

Shed's Heaven

Destinys Child's mega-seller "I'm a survivor" blared from the club house as the SADS rolled up on a sunny, warm evening at Sandridge for the match against the lovely chaps at Marshalswicket. Yes, that's right, the ladies aerobics was at full tilt and the ground shuddering volume of their music produced a renewed sense of vigour following defeat vs Pelicans in the season debut. Who would be number one tonight?

Put into field, things got off to a typically ramshackle start for the SADS when the ball was hit towards the boundary (a line of dandelions as it transpired), got called for a four but was actually a two, then it was called for a two but then it was called for a four but eventually in the interest of fair play was given as a four, much to the chagrin of Chennells, the bowler, who didn't seem to have had a say in the matter. "Just give it as a four," said WG, a man who would play a key role in umpiring tonight's proceedings.

Anyway the SADS proceeded to bowl well but Marshalswicket, as we know, have some decent batsman and on this extremely variable pitch things got tough. One delivery stayed low while the next bounced up and could take your teeth out. Chennells and Pearly (a guest brought in by Fraser) opened the bowling well, bar the unfortunate boundary call and as we will see all the guest players (and hopefully new regulars) performed very, very well.

Keeping the score low was the aim, and it was a hard working but uneventful fielding display from the SADS, who found it hard to breakthrough. The generally slow scoring Marshalswicket attack was also having to cope with an unpredictable wicket. Your reporter was behind the stumps having to deal with the veritable smorgasbord of deliveries coming down and bouncing almost at random off the uneven track.

Looking at the scorebook from the oppo hasn't helped me recall many details either. The list of bowlers include three blank names, one called "Guy with Glasses" (presumably Jonesy who had recently had to purchase a brand new pair to cope with the glare from Daisy Cooper's teeth) and "Bald Bloke" who – let's face it – could be one of many.



Jonesy – 'Guy with Glasses'. Note Lewis brothers in background.

No matter the lack of wicket action, we are a band of brothers – quite literally. Dan had brought his brother Patch along, carefully briefing the team on how he probably wasn't as good as him and he hadn't played for 20 years. Well Danny Boy, how wrong can you be? In fact, the consensus was that we got the wrong Lewis brother in the first place! Patch put in a great performance over two overs.

Cue the return of Sheddars. Nonchalantly reappearing after some three or four seasons away in scream therapy he put in two fast and fine overs. Unlucky not to take a wicket, he nonetheless showed that you can, even at an advanced age, still chase the birds and have enough energy to faff about at cricket. Wonderful stuff! "Welcome back Sheddars!" cried no one, although we were all thinking it I'm sure.

After a couple of retirements things got better from the SADS and a wicket for WG came from a controversial lbw decision from the umpire, their team leader and captain, Anil! This must have inspired WG when he ump'd later - as he was in mischievous mood. Longers meanwhile was his normal self, one minute placing fielders on behalf of 'captain' Jones, the next missing a few half opportunities for a catch, the next hurling insults at yours truly. He really gives 100 percent in everything he does and should be applauded for it.

Fraser meanwhile had brought along James, a sometime Scratcher and all round good egg who bowled admirably considering the pressure put on with the scoring. Fraser's fielding meanwhile was outstanding, with a true highlight being his speciality slowmo dive, almost as if he was carefully crawling down a flight of steep stairs. Anyway, innings over:



A "Nelson" to win and the Napoleon-statured Skipper - "Bonaparte" Jones - decided to put the Lewis brothers in to open. A wonderful gesture, and right in the block hole when it comes to SADS thinking. Patch, the new *wunderkind*, and Dan, quietly fuming at being outplayed by his sibling so far, padded up in unison. Out they went and soon back in Dan came, succumbing to an early ball.



Patch and Dan – the last known photo of when they were talking

Meanwhile, Bondy appeared in some kind of skintight lycra outfit. A note here on WG and umpiring. He and Bondy have history, WG having been quick on his trigger finger to give Bondy out. On seeing Bondy, WG again gave him the finger (not nice) but then decided he had never signalled for a “one short”. So he decided to give it a go – costing the SADS runs, yet fulfilling his life long dream of having “completed umpiring signals” in his EyeSpy Book of Being a Complete Tit.



WG – one short of something that’s for sure.



Bondy pops in from Shanghai, immediately incurs an instant - and massive - fine

Fraser and Longers decided it was time to put some runs on the board and did well to get the SADS scoreboard ticking over. Fraser however was just starting to truly get going when, in a bizarre Torrette's-like moment, played the ball, which rolled back towards his wicket at a very very slow pace, only for him to – WHACK! - kick it as hard as he possibly could against his stumps, just making certain he was out! Cue a mixture of incredulity and hilarity.



Fraser – Confused on which sport he was playing and the cosplay outfit he is trying to putting on. About to commit a bizarre cricketing/ football crossover manoeuvre.

Following some nice work against tough bowlers from James, and thrilled by his own bowling efforts, Sheddars was now in to thwack it about and soon retired, allowing Jonesy to start making some runs. Longers was dismissed after a fine knock, making way for Chenners only for Padders to hole out for a duck WG to come in and ACTUALLY run between the wickets putting on a tailenders' partnership with Jones and Pearly!



The very ball “Boney” Jones is bowled on. Yes, that’s his batting stance, he’s not at full height.

Although the tail wagged, it wasn’t enough to reach the 111 to Victory. The tune we heard was “Survivor”, but perhaps it should have been a Lewis-inspired “Brothers in Arms”, the Shedder’s “Chasing Rainbows” but as usual it was Emperor Jones leading us to his very own “Waterloo”.



Longers – “My micropenis may have dropped off in the bag somewhere.”*

*sorry, Word has written this wrong, I tried typing ‘contact lenses’. Bloody autocomplete, I can’t seem to change it.

Man of the match: Bondy