

Sometimes Cricket can leave you high as a kite. You feel like you've just spent a long night with Liz Hurley after drinking a 1922 bottle of Bollinger. Then there are days like this Sunday at West Wycombe. You find yourself rooting through your brain to find something worse you could be doing, and so, for a while in the blazing heat I imagined having lunch in Mcdonalds with Nick Griffin.

Despite my negative thoughts, their ground is a lovely place to play cricket. If Hambleden is something of an example of a Victorian English Village, then the ground at West Wycombe is a fine exhibit of a period just before this. You can imagine a young John Constable being inspired by looking up at the House with the Horses in front.

Anyhow, I suppose I should mention the game, not that any of us want to really remember it. We started slowly, got slower and by the time Miller tried to decimate the windows of the big house to lose our last wicket, we had come to a shuddering halt.

Our fielding, summed up by yours truly was about as flat as it could have been and despite Geoff Mattingley bowling as well as he did during the miracle at Penn Street last September, we could only reduce them to 190. In reply, we folded, like a pack of cards. Poor shot selection coupled with a complete lack of interest lead us down the road to the Swan having been hammered by 120 runs.