

WELLESLEY HOUSE NEWS

THE WELLESLIAN

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Colts take on the Stallions and Mares in fiercely fought pairs battle on the Junior House square

After a year of waiting impatiently in the wings, limbering up, perfecting their cover drives and honing their bowling techniques the Stallions and Mares of the Colts team cantered on to the cricket pitch, eagerly awaiting instruction from their Herd Stallions, Seniors Loudon and Montgomery. But they were nowhere to be seen. An unfortunate clash of dates found Loudon Junior concert-ing with Ed Sheeran whilst his father tug-o-warred on behalf of his daughters and Montgomery Senior glamping with the uber cool at Glastonbury. So it was left to the Filly Freya (she'll hate that so a Colt she is) and the Mare Jemma (yes, I know, Ralph loves that!) to skipper the teams in 2022.

Both eager to bat first, Freya tossed, Jemma lost and the game began.

Desperate not to be out first ball and experience the walk of shame with the shouts of jeering Colts ringing in our ears, the parents convinced a sceptical but forgiving Mr Boyne that Pairs was all the rage in 2022. The Colts went into bat with each and every one of them showing the deftness and brilliance of the training received from Mr Boyne and Mr Burleigh (worth every penny, Mr B!).

Filly, sorry Freya, Ralph put two of her strongest batsmen in first. Rufus knocked some hits literally out of the park but was charmingly gracious when his much adored Mare, Louisa, got a cracking wicket - even applauding her achievement. Georgina bowled straight and fast at Angus who managed to smack a number of balls out to the boundary, expertly fielded by our parent team (thanks to carefully considered placement by Vice Skipper Moore) with special mention to Parham (yes the Gazelle is back, this year clad head to toe in off white Ralph Lauren Polo but he still got the speed) and new to the Stallion herd, Peter the Cheeter, remarkably quick on his feeter.

Freya and Kaspar in next. Lots of rather unnecessary banter and calls for extra runs as



Jemma chucked the ball down the wicket – bowling style bowling is so last century! 3 wickets fell thanks to accurate chucking and Polo Parham's gazelle like speed and accuracy but both experienced Colts didn't let their heads drop and did what they love to do - smashed the other 27 balls and amassed what, with the opening pair's score, was starting to look like an unassailable score.

In came Jamie, sans Glamping Dad, but determined to uphold the Montgomery family legendary cricketing prowess nonetheless. He was paired with the intrepid Joel who is feared by many an East Kent U11 club cricketer. Our dark horse new to the herd Stallion, Dan, trotted up to the crease and unleashed his forehand (yep he is a tennis player of much notoriety) taking 2 spectacular wickets each followed by a victory dance that has to be seen to be believed! Our very own Colt, William, brainwashed for the occasion, took time out of what can only be described as inspired and rather brilliant wicket-keeping to pace bowl 3 stupendous overs. They were so fast and furious that both Jemma and Louisa (the "we played backstop at rounders, so can't be that hard" Mares) watched impossible to hit balls fly past them, hurtling towards the boundary.

Too, too many Monty and Goncalves runs later (nuff said), the Twin Colts strode confidently onto the pitch, smiling sweetly under their helmets whilst muttering warnings to their parents, Heather and Pete. Pete approached first, giving Heather time to



recover from her traumatic time as a wicket and on the boundary – let’s just say that we are all very relieved that Heather is still alive and grateful that she did not send us all “bruise-pics” on the Parent WhatsApp Group! Idris and Tate struck the ball with great aplomb, staring down their father who was clearly baying for blood (you could see it in his eyes!). One wicket fell and Pete passed the mantle to Heather. Her run up and delivery was remarkably brilliant considering she’d stopped at least 4 balls with her shins. But the boys felt no mercy, smacking those beautifully delivered balls all over the pitch, aiming mostly towards Polo Parham the Gazelle who was busily chewing the cud with our No 1 Supporter Ralphy rather than keeping his eyes on the ball! Pete returned for a second and third over, more blood thirsty than ever. A wicket fell, then another. “Hattrick” came the neigh from the Mares who spend many a Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday at cricket matches so they know all the lingo. Pete delivered. The Mares were horrified (it was a joke - how can you do that to your children??), the Stallions jubilant as Dan’s victory dance spread amongst the herd. A 5th and final Sheppard wicket fell (sorry Tate and Idris, you can hold it against your Dad for eternity) but the Twin Colts walked off with their heads held high and much laughter but no doubt plotting sweet revenge!

As the final Colts pairing of Algie and Felix B strode on to the pitch, Vice Skipper Simon shimmied up to the crease reassuring us all that no more runs would be added to the scoreboard under his watch. His calm, cool collectedness put us all at ease whilst Algie and Felix puffed out their chests and readied their bats. A masterclass in bowling began with Simon making it look effortless. BOOM a wicket. BOOM 4 runs in retaliation. BOOM another wicket. BOOM another cleverly guided shot into the gaps. One last wicket fell and after 25 superbly delivered and expertly fielded overs during which 17 wickets were taken, the Colts had amassed an impressive 237 runs.

In the interests of time and space and to save our revered parents from the considerable embarrassment of a detailed analysis of what was, despite all of our best efforts, a complete

annihilation, suffice to say the Colts won by 18 runs! Not only did they bat supremely but they took 18 wickets. Most of us got bowled by our own Colt, some of us multiple times (I plead the 5th). Some of us now know how to hold a bat and bowl like a pro (Heather), slog a 4 and throw the ball a mile (Louisa), run extraordinarily fast with pads on and get strength through the bat (Georgina), appreciate how difficult it really is to make contact with a ball and want a pair of wicket gloves (Jemma), leg glance a spinning ball and run like the wind in Polo pumps (Parham), get your own back on your fellow Colts and hold your own when paired with an expert batsman (William), take your medicine when bowled out by each twin and smile whilst doing so (Pete), sweep, cut, drive and dance like no one is watching when celebrating a half century (Dan) and hit spectacular sixes, flawless fours galore, almost take out Matron and Granny Montgomery in two separate strikes, dent the brickwork of Junior House and amass a rather incredible 107 runs to help us at least look like we gave the Colts a game (Simon).

It was a fabulous game, umpired brilliantly by a most amused and bemused Mr Boyne who provided much needed encouragement, instruction and good humour at the crease. Congratulations, Colts. An afternoon to remember and yet another Wellesley House triumph.

