

**Lord's – The Hose Of Cricket**  
**England v South Africa Day One**  
**By Ged Ladd**

[Mad Professor Look – Moi?]

I did a few things in the morning, then stopped by at Papa Joe's Bagel Emporium, ordering bagels for Awesome Simo's visit tomorrow. I also bought a giant [börek](#) to eat after my early afternoon tennis match.

Lunch had been called by the time I arrived at Lord's, entering through the newly named Rachael Heyhoe Flint Gate.

We were expecting our 14:00 doubles to be an almost private affair during the hours of play, but about 10 minutes into our game we've heard the sound of heavy rain on the roof. It was hosing it down. Soon the tennis viewing gallery was heaving with people. The only live sport at Lord's for the rest of the day, tragically, turned out to be us.

When we came off court, some youngsters, who had been cheering loudly from the front of the gallery, asked to have their photos taken with me and my doubles partner.

After I had changed, it was still hosing, so I snuck across to the pavilion to find a quiet spot to eat my börek. Unsurprisingly, all the indoor seats were taken. I decided that a corner of the writing room floor, with my back to the wall, would be a suitably discreet and private spot for my munch.

About two minutes into my börek, a gentleman approached me and asked, "Are you Ged?"

Fairly regular King Cricket lurker and occasional commentator, Jeffy, introduced himself and kindly offered to buy me a drink in the Bowler's Bar after I had finished my börek.

I felt quite grand chatting with Jeffy on the Bowler's Bar Terrace. Me, a photo-opportunity tennis player. Me, a recognised cricket writer.

Then a somewhat drunken gentleman approached us to ask me if I was [Andy Zaltzman](#).

"Doesn't he have red hair?", I replied by way of denial.

"I suppose he does" said the gent, "but you know what I mean, that mad Professor look. Apologies for mistaking you."

Mercifully, the rain relented soon after the authorities announced that there would be no further play, so I bade a fond farewell to Jeffy, who had been charming company for a couple of hours.

I wandered home in the dry. I had seen no cricket at all, but had strangely enjoyed five hours at Lord's.