

Match report
Vs Pelicans
Tuesday 29th August

“Never go back” they say, but like a rejected Tinder date who has nothing better to do than turn up and umpire a cricket match with a bunch of twats on a Tuesday night, we just couldn’t say no. Pelicans match two - this time at the lovely London Colney ground.

Like the kitbag, this fixture had a distinct end of season whiff about it. The Saddoes, fresh from their holidays in all four corners of the globe gathered in good spirits and a camaraderie was clearly building. Longers immediately sensed complacency and gave the following inspirational speech; “You’re all f*****g s**t so either hit it or we’ll f*****g retire you and I will be the one hitting you with this bat, you bunch of c**ts.”



(Left): Longbottom “captained”

It’s words like this that remind you never to go to prison or boarding school (Peelers). And it’s words like this that WG had ringing in his ears when he went out to open with Williams. “This track is a 160 par – at least!” declared Old Father Twat as he strode confidently to the crease.

First ball and a lovely knockdown to the leg side and WG was off! The last time he moved that fast was in 1973. Fear of a punishment beating from Longers, mixed with the thrill of a major score at the ground that has been so good to him this season was like Viagra to this normally flaccid batsman.

Williams, careful not to take any risks after an absolutely plumb lbw decision the last time he played at this wonderful ground, for reasons known only to himself didn’t think there wasn’t a run there, and stood firmly in his crease. He was also possibly thinking about which grot mag he would take from under his mattress later that night (as it turned out he didn’t need any visual help in that area on this evening). As we all know, the Titanic had a quicker and tighter turning circle than WG and, almost in slow motion, he just couldn’t turn the good ship ‘Real Ale’ around before the bails were taken off and he departed, making way for our beloved Corporal.



(Left): WG being helped to his shopmobility scooter earlier this season

"We have nothing to fear but fear itself," said Jones, quoting one of his favourite political heroes. A few one-handed attempts at wiff waff and suddenly the crunch of wickets heralded the end of our very own Daisy "Jugs" Cooper. A promising cameo, just like the Lib Dems in most general elections.

At this point Robbo correctly pointed out that the match report was again writing itself. And then in he came and the runs started to flow. An innings to remember, especially as he had to put up with Longers, once Williams had been bowled for a decent 23. The Saddoes were back in the game after a shaky start and Longers licked his lips as he strode out to the square, swinging his bat as he walked to the crease, surely imaging WG's and Jonesy's head as his battered the air in anger. Sadly his performance was stuttering to say the least and his team mates were in agreement he should have really retired himself but no one dared say it.

Robbo meanwhile was on the way to a man of the match performance, boundary after boundary clocking up a score of 46. On Robbo's retirement Winners strode in and he too put in a great batting performance, racing to a lightning fast retirement. Longers eventually holed out to a fielder in the deep for a good 21 and Granty made his way to the crease. Now a weird thing happened, Granty's wicket fell which looked like the ball had ricocheted off the WK's pads and back on the stumps, but apparently he was bowled. Unlucky, and he had plenty of time to stroll back to the pavilion to reflect on his terrible luck and an almost certain buttock thrashing from Longbottom.

Next came Noble who helped the tail wag with Paggers a little bit until he too departed for summary execution, bringing Peelers to the wicket. Our reliable opener and golden boy (first to 1000 runs but doesn't like to talk about it) was clearly either shocked at being so low down the batting order or was so frightened of Longer's reaction to poor performance that he played onto to his stumps and departed faster than Luton from the Premier League.

So it was up to Paggers to welcome Pointer, dressed in what appeared to be very tight tennis shorts to the crease. Little did his team mates know but things were going to get saucy. Paggers and Pointers managed a few more runs and that was that, we ran out of overs but had posted an admirable, if slightly below par, 141.

Into the field and it was at this moment Pointer appeared in what appeared to be a full white basque, stockings and suspenders. It was only the WK gloves that betrayed the fact that he was about to take his place behind the stumps, rather than pose for the type of magazine Williams still sends away to Germany for. Of course, Pointer had merely worn his knob and thigh padding over his Jimmy Connors 1982 tennis shorts, but in doing so he had somehow managed to make himself into a soft porn version of the bearded lady from the Greatest Showman.



(Left: Pointer, a basqued "Showman")

With this image now permanently burnt into the retinas of his teammates, it was interesting to see how they would react. These Pelicans were big hitters, and WG bowled well, as always, but it was clear something special needed to happen. It was then Paggers called upon Williams; “It’s time for the c**face”. For those who are fielding close in when our resident Welshman takes a wicket, he pulls a certain face and makes an almost inaudible whimpering noise. Almost to order, and possibly using Pointer as a bit of fodder, Williams delivered - the face was pulled and the mewling was heard not once but twice! The Sads were back!

(right: Williams, audibly cries when he ejaculates)



To be fair, Pelicans batted very well, but Robbo’s fielding was a highlight of this, or any season. He was right on the boundary and possibly too far away to be distracted by Pointer’s outfit, and caught three absolute belters, two of which were worldies. It’s just a shame the oppo marked him down as “Lobbon” in the scorebook and so he will never get the credit he deserves and we will instantly forget all about them. It also says Lobbon got two wickets when he bowled. Whoever this Lobbon chap is – sign him up!



(right: Robbo a.k.a. Lobbon. Possible nonce, do not approach)

At this point we thought we had a great chance, but a very big man came in and started hitting boundaries at will. Longers made up for being nasty to everyone by fielding well, even injuring his black gloved robotic hand in one daring stop. Noble and Peelers bowled well with a bit of spin and Jones had two decent overs with very little spin. Granty recovered from his thrashing to bowl well and of course Winners delivered two tight overs. Paggers was then called upon to bowl and Pelicans won.

(Wo)man of the match: Pointer