



End of term report from the Headmaster's Orifice

My dear parents,

Alius annus gon. And so another year at Saddenham School for Boys comes to a close and I find myself sat with pipe, sitting in my office overlooking the splendid cricket pitches here at Sadders, dictating another end of term report to my long serving secretary Ms Flaps. Now 92, she has been a loyal servant to me and the school. Bravo Fanny!

I sincerely hope your sons, some now fully pubic, have enjoyed this academic year as much as I enjoyed putting young Dippers over my knee for bunking off cricket duties too many times. It only seems like yesterday young Peelers, Jones, Winners et al appeared quivering in their shorts and blazers ready for big school. Such innocent times.

Unfortunately, those times have changed. It saddens me to report that this year Trinity term has ended on a sour point. It has become a tradition to mark the end of the school year with a cricket match here at the hallowed grounds of Saddenham. Usually, I assign the Head Boy to officiate but this year Peelers has disgraced himself by being caught playing the biscuit game for the umpteenth time.

He's been warned before. The last episode centred around a vicious curled-towel buttock whipping he dished out to Mortimer-Jones -chasing him around the changing rooms for a good half an hour. But this latest incident marks a new low in his school career. More on Mortimer-Jones soon. Ms Flaps that reminds me to have a word with him at the Sixth Form Liberal Club reference his tuck shop tab – make a note.

What is especially disappointing is that Peelers has made the cricket honours board no less than four times (as he likes to tell any boy who's listening!) and used to carry himself with some class. Since falling in with the wrong crowd Peelers has been prone to poor language and self-abuse and I am seriously considering barring him from his beloved guinea pig duties next year.

Anyway, where was I? Oh yes, thank you Ms Flaps, it fell to me to organise a new manager for this match against a local side of ruffians known as Frogmore although I understand they also play under the *nom de guerre* of Park Street. Enter the Marquis de Tembras as new match manager, descended from a long

line of Spanish royalty (although he is rather nouveau riche isn't he, Ms Flaps? Oh crikey, strike that – wait, yes, you're right he hardly speaks a word of the Queen's so that's fine, leave it in it will give the parents a good chortle.) Despite the language barrier the Marquis assembled a team and I watched them from my office as they made their way to the lower field pavilion.

What a shambles. If I see the Upper School turn out like this again I am afraid I will have to bring back surprise kit inspections in the dormitories. I believe that if you take pride in your appearance, you will perform better. Turning up in short trousers, skin tight cycling shorts and on push bikes to boot is a disgrace. We are not running a meeting place for deviants, Roffers, Busted and Bond, we are a public school for goodness sakes. Ms Flaps - pause as I refill my pipe!

Now where was I – oh yes, our ragbag team were fielding first. I was pleased to see Mortimer-Jones setting an attacking field and despite their dishevelled appearance the boys did rather well. Church at fly slip, Peelers and Grant “on the one” as the youth of today like to say. Roffers primed, seeing a lot of early action on the off-side boundary. In came Winfield to bowl a couple of tidy overs and I was over the moon to applaud Church with a first ball wicket – clean bowling a peasant from Park Street. Busted also clean bowled one of their lot and Grant carved out a caught and bowled during a particularly tricky part of the game. Wonderful stuff. I could almost forgive the boys when they play the leather and willow like this.

I say almost as sadly it was short lived. Despite tight bowling all round, some of the fielding was clearly not coached by our brilliant Head of Games, Mrs Buxom. Roffers saw a lot of action and perhaps feeling rather hot in the muggy conditions, decided to bathe himself in sand, rolling around like a baby elephant with an itchy anus, instead of stopping the ball - and then proceeded to leap like a gazelle *over* the ball instead of stopping it! Good lord, Ms Flaps, I now have to mention Mortimer-Jones's performance in the field. It was only slightly redeemed by his bowling. Good lord, boy, running around like you're on the Benny Hill Show and then kicking the ball over the boundary with your shin.....Ms Flaps! Fetch the whiskey.

Many of the boys also seemed intent on fondling each other in the undergrowth instead of fielding - under the excuse of “finding balls”. Mrs Buxom will be putting half of the team into detention for this terrible behaviour. We are not Frenchmen here at Saddenham! Get a grip boys!

When I was fighting the Peri Peri in Burma we used to come across the odd Orangutan. Wonderful chaps they were too. During a lull in the fighting we would coax them down from the trees for a game of Gin Rummy. Often the coaxing would involve a blow dart of frog poison to the rear end. If you have ever seen an orangutan fall from a tree then you will have a good idea of how Pagers looked attempting to stump the opposition. I almost felt sorry for Peelers and Roffers who offered up chance after chance only for the idiot behind the wickets to fumble, bumble and generally make a prize tit of himself.

As the Park Street innings came to an end it became apparent that boundaries were slow to come by on the lower field and the local comprehensive side could only set a target of 132 for Saddenham.

Into bat the boys went opening with that scallywag Peelers and Grant. A slow start and sadly Grant (clean cut and always a good boy) pushed a shot down the throat of a fielder for an easy – although juggled- catch. Peelers eventually jolted himself out of his malaise and even I have to admit, played a nice innings.

Winfield (a pupil whose family made their fortune in landing and canning Grimsby sprats) strode to the crease. A word about young Winfield. He had been fagging for Mortimer-Jones in a bid to win favour and be placed further up the order after experiencing some frustration at a previous match. His haranguing clearly paid off and in he went at three. Well, talk about watching Farrow and Ball dry. I will leave it there as paper is a precious resource and describing every ball he faced would probably decimate the Amazon rainforest. The end of his innings came when he licked his lips at the look of a fresh fish pie tumbling towards him out of the sky. Crash went his wickets and off he went back to the pavilion. I thought I saw the other boys giggling but I could be wrong.

After writing to Mortimer-Jones using Google translate, the Marquis had also lobbied to be higher up the batting order. He was sent in and after a few swishes reminiscent of his fencing, he lashed at a pie filled with paella and was soon sent back to the pavilion covered in rice, chicken and prawns, wickets smashed. Church made a brief cameo but was unlucky to be caught out to what was clearly a no ball. Peelers was umpire and I will not comment again on why his eye sight might not be quite how it should currently. Pass the digestives, Ms Flap.

Now, Ms Flaps, send three house points to Busted for his innings, a wonderful batting performance. In fact, deduct two for his arrival on a push bike. So one house point. And a single house point for Lewis for his batting. Even though 132 wasn't a stiff target, scoring was slow by our team, and I believe the Uppers' poor behaviour has exhausted them. Lewis was somewhat bizarrely run out at the last ball of the penultimate over and Busted retired at the same time. In came Mortimer-Jones and Paggers and we needed 16 from the last over to win.

Always one for stats and averages, Mortimer-Jones had noted that both he and Paggers shared the same number of runs and batting average for the season. He even told the school newspaper he was considering not playing Paggers and putting himself into bat to get the better of him. Once Paggers had threatened legal action and began twirling a wet towel, Mortimer-Jones relented and Paggers faced first. A few thwacks and runs came, but I suspect Paggers had his eye on revenge when on the final ball he ran his captain out to great cheers and celebration on the boundary. Well done Paggers, the stats don't lie but neither does the score. A loss by a handful of runs.

My dear parents, it disappoints me to bring this news to you and it will be extra nets for these boys come January. To cap it off they were caught drinking IPA and cold lagers guzzling what looked to be some of what the Italians call "Pizza". They looked to be thoroughly enjoying themselves.

Mark my words, this type of behaviour will not be tolerated next season at Saddenham.

Yours truly,

Sir Herbert Clitoris-Smythe KBE MC

Headmaster
Saddenham School for Boys