

Rossington Tournament 26/4/08

For the first time in the clubs' history we entered into a club tournament held in Rossington, Doncaster with great hopes of winning the competition.

Initially on paper the team looked strong but in true fashion two of our youngsters decided that they would have more fun standing around on a cricket pitch looking forward to afternoon tea so frantic calls were made plug the gaps.

Thanks to Pilks' sat nav we made our way to the ground in a column with Pilks occasionally making his usual 200mph break away in the bat mobile leaving everyone hopelessly chasing him down the motor way.

On arrival at the ground it became apparent that things were not what they seemed and this was confirmed in a matter of minutes as we were informed there were only three teams in the tournament and all the referees in Yorkshire were otherwise engaged so Rossington would be providing the ref (cheating twat)

Garforth's first game was against Rawmarsh (some hell hole in South Yorkshire) and this was to prove to be the most physical game of the day.

From the off Rawmarsh used their physical superiority to push the Garforth pack backwards on a number of occasions which resulted in numerous penalties against the 'Forth who were desperately trying to gain some kind of level footing. Eventually the ref blew for a penalty and this was converted by the Rawmarsh stand off. From then on the game descended into a free for all as the Garforth side were forced into defending themselves against numerous cheap shots earning the Garforth prop a stint in the bin for allowing someone to hit him in the face?(Don't ask me, that's how they must do things down there)

Another comical moment involved the opposition flanker kicking a Garforth player to the floor, To the captain's amazement the ref simply told him to take ten minutes to cool down. Just before half time Rawmarsh converted another penalty to leave the score at six nil.

Thankfully General Fletch had arrived in the love wagon with Sutton in tow to add vigour to the team. After a pep talk from the Letch Garforth approached the 2nd half with the attitude that if they could spread the ball wide they would easily take the game.

After a number of exchanges Garforth seemed to fancy their chances physically up front as they were beginning to hurt the Rawmarsh pack, on one such confrontation the two props were laid out on the floor. One claiming he had taken a flying kick off the Garforth hooker and the other I believe a head butt off Monk, all of which were denied by the captain.

The ref by now had blatantly lost control and was even apologising from some of his bizarre decisions which were causing obvious frustration. The game was in fact settled by moment of pure genius in the backs as Scotty made a dazzling run for the line only to have his head taken

off but quickly regained his composure, took the tap and danced under the sticks for the game to finish 7-6 in favour of the 'Forth.

With only twenty minutes to their next game repairs and reinforcements arrived in the shape of a pissed up Nev and Phil to add stability to the pack.

Against Rossington Garforth expected the worst and the worst they received as the ref who managed to outdo himself after the last game made a number of strange decisions including one where Garforth five nil up were awarded a penalty under the sticks just before half time. Sutton prepared to take the conversion only to be told by the ref not to bother as he wanted a water break and he would blow for half time.

Against the ref in the second half Garforth ran out of steam as they lost out 14-5.

Realising they were through to the final against Rossington (surprisingly) they decided that something should be done about the ref and after heated debate two options were apparent abduct him and torture him in Monk's house or demand a new ref. To Monk's disappointment we asked for a new ref surprisingly from Rossington.

Hoping for a fairer game (fat chance) Garforth only just mustered 15 fit players as the afternoon had taken its toll unfortunately Garforth had pretty much nothing left in the tank and did well to stay competitive with the home side with the final score finishing five nil.

The team can take pride from competing against the odds and most notably the Wheatley Hills players who had helped Rossington win the tournament (their shorts gave them away, dumb twats)

Special mentions go to Jake, Ulla and Adam who stepped up to the mark and played nearly all the tournament after a season in the 2nds, thanks lads.