

Gardenfields Match Report by Louie Martyn-Grant aged 4

Last week I went to watch my daddy play a silly game called cricket. Daddy said his team were batting first and that a man called a house, which is a silly name, and one with the same name as Daddy, but with a long bottom which is even sillier, opened the batting, whatever that means. A big old man then hobbled towards the Bottom man and threw the ball like a windmill, very slowly at him. The Longbottom man seemed excited and started hitting the ball all over the field. At the other end the house man was a bit boring and didn't really try to even hit the ball very hard. By the time I'd finished my first Capri Sun, the Longbottom man had decided he'd had enough and started walking off the pitch. Daddy said he'd scored 26 runs and had to retire. Then a girl walked out to the sticks, but she hit the ball straight up into the air and into the hands of a man standing around in the field. All the men in the field cheered and but she looked sad and then walked all the way back again and sat down. Daddy said she was a duck, but she was definitely a girl. Then a Roffers, went out to the sticks and started waving his bat around like he was trying to kill zombies, occasionally windmilling the ball to the edge of the field. Around this time the man called a house had to retire too. Daddy said he'd scored 28, which seemed take forever. Then a man called Noballs went out to the sticks, but he had to retard too when he'd only scored 6. Daddy said he injured himself going for a quick single and couldn't carry on. Then it was my Daddy's turn. I was so excited to see my daddy bat for the first time, my hero. Daddy had only been at the sticks a little bit when the crazy zombie killer Roffers played another horizontal chop, missing the ball and letting it hit the sticks behind him. He scored a zombie bashing 10. I thought I recognised the next man who went to the sticks, then I realised it was Mayor Humdinger the baddie from Paw Patrol. I was really scared for Daddy as I know how sneaky Mayor Humdinger can be. Sure enough, when he hit the ball directly to a man standing around in the field, he ordered my Daddy to RUN! Daddy shouted NO as he knew running at that moment was very silly, but the mayor didn't seem to listen or care. Daddy looked in shock and was frozen to the spot as the mayor trundled past him leaving daddy stranded in the middle of the sticks. The other team hit the stumps with the ball and Daddy was so sad, he walked back to where me and mummy were sitting. He said some naughty words that mummy said I should never ever repeat. It was so distressing to see Daddy in that state I've since had to have counselling for PTSD. It's put me off cricket forever. It really is a silly game. Anyway, that was all I saw as I had to go home for my tea. Daddy will have to tell you what happened in the rest of the game.

After the village dismissal of Grant, Mayor Jones/Humdinger, accompanied by the swashbuckling Bondy decided to take the bull by the horns and up the run rate. Bondy eventually succumbed to a straight ball finishing on a respectable 18. Churchy then did his best to keep the runs flowing with Jones, hitting several 4's and steering the SADDO's to a respectable and defensible 151. The mostly one-handed Jones eventually finished on 19 not out and Churchy on 17 not out.

Despite WG opening the bowling in his usual controlled manor accompanied by Wilson at the other, however the oppo decided they didn't want to hang about and soon the run rate was way above that of the SAD's. Grant did his best to stem the flow and took a wicket in his opening over and should have had another two in his second over, had it not been for a couple of dropped catches. Bondy bowled a decent couple of overs taking a wicket but by the time Jones came on the runs had started to flow freely again for the opposition. From there on in, the scorecard was just a flurry of fours, sixes, wides, and byes with extras totalling 20. The situation in the field wasn't helped by ball magnet Andy No-ball only having one working leg, and our only gun fielder Howes, being positioned in the only area of the field that the ball didn't go to. In the end the Garden Fields reached the SAD's total with 3 overs to spare, although Wilson rightly pointed out that the scorecard didn't add up. In fact they didn't even bother to record Matt Howeson's bowling figures, although that was probably

to save him any embarrassment. So, all in all we were a bit village, they probably cheated and my son never ever wants to play cricket.