



The Guernsey Resistance

It was with great anticipation that the crowds gathered on the touchline of Guernsey RFC's original pitch in order to watch the titanic clash between the elder statesmen of GHRFC and the slightly less old GRFC veterans. The atmosphere within The Penguin's changing room was tense as the starting team was read out; no one was quite sure of where they might be playing in the main due to there being only one true back from which to select an entire back line. Mr. Gush gallantly declined to play anywhere too far from the protection of the pack, and so found himself at scrum half and the rest of the back line was composed of predominantly front and back row players felt by the selection committee to have the correct skill sets in order to pose an attacking threat.

With each player sure in their ability in the position for which they had been selected, we ran out onto the pitch. The opposition appeared to be younger, fitter and have players in the correct position, however this did not deter our brave Penguins. Unfortunately it appears that backs do have their uses. It has long been the view of the author that if you want to select the correct shirt and tie combination for an evening in the West End you would defer to the opinion of a player numbered between 9 and 15, and for anything else these men had little or no use. The experience of the 14th of December would suggest this not to be the case and it is in defense that these men do have their attributes. Needless to say Guernsey seemed to find a couple of holes mid-field and out wide through which to run. With a hard fought and even battle up front our lack of experience in the back line did become apparent. The Penguins one score came from a surging mid-field run in broken play by M. Morgan in order to link up with P. Davis for a powerful run to the line. With a final score line of 48-7 our heads did not drop as we did manage to find solace in the bars of St Peter Port. Luckily, as the main aim of the expedition was to ease Wah into marital bliss, all returned home content in the knowledge that we had succeeded.