

## Cricket 133

### Chapter 133

The crowd erupted as Virat Kohli walked back to the pavilion, falling just short of a well-deserved century at 89. The disappointment was evident, but the stage was set for something spectacular. Shreyas Iyer strode in with confidence, took a single, and immediately gave the strike to Aarav Pathak—the man of the moment.

Aarav adjusted his gloves, rolled his shoulders, and took his stance. The atmosphere was electric. The opposition sensed trouble.

Over 37

Aarav faced Ish Sodhi, a leg-spinner who had been getting some sharp turn. The first ball—a flighted delivery—landed right in Aarav's arc. He made room, stepped forward, and launched it high into the night sky. The ball soared effortlessly over deep mid-wicket, clearing the boundary with ease. The sound of the bat meeting the ball echoed through the stadium. A monstrous six!

The commentators were in awe.

"That is enormous! Aarav Pathak is in beast mode tonight!"

Next ball, Sodhi adjusted his length, but it didn't matter. Aarav anticipated it perfectly, stood his ground, and lofted the ball straight down the ground. The timing was exquisite, the elevation was perfect, and the ball landed in the stands, sending the fans into a frenzy.

"Back-to-back sixes! This man is rewriting the rules of batting!"

The bowler shook his head in disbelief. The captain placed his hands on his hips. What could they possibly do? There was no answer to this level of dominance.

Over 39 – Pathak's 150

Aarav was on 149. He knew he had a chance to etch his name further into history.

The next ball—Boult went short, looking to cramp Aarav for room. But he was ready. He shuffled across, bent his knees, and executed a perfect scoop shot over the keeper's head. The ball raced to the boundary

150 in just 103 balls! A standing ovation!

Aarav removed his helmet, took a deep breath, and raised his bat in celebration. His teammates applauded, the crowd cheered, and the dressing room was on its feet. Virat Kohli was the first to applause him, Iyer hugged him.

The commentators couldn't hold back their excitement.

"Take a bow, young man! This is a once-in-a-lifetime player! Aarav Pathak, you are extraordinary!"

The cameras panned to the Indian dugout. Ravi Shastri was clapping, his smile wide with pride. The Indian team had found a true match-winner, a player who could turn games on his own.

Aarav eyes shifted to Shradha in the stands, her face glowing with pride. She clapped enthusiastically, her heart pounding. This was his moment.

Aarav looked around, taking it all in. The bright lights, the deafening cheers, the scoreboard flashing his name. This was the dream he had chased since childhood. And now, he was living it.

As he walked back to the crease, determination in his eyes, the commentators summed it up perfectly.

Commentators: -

Commentators were losing their minds.

Aarav Pathak became fastest batsman to reach 1000 runs ODI runs, in just 14 inning.

"This is unreal! Five centuries, five fifties, an average of 71! Aarav Pathak is a generational talent!"

[I Know, these Numbers would not match from the real story till now, to tell you the truth I hadn't calculated his runs, so this is where it starts, his real stats!]

Forget Previous if any, from this chapter his run count would start!]

The crowd stood up, chanting his name. Fans were in disbelief. How could someone be this consistent, this dominant?

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The energy in the stadium was electric. Aarav Pathak was unstoppable, and from the moment he reached 150, he showed no signs of slowing down. Every ball he faced was an opportunity—an opportunity to make history, an opportunity to etch his name in the annals of cricketing greatness. The opposition, the commentators, the fans—everyone was in awe of the sheer brilliance unfolding before them.

Aarav was using the crease expertly, dancing down the track, stepping away, and finding gaps with precision. He played unconventional shots, blending classical stroke-making with raw aggression. His confidence was unshakable, and every time he took a single, he set himself up for a bigger strike the next ball. The crowd could sense something special was on the horizon. With every stroke, he demonstrated not just his skill but his ability to read the game, adapt, and dominate. The tension, the excitement—it was all building towards something legendary.

Tim Southee, New Zealand's experienced pacer, was handed the ball for the 43rd over. Aarav stood tall at 176 off 120 deliveries, having just punished Colin de Grandhomme in the previous over. The tension

was palpable, but Aarav's focus was razor-sharp. The crowd held its breath as Southee ran in, knowing this over could either break New Zealand or provide them a glimmer of hope.

Ball 1:

Southee bowled a short-length delivery, angling towards the middle stump. It was in Aarav's hitting arc. With a swift backlift, he met the ball with the sweet spot of the bat and sent it flying straight down the ground. The ball rocketed like an arrow, clearing the boundary with ease. The sound off the bat was enough to tell the world—this was pure, controlled power.

The crowd erupted in cheers.

"That is sheer timing! Aarav Pathak is playing an amazing knock!" the commentator roared, his voice barely audible over the deafening roars of the spectators.

Ball 2:

Southee adjusted, trying a wide yorker. Aarav, however, anticipated it early, moved across, and met the ball with the full power of his bat. The connection was flawless—the ball soared high, hanging in the night sky before dropping into the stands for yet another six! It was poetry in motion, a stroke so effortless yet so destructive that the fielding side could do nothing but watch in despair.

The Indian dugout stood up, applauding in unison.

"He's unstoppable! New Zealand has no answers!" another commentator exclaimed, struggling to find words that could capture the absolute dominance of the moment.

Ball 3:

Frustration crept into Southee's eyes. He attempted another wide yorker, but Aarav had already made up his mind. Instead of smashing it straight, he played it late, guiding the ball past the wicketkeeper for a boundary. The timing was impeccable, the shot audacious. It was cricketing genius at its finest, displaying not just brute strength but sheer intelligence and adaptability.

The stadium roared in approval.

"The innovation! The genius of this young man! Aarav Pathak is toying with this attack!"

Ball 4:

Southee, now desperate, bowled a full toss at a wide length. Aarav rotated the bat in his hands, a little smirk on his face. Then, in an unthinkable move, he reversed his bat grip mid-shot, playing an outrageous behind-the-back flick!

The ball raced away to the boundary. Aarav, caught off balance, stumbled and fell onto the ground. Lying there, he watched as the ball reached the ropes. A second later, he jumped up, laughing. The cameras zoomed in on the Indian dugout—Virat Kohli, Ravi Shastri, Bumrah, and everyone else were laughing along. Even the New Zealand players couldn't help but grin at the audacity of the shot.

"That is insane! A shot never seen before in international cricket!"

Ball 5:

Southee, now visibly rattled, ran in for his final delivery of the over. He banged in a short one, hoping to catch Aarav off guard. But it didn't matter. Aarav rocked back, got under it, and unleashed a monstrous pull shot. The ball disappeared into the night sky, clearing deep square leg effortlessly. He held his pose, bat raised, a picture of supreme confidence.

The stadium exploded. The fans screamed, clapped, and chanted his name. cheer rained down from the stands, Indian flags were waved in celebration by Indian fans, and the echoes of the crowd reverberated through the night.

Aarav removed his helmet, his face lit with joy and exhaustion. He took a deep breath, raised his bat high, and then bowed gracefully to the crowd and his teammates. It was his signature celebration—a mark of gratitude and respect. This was his moment, his legacy unfolding in real time.

The dressing room was on its feet. Virat Kohli clapped vigorously, shaking his head in disbelief. Shubman Gill had a wide grin, while Shaw Iyer pumped his fist. Even Ravi Shastri usually reserved, had a proud smile on his face. They all knew they had just witnessed something historic.

Shradha, watching from the stands, had tears in her eyes. Every shot, every six, every boundary had her on the edge of her seat. As Aarav bowed, she clapped with all her might, feeling an overwhelming rush of pride. She had always believed in him, but to see him achieve this on such a grand stage was beyond anything she had imagined.

## Commentary – A Historic Knock

The commentators were losing their minds.

"AND HE'S DONE IT! Aarav, just 19 years old, has smashed his way to an absolutely brilliant fastest 200 in the world! What a phenomenal display of maturity, skill, and power! You cannot believe what we're witnessing here! fastest 200 against New Zealand or against any country, a world-class attack, and he's done it with such grace and aggression. At just 19—this boy is something special, folks. What a future ahead of him! Unbelievable! This is one of the finest knocks you'll ever see in international cricket. Take a bow, young man, take a bow!"

The numbers flashed on the big screen:

Aarav Pathak – 200 (125 balls, 17 fours, 11 sixes)\*

The Indian flag waved proudly in the stands. The chants of "Aarav! Aarav!" filled the air. His teammates rushed onto the field to embrace him, patting his back, ruffling his hair. The moment was unforgettable, a night that would be etched in the memories of every cricket fan.

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Just like everything in life, even the greatest innings must come to an end. After a dreamlike knock, my time at the crease was finally over. James Neesham, who had been searching for a way to get me out all

night, delivered a cross-seam full delivery. I saw it, judged it, and swung hard—perhaps too hard. My intent was clear—to send it soaring over the boundary, to push my score even further, to keep the magic alive. But fate had other plans.

The ball sliced off my bat, its trajectory veering off course. My heart pounded as I watched it sail towards sweeper cover. For a split second, I hoped it would fall short or slip past the fielder. But no—the catch was clean, and with that, my innings had come to a close.

Aarav Pathak – Out for 219 off 133 balls!

The New Zealand players clapped as I stood still for a moment, processing the end of a magnificent innings. As I turned towards the pavilion, the realization hit me—this wasn't just any knock; this was a performance that would be remembered. The entire stadium was on its feet, giving me a standing ovation. Thousands of people clapped in unison, their cheers echoing through the night sky.

Tim Southee, Kane Williamson, even James Neesham himself, all patted me on the back as I made my way off the field.

"Amazing innings, mate," Williamson said with a nod of respect.

I simply smiled, exhausted yet overwhelmed by the love and admiration pouring in from every corner of the stadium.

As I reached the front of the dugout, I took one last look at the roaring crowd. My heart swelled with gratitude. This wasn't just my moment—it was theirs too. They had been with me through every shot, every run, every breathtaking boundary. I couldn't leave without giving them something to remember.

I turned around and performed my signature celebration—my trademark bow.

The stadium erupted once again, louder than ever before. The floodlights above shimmered like stars in the night sky, illuminating the moment in a golden glow. I stood there, soaking it all in. It was surreal—one of those moments that feel like a dream, yet you know it's real because you can feel every heartbeat, hear every cheer, and see the joy on people's faces. It was the kind of moment that makes every drop of sweat, every aching muscle, every sacrifice worth it.

With a deep breath, I finally stepped off the field in the 45th over, my role in the innings complete.

As I entered the dugout, my teammates stood up and welcomed me with loud applause. The first to greet me was none other than Virat bhaiya, who patted my back and gave me an approving nod.

"Bhai, what an inning! Outstanding!" he said, shaking his head in disbelief.

Jassi (Jasprit Bumrah) and Shami bhai followed, grinning as they patted my back.

"In beast mode man!" Shami, shaking my shoulders.

Then came Coach Ravi Bhaiya, in his trademark energetic style, clapping his hands together as he exclaimed,

"Pathak, boss! World would remember this inning! Amazing work!"

I could only smile. My body was drained, but my heart was full. I had given it my all, and in return, I had received the love and admiration of my team, my country, and the world.

I took my seat in the dugout and let out a deep sigh. My arms ached from the relentless hitting, my legs felt heavy, but none of it mattered. I closed my eyes for a brief moment, replaying every shot, every moment of magic. The cover drives, the lofted sixes, the delicate flicks—all of them felt like they had been painted on the canvas of history.

As I sat down and took a sip of water, my eyes wandered back to the giant scoreboard.

219 runs. 133 balls. 17 fours. 12 sixes.

The numbers didn't just represent runs; they represented a journey. Every boundary was a battle won, every run was a testament to resilience, and every milestone was a memory etched in time.

I leaned back and looked towards the field. The job wasn't done yet. Now, it was time to see if our bowlers could complete the story. Would New Zealand rise to the challenge, or had we set an unscalable mountain before them?

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With the foundation laid, the remaining batsmen capitalized, taking India's total to a staggering 397/5 at the end of 50 overs. Every single run felt like a statement, a declaration that we were here to dominate.