

Stevington D v Elstow A - Match Report

Category : Match Reports

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I know, I know you have missed me and all of my miserable whitherings. I am back for one night only just to report on the significant grudge match between the hugely competitive Stevington D and the mildly intimidating Elstow A.

The Elstow triumvirate of magicians were Baxter, Foxy and Freddy. They have been in fine form this year hopefully securing their place in Division 2 after promotion. Stevington turned up with Martin Warman, Tim Knee Robinson and Marco Hahn.

On looking at the teams, the first match up between Baxter and Warman promised to be a closely fought affair as ever but Elstow were hoping that Baxter could continue with his hoodoo over the in form Stevington player. All seemed to be going well after the first two games with Baxter having the serious run of the table with nets and edges a plenty. The Fighting Friar really dug in deep during the next but when he was 10-8 up in the third Baxter had an outrageous net chord that dropped onto the edge of the table. With his next serve Baxter placed the ball right on the edge of the white line leaving MW with no hope of a return, 10-10. After a few choice words (I think that they were mutterings of an apology?) MW managed to sneak the win. Baxter was slightly upset by the loss of the third game and could not continue in the fine form of the preceding games. MW finally winning out 10 -12 in the fifth. This game was a joy to watch, both players were in good form and showed little respect for each other on the table but never allowed that to spoil the enjoyment of playing the game.

What a start could the rest of the night live up to such high standards? Unlikely but you never know.

Foxy was up next in his sparkling new basket ball shoes and after a stuttering false start cruised through the next three beating the out of sorts Marco in four. During this game we were waiting for the tardy Mr Knee Robinson. Mr K-R decided to show up some time just before nine so some games were played out of synch, but for my sanity I will report them as if he could tell the time.

Freddy and TKR played next (kind of) and the punctually challenged TKR dispatched with the dancing feet of Freddy easily making some extraordinary shots in the process. It looks like the Elstow mediocrity could be challenged by the marginally better Stevington massiv.

Foxy and the Friar were on next and Foxy was out classed, on the occasion by the mighty monk. MW winning in three straight. Oh dear we could be in for a beating. I say we but obviously, as a true journalist I remained strictly impartial.

Still smarting from his first defeat by MW in about 4 years Baxter took to the table to dish out a butt whooping to TKR. Well the best laid plans.... in another well contested game with both players going full bore the steady consistency of Baxter finally shone through winning the fifth 11-3. This game did show the way forward for TKR though as it was the start of the "pleasant profanity" session. Starting

off quietly, the intensity of the session would slowly progress into a crescendo in the doubles.

Stevington were up 3-2 but it felt worse. It was because of this that I decided that it was time for my house wife duties and went into the kitchen to tidy up after the messy tea break. Foxy joined me and we watched (through the key hole) what we thought was a demolition of Freddie by Marco. However after the three games were over we dared to show our faces out of the door only to discover that we had got the ends the wrong way around and that Freddie had come through in some style to even the scores up. Earth shattering. Freddie won a game and we missed it. Unbelievable !

Foxy then took on the walking profanasaurus that is TKR and again after a sticky start produced a sterling win in four the two middle games both finishing 14-12 in the favour of the silver haired maestro.

Last but certainly not least came the dominatrix that is Baxter against a struggling Marco. Unfortunately Baxter was in an uncompromising mood and promptly dispatched MH in three swift games.

Now I realise that you are probably bored out of your heads reading this and you probably couldn't really give a toss about the result in the doubles and really I have forgotten most of what happened in the games myself as I was completely inspired. Firstly by the feigned injury from the Fighting Friar then by his ability to score the game without actually watching it! The crowning glory however were the terrific, inspirational words of comfort and encouragement from Marco's team mates. It started with a friendly piece of advise from MW suggesting that Marco might use the "big, flat part of the bat". Next came the truly magnificent words of TKR. The first of which was "that's the Hunting table" followed by "that was tank, wasn't it?" at least I think that was what he said. I was a good three yards away and the distortion in the acoustics could have made me mishear things ever so slightly. After the initial onslaught, things mellowed slightly with just the odd word of encouragement like pit, pratt and hob (again not sure if they are the exact words but they must have sounded very similar).

Apparently the words of wisdom did their job as the Stevington team won the doubles to tie the match 5-5. Not surprising really as every game that the teams have played in recent years, of which there have been many have all ended in a similar score line.

You will also be pleased to know that the team adjourned to the pub for a brown lemonade and a brief debrief.

In other news: The Elstow C team turned up on a Monday night for a practice.....? what is the world coming to? Tiffen, Copperwheat and Rodgers practising, something must be wrong in the fifth dimension, the world must be out of kilter. Never have such men been seen with such dedication in the line of duty. I praise their hard work and willingness to improve, if only all Table Tennis players were this dedicated to their club, the league would be a completely different prospect.