

WELLESLEY HOUSE NEWS

THE WELLESLIAN

Subject: SOFTBALL

DATE: 26th JUNE 2021

Pupils v Parents

TWO POWERFUL FORCES COLLIDED



The biggest winner was cricket itself

When our galaxy was but a child in the cosmos, and the Earth was also in its infancy, two primordial forces met hundreds of miles deep in the mantle of the Earth - heat and pressure - to create the hardest natural material known to man. On Saturday 26th June 2021 two similarly powerful forces collided, and though the ball may have been soft, the competition was harder than the diamonds forged those billions of years ago.

We all love our children, and I regularly wrestle with the ageless conflict of a parent: trying to balance lessons about the harshness of nature with the instinct to nurture, sometimes even cosset our off-spring. On this day such protective instincts were shoved aside like the casual brutality of a cuckoo emptying the nest of its competitors. The parents were there to win and would brook no quarter.

Batting first, some powerful parental partnerships flourished down the order following a staccato start by

the Sarafoglous; Grady, Brooks, Cable, Carter, Shatokhin and the Sheppards (including Sage Sheppard on loan from the children) - their names shall be remembered - all making valuable contributions with the bat in the face of some hostile bowling from not only the fruit of the batter's loins, but also their classmates, names such as Xu and Butterfill which will echo through the ages when our children, and their children's children, and their children's children's children once more reminisce about this legendary match.

The second innings saw less cartwheels in the field, but perhaps more cart-horses. Set a target of 110 the children bravely faced an onslaught of workhorse bowling which was more varied than the Wellesley menu. We saw quick, slow, and military medium, we saw under-arm, hints of swing, one parent even attempted a googly and managed to strain a buttock.



Nonetheless boundaries were kept to a minimum and two children were clean bowled by their own parents. These crucial wickets and two unnecessarily dramatic catches in one over managed to rescue the spectators from Morpheus' encroaching grasp.

The final score is perhaps unimportant. What really matter is that the parent's won. What is also perhaps quite important is that the spirit of the game was competitive but good natured. No offenses were made nor taken. No balls were tampered with. Hoorays were hip hipped for both teams, but none so loudly as those for the hawk-eye-like umpire Mr Kearns.

Yes, the parents won, but on this day the biggest winner was cricket itself.