

YORKSHIRE V LANCASHIRE JULY 1877

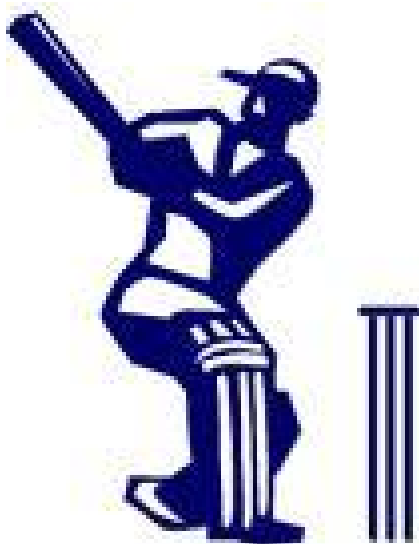
Walk on to the pitch
Crowds are going wild
Try to keep a straight face
But I really want to smile.



It's such a rush
A feeling in my veins
The special feeling I always get at the
start of a game.

The match begins
There's no noise from the crowd
I play for Lancashire
And I stand tall and proud.

My name is Bates
And I stand up to bowl
I'm feeling very lucky
We'll win this match, I know it.



The game goes on
We're doing really well
But who will be the champions?
No-one can tell.

It's the last over
And as I take my run
All the pressure is on me
As the game is nearly done.

I throw a yorker
And the ball hits the wicket
I've done it, we've won
Oh, how I love cricket!



This poem is based on a match played at St John's Ground, Fartown in 1877. When play commenced at 12.30 there were 200 spectators and by the end of the exciting match there were 1,000. The match was between Lancashire and Yorkshire. Lancashire won and the final score was 357-235.

Katy Sleigh