

## LAST GASP TURNER WINS IT FOR VALIANT GUYS

**26<sup>th</sup> October 2002:** *London 4 South East* Guys Hospital RFC 13 – 10 Bromley RFC

What a pleasure it is to be able to write and record the fruits of Guys' labors this week after the disappointment of the previous fixture. Indeed, gargantuan, stupendous, magnificent and epic are the only words in the English language that can adequately describe the magnitude of the heroic performance that took place on Saturday at Honor Oak Park against runaway league leaders, Bromley. It has taken Guys the better part of the first month of the season to gain their first points of the campaign, and it couldn't have come at a more opportune moment. Four straight defeats had played on the minds of the players, and the worry was clearly playing on the mind of Club Captain Price. Indeed, Price's worries continue as he is now forced to manage the side from the touchline until December, after correctly being diagnosed with 'Gay Leg Syndrome' having picked up an injury against Kings College last Wednesday.

Nonetheless, the absence of the Club Captain did not detract from the focus that Guys had on attempting to topple the league leaders. The result was a clear message to the rest of the league: Don't count Guys out yet. We shall not give in, we shall not tire nor weaken. We will not simply go quietly into the night. Furthermore, the victory emphasizes the fact that no one comes to HOP in the hope of an easy scalp. It is a fortress, and the boys in blue and gold hoops fought a glorious action here.

The game started with a whiz, boing and a bounce as the forwards went flying in, knocking Bromley back. Guys were like a coiled spring, all het up and ready to release bounds of energy, untold misery and destruction on their opponents. Bromley simply did not know what had hit them. They were not expecting a battle royale; but that is exactly what they got. For the first ten minutes it was all Guys. Wheeler found his targets of Thorpe and Morgan in the line out and the scrum was solid for our own ball. The pack even managed to push Bromley back on their own, allowing Rigg to play the cheeky greyhound around the fringes, forbidding the Bromley Scrum Half any decent ball. There was much jiggery pokery in the scrum, and the pack frequently came to blows. In fact, the whole pack was outstanding. Agunwa was a massive presence. Clinton was the usual immovable rock. When Morgan, Thorpe Smith and Whyte charged at the heart of the Bromley defence like stampeding elephants, the rest of the herd got their hands on the ball and rucked Bromley off it like rutting Stags. It was beautiful. Pynn and Turner made inroads too, with Berry pinning Bromley back with his left boot also. After a remarkable first half performance Guys led 3-0 after a penalty from Berry.

Half time came too soon though, and gave Bromley a much needed breather. Yet Clinton had primed his men during the interval and it was they who again came out the strongest allowing Berry to add another penalty early on before Bromley halved the lead with one of their own shortly after. Guys were up against it for much of the second half against a strong southerly wind, and soon Bromley were rewarded from their pressure with a converted try to lead 6-10. But they had not counted on the determination and tenacity of the Guys fifteen. Clinton rallied his men and the response was strong. Turner made some good strong breaks and the pack were winning ball with their indefatigable

power. Guys went over soon, only to be held up, and Bromley were scarcely able to clear their lines. But too many times last season and this year Guys have lost by a mere score. It was not going to happen again. With a few minutes to go Turner took a short ball from Berry, flattened his opposite man and ran round the full back from 40 yards out to score just right of the posts. It was a moment of pure ecstasy, a release of a month of frustration and annoyance; finally 80 minutes of hard graft had paid off. Guys had beaten the league leaders. It was not down to any formula, any luck or any mishappenings of any kind. It was simply the result of what can be achieved when a team comes together collectively and is determined not to be found wanting. It was pure strength.

TEAM: John Agunwa, Ben Wheeler, Rich Clinton, Ben Thorpe, Matt Morgan, Rob Whyte, Luke 'Percy' Bretton, Christian Smith (Jamie Jackson), Sam Rigg, Dave Berry, Roy Turner, Harvey Pynn, Alex Lambert, Matt Wiggans, Rich Berrandt

TRIES: Turner

CONS: Berry

PENS: Berry 2