

Tour Match Report
SFDWP vs Earlswood Strollers



Dear Ladies and Gentleman of Fletching Parish,

I'm Arthur Gilstrap Soames, owner of the Sheffield Park Estate and benefactor of the Armadillo's Cricket Club ground, which nestles beautifully within the estate.

I am afraid this letter is not a happy read. In fact, it is an abject apology from me as my lapsed judgement allowed what can only be described as a 'shower of cunts' to ruin our estate and village for 24 hours. If you are a lady of a nervous disposition (also known as a 'jonesy' within this parish) then I suggest you ask a male member of the family to read it first and give you a more kindly version.

As you know I occasionally allow the general public to come and use the cricket pitch as a way to give something back to the poor. Last weekend, our great friends from the better parts of South London, the Earlswood Strollers, asked to host the Sad Fat Dads with Pads – horrible oiks from the provinces. Although there were some public schoolboys among them, they hailed from minor public schools of very little note. The rest of them, well, the less said the better.

The day did not start well and got progressively worse. I arrived on horseback at around midday. Despite repeated warnings not to park next to the pavilion, one of the scrotes, someone called Pointer, turned up late and parked his carriage right next to my scorehut. More on him later.

Our servant Mrs Miggins had made the pavilion look as well as it has done in years. Our extensive investment in the décor, pictures and lavatories have recently come to fruition, and it has been agreed in the parish that it's the best it's looked for years.

So imagine my horror when, with every Sad player in the small, cramped, changing room with no ventilation, a player called Noble emptied his working class guts into the lavatory. I am not sure what they eat in the poorer areas of St Albans but, even having fought on the Somme, I have never heard groaning or dry vomiting noises like it. I understand the village sewer system is still fucked.

Having wiped my eyes and thrashed Pointer with my horse whip to alleviate my frustration I thought it a good idea to brief the Strollers on my findings. To my horror I realised they were pissed as farts and unable to string two words together.

Another oik, known as Robbo, was skipper for the Sads and, seeing how good the Strollers were just in their warm up, had conveniently conspired to field first. Which was a shame as otherwise the match would have been over within an hour and we wouldn't have suffered any more damage.

Having despatched Mrs Miggins to unblock the lavatory, I settled down with a large whiskey to watch the match.

Now, the Stollers literally stank of booze, but their skipper was under no illusion – win, or never show your faces at Sheffield Park again. As the afternoon wore on, I got to know these Sad Fat Dads by their puerile nicknames. Winners opened the bowling, closely followed by a swarthy-looking fellow called Tembras. Although Winners did OK, this Tembras fellow, who arrived dressed as a sodomite, began to hurl beamer after beamer at the Earlswood opener.

At this point I had to step in and have a word. As I raised my rapier and squared up to this Tembras gentleman I realised all was not as it seemed. “I am 15% Nigerian!” he said, pulling back his shirt and revealing his extremely hairy chest with nipples as long as twiglets.

Now, as you all know I have travelled the Empire and enslaved many thousands of people. I even married the current Lady Sheffield in Lagos in 1907. I know not to mess with an African Prince. I moved swiftly away from the man before he could strike me with the ball, just as he did to the Strollers’ batsmen. Mercifully, that dreadful man Robbo took him off and tied him, subdued, to a bench on the boundary. Thank God.

Surprisingly the Sads did take wickets, but the Strollers knew how to handle these cricketing minnows. Some of the howlers from the fielding side did, I admit, lighten my mood. Winners dropped a sitter. Robbo let one through his legs for four off his young son Toby. A chap called CRS, who seemed to talk incessantly about a money collecting scam named “Joey Deacon” hardly moved for three hours. More on him later too. Paggers kept extremely well (he will be allowed back) and then rescued Pointer from the stocks I had hastily erected so he could have a turn keeping as well.

A hairy Welshman named Williams (how they understand what he says I don’t know) grunted and moaned his way to a wicket, and Noble, now three stone lighter, took a couple too. I noticed the player called Grant, had a bowl too, but he wouldn’t stop adjusting his hair. I am afraid the man may at some point have been on the stage – more people we don’t want coming to the estate.

That obscene man Robbo put in some tidy bowling, even if the air was littered with his rich language, surely more suited to a ship of the line. A man called Clampers also had a bowl but he had a pronounced limp. He looked familiar and he may well have been on the Somme in my battalion – I will look this up. I have to say a young man called Toby certainly bowled very well and I have asked Lady Sheffield that we provide him with a bursary and see to it that he is removed from that awful man, Robbo’s, family.

The Strollers cruised, shitfaced, to 238. I celebrated by allowing Mrs Miggins to unveil tea – a delight of local produce from the grounds. I made sure Noble was allowed only liquids.

And so it was time to see what the Sads could offer in terms of batting. I guffawed when I saw that their erstwhile leader Robbo had sent Paggers out as cannon fodder – I did a similar thing in the trenches, yes - I recall now, sending out Clampers to take the heat out of the artillery with his legs. Robbo had also untied the Nigerian Prince to open up, and together he and Paggers strode onto the pitch ready to face the chin music.

Although a Prince ranks higher, it was Paggers who faced first and adopted the tactics of leaving, missing, and then getting a single to get off strike. Prince Tembras panicked as Paggers was calling very tight runs. I had also ordered the Strollers to give Tembras some of his own medicine and strike after strike hit his jet-black abdomen. Just as it looked like he had survived the onslaught our tactics worked and he was out. The Strollers quality began to tell.

In came Hugh Granty and he said to Paggers; "No silly runs". Within minutes he was out, gone to a very silly LBW decision, courtesy of the dark web money master umpire CRS. It was now that the awful man Robbo called CRS a number of names that I won't repeat in this good Parish. One of which insinuated that CRS may well have acted like a lady's part, but as I said, we won't go there. The Sads were using a fine system stored in an App based on the South Sea Bubble and in the hands of this CRS character; I hear he is now retiring to Marbella, despite accruing most of the fines himself.

Enter Noble, and with it some stability - 50 not out and an innings of some quality. Paggers was bowled, with the Strollers wicketkeeper putting on a quite magnificent juggling act to drop him just a few balls before too. That lout Robbo put on a few runs and looked tidy before falling to more quality bowling.

The Welshman came in and began to play well. Through a translator I learnt he wanted to reach 1000 runs milestone this season. Looking at the stats I see he has now just barely broken 900, but you have to admire his cojones, if not his personal hygiene. Noble, like his bowels, fell, and young Toby played well in the face of some good deliveries, until eventually Clampers had to hobble out and smashed a couple about. CRS made an appearance, fresh from fleecing another victim on the money market before making way for Pointer after I had given him another thrashing with a bunch of freshly cut nettles.

Exhausted from the thrashing I had just administered, I sought refuge in the shade of the scoring hut, only to find Tembras furiously pleasuring himself while pretending to fill in the scorebook. "Good God man! Control yourself!" I cried and struck him with my nettles, which only seemed to encourage his habit.

How I rejoiced when the last wicket fell. The Sads were defeated and a good job too! A well deserved 5-fer for the big Stroller who opened their batting relieved me from my funk. A certain knighthood awaits him. The Sads were shooed off the land in good order - I released the hounds to make doubly sure, using Noble's underpants as scent.

I understand the reprobates made their way to the local hostelry for the night. Reports have come in that the terrible Robbo tried to debag the hotel receptionist to prove she was in fact a Thai 'ladyboy' - after she refused to believe his claims he and his teams were staying the night.

Other reports that the team retired to the Peacock Inn and created noisy havoc with the locals are, I am afraid, true. The big Nigerian fellow kept revealing his hairy torso to the barmaid and CRS continued to raise funds for a new addition to his pack of cockerpoo hunting hounds. My supply of Chablis and Merlot were drained to the last drop.

I can only apologise to the people of Fletching. The oiks seemed to care not a jot that they were absolutely dog shit at cricket and enjoying themselves at the expense of our peace and quiet. I will never forget those prolonged cries of "CHEERS!" to that shit-of-a-man Robbo for organising such blatant hooliganism.

Yours apologetically,
Sir Arthur Gilstrap Soames

Man of the match: Noble's bowels