

Guy's 2nd XV vs. Gravesend 2nd XV-Saturday 5th October
Lost 23-24

A big hello to all my readers in and around Guy's, and a brief G'Day to my internet fan-club, from Bundaberg, Queensland AUS, it's good to know news of the Guy's 2nd XV travels far and I shall make every attempt to attend your Golden Oldies Aussie Rules game in December and would be honoured to open your new garden centre.

Anyway, another week and I find myself slumped at my desk, quill in hand, candle flickering, pipe smouldering and Tarquin, my trusty cocker-spaniel asleep on my feet in an attempt to remember the events of last Saturday.

The Guy's band of brothers made an epic journey down to a place called Gravesend, three days on foot, six days if you decide to crawl, but luckily just over an hour on the locomotive. The 2nd XV once again mixed youth and experience, with Martin Cook returning to the back-row, Geevan ditching the 3rd XV for the dizzy heights of the 2nd's, and new boy Carlon Fitzpatrick entering the fray at Full-back. Gravesend, looked a useful side, with a front row as tall as they were wide, Trevor Leota on the wing and a rather interesting chap called Tarzan as captain. More from him later on.

The crowds massed, the RAF demonstration team did a couple of fly-bys and soon festivities were under way. From the outset Gravesend decided the only way they would break down the spritly young Guy's lads was to stick the ball up the jumper and batter us up front. The old saying of "No legs no advance" was the call from Tim Wright as he lead some ferocious tackling. Soon the boys in blue and gold started to dominate hitting the rucks like "rutting stags", enabling the backs to enjoy phases of play and expose their opponents weaknesses. Guy's leaked a soft try but hit back twice before half time to go into the interval 13-14 down. Tries came from both Carbasse "The Gas" and Smeggleton. Half-time and as Gravesend tucked into a couple of pies to add more weight to their pack, Guy's listened to the rousing words of coachy Dave, impressed by the first half display. OHHH The Don was getting excited and could'nt help salivating at the feast of rugby that was surely to be played out as The Gravesend Pie munchers tired.

The second half, saw Rob Hone go over from short range and a further penalty added to the Guy's lead. However Gravesend continued to dominate the first phase possession winning both scrums and linouts against the head. A couple of penalties kept the lead narrow, as we stretched in to injury time, surely the dream was alive. Then, with the cruelest twist a Gravesend pie muncher broke from the back of a ruck five metres out, using a bouncing bomb style with the aid of his belly scored just to the left of the upright. Gravesend had a relatively easy kick to secure the win, and as the ball sailed over the final whistle blew and the dream was lost (Temporarily).

A serious word now, this was one of the cruelest moments of my short Guy's career to date, and the anguish amongst the Guy's boys was plain to see. On the positive side the performance was better and the side continues to improve on a weekly basis. Hard work on the training paddock, graft in the gym and a couple of hours of psychology and we can still be one of the best teams in the league.

In true fashion, we felt we should, despite the loss, maintain the name of Guy's rugby. Brigstocke rummed himself, Carbasse took some of the finest Whisky and poor Kennedy had some Gin. A couple of the Old Fellas from Gravesend claimed this was one of the best drinking displays ever seen in this part of the world, and rewarded us with several jugs of the finest Kentish ale and a large helping of Drambuie for Brigstocke. Keen as always, to be the forefront of such festivities, Guy's ginned the opposition captain, and awarded several prizes (Baileys, Lime and Tomato Juice) to several hearty individuals. One could truly feel the good spirits of both sides coming through, Brigstocke more than others and as the old saying goes. Rugby is Union. Readers, I saw a lot of change. Gravesend changed, we changed, we can all change.

Team: C.Fitzpatrick, C.Eggleton, S. Reading, R.Hone, M.Carbasse, P.Gush, G.Brigstocke, Geevan, I.Wilson (Sub. T.Kennedy 65), G.Josam, M.Brown, T.Nelson, M.Cook, T.Wright.

Tries: Carbasse, Eggleton, Hone

Conversions: Eggleton

Penalties: Eggleton 2