



SFDWP vs Park Street

As the SFDWP legion slowly arrived at a small oasis of shade and refreshment they looked a sorry sight. Many had been marching for several days and nights only to be told that they were needed for one more mission (and maybe one on Wednesday too). They knew they were up against it as the enemy seemed boosted by a number of young recruits.

"It's a Big Bash" they were told. "A chance to shine and show your metal". That's what they always said when they wanted to send a group to their ultimate demise. Before long, the skirmish began.

The dusty battlefield looked worn from many previous battles. Dusty and full of flies. The youthful enemy (well, many of them were...), came to do battle and looked hungry for a fight. "Send in the big guns of WG and Neal" came the command from on-high. The big guns roared and

thundered. The enemy were pinned down and took an early casualty. "This is more like it!" they said. "Youth is no match for experience". Time for the partnership of Corporal Jones and Commander Bond. The enemy were starting to put up some resistance and, despite taking another casualty, they were putting the legion on the back foot. They started to cut loose, firing volleys all over the field. "Bring on Curtis and Wilson, we'll pin them down." They obviously hadn't read the plan and upped their rate, smashing every pill around the field. "That didn't work – Pointer & Tembras". The secret weapon, at last. Pointer lulling them into a false sense of security with cunning flight of his grenades, whilst Marcos delivered pinpoint accuracy and speed that left the enemy shaken. The Pointer tactic bore fruit, taking out two of the enemy in one devastating session. Peel was hoping for great things but his sights were misaligned and was unable to inflict further damage. This phase of the battle was nearly over and WG and Neal came back into the attack but it was merely damage limitation at this point. The enemy had done us over. Badly.

Two seasoned campaigners trudged to the crease. "Swish" went Longbottom, "Swish, swish, swish". This had little effect on the flies and less on the grenades being lobbed in his direction. Peel, on the other hand, was looking majestic. "Whack, smack, whack". This was more like it! A beautifully timed volley deposited the pill for 6... and then another...was sent down the enemy's throat. Alas, Peel was no longer in the battle and retired to lick his wounds. Neal replaced Peel (something the scorer struggled with). Some more lusty blows, this time Longbottom was

connecting... but not for long and, inevitably, he too was taken out of action. Time to fight a rear-guard action. The Corporal knew what to do. He had seen Longbottom doing it. "Swish, swish, pirouette". Immediately, Neal decided to get out while the going was good, bringing Wilson in to fight the opposition...but not for long. "We're falling like flies, boys" said one of the onlookers. Not to fear. Our secret weapon. "Bond's the name." (aren't you in the wrong film?). This worked. Commander Bond and Corporal Jones kept the enemy at bay for at least ten minutes before the Commander was cruelly out of action with his leg taken out. Berry could make a difference. "Swish, swish, swish". The flies were getting worse. "Swish, swish". Caught.

With the poise of a Pointer, Pointer ambled slowly to the killing field. Jones had a word. "Run me out and you're dead meat!". Pointer duly noted the threat. He assisted the seasoned campaigner before being taken out of action. Time for another newish recruit. Marcos was injured from a previous skirmish but felt he could make it without an old man helping him this time. It turned out to be untrue. A lusty blow gave some pain to the enemy but he too was taken out by the youthful enemy. Jones was hanging in there like an old trooper. Could the tired seasoned pro, Curtis do anything? The battle was lost but perhaps some dignity could be gained? No. Jones fell after stout defence - another victim of youth over experience. All was lost. The dregs of the legion were finally called upon. WG hobbled onto the field of battle. "I'll stay with you, Curtis!" he said. "I won't abandon you here on this dusty foreign field". Curtis, fought like a demon. WG battled like the old man he was but eventually Curtis was cut down and the battle was lost.

Let it be known that the Saddos tried and battled that day against hopeless odds. It will go down in infamy the day that Saddos lost to ~~Frogmore 1st & 2nd XI~~ Park Street Dads.