

Guy's Wanderers tour to Somerset. Tour / match report.

Crewkerne R.F.C - 0 Guy's Wanderers - 50-60 (ish)
15/02/03

'We came, we saw, we conquered and were particularly polite to the police.'

Shay Reading 2003

I'd like to thank my entire fellow Wanderers, especially the whipper snapper freshers, for partaking in every which way the enjoyment that was to be had. Their enthusiasm and behaviour was testament to everything the great Wanderers tradition stands for. Never again will 36 hours of our lives in this joyous land be invested so wisely. So many monumental things took place in such a small window of precious time. So many memories created, so many memories deleted, and, suffice to say, so many questions that still need an answer. Here I unearth a few tribulations for you to ponder.

Why can't Guys boys play like this every week?
How come Miles Waulkden consistently goes AWOL on tour 10 hours before anyone else?
Was Pete Davis the chocolate thief?
Why does Kit Rowland look so at ease in women's clothing?
Will Ronick be applying for his HGV licence next?
Is Travelodge a pseudonym for 'group sex swingers muckhouse'?

Maybe one day the truth will unfold, until then let me describe to you the outline of events on and around the pitch that afternoon.

We arrived, a bit squiffy, some more so than others.
Got changed, in a hurry.
Warmed up. No.
Chucked the ball around Champagne style? Yes.
Avoided, almost successfully, various flying fruits and vegetables heading from the direction of our loyal supporters, with delicate shimmies here and side-steps there, (Although Carbases bottom did come into contact with a half cucumber at one point, from which I hear he wasn't totally unhappy about).
We then set about the unenviable task of scoring try after try in mesmerising fashion. J Jackson, Rhys, Percy, Marc, Sam C, Rob and my goodself all troubled the referees whistle, but Dermott Daltons exceptional wobble weave to the line gave the fans something savour over their Scrumpy.
We laughed a hearty laugh when Davis was flashed the yellow, to the amusement of the opposition players and supporters.
At that point we felt it important to take some more liquid on board, before deciding that maybe Crewkerne would benefit from one or two players from our star studded line up. Consequently the much-maligned Davis popped up at No. 7 for the oppo, but unfortunately even a reprieve couldn't conjure up a performance from the big, handsome fella as he proved to be his usual ineffective self.
The final whistle blew, we danced, high fived and thanked Crewkerne for an enjoyable friendly game.
A quick shower and change into various latex undergarments and we were ready and prepared for the evening ahead of us.

Obviously aged old rules state that w.g.o.t.s.o.t and I couldn't agree more, so at this stage I will leave you with a few choice quotes from the evenings jollities.

'Look at me, I'm monkey boy, ooh ooh ooh'.
Gavin hanging from the beams in Della's nightclub, Taunton, before being escorted to the exit.

'I'm at a station, don't know where, lost my wallet, lost my phone and the pips are goin...boo hoo.'

Miles on a payphone to his girlfriend 12.00 Saturday night wondering why his nickname is 'Loser'.

'Hey, leave my monkey friend alone.. ow...ow.'

Percy in 'discussion' with a bouncer from Della's night-club before being escorted out in a rather abrupt manner.

'I love gin me, I could drink it all day.'

Ian Fresher just before imbibing a nice warm glass of his favourite drink.

'I was expecting you, what took you so long?'

Johnny Spence addressing the policeman at his hotel room door, 8.30 Sunday morning.

I couldn't leave you without saying thanks to the beautiful people of Somerset for such a warm welcome. A welcome, that's probably fair to say, will not be repeated in haste.

Remember friends, wherever you go, whatever you do, spread the love, the love that is Guy's Wanderers.

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