

MAKE A-CRICKETER GREAT AGAIN

Thank you, thank you. It's wonderful to be back in this great, great team. A beautiful team. Literally dozens of hardworking cricket patriots doing their very best to win, and win bigly. When I ran this team years ago it was the best. The very best. We won every game. Sometimes we won two, three times a week. But then, 4 years ago the team was stolen from us. Stolen by wicked people, and the team was run down, right down, unbelievable. Full of Lib-tard losers like sleepy Jones and crooked Paggery.

But I'm back. And I'm gonna build this team back to be better than ever. Soon we will have the strongest team in our history, a real powerful team. A team that can be summed up by three very beautiful and simple words: win, win, win. Think of that folks, winning all the time, top of the league, at home, away, even at Greenwood Park, CG.

My first game back was a tough one. Fishers. The Fish-men. Real hard men. But we already had an advantage through my deals. We were playing on their ground, their territory, but on our terms. Yes you heard it right, ours. We were on foreign territory, but declared it ours. Like Canada. It was a home game for us. I won the toss. I always do. Chose to bat. Sent two fine batsmen in at the top of the first. Longers and Busted. I told them to attack the liberal elites straight away. And with their bats build a wall, a big beautiful wall, and not to let any of those funny looking balls through. Send them back where they came from. And that's what they did my friends - Busted retired (25) including a huge home run out the park, and Longers retired too (22). Granty and Robbo next. Continued the greatness. The lbw for Grant (14) was just a tiny, tiny problem. Forgotten already. There's always bumps in the road on the highway to the best. Robbo retired (27). Then Diprose. 28. Failed. LBW. Plum. Plummiest of Plum. Biggest Plum ever. Next Tembras. I like Tembras, we're two of a kind. Big hitter. Likes Golf and Russians. Went out swinging. Stumped for 5. Disgraceful behaviour of the other side's backstop. Shouldn't have been given. Nairne in for a cameo single. That was the innings, Great innings. 134/3. Game already won. I didn't even have to bat, or use my box. Biggest ever box. That's not a boast, everyone in the box manufacturing industry tells me it's true.

I don't know why Fishers even bothered to bat. But they did. Failures all of them. I sent my pitchers in with instructions to negotiate the win. Congressmen Nairne and Noble first. Brave, brave guys. Nairne clean bowls an opener for 1 run. Noble tidy. Very tidy. Tembros and Tucker continue the negotiations. Then the batters start ripping us off. Taking our runs. Not doing their share of defence. So I send in the big guns to do the hard politics with an insurance policy. Jones and Robbo. It works, of course it does, when I lead I'm always right. Jones takes a 3fer. The 2nd was a vertical clean bowled, with the ball landing on top of the bails. How great is that? Wouldn't have happened last year with sleepy Jones. Great captaincy. Robbo was the best at economics. But I might have to fire him. He was disrespectful when I didn't catch a difficult

chance, the most difficult chance ever. It came directly out of the sun, and although I ran quick, quicker than Carl Lewis ever did, the ball fell at least 10 yards away. No chance. Sad, very sad. It left me with no choice but to pitch myself. Best over of the match – no runs off the bat and a wicket off a terrific curve ball, absolutely unplayable. Easiest catch ever for Jones at cover point. Granters and Busted did one hell of a spell, Busted getting a wicket. Tembras went diving in a bush. A really nice big bush. couldn't get him out of it. Then at the death it was Diprose. The enemy had started a trade war, with their cheap imported cars parked all over the place by the white house pavilion. Diprose finished it by sending them back loads of Beamers with a swinging 125% auto-tariff.

In a trade war there's only one winner. Us. Not me. There's no 'me' in team.

Yes we won it. Under my competent and powerful leadership we achieved more in a few hours than the previous administration achieved in four whole years.

After winning so big, I went to sort out trade with Chiiiina. Specifically the Top Wok in Shenley. They didn't like the tariffs we'd imposed, and they came crawling to me, kissed my ass, like I said they would. But they were tough negotiators. Cash only. They wanted £3.80 for a large bag of "chips", but we did a deal, such a good deal, and got 6 bags for £22.80. With a carrier bag for free. That's the art of the deal my friends.

FOUR MORE YEARS..... FOUR MORE YEARS..... FOUR MORE YEARS.....



Busted in perfect position, elbow up, head over ball. Two fielders at Square Leg in deep conversation about trade policy and the application of punitive reciprocal tariffs in the BMW market.



BBC Verify is dedicated to examining the facts and claims behind a story to try to determine whether or not it is true. We have been asked to fact-check claims made in a recent report of a cricket match between Sad Fat Dads with Pads and Fishers CC.

Claim 1

Sad Fat Dads won the match

BBC Verify has trawled various sources, some public and some confidential, including a website called HitsSports. In a section marked 'Stats' is a scorecard. This suggests that whilst Sad Fat Dads did score 134/3 in their allotted 20 overs, Fishers scored 135/6 in 18 overs and thus won the match with 12 balls to spare.

CLAIM FALSE

Claim 2

Curtis had no chance of catching a steeper off Roberts' bowling

Our reporters have spoken to a player on the fielding team, on condition of anonymity. Our source has signed a written affidavit that a) the ball could not have come out of the sun as the sun wasn't shining, b) Curtis barely ambled towards the falling ball, and c) he not only failed to catch it, but was so close he overran it and had to go back on himself to collect it from the field and return it to the bowler.

CLAIM FALSE

Claim 3

Jan Diprose was out lbw

Various witnesses have described that Diprose was incandescent with rage as he walked, and was heard to say "*I was three yards down the pitch*", "*it was heading down*", and "*he needs to learn the rules of the fucking game*". Although it was subsequently pointed out that whilst Boxing has rules, Cricket has laws, this did not temper his mood. The square leg umpire was seen to chuckle, the non-striking batsmen stood aghast, and after the match the opposing team captain asked "*what was that lbw decision all about?*" Piecing this evidence together does suggest that Diprose has a strong case for his claim.

However, the scorecard has the following entry: DIPROSE LBW RAVI 28

As the match was not covered by the video decision review system (DRS), it is unlikely that the truth will ever be determined, and thus the decision of the on field umpire stands.

CLAIM TRUE