

25/11/17. TW 3/4s 33 Babas/Vets combo 19.

One knows when one is in Royal Tunbridge Wells when the oppo's big lumbering 2nd row after running into centre Craig Caunt leading with his elbows and being penalised stops, and in all sincerity says in his best Queen's English 'I do apologise, one did not realise what one was doing'. OK I exaggerate slightly but you get the idea.

Anyone who watched the Wales v All Blacks game will have a pretty good idea of the way this one went. Go a score or two behind, fight back to parity (almost), more daylight between the teams appear before hopes again rise until being killed off towards the death. Not that you can compare TW with the ABs: and we're certainly nothing like the Welsh! Special mentions this week for a couple of newcomers; the aforementioned Craig who gave us fleeting hope in the 2nd half when scything through the oppo's defence to score and to hooker Anthony Round who appeared to thoroughly enjoy his first full game for a good few years. Hopefully his heart rate & blood pressure have subsided somewhat. His expression when intercepting the ball on our 22 with a clear field in front of him would have been a sight to behold. In the first half Simon BoomTime Seal scored a similar try to Craig's, though I like to think that the deceptive flight of the ball from the base of the scrum fooled the defence. In reality it was probably down to the 'Boom Time' speed off the mark and footwork. Our other try came from that greedy b#\$#+d Tom Clarke after some good work from No 8 Ben Court. The flanker showed due disregard to the two man overlap outside him to run over the fella in front and fall over the line in the corner instead of heading towards the posts. Who knows, a further 2 points at that stage might have made all the difference. No need to take my word for it - there is plenty of photographic evidence on this social media outlet. Anyway we all still love Tom, don't we?

Couple of further shout outs for our two skippers for the day - Red Devil Scud (Karim Neseyif) for organising (in the absence of El Chairmano (Craig Nicholas), busy with executive duties at the club & El Capitan (Neil Cole), busy with getting P1ssed at Twickers) and Simon Wright on the field of play, whose team talks are rapidly becoming orations of beauty.

ME