

WELLESLEY HOUSE NEWS

THE WELLESLIAN

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Colts XI v Parents

IT AIN'T OVER UNTIL THE SUPER OVER



IT'S JUST A GAME...

“It’s just a game,” they said. “It’ll be fun!” they said. Parents v the Wellesley House Colts Team. The Colts.

Their very name instils fear in the hearts of many a child in East Kent. And the hearts of some parents too, especially us non-players who were much relieved to be “guided” by some regular village cricketers and some top county players.

As the Spanton Skippers tossed the coin there was much banter between the two sides. Comments like “You’re going down, Dad!” were met with “Yeah right, whatever!”, with most of us silently praying that their own Colt (or even worse, another Colt) wouldn’t bowl us out first ball....

The Colts went into bat with each and every member of the team immediately exhibiting why their team is so revered in the county. Rio hit some huge shots off some wide balls delivered by his dad, Bob, and, after

putting more runs on the board than any of us care to remember, Skipper Spanton was finally caught by Old Skipper Spanton. It was game on and that got Oliver Voisey Stovell a bit hot under the collar. A big bowl nearly took out his own Colt, Heath, who smashed the subsequent free hit before they both settled into a great rhythm. By the end of the 20 overs, we had quite a score to chase.

The Parents started so well. Craig Manchip smashed a four off the first ball before being bowled out by his own Colt, Thomas, on the second. And so the batting collapse began. I was bowled out by my Coltes on her third attempt (I blame the helmet bar thingies) and Tom Obee, who had bowled and fielded like a pro, faced the long walk back to the Pimms table far earlier than anticipated after being dismissed by Henry. We openers were saved by James Southorn who, with Freddie’s size 4 bat and junior pads, Ray-



bans and flowing lock-down locks, looked like he'd stepped right out of the 1920s and hit some blinders whilst running like the wind!

The excitement though amongst the Colts was palpable, their eyes shining and their spirits high whilst they, slowly but surely, saw off the brave middle of the batting order. But then the big guns arrived, led by Stuart Carss who, despite having not picked up a bat for 30+ years, batted like he was playing for New Zealand! The atmosphere turned from jubilant to mildly concerned when Hugo Loudon jogged up to the wicket. His text book cover drives looked like he was gracing the wicket at Lords. Shouts of "Let's get 'em!" and "Walking in, everybody, walking in!" upped the ante. And with Jamie's pace bowling looking far more accomplished and effective than Tom's ever did on the Colts pitch as a young Welleslian, by the end of the 20 overs there was nothing in it!

"A brilliant draw!" declared Mr Longdon. "Phew!" came the sigh from the Parents, closely followed by "Any Pimms left?!"

"Super Over! Super Over!" came the chant from the Colts and Mr Longdon sensed that this was a match that needed a winner. So a Super Over it was.

Rio to bowl and Old Skipper Spanton and current Tonbridgian Felix Williams to bat. Six supremely accurate and fast paced bowls. 13 runs gleaned from cleverly guided shots into the gaps – including one which almost took out Jo and Anne, loyal supporters deep in discussion on the merits of the game!

The Colts batters, Skipper Spanton and Rio, readied themselves for a barrage of expertly delivered balls from Tom Montgomery, still wearing his old 1st XI cricket cap. And that's exactly what they got. But they dealt with each and every one of them with such skill and panache that they only needed one run off the last ball to win. In we came... walking, putting pressure on the batsman. In came the ball, slightly slower than usual in an attempt to flummox the batsman, but Skipper Spanton was not for flummoxing. What a strike! "Catch!", we all screamed, even though it had already hit the ground and was travelling at speed at least 15 yards from Parham Lear, our nearest fielder who was galloping towards the ball in true Father Colt fashion. But as the ball sped over the boundary, the Colts erupted with joy and it really was all over!