

## 'FULL OF WOE AND ANGUISH'

London 4 South East:

Heathfield and Wal'd 15 – 3 Guys Hospital

For this game I reluctantly hung up my boots irregularly worn over the course of the season, and instead donned my tweed cap and wellington's for a once in a lifetime opportunity to watch a spectacle of Rugby in a mud ridden cow field. In the searing wind, rain and cold, the bitterness seemed to penetrate every bone and sinew, as I endured the glacial conditions. Armed with note pad and pen, to record the sporting wonders I was about to witness, I looked down at the end of eighty long and painful minutes to a blank sheet. My misery throughout the exhibition only broken up thanks to the oaked wonder that was in my trusty hip flask and muted salutations with a friendly farmer named Giles, and other absurdly dressed men. I fitted in well, and my dress hid the fact that I was indeed GHRFC's self proclaimed correspondent there to write on the game not only for this website but for their very own 'Fat Country Gentleman's Pig Fertilizer Gazette' based in Dunny on the Wold.

With no notes to remember the game from and the memory a little hazy from the malt knocked back to warm the cockles, this report may seem a little bare. But be reassured as I can honestly say that this was a true reflection of the show that was unfolding in front of mine and Giles' eyes. Evidently a soaking ball, foggy conditions and the bog the lads were playing on didn't contribute to the display, but the backs all seemed to have hands like digital clocks on this most miserable of days. The Kicking too was particularly sorrowful, although Griffiths on debut did manage to position one of his two cracks at goal through the uprights for Guy's solitary points. Yet Heathfield had won the match with two tries at the end of either half. Their team may have looked like monkeys put in shorts and shirts and then strategically shaved but they played the conditions better than Guy's did, all being farmers and used to the environment.

In the end I was simply glad the game was over. With the cold burning my cheekbones and my testicles completely non-existent, Giles and I retired to the players lounge to talk politics over a glass of well deserved warm beer by the roaring fire. With the feet finally dried out and the colour having returned to the cheeks I departed and made my way to the funbus for the arduous journey home via the offy, The George, Belushi's and the Kebab shop. What a day!

By R. Andom

TEAM: James Jackson, Jon De Mendonca, Benjamin Wheeler, Kit Roland, Rhys Davies, Luke Brunton, Christian Smith, Ben Challacombe, Samuel Rigg, Harvey Pynn, Roy Turnstyle, James Griffiths, Pat Gush, James Powell, Rob Hone

PENALTY: Griffiths