

Bledlow Ridge CC 1s v Aston Rowant 3s

Saturday 1st August 2015 – Home

Dr Seuss's patients almost pull a Cat out of the Hat

*When is a tie a draw? - find out
here*

ARCC 194-8 (53 overs)

BRCC 194-9 (47 overs)

Result: Match Drawn (scores level) Yes 'Drawn' not a 'Tie'

Selection and on Wednesday thirteen into eleven wouldn't go so Tombsdog went. To Bledlow Village CC – well at least to Dickers' house to collect a form for a move next season, it now being too late, or not too late, or just in time to move clubs, depending on which of the League's rules you want to work to, and he not being valued at BRCC and all that. BVCC are demanding another player in compensation.

In another dramatic selection move, Umpire Knappy was replaced by Alan Brooks who tends to relish local derbies.

By Thursday of course it had all changed. Players became no longer available (*"what a difference a day makes..."*) and so Doug, with his lugubrious optimism was the natural replacement for Tombsdog who although available and not selected was by now not available and not selected.

Shakey retained his place on account of a major life-saving surgery on his back on the Wednesday having been given clearance to play by his doctor: Dr Seuss.

SamDog was in too – *Sam-I-Am: I do not like green eggs and ham* - as Brooksie was away tending to Geoff's needs. *A person's a person no matter how small.*

Talking of which, Fats finally arrived and our story began.

Its fun to have fun, but you've got to know how – Dakes bowled through his seventeen overs and took 3-37 including, remarkably for him a caught and bowled. He even caught another catch later off Fats (2-43) even though he, Dakes that is, was fast asleep. Lightning struck twice.

In his 17th over Dakes got the opener. Umpire Alan confided in me that this opening batsman “Lasher” who made 50 is unusually well-endowed so I reminded him that *a person's a person no matter how small* but thanked him for information supplied more on a nice-to-know rather than need-to know basis.

Alan also confided that his fellow umpire was almost deaf and quite possibly blind; So impressed was I with Alan's insight into health issues that I arranged to meet him at his surgery next week to assess my damaged hip.

Somehow they got 194-8, about thirty more than they should have, from our perspective. For a while the combination of left and right handed batsmen was a bit confusing for us all as we suffered collective where-am-I fielding amnesia at the start of every over, nevertheless Scott looked very fetching in his turned up collar...pushing the boundaries as ever. One imagines him spending most of his schooldays in detention.

Sam-I-Am got a stumping off Taggart in a rare moment when he was not commenting on the opposition. Sam that is, well now I think of it...

At some point Shakey-Drama-Queen – had to leave the field temporarily to have his finger put back on, after a bit of fielding which involved most of his remaining body parts in stopping the ball. Shaun is getting the knack as he managed to feign serious injury to his knee at one point, then not to be left out Doug chased after the ball and trod on it. And developed a hobble.

This is one way of stopping a ball I suppose, Glenn McGrath did so quite effectively in 2005, but as a general rule we advise cricketers not to tread on cricket balls. Shakey consoled Doug (that's 'console' as in sympathise, not 'console' as in Nintendo) thus, with a direct quote from The Cat in the Hat:

“Have no fear!” said the cat “I will not let you fall, I will hold you up high, As I stand on a ball.

It was tea-time. *I do not like green eggs and ham* said the Rowant 'keeper and fortunately there wasn't any.

We batted. RolfeDog played on for the third time in four matches. Dickers made 8, Fats doubled it with 16 and we were in a bit of shtuck when SamDog joined Rory.

I do not like that Sam-I-Am seemed to be the general sentiment from the Rowant fielders as SamDog reaped the verbals he had dished out earlier. Remarkably, Matthew Luxford, keeping goal – sorry, keeping wicket- for Rowant proved to be the more talkative of the two 'keepers by the end of the match. Nothing to be proud of but quite an achievement.

We revived until Rory was very well caught for 23. Dakes threatened another revival and made 17. Enter Umpire Alan again: a shot from Sam-I-Am, destined for the boundary was expertly brought under control by Alan at square-leg (it is particularly hard to trap a cricket ball with a square leg). This cunning move left Samuel with a single and he was then dismissed next ball for 58.

Doug and Sean put us back in it. After Shaun's valuable cameo, Shakey joined Doug and it was like a Medical Convention. They took a quick single amid a bit of disagreement about it: the man recovering from major back surgery debated with the man with a twisted ankle about its merits. Said Shakey to Doug:

You have brains in your head. You have feet in your shoes. You can steer yourself any direction you choose.

Said Doug to Shakey:

Your back's good you will find, your finger's in plaster, now if you don't mind, you have to run faster

Cue another intervention: Umpire Brian at the other end, not to be outdone and proving as if we did not know by now that lighting strikes twice, displayed his own footballing skills. Standing as he was behind the stumps at the bowler's end, he took a sharp step to the left, 'killed' a full-blooded straight drive stone dead with his foot, commented that he had not been able to get out of the way, and returned to the relative safety of his position behind the stumps.

I can hardly hear and I don't see very much, but when a ball passes near, I've a brilliant first touch

Eight wanted off six balls but Lugubrious Doug was bowled for a rapid, fine lugubrious 36. All results, win, lose, draw, tie were now possible. Here was the scenario: lose now and get just 7 points, draw not scores level and get 10 points, tie and get 18 points, win and get 25 points. Confused? Well this is what happened:-

Somehow Tags avoided being run out. Six wanted off two balls became five wanted off one – somewhat unlikely, and Tags diverted the last ball to the boundary for an honourable draw, scores level and we got, wait for it... 12 points.

Or was it a tie? I tried to explain to Sharon the difference between a draw and a tie and she lost the will to live. Dickers on the other hand, who has played cricket for about 300 years was sure it was a tie. 'No, *this* is a tie' I said pulling from my pocket something I bought in Carnaby Street in 1964.

In this era of win-lose limited over cricket it s easy to forget how good a drawn match can be, but still Sharon and Dickers were struggling so I consulted Dr Seuss who gave his verdict: *The scores are level no doubt, you've not got past their score, they've not bowled you all out, so the game is a draw.*

-
This local derby was attended by a good number of mellow supporters on both sides, notably the Carter-Dakin dynasty on ours, who were good enough to share Vera's Bench with the Former Chair and his Former Wife. No. The former Chair and his current wife who is the former Chairman's wife. If you get what I mean.

Anyway the former Chair was sitting on a current Bench, with his wife. Surrounded by Carters and Dakins. Pretty scary.

The Bench survived.

We were left with one dilemma though: with no Geoff around there was no one to collect the subs. We valued him so much for that.

RolfeDog

Rory McIlroy is currently injured