

Six Nations start early in Maidstone

A 3 o'clock start is always a risk with the light at the end of January. So When our opponents from Calais rang to say they would be late our local supper hero (Mayhem), put on his cape and went out for a warm up. This comprised of pushing a line machine around the Somme the only floodlit pitch, unless you include the mini pitch at the top, and to be honest most vet would rather play on the mini pitch. Then we got the call, they are here a bit earlier than expected..

At that the skip said " let's get ready", at this point 15 old men and myself creaked into action and made our way to the changing room. When I say changing room it's more like a pigeon loft, although no pigeon could survive up there at that temperature, its on the same par as the Arctic circle, I should know I been there twice when I was a Royal Marine Commando, not that I talk about that! We got changed into our warm club shirts (damp) and made our way to the 2nd team pitch. The 5th and Ashford had just finished there game and were going to the changeling room in their brown kit, say no more. The warm up was extra special and by the end were all frozen, and then the game began.

As we teams faced each other, both Vets, both evenly match all freezing cold, it was all about who would throw in the towel and go for a hot shower first. It was a hard game, with the play going from one end to the other, the only guarantee was the hookers would do a fine job and win every scum. Then half way though the first half out of nowhere, came a move that will surly be repeated in the six nations. Out of a ruck Macca carried the ball though the French line and passed it Mayhem, who charged up the pitch. Instead of passing the ball out Mayhem held on, he passed a retreating French man and threw the ball over his head and caught by the outstanding hooker. The hooker took the ball the rest of the way and scored under the post, great team effort. The French scored and bought the score to 7 all. The French scored again, but didn't get the conversion. Maidstone went on the attack again, the ball was kicked across the pitch and was caught by Neil Cole who carried it 50 and scored our second try. When I say 50 I mean 50inches not meters, converted by Peter. With only mins left the French were fighting back, putting pressure on Maidstone but stopped them time offer time. In the final play Maidstone scrum won the ball, all Simon need to do was kick it off the pitch for the win. Oh no, he decided to play the ball and we lost it! They came at us, knocked it on game over 14-12.

Both brown teams made there way back to the hot shower after a quick photo shoot. The steam was bellowing out of the shower room just enough to fool you into thinking they were hot, this was short lived and they were cold. In the club house while the beer and wine (the French) was flowing, the songs came out. Sicknote started singing and that put a stop to it! Then a large French man the size of Mayhem stood on a chair, inspired by Sicknote and jumped and turned it into fire wood. Don't worry Richard Ewance said he can glue it together. Good luck.

Editors note.

The hard working and unpaid editor of this "match report" would like to distance herself from the authors copious self adoration!