

Dear team Dunsfold,

Given Ollie's notoriously bland reports about Dunsfold's weekend endeavours on the cricket field, I felt it was time for someone who hadn't been drained by the artistic non-entities of science at university to give this reporting stuff a go. No pressure after that introduction... Before we get down to it, I must apologise for the shoddy services of South West Train services today, who ruthlessly robbed a certain member of DCC's starting eleven from the first few hours of today's match. Apologies to all concerned. However, given said player's propensity for late arrivals – almost always because of the UK's pesky travel infrastructure – an alternative perspective was gained on the day's proceedings. So here we go.

On entry, Bam – I am hit with the unseemly reality of Dunsfold C.C. – 6 down with 80 odd on the board. Not an introduction I'm unfamiliar with, but, given the amount of "youths" in the squad, still a surprising equation nonetheless. In to the pavilion - smoke induced clothes off, whites on. Within this small time frame, Dunsfold managed to exceed all previous expectations and are now 7 down – time for a net. 15 minutes later – needless to say, another wicket has fallen – "Ollie, am I in now?" Adam/Whitney: "absolutely not!" Mr. Young clearly taking advantage of the fact that I'm late and should be rightly reprimanded for my tardiness. Relegated to number 11, I can confirm that the message was well received. Having said that, 30 minutes later that communication between club number eleven (Adam) and stalwart late comer experienced a cataclysmic chasm of epic proportions when a clear run for two was disobeyed by the batsmen who ordered it. Anyway, Dunsfold all out for 131.

Following on (not literally, despite DCC's many talents for self-destruction we still haven't to ever follow on, yet) from this, tea was taken at a leisurely stroll. Special mention to Paul Whitney, who gallantly consumed cakes on behalf of less enthusiastic tea goers (Aka idiots because the food was first-rate). After diddy-dallying with egg, cress and miscellaneous pieces of cucumber, Dunsfold were out on the field and raring to go. With 130 to chase, the Peckers openers understandably took their time. Although, at a rate of 1.5 runs an over during the first ten overs, serious debates were emerging within the field over how to keep these batsmen at the crease for longer. Eventually such ideas were lost to the sound of a harrier jet voiding any capabilities of communication between the openers. A loop de loop later and the Peckers' had lost their first wicket to a run out. Accordingly, the scorecard reads Mr. X "Run out – Mr. Harrier Jet". With Peckers' 18 for 1 after 10, Dunsfold were just beginning to imagine "What if?" after a thoroughly mediocre display of batting.

After two good spells from said STALWART NUMBER 11 and a constantly improving Matt Forrester – who, by the way, will willingly lend you whites if you're whiteless and a lift if you're liftless – the first change, Messrs Bell (snr), graced the crease with his presence. Do you want some WD-40 for that shoulder, mate? With Bell Snr. stomping in from the War Memorial End, Dunsfold continued to turn the screw. Having said that, said spell did produce some dangerous deliveries. 5 cancelled vasectomy appointments later, Dunsfold had another breakthrough with a masterful catch at mid-wicket off O. Bell's bowling. Peckers now 23 for 2. 20 runs later and Dunsfold were in the driver's seat – 43 for 5. With the games' prospects looking positive for Dunsfold, Seb Bell and Lucas Watkins took over from Bell (Pensioner – not Ian) and St. Aubyn – who'd been told that others needed to have a game after he'd batted eleven and given a three over spell – "fair enough, Skip" – a shining example of team spirit.

Given that the spin department has generally been Dunsfold's strongest suit over the past two seasons, I can only presume that our tweekers decided between themselves that DCC were winning by so much that long-hops and half-volleys should take over as the stock delivery in order to

galvanise the Peckers' hopes of victory. Our bad bowling was equally met with some exceptional batting as the left-hand right-hand combination proving difficult for some in the field to cope with. Consequently, by drinks, the Pecker's found themselves 85 for 8, with both batsmen's eyes looking well and truly in. Thankfully, the spin department clearly had a rethink after drinks and decided that gallantry was overrated. Some control was brought back to the run rate and by the end of L. Watkins spell the game was evenly balanced.

Peckers' had reached 105 for 8, with eleven overs remaining. Like all good captains, Coveney had saved the best for last, introducing M. Bell (the word Bell is now fully incorporated into my automative text system – for example, whenever I write “end” it always pops up e.g. “it’s the end of Ollie’s spell” automatically becomes “Ollie is a bell-end”). Despite this importation of talent, no breakthrough came. Another change was needed. Skip: “Ed, warm up.” – About bloody time. Joining Max at the other end, and with Peckers' needing 20 to win with 2 wickets and 8 overs in hand, we continued to exert an element of control over the run rate – although St. Aubyn still couldn't rid his overs of the one bad ball. As a result Woodpeckers only needed 10 runs to win with 2 wickets in hand with 10 overs to go. The Pecker's batsmen continued to live up to their team's name, pecking at the liquorice allsorts display of bowling with a fine piece of wood. 2 overs later, DCC find themselves, once again, on the verge of snatching defeat from the jaws of victory with the Peckers only needing three to win with 2 wickets in hand. St. Aubyn from the pavilion end comes on for what surely will be the last over of the match (over 33) with two set batsmen at the crease. After a long chat with the skipper, St Aubyn decides that the number ten, after constantly fishing for salmon outside off in the previous over, will definitely be out to the away swinger. With this delivery in mind, he trundles in. A moment later, ball released, he realises that said planned delivery hasn't come out right... instead, an in-swinging Yorker is miraculously produced and the Peckers' find themselves 9 down with 3 runs still required to win. God this is exciting.

At the other end, Max Bell continues. With the scores being tied in the previous over after some shoddy wicket keeping, the pressure was demolishing sets of nails on both sides. In comes Bell (Jnr). First ball – dot ball. Contrary to popular opinion, the ball wasn't actually that hot. Anyway. Second ball – dot ball. Dunsfold are surely about to lose at any moment now. Whilst the ball is being passed back, the Dunsfold Skipper can be seen preparing his “well played” routine for the opposition. Third ball – the Woodpeckers' number 8, who'd carried the whole innings for the team, leans forward for an audacious drive towards the long-on boundary to seal the win for this team.

But no – what's this? – the “bowlers' paradise” our Dave serves up every week has other ideas – the ball nips back and strikes Peckers' star batsmen right below the knee roll. Behind the stumps – no reaction. The bowlers' end is a different story though, with young Max screaming for an LBW shout with all the gusto that would surely make any sub-continent captain proud. With the ball moving so much, this surely wasn't out – but who knows the pitch, the conditions and, more importantly, the club financier better than our very own David? In the spirit of the game, Dave quite rightly adjudged the appeal was plumb and the spoils were shared.

This was truly an absolute rip-snorter of a match. Endless compliments should go to both sides for their sportsmanship, and most importantly all those involved with organising the tea last minute – which was exquisite. Overall, both teams had some excellent performers but all in all the Man of the Match must go to a man who has, throughout the years, been a stalwart for the club. Whenever we've needed him, he's turned up (on time as well!) and imparted his limitless wisdom upon the outcomes of many a game – need I say more? Without further ado, the Man of the Match for today's contest goes to Dave – fantastic decision! Roll on next week, looking forward to it.

Ed