

Comberton Crusaders FC



Match Report



Gransden White 3 v Comberton 3

5th November 2011

Attendance 29

Scorers; Joe Benson (12), James Edwards (35), Daniel Bates (42)

The most remote ground on the league circuit, isolated and exposed and a holder of dew that has out stayed its welcome, and many a ghoulish tale of fiendish fenland forbodance. A flat and true pitch saw witness to an average game of football which concluded with a twist that Oliver would have been proud. Mid way through the first half a corner awarded to Comberton was dispatched over the pantheon of players from the boot of Joseph Benson and arrived first class no signature required into the goal. Nicholas Mobin plays his football in a matter of fact kind of way, always at the sharp end of the manager's chagrin and the absorber of the heftiest of clouts from both opposition and leather bladder, yet remains dogged and determined with skin that is thick and able to shed water.

At any level of football when the ball is passed quickly and neatly things happen, a tidy one two between Teddy Lee and Harvey Agg ended with a fearsome drive from Lee that rattled the crossbar and was judged no goal, a controversial decision that was to set a standard for controversy of which a controversial controvertor would be proud to call maybe. Callum Martin was inspirational in midfield and made three or four important tackles, headed with confidence and was very unlucky not to open his account with a rasping endeavour that blazed agonisingly wide. Gransden were a handful and their number 6 was a class act, although his trickery was competently annulled by a determined and solid Will I am Dyer who brought his new box of tricks with him today. The second half brought a much improved sense of urgency and grit to the game from the Crusaders, the full complement of players where available to head Coach Steve Duff and he chopped and changed like a butcher in drag. The left midfield was a petri-dish of experimentation, and the bacterial James Pitford proved the catalyst for most good things, hard in the challenge and pin point in the pass crushing his marker like an olive that only yields its oil when the screws of the press are tightened to the full, and went close with a strike that hit the ankle of the post.

Football as the game should be played brought the visitors their second goal, with the ball carried out of defence Daniel Bates took his time and slotted the right ball through to Isaac Ormeshar who had found plenty of space, he looks up selects the right pass to the striker, James Edwards super off the ball running creates his own half yard and powers passed the last defender to blast home, text book.



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An innocuous rebound then came rolling back toward the centre spot at a satisfying juicy pace that any young footballer cannot help but wallop with the full might of a growing right foot, fell to the thankful recipient Bates who duly laced the ball into an Olympian arch, and as the goalie was desperately sinking backwards swatting flies, the celebration was already in full swing 3-1.

Comberton kind of lost their heads in the last few minutes, sloppy defence and lack of focus cost them dear, the home team scored two late goals the second of which was the last kick of the game deep into dubious overtime. A sobering lesson for the young legions to play to the final whistle and learn to accept that sometimes in life things just don't go your way.

Manager Steve Duff had his best game of the season with a selection box of sweet and sour, rotated things evenly, was fair of challenge and provide a pastoral guardianship, and stout council that is far beyond his remit. Gloom and sulks best forgotten lingered at the end; Passion is a wonderfully free expression and should be taught and encouraged, today it got the better of some. See you next week.

Player of the week

Callum Martin

