

**KCC v STC Sat 22.03.08**

## **RAIN SAVES SPEED'S BACON**

### **Kelawar run for Heineken as rain strikes within 12 runs of defeat**

In this action-packed, pre-season friendly both sides will have been comforted by the draw, forced by a late-in-the-game downpour and bringing to a close what in essence was a decent, even game of cricket.

Virgin openers Murray-Watson and Lockwood began what turned out to be the game's recurring motifs: frantically swinging bats chasing wayward bowling and Webb-umpired wide signals. The overweight duo briskly slung together a 70-odd opening partnership, one highlight being a brutally struck six by Murray-Watson; I say *through* and not *over* mid-off as the ball never reached a metre off the ground as it was fired into the hedge some way beyond the boundary.

Speed Matt and Siddle followed suit at 3 and 4, spanking, slapping, smacking (but never stroking) the ball around all areas to make 30 and 23 respectively. With late and significant nibbles from leader Speed and Larsen, the visitors went into half time with a smug 159 on the board.

Once the game returned to the field, it was all arms: Webb relentlessly stretching them towards the scorer; Speed Chris flopping dejectedly to the ground as another ball did not go in the intended direction; and leader Speed petulantly motioning recalcitrant fielders to their lefthand/righthand positions. Larsen and Storer did find a groove with the ball but the opposition were finding it easy to pick off the runs and when the opener retired on his 50, there quickly followed another round of increasingly competent batsmen keen to dispatch our ailing attack. Fortunately, tidy-ish late spells from Emes and Morgan partly prevented a particularly early Kelawar defeat. But the boundaries kept coming.

With leader Speed letting his frustration get the better of him (but only from the second over of the innings – he kept his nerve for 6 whole balls; correction, 9 if you count the 3 wides). These aggressive gesticulations had clearly been misinterpreted by his cowering team-mates all afternoon. The skipper had, in fact, been performing an Anglo-Saxon rain-dance, to be enacted effectively only if the artist has beer-breath and dons excessively large gloves.

The heavens opened. Match drawn. Heineken was the winner.

Steve Lockwood