

## Kiawanah "Ranger Assault"

The Dog, he takes a brilliant catch  
Off Mead who caused the snick,  
Once again the Flanders roar  
And gather at the pitch.  
A few good knocks send Flanders running  
But that can't stop results from coming  
A Flanders win to start the season  
Is Matty's dream; it is his reason.

Our bowlers bowl a ball or two  
Which puzzle that old Ranger's crew,  
They don't know when to hit or pass  
As each ball whistles through the grass.  
Ben bowls again, and on first ball  
The middle stump does fly,  
A cheer goes up, a head goes down  
And a batsman says "bye, bye"

2 for 37 is not good, when facing the Flanders itch;  
The Rangers need to settle down but soon get in a fix.  
As Pred takes number 3.  
The Rangers tactics now do change  
They heckle, cheer and shout about  
How they've caused a Flanders rout.  
A missed ball here, a bad throw there,  
A few good knocks, and no one out,  
Sees one fifteen as scored they shout.

The clouds are thick and heavy too  
Reflecting Matty's point of view.  
But then a mix up in the middle  
Brings hope renewed within a twinkle.  
The problem batter falls at last  
To a ball that Meady sends in fast.  
As it leaves his hand, he knows it's sweet  
And it takes a wicket nice and neat.

The next guy lasts a ball or two  
To end the innings with time to review.  
The Rangers get a final score:  
A piddling hundred and seventy four.

RDog starts with a four  
Then falls to a Ranger's mighty roar.  
Chicko out – caught behind  
Will he ever get to unwind.  
997 hangs like a crown  
But 3 ducks won't help bring it down.  
LBW is the cry, and Chicken's wicket is the prize  
Frankie starts to hit the cork,

But 4 for forty sees him walk  
Then Captain Matt goes in to bat

The captain suffers an early demise  
But Sean and Steve cause the score to rise  
The book soon leads a Flander's roar  
It tells one hundred is the score.  
A sky ball puts young Stevie out  
Then drinks are called 'fore Pred can bat.  
The Rangers captain cries: "Oh Woe!"  
"32 wides and more to go".

The Rangers have a bowler fast, but  
Harry states in tone of glee,  
The only thing faster they will see  
Is the Flander's score climb rapidly.  
A flying leap, a brilliant catch  
And Mead reluctantly leaves the match  
Ben to bat, with 25 to go  
The balls fly fast, the runs do flow.

The captain feels the pressure mount  
As Pred adds runs to the count.  
Matt tallies runs and prowls about  
A pressure valve about to sprout.  
His mind is finally put at ease  
The game is theirs – it was a breeze.  
New boy Chris won't shout or clap  
He didn't get to face with bat.  
He would say; if not for pride  
That he was quaking deep inside.

Dr. Phil