

THE GRADE CRICKETER

EDWARDS PERRY HIGGINS

'The Grade Cricketer embodies the hopes and dreams of every dedicated, hard-working club cricketer — except those that involve actual dedication and hard work.'

Richard Hinds – Sports writer

'Why should test cricketers be the only ones who get to write an autobiography?'

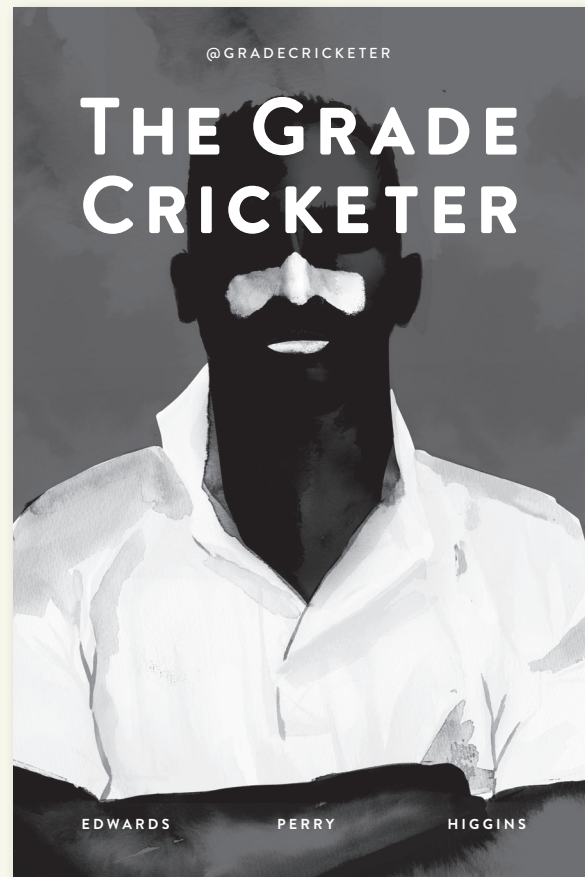
The Grade Cricketer is without doubt the most original voice in cricket. Over the past four years, this 'everyman' cricketer has successfully captured the rich humour and absurdities of club cricket in just 140 characters or less, with some 40,000 Twitter followers feasting on his every word.

An expert on everything to do with the game (except scoring runs and taking wickets) his observations on amateur sport carry frightening levels of 'real-talk'. He is cricket's answer to Socrates: a modern-day philosopher in whites. But while many have urged him to reveal his identity, The Grade Cricketer has been content to share his wisdom through his anonymous Twitter account (often while seated on the toilet at work).

Until now.

This is unlike any cricket book you've seen before. In fact, it's the type of autobiography you *wish* professional cricketers had the confidence to write. It's vulnerable. It's self-deprecating. It's hilarious. If Tom Wolfe turned his hand to cricket fiction, it might look something like this.

This one-time junior prodigy is experiencing the lean, increasingly existential years of adult cricket. Here, he learns quickly that one will need more than just runs and wickets to make it in the alpha-dominated grade cricket jungle, where blokes like Nuggsy, Bruiser, Deeks and Robbo reign supreme.



Through it all, The Grade Cricketer lays bare his deepest insecurities – his complex relationship with Dad, his fleeting romances outside the cricket club, his numerous attempts at reinvention – and, in turn, we witness a gentle maturation; a slow realisation that perhaps, just maybe, there *is* more to life than hitting 50 not out in third grade and consuming alcohol afterwards.

The Grade Cricketer provides a light-hearted looking glass into the rhythms of an adult sporting dressing room. If you've ever wanted to know why someone you love is intent on spending their weekends on a cricket field, this book will give you those answers.

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Endorsements for *The Grade Cricketer*

*The beauty of *The Grade Cricketer* is he is more than a grade cricketer — he is every cricketer, from the park to the SCG. His insights into the game make people laugh mostly because they reflect every cricketer's unspoken convictions. We all live vicariously through him, as he does us.*

Ed Cowan - Australian Cricketer

*The *Grade Cricketer* has taken us so far inside a district club dressing room that you feel like a locker. Ligaments could not be closer to the bone than some of his observations.*

Kerry O'Keeffe - Commentator and former Australian Test Cricketer

*Having an arm like a leg and constantly taunted that the batter down the local fish and chip shop was better than me, I found comfort from *The Grade Cricketer* that your relevance at a cricket club was not just on the field. His guidance has changed my life forever, and also my technique on the leg side.*

Ryan Fitzgerald - Media personality

Sneak peak of *The Grade Cricketer*:

'I'd dream up real-life cricketing scenarios, which almost always involved Australia chasing a daunting total. I was the young debutant tasked with saving a crucial test match after a top-order collapse. I'd be up against the West Indies, with Curtly Ambrose and Courtney Walsh the sworn enemy. They were scary, tall, dark, villainous; I was the young kid called upon to negotiate their unrelenting barrage of hostile short-pitched bowling. I'd assemble different pieces of outdoor furniture around me to simulate close-in fielders. It was good versus evil — and I was always good. This type of role-play would last all the way until dinner. While my mates were out socialising after school — going on nervous dates with girls, losing their virginity — I was at home, by myself, hitting a tennis ball against a wall. Not that I envied them; in fact, I was deathly afraid of girls. I had no idea how to converse with them due to the fact that, generally speaking, they were not interested in things like batting averages. I dreamt of one day meeting a girl that liked cricket. Mainly, I just wanted somebody to give me throwdowns.'