

# A village cricket match



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## A Village Cricket Match

A G Macdonald's 'A Village Cricket match' is an extract from his satirical work – 'England. their England' set against a background of an English small town. The narrative is an diverting portraiture of a small town cricket lucifer witnessed by Donald Emerson. a immature Scotsman life in England.

The narrative begins with a description of the small town in which a cricket lucifer was to take topographic point. Around the field. groups of small town rustics were patiently expecting the start of the game. The writer says that the small town common people were rarely impatient as their lives were so occupied in 'combating the eccentricities of God'. that the eccentricities of adult male were non of great importance. 'Blue –and –green darning needles. swans. a magpie and doves gave an articulate description of the small town landscape. 'The universe stood still' expecting the start of the lucifer. At 20 proceedingss to three. Mr. Hodge. the captain of the sing squad from London. was doing dialogues with the captain of the place squad of Fordenden as two of his participants were absent. Merely as the determination was made to play with 11 work forces on each side. with fielders common. the two defaulters arrived with an excess adult male. Further treatments led to the start of the lucifer with 12 work forces on each side. This episode is a sarcasm at the use of the regulations.

Mr Hodge sent his opening brace to bat while James Livingstone was sound participant. the other participant Boone was an 'awe-inspiring giant of a adult male. 'Donald Cameron felt that directing such clefts ( expert participant ) against the low rustics was unjust but reminded himself that he

was non an authorization on cricket. being a alien. The Fordenden captain arranged his participants among the daisies. butterflowers. blowballs and oxalis. which grew in copiousness on the uneven terrain. The terrain behind the bowler's wicket sloped off suddenly as a consequence of which the batter saw the bowler blacksmith merely during the last few of the latter's 'galvanic' paces.

The author describes the blacksmith as a 'mettlesome combination of Vulcan and Venus Anadyomene' as his strength equaled the combined power of the Roman God of fire and his married woman. However when Livingstone hit a four. the rustics and Hodge's squad were shocked likewise. The row of old-timers called for more drinks as it had been a longtime since they had seen Jour passs. In comparing to the dismaying speed of the first ball. the 2nd hit the wicket keeper and a replacement was called for. The 3rd ball went for a six but the 4th hit the stumps. The mark remained 10 tallies for one wicket. In this subdivision the author creates a expansive image by pulling heroic comparings with the Roman Gods. The vegetation and the zoology of the small town make a head image of the countryside offering a contrast to the contaminated metropoliss.

While the following batter. a professor retired injury. Mr. Harcourt. the one after him had the 'singular misfortune' of hitting the wickets himself and acquiring out. The mark remained 10 tallies for two wickets with one injured and retired batter. The following bowler was the local-rate aggregator. a adult male whose life was one of 'infinite forbearance and guile'. He dismissed the prodigious Boone. who as the author found out subsequently. was into rowing and non cricket. The following batter was the celebrated

novelist Robert Southcott. a “ small and rather adult male. dressed in white flannels. white socks. a pale pink shirt and white cap” . Southcott did not look like a sportsman at all. When Mr. Hodge advised him to keep his wicket as tallies were not of import. Donald noted that it was team spirit at work’ . He hit the rate collector’s foremost ball for a six into the hay field. He hit the 2nd into the barroom saloon for a six. The rate collector’s 3rd ‘ slow and crafty’ ball which was endowed with ‘ every shred of finger spin and encephalon power that he had’ besides went high and into the squire’s trout watercourse.

The rate aggregator was baffled at the wild “ unscientific bashing” and feared that his repute with the villagers was at interest as a consequence of which his installments would be hard to roll up. His three celebrated bringings ‘ the leg-break. the fast yorker and the slow’ had proved futile. When his over was up he was relieved by the Forester. a moderate bowler.

The blacksmith who was angered at the contemptuous intervention meted out to his bringings. took the last ball of the over as a ‘ do or die’ state of affairs. While some urchins supported the blacksmith. some worshipped Southcott as a divinity. Then Mr. Harcourt. a antecedently dismissed batter. was sent for referring. The ‘ world held its breath’ as the blacksmith came bear downing. Harmonizing to the author it was the ‘ charge of von Bredow’s Dragoons at Gravelotte’ over once more. Here. mention is made to the event of August 16. 1870 during the Franco-Prussian war. When the Prussians were immensely outnumbered by the Gallic. major General Friedrich von Bredow led the Prussian horse against the Gallic heavy weapon and won the Battle of Mars-La Tour. His charge is used to depict a courageous effort against

overpowering odds. In this subdivision the writer draws a contrast of many characters while Southcott is unflurried and stolid and bears no ill-will towards the other squad. the blacksmith is an highly passionate and aggressive participant. The rate collector's precedences are crystal clear when he shows he is more disquieted about his support than the game itself.

Bing a individual with a really ' pleasant sense of humour' . Mr. Harcourt was tipsy while refering. He decided to play a buffoonery on the blacksmith.

Merely when the ' giant whirlwind of volcanic energy rushed past him. Mr. Harcourt who was ' quivering with exhilaration and internal laughter' shouted " No ball" . The ball slipped out of the bowler's manus and hit the individual in the 3rd faux pas. While he fell level and screamed. the blacksmith himself was thrown off balance and fell in the Centre of the wicket. twisted this mortise joint while the urchin howled like 'intoxicated banshees' . Mr. Harcourt laughed internally so much that he got hiccups. At that minute. Mr. Hodge. asked Mr. Southcott to play his new game.

He turned defensive and hit merely one tally in the following one-fourth of an hr and was so declared leg before wicket. the mark staying 69 for 6. Mr. Harcourt's incontrovertible deficiency of regard was more out of his desire to be amusing than any serious competition. The author has skilfully taken the minute to a flood tide and so ruptured it. Finally Mr. Shakespeare Pollock came frontward to bat. He was an American journalist who was new to the game. He struck the first ball towards square leg after which he threw his chiropteran down and ran towards the screen point. After a paralytic silence on the field