

Match report vs Alvins

13th July 2021

In the ebbing July sun, a large and luxurious private boat moves silently up the Norfolk broads. It is manned by servants who provide the owner – naked but for his Luton Town FC towel after his afternoon massage sessions – with champagne and compliments. A ‘First to a 1,000 runs’ flag he has recently commissioned flaps gently astern in the summer breeze as the name ‘Robbo’ and the hand-drawn picture of a male member flashes on his iPhone. The man tuts, removes his towel, quickly twirling it to whip the bare behind of a passing male servant and answers the call. For this is Yipfinger, the mastermind behind the events at Clarence Park.

“What is it? I told you not to disturb me,” whispers Yipfinger.

“Which pitch are we on you c**t, is the bar opening, what time is the pizza arriving and is it a home game? With this type of match management C**tfinger, do you expect us to win?”

“No Mr Robbo, I expect you to lose!” Yipfinger tilts his head to the sky and laughs a deep, evil laugh, safe in the knowledge he had shafted his cricket mates right up the sh***er.

And so this was the backdrop to the Saddoes gathering at Clarence Park to take on the mighty (and very sporting) Alvins, everyone still bewildered and shell shocked from England’s penalty loss in the final of Euro 2020. Wilson looked especially pained knowing his hero Grealish had just not been on the pitch long enough. Luckily Captain Robbo took control immediately, raised morale and we were fielding first.

Tembras opened the bowling, a man who that evening had forgotten his socks, but not his accuracy and a couple of tight overs were matched at the other end by Frazer, who was also preparing to make an impact in the field later in the innings.

The Alvins’ batsmen started well but slowly thanks to tight lines and lengths of our bowlers and athletic dives from Himsworth. On came Glenno, who clearly wanted to hurt the oppo, metaphorically and literally, as he bowled aggressively at the legend that is Alvin, who immediately got smashed in the mouth. Blood seeped from the wound, and some remorse was shown by Glenda who immediately asked if he should he bowl spin. There was much hilarity in the field at this statement until we realised he was being serious. We all agreed he should at least try and bowl if not spin, then a bit slower to Alvin, now wounded and staggering about as if he’d gone 10 rounds with Tyson Fury. In came the ‘spin’, which Alvin tried to smash for four. Glenno immediately reverted to bodyline and everyone was happy.

At the other end meanwhile, CRS was floating down a few trademark moonballs, one of which caught their batsman plumb lbw. A tidy reward for CRS, which he celebrated shortly afterwards by doing a length-ways roly poly on the boundary while trying to stop a four. Wonderful stuff. Himsworth bowled a couple of very tidy overs, and the bowling continued to keep Alvins under control.

Busted stuttered in with a couple of lovely overs, but he strangely kept flinching and avoiding the ball. It seems he had been struck ‘accidentally’ on the head at the previous match and was suffering from a kind of PTSD that Himsworth had clearly not suffered from even though he had been properly hurt with blood and everything. But Busted looked

nervous, relieved only by Frazer pulling off one of the catches of the season off his bowling. This batsman had been very dangerous and launched one over the bowlers head. Frazer moved with the agility of a cat, before reaching full length to grab the ball out of the sky. Great stuff and the celebrations were wonderful. Even Wilson managed a smile. He had brought along his lucky boys-size box in sympathy with Jack's lucky boys-size shinnies and intended to wear it in honour of the curtain-haired wonder.

Now the Saddoes were cooking on gas, Ashers got an lbw given with the quietest appeal ever. No one celebrated but it was plumb and the batsman had to walk. Roffers and Wilson bowled well too, and the wickets suddenly came thick and fast. Despite taking even more unbelievable grief than usual from his teammates, our Wicketkeeper (yours truly) had a magnificent match, with a stumping and two run outs to help the team along. The stumping in particular was textbook, with Robbo drawing the batsman forward, who missed and the bails were off! Paggers ran down the wicket to a celebrating Robbo who shouted "THAT'S THE FIRST STUMPING OFF MY BOWLING IN 51 YEARS YOU C**T!!!" Hugs galore and more roars of delight as the batsman walked back to the pavilion. We later realised the batsman was possibly in his late 70s and Jonesy (who had swooped in on the boundary Raven-like to lend his 'support') said we normally don't run him out as we are sportsmen and not twats. Still, what a stumping and well done Robbo! Bucket list complete!

And so Alvins had set the target of 102 to win. Lord Wilson now wore that steely look we have all come to know. He meant business and Robbo, Southgate-esque now in his man management skills, put his hand on Wilson's shoulder and said "You're on. Do it for Jack." Out they went, strolling confidently to the crease. Wilson, his lucky boy sized box now in place in his even luckier Spiderman underpants, faced a couple of horrible pies before an absolute worldly cut in and took out his off stump. Echoing his young hero, Wilson trudged back off the field, a cameo that had glimpses of the brilliance we know he has, but he may ultimately just be all false tan, hair and covid sex parties.

Out came Glenno and that's when he and Robbo lit the fireworks. Whoosh! Bang! Wallop! Twat! Six after six, four after four and retirements galore. But Busted was looking worried. Once Tembras went in, Busted got paler and paler as his PTSD kicked in. When our resident studmuffin launched an absolute mortar bomb towards the Sads on the boundary Busted absolutely shat himself. Kicking over his chair, he ran bow legged into the cricket bags, TOWARDS where the ball was heading. Tripping, yelping and spraying filth from his backside he looked like Wile E. Coyote from a Roadrunner cartoon trying to escape a minefield. He was eventually tranquilised and forcibly returned to his seat in time to see the winning runs walloped away. Victory!

Only the third win in a season ravaged by weather, ties, losses and humiliation and oh how a beer and a pizza would have gone down well at this point. The good news is that the pizza did eventually arrive and Jonesy opened the Raven to the victorious Saddoes. Not only that, and I don't think he will mind me reporting that he has signed a legally binding contract with no get-out clause to host all future post-match drinks, and the AGM! What a guy - and I think we can all agree a promotion for him from Corporal to Mess Sergeant! It capped off a wonderful evening that even the evil Yipfinger and his plans for world domination couldn't spoil. Hurrah!