

**Alan Stewart Trophy**  
**Kelawar CC vs. RSC, 14-06-09**  
**Royal Selangor Club, Bukit Kiara**

It is hard to imagine the familiar surroundings of the Royal Selangor Club morph into a gladiatorial dome (possibly because of the absence of screaming masses) but that was the imagery scrolling through the mental cinema of at least one of the morning's Kelawar contingent as he ambled reluctantly onto the grassy field, red shirt upon back and kit across shoulder. A cursory glance towards the nets was met with the sight of Geoff and Anu steaming in, delivering long hops to Rick who was also steaming (more due to the general mugginess of the day than the heat from the bowlers) while attempting to hone his French cut – a thick inside edge for one to long leg – in preparation for the day's slog.

Big Game Kelawari Type A: The Masochist

Characteristics: Excess expenditure of energy, bowl rubbish during game, faint odour of salmon

Motto: *"Practice makes perfect"*

Common Examples: Geoff De Zylva, Anu Mediwaka, Gary Porter, Rick Riddell, Andy Murray-Watson

Not only do these strange varieties of human being attempt to sweat before the allocated sweating period begins, they also carry out said pre-sweat sweating activities clad in whites. Moving closer to examine this curious demographic, it was established that the batsmen were in decent nick, Rick executing that French cut to perfection while Andy demonstrated his knack of clouting full-tosses. The decision to move on was taken after three legspinners and an ineffective googly, and our point-of-view wandered off to pastures anew. Bypassing the dour council of the RSC team seated around a table bemoaning the delayed start time (and thus reducing their potential total if batting first from 500+ to 400+), the second variant of Kelawari warrior was spied:

Big Game Kelawari Type B: The Captain's Dream

Characteristics: Power nap during drinks breaks, no dropped catches, bat at number 11

Motto: *"Zzzzz..."*

Common Examples: Andy Daniels

It is understood that the RSC facilities are as good as can be expected of a Malaysian venue, and the lack of a comfortable massage table is more than made up for by a working air conditioner and a plethora of men, their varied ranges of age matched by equally varied states of undress. It is in this cool, comfortable haven of masculinity that Andrew was spied, stretched out on a bench with a pair of jods across his mug, dead

to the world. It was a scene straight from some film shown in a questionable Dutch theatre, and female hearts will no doubt be aflutter at the thought of vampires arising in men's locker rooms. It is perhaps a shame that this author is of the calibre of neither Stephenie Meyer nor Laurell K Hamilton for the temptation to go into vivid detail exists. More may well be said about how the wash of cool air played across the sleeping Andy's pale skin, how the fabric of the jods sat across his brow *just so*; how the security guard sat on a chair across the room simply yearned to touch, such did his heart burn, yet feared to awake the beast's feral yet utterly delicious, passionate hunger. Or something like that.

This author, however, harboured no such thoughts. Kit bag deposited across from Andy's cadaveresque form, he strolled back out into the open to observe the arrival of yet more of the day's hearty warriors.

#### Big Game Kelawari Type C: The Scorer's Throat Lozenge

Characteristics: Occupy scorer before game, make scorer work during game, yet to win Eye Candy

Motto: *"Smile and nod, nod and smile"*

Common Examples: Dil Abbas

Dil was probably the only one not to show any strange symptoms before a game such as this and therefore does not bear too much mention, especially considering there was rather more entertainment to be found not too far away...

#### Big Game Kelawari Type D: Forget-Me-Not

Characteristics: Only hits sixes when drunk, allowed to hold Australian citizenship yet strangely unable to sledge

Motto: *"G'day mate... where's my hat? And my \*\*\*\*ing car keys?!"*

Common Examples: Jason Lee

Fortunately for the gentleman himself but to the general detriment of comedy value, said hat – with car keys sat within – was recovered soon after upon the path. The game, by this time, was well overdue. Rumours began to circle about the start time having been pushed back sometime during the course of the previous night's festivities and so it was that the last two members of the Kelawar contingent arrived, utterly oblivious to the baleful glares of the RSC batting order arrayed around that strategic table.

#### Big Game Kelawari Type E: The Main Event

Characteristics: Opens bowling and/or batting, partial to stockings and glitter, can win stroke foursomes even with Drummond as a partner, puts it in the hole when playing in a 'nearest to pin' competition

Motto: "Can la"

Common Examples: Henry Tattersfield, Ben Webb, ~~Craig K. Bartley~~

It is possible that club captain Webb hadn't stopped celebrating Friday night's ace as he returned from the middle having tossed up to inform the waiting ten (minus Rip Van Daniels) that RSC had 'kindly allowed us to have a bowl.' Drying track or no drying track, our hero's spirits sank. Was this not the opposition that had scored in excess of five hundred not so many months ago? Was this not the same RSC track that would rather blow chunks than grant a bowler any seam movement? Was that hirsute fellow with biceps not the chap who'd declined the chance for a triple century on the same wicket because he got bored? As Boromir once said, "'tis folly. Not with ten thousand men could we do this!"

Luckily, it was Kelawar and not the Fellowship of the Ring who had the services of a certain Henry Tattersfield who, along with V-C DeZ, was thrown the new ball. Warmed up and bemused, Anu trudged off to third man. Ego shattered, the author shambled across towards fine leg. Still too groggy to realize that the slow bowlers had been given the cherry, Count Daniels searched for a pillow among the covers. Damith, not quite believing his luck, spooned a slower (and that takes some doing!) ball back to H, and departed for a meager 7. What?! A masterstroke, if ever there was one!

Adamant that this dismissal was not mere luck but the epitome of new-ball mastery, erstwhile captain H proceeded to then snaffle the other lively opener for 26, caught at point by a now-awake Andy Daniels, and douse the innings of dangerman Conrad. All of a sudden, RSC's impregnable batting lineup was stuttering!

Geoff, going for 26 from his first two, was replaced by Anu who provided a more economical foil for the rapier-like H, and the two put the brakes on the RSC middle order. Andy was then deemed awake enough to be given a spell but RSC's Vicky took a bit of a shine to him and the spell was a short one. H bowled out his fantastic eight-over spell before the chronicler of this little tale was introduced into the attack. Instructed by Captain Ben to ascertain whether there was yet a little swing to be raised from the ball – it not having been beaten out of shape quite as yet – he proceeded to do so.

There was indeed a little bit of swing and it took Vicky by surprise. H put down a bit of a dolly at short extra cover and the bowler, having been raised by the '*if those bastards don't catch it, do it yourself!*' school of thought, proceeded to hit the batsman just below the back knee roll with an in-ducker, somewhere between middle and off stump. The immediate conversation with the umpire went as follows:

*"I say, old cha-ap," he mused civilly, turning to face the gentleman in the lab coat. "Is the earth round, or at least marginally spherical in appearance?"*

*"No."*

Somewhat displeased with life in general, he decided to stop bugging around. Vicky had the good grace not to put his pads in front of the following delivery and retired bowled for a quick 16. Hiran departed in the next over from that end, snaffled very neatly by Ben – who drops only the easy ones – to give the scribe a neat first spell of 2-1 from 3.

Dil came on to tie up the other end, bowling in that consistently inconsistent manner of his but always troubling the batsmen with his variation in pace and length. He trapped Vishnu cheaply and Andy, returning from the other end, halted the flow of runs from Saiful's bat by also getting a decision in his favour, the 'keeper going for a well-taken 40.

Druvi returned to shunt Navin back to the pavilion, again well caught by 'Trixie', but then got hit out of the attack by the opposition's accelerating skipper Rohan, who impressed with his ability to pull shooters for six. Sanjay at the other end managed to hang in there and turn over the strike to his partner who continued to use the long handle, which in addition to his long arms and legs of similar proportions, made for a dangerous cocktail. Poor Geoff was chosen at this time to return to the attack and again picked up a little stick, Rohan finishing with 63\* as RSC, with the help of a last wicket stand of 72 in 9.5 overs, closed with 210 on the board, losing 8 wickets.

#### Royal Selangor Club

Rohan 63\*; Saiful 40; Faris 26; Wides 24

#### Kelawar CC

H. Tattersfield (8-1-31-3); D. Storer (5-3-14-3); A. Daniels (7-0-38-1); D. Abbas (8-0-39-1)

A chicken-choppish lunch followed, during which Drummond was sighted in the bar – apparently he'd hit a rather decent boundary in the previous game – but the team's focus lay upon the chasing down of a quite attainable target on a surface which didn't offer too much to the bowler. What's good for the goose, however, tends to be fairly acceptable to the gander, or so the saying goes...

Returning batsman of note Gary Porter and Ben Webb were to open the innings, the former showing disregard to both the pace and the ego of the Sri Lankan (distinctive by the hair, of course) opening pair by not bothering to don a helmet. A very useful opening stand of 40 saw out much of the shine on the ball but Ben departed for 21,

falling to Damith's surprise straight delivery. Gary fell an over later, the spinner Vishnu on first change to 'do a Henry'.

Another partnership of 40 was to follow between Dil and Andy Murray-Watson but Vishnu struck again, Andy caught in the deep by Hiran for an aggressive 16, the paceman's first of two catches on the day. Rick was next in but didn't last long, the earlier net session evidently having gotten the better of him and his partners in crime as he went cheaply for 4. Jason was also full of intent but the wickets were starting to tumble, the required rate increasing rapidly and the far-from-ordinary Kelawar batting line-up looking far less than its' worth on the scorebook.

Dil went for 35 in the midst of the middle order collapse but Henry dug in to hang around, restoring a sense of hope by attempting to farm as much of the strike as he could – a pillar of strength among surrounding frailty, H battered and slogged his way to 42, holing out in the deep in an effort to, in his words, 'not \*\*\*\* about any more.' The target may yet have been reachable if one of Geoff, Druvi or Andy Daniels hung around but all fell for single figures, leaving Anu stranded on 4 not out.

Heads were bowed at the batting performance, for this really ought to have been one for the wins column... still, it's not like they'd have engraved our name on the trophy anyway! (Actually, if we had won I think would be our responsibility to get it engraved...along with the last 3 years that RSC have neglected to do themselves –ed)

Kelawar CC – 173 A.O.

Henry T 42; Dil Abbas 35; Ben Webb 21; AMW 16

**Kelawar lost by 37 runs**