoardo Gabriele" came the reply. "Can you spell that" called Wendy, "No just call me DOEG for short" came Dom's reply.

Thus it was that for the first time ever we had two DOEG's at the crease. There was plenty of jealousy and several attempts at running each other out, however David DOEG did applaud Doom DOEG's fine reverse sweep which would have gone to the boundary had Umpire Richard not inadvertently trapped it.

The latter was soon out hit wicket trying one reverse sweep too many, so David DOEG was joined by Scott who asked DOEG for "Simple phrases please and no Shakespeare". A fruitful partnership ensued based on the understanding that 'no' means 'no', 'yes' means 'yes' and 'wait' means 'maybe – but not necessarily either no or yes'. "Wait" also sounds like "Waite" which confused Scott at times so he was eventually caught and bowled for 23 and James Goodband joined DOEG.

HairBear had had a good night out (probably with Shaun of the Dead – see 1s report) and had forgotten most of his kit and so batted in Dickers trousers held up with one of Postman Gary's large rubber bands. Cooperman found the stock of rubber bands and put a few in his hair which seemed reasonable seeing he had lent HairBear his size 13 boots. Dom went off to find James a Red Nose in an attempt to complete James' impression of Coco the Clown at the wicket.

At half way we were just 80-4 having lost by this time DOEG for 49. "Bad luck" said his teammates. "Well is it luck or is it misfortune?" mused DOEG who knew how to disperse a crowd. He went to find a dictionary. Mike Gillett had been promoted up the order only to be unfortunately run out at the non-strikers end by a shot from HairBear that hit the bowler and Mike before rebounding back off the umpire before hitting the stumps. How unlucky can you get?

Well after a decent partnership with Determined Doug, James was to find out. He risked a quick single, something not normally in Doug's lexicon (I'll define that later Scott) which led to overthrows. Although flat on the ground from a dive, Devoted Doug Dutifully responded as the ball travelled to the boundary at the far end. They ran another two and James was by now running in the same direction as Doug. James rather overestimated Desperate Doug's ability to rouse himself for a third overthrow and found himself shaking hands with him at Doug's end. He almost got all the way back but Cooperman's size 13s did for him before he got there, landing in a heap just short of the crease. James had made 48.

Ian Kerrigan joined Doug who was soon out caught on the boundary, then Postman Gary joined Ian and posted (geddit?) a fine 15 before realizing he was on overtime and got out so he could put on the urn. Cooperman found his way to the wicket and he and Ian dragged the score to a respectable 198-8 off 45 overs just as Dom submitted another, totally unnecessary Clubmark application.

Pete Atkinson who had responded to McTaggart's last minute call for a player was the only person not to bat. Instead he read the dictionary to David DOEG to pass the time. Scott said "What's a dictionary?". Cooperman said "Well you know man, it's like a cool book". "What's a book?" said Scott.

Oxford 4s innings is largely a blur. Delighted Doug found that almost every bowling change brought a wicket. "Have you noticed that every bowling change brings a wicket" he said when Oxford were 133-6 off 32 overs. "Well why didn't you just give us each one over, then we would have won very quickly" observed Dom. "Yes man, cool" said Cooperman.

"Well you see, it doesn't really work like that" said DOEG the intellectual..."It might work in theory but theory and fact are often poles apart as Einstein once said and..." at this point he discovered he was on his own as his teammates had lost the will. No questioning Dom's logic though. DOEG out thinking DOEG?

James had got three wickets but had to come off under the ECB Directive that restricts Under 19s to seven overs a go. Every run mattered. "One short" called Umpire Richard. "I know" called back Scorer Wendy. "No I mean I *run* short", "Oh" called Wendy.

As Oxford approached the winning total Postman Gary tied them in knots while Mike Gillett's bowling was razor sharp. Ian Kerrigan came on to replace Gary who had discovered he was bowling overtime without pay and against the European Working Time Directive. He took one wicket before Gary negotiated his return, with Oxford needing just eight to win off the last over with one wicket left.

Dot, one, dot, one, FOUR. Two to win - one ball left. "Man this is cool" said Cooperman. "I don't know if I switched off the urn" said Gary who could see steam emanating from the pavilion. "All results are possible" said David DOEG who started to explain to anyone who was listening the difference between a draw and a tie. "I'll make a note of that" said Dom DOEG. "What's a note?" asked Scott. "I think it's going to rain" said Dismal Doug.

In came Gary to bowl... a big swing... up went the ball high, high, in the air, towards Drayman Pete who was fielding between Scott and Doug on the off side. "Mine" shouted Doug, "No mine" shouted Scott who had no trouble with short words like this; "Yours, either of you" called Drayman Pete.

Doug ran toward Scott and Scott ran towards Doug with Pete frozen in the middle.

The inevitable happened. They collided and ran into Pete as well; for a moment both Scott and Doug had hands on the ball but as they fell to the ground the ball fell loose straight on top of Pete who was by now at the bottom of the pile; he clung the ball hard to his midriff and after a moment's stunned silence realized he had taken the catch that had won the match.

He was carried off the pitch shoulder-high by all of his teammates except Scott and Doug who limped off, each complaining that they had clearly called first.

Oxford could consider themselves unlucky and did, but realized this was a better way to lose than not playing at all. Meanwhile Doug sent an email to Chesh and everyone raised their glasses to him down under; unsurprisingly Doug and Scott dropped theirs.

It was a long night. The 1s came back from Long Marston to celebrate their own famous victory. At about 1pm Doug finally closed the bar and locked up, or would have done if he had found his keys. It turned out next day that they had fallen from his pocket into Scott's when they had collided.

"What are the chances of that happening" said David DOEG when he heard. "Small but I will put it into a report" said Dom DOEG.

"What's a report" asked Scott

*Paul Cheshire is currently on a two-year vacation in Australia.*

*Eds note: No cliches, stereotypes or previously unused jokes were harmed in the compilation of this match report*