

Early Silverware goes begging !

Week 3 saw a chance for new temporary skipper Trub to get his hands on a trophy. Despite the teams huge win in week 1 confidence was tempered considering that the brothers grim were not playing which meant the rest of the side were short of time in the middle. Even worse than this Spindles had been reinstated as opener.

Downe batted with Spindles not lasting long. Liam had one reprieve before going through the gears and Doughnut showed some signs of promise. Both however departed without the score changing. A short period of calm followed, 5 minutes, before the seasons first collapse as three came and went on the same score.

A rather meagre total was looking likely before Josh and Martin thrashed the team up to a respectable if not challenging score of 175.

The team opened up with the youngest pairing in quite some time as Zack teamed up with Josh. Things were kept fairly tight with an early wicket falling in comical style as both batsmen raced for the same end. Memories stirred of many an occasion when Spindles and JD did their best to run each other out and a delay now occurred as a debate raged as to who should depart. A second wicket fell to Zack before a period of calm as Sweet and Doughnut took on the attack.

Timing is everything in sport, and now was a time to leave the attack as the opposition decided to cut loose. Doughnut remained in the firing line joined first by Spindles and then the Bear. The ball was now being dispatched with a few tough opportunities being offered in the deep, though sadly none were held with Bear and Spindles the unlucky bowlers. A further wicket fell to Spindles gentle right armers. It appears that the winter season has not been kind as remarkably he's lost a yard of pace, though sadly not the comedy appeals or Alice band. Victory now rested on the next two wickets and it was clear that things would happen fast. Sadly no opportunities were accepted with Josh the most disappointed that he had not use his hands instead of his face to stop one smashed to the deep. Felled by a sniper, glasses flying, blood pouring from a gash Josh lay on the floor as his face swelled before your eyes.

Things quickly ended with the old adage 'catches win matches' never more apt.