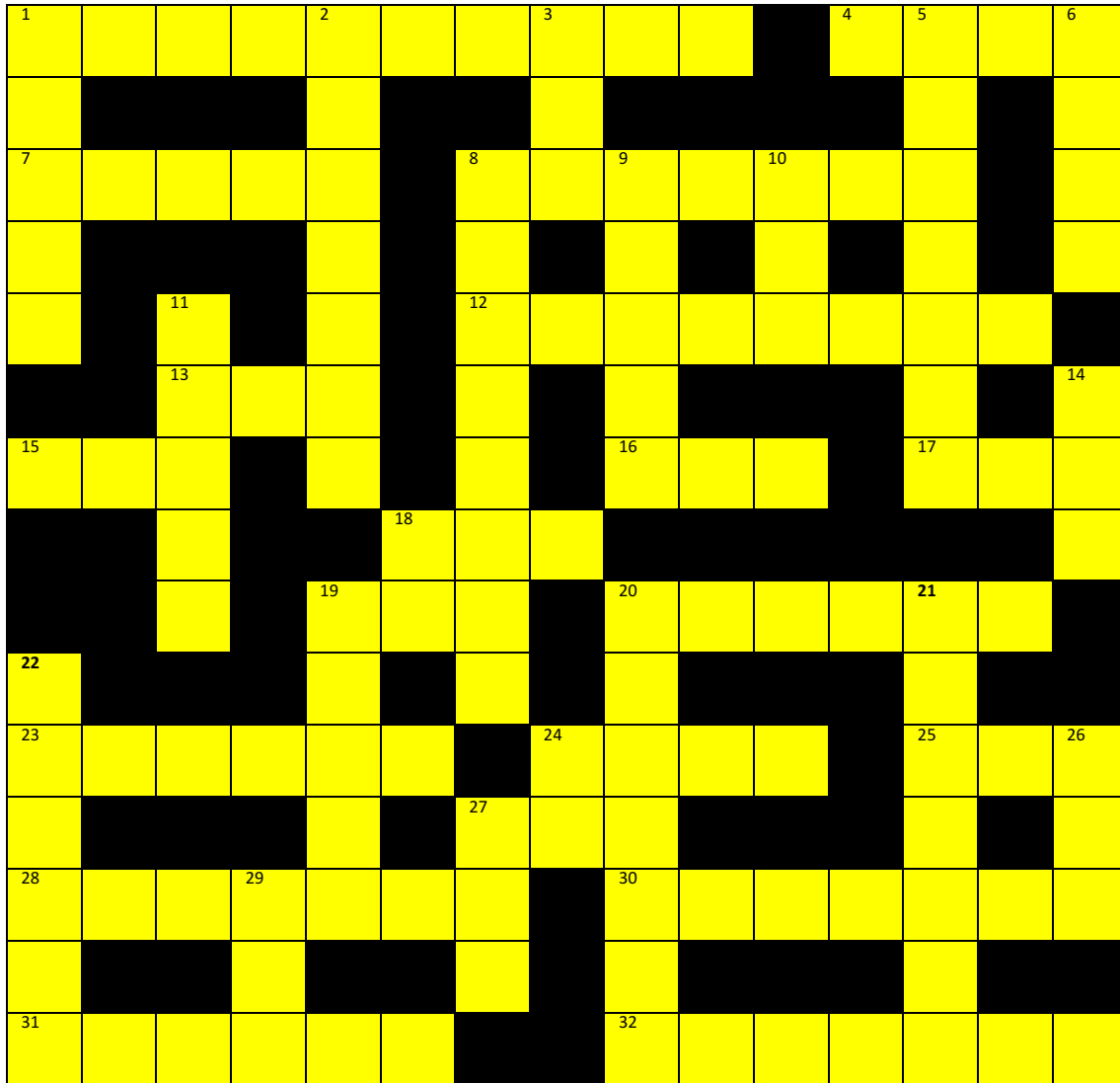


# TMGs Vs Poynings 4<sup>th</sup> September 2016: Never a Cross Word – by Terry Burgess and Alex Fenton



## Cryptic

### Across

**1 & 23** Terry saw them in Swansea in 1977, about article I removed from Renaissance painter's, "Collision between Alex and Terry". Dreadful 1981 film with Ray Harryhausen animation. (5,2,3,6)

- 4** Alan, minus 39. (4)
- 7** Zac does this over fences without a pole? No, not dance....or plumbing (5)
- 8** And then robots? Still a late delivery (7)
- 12** Disputed single? I see a run out (3,3,2)
- 13** I could have fielded that perfectly well myself, thank you. Lewes?! (3)
- 15** Luppitt's is usually the best, Ian usually eats the most of it. What state school educated people call dinner. (3)
- 16** A low rate of interest (3)
- 17** What the Greys definitely never need. Oh, except if Rob pulls a shoulder hammy, or Dom gets a hammy shoulder. Nuclear bread roll vehicle? (3)
- 18** No E? That's messed up.
- 19** Follow around in a pestery sort of way (see 2d). These come in all shapes and sizes, but if you've got a small yappy variety of one, it's like Terry.... only more so. (3)
- 20** Sponge Bob's pants? Richie P's head? (6)
- 23** See 1 a
- 24/25** Pink Floyd were comfortably this, and Dom allegedly has a big one (and it's not "ars" because I know arse has 4 letters) What you can get waiting for Del to be out (4,3)
- 27** Says "man" a lot. Genetically part Maris Piper. (3)
- 28** What Terry looked like in that panorama picture? Album by REM. Mash! (7)
- 30** What kids say now instead of nutmeg, with endless girl's plaything.  
Branded pain relief with paracetamol (7)

**31** Is he one of these of his former self? (Very) solid left-hander. Confused?  
how sad.

**32** Frottaged on D-Day. Thoroughly beaten (7)

## **Down**

**1** Sheltered bay, run! Where Jerry dives over the ball. (5)

**2** Three wickets in a row for Greys limping groupie stalker. (8)

**3.** Necessary for tango (3)

**5** Whole team or individual score? Plural, but singular. Almost as confusing a  
word as wicket. (7)

**6** Live mix, always at the bar. Bit like 2d but without the limp and a laugh  
which should have a "Muwahh" in front of it (4)

**8** Let's just say, this clue would have been a lot more fun and easier if we'd  
been playing Fulking. (8)

**9** Raw fish and seaweed! Is hush needed for this? (6)

**10** 27a Says this at the end of most sentences. Welsh prog rock band from the  
1970s (3)

**11** Subject of a song only Ben sings. Oliver will soon be able to tell a stinging  
nettle from other hedgerow plants. (5)

**14** Spanish honey maker for George Bush Jr? Plumb! (1,1,1)

**18** What you'd have if you took the 7 from James Bond (2)

**19** Confused nut, do healthy people have an allergy to one of these? Double D  
calls people this when they have been stupid (5)

**20** I really can't think of a clue for this one. No, it's got me  
completely.....Hurried around midriff (7)

- 21** Something only fictional Cockneys call the pub. Or maybe in isolated parts of Kent. Johnny in a reggae style? (3-1-3)
- 22** Sticks in the ground. 3 parts of a simple jigsaw puzzle for Australians, with 5 pieces altogether (6)
- 24** Are we going to Necker Island? (2)
- 26** Presents Bake Off. Not Sue. Producers producer(3)
- 27** Drink Canada? I'll have a go! (3)
- 28** What you are when we don't have a game? No, it's not pissed by 4pm (3)

## Quick

With three more games to go, the Greys met in the Constant without their favourite **8 across**, unable to get a place in the team.

Thankfully, the weather was **27 down**.

For their first miserable experience of the day, Alex and Terry travelled in Eo's car, but still arrived before **13 across's** car, as no-one in it knew how to find the way to **8 down**. Did we get any sense out of our driver? Well, **12 across!**

By common consent, the Greys batted first, with Biff and Delbert opening, but neither lasted long, Biff uncharacteristically out **14 down**. When Delbert gloved one it brought Alex and the **31 across** to the crease.

Despite having batted together for over twenty years, when Alex called **18 across** they somehow managed a full-on gridiron style collision in the middle, locking helmets, bats and everything else. It was truly a **1 across** and **23 across (5,2,3,6)**.

**18 down!** they cried in unison, with Alex later needing a couple of **30 across**.

Neither lasted much longer, though Alex hit a classically timed boundary through backward **20 across** before he was bowled.

Both **13 and 27 across** flared brightly, the former hitting a sumptuous straight drive for four. The tail also wagged, QB stroking his first ball through **1 down** and Alan and Ibu smashed few, but the Greys committed the cardinal sin (like they did at Streat) of not batting out their overs. The frequent fall of wickets meant that no-one had time to get a **24 and 25 across**

Nevertheless, 183 from 32 overs should have been enough. But was it? **24 down**

**15 across** was a **17 across** Luppitt affair, with all of your favourites present, but sometimes you just hanker for a **19 down**. Or even a bit of **9 down**.

Thus fortified, we took to the field for the **5 down of 8 down**, featuring the novel sight of Delbert behind the **22 down**.

Alan and Ben started well as ever, Alan getting **3 down**, one a skier carefully caught by **13 across**, the other a screamer taken by **31 across** to get rid of their most threatening batsmen. After ten or so overs it was clear that **5 down** were going for the target, with a flurry of **28 across** sixes clearing the fence and the marshland beyond it. Everyone marvelled at **13 across's** ability to **7 across** the fence nonchalantly as if it wasn't there.

It was time for **11 down** to slow down the run rate and break up some partnerships. In seven accurate overs, wickets fell steadily, including a sharp **20 down** from Delbert. Ibu should have had **4 across**, and surely would have done if he hadn't run out of overs and had to settle for one less instead.

But at the other end runs kept flowing and the opposition kept smacking at least a boundary an over with a couple of quick singles. With the light failing and autumnal dew settling, a few people turned up to watch the denouement, not the usual **19 down** and his **19 across**.

The fall of wickets couldn't stop the flow of runs and our target was reached with three overs to spare. We left the field having been thoroughly **32 across**, which got worse when we went to the local **21 down** and got robbed at the bar, before we were robbed by Rob, who took match fees off us, no doubt so he could shove them in his **16 across**.

All of this left us feeling as **29 down** as Sideshow **26 down** so we went to the Constant where we found **2 down and 6 down,** the Harveys was on tap, Terry's fave barmaid behind the bar\*, Ska thumping through the sound system and everything felt better again, except possibly Alex's neck.

\*After Holly, of course.