

# Northwich RUFC Under 11s & The Invasion of Wales



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There have been many invasions of Wales over the centuries. In 1277 a massive English army together with heavily armed cavalry pushed along the north Wales coast. Centuries before this the Romans had the odd spat with the Welsh as well.

Seven hundred years later, another military campaign crossed the border into the land of the Leek. It was led by Grazzius Gingerus in his Volvo chariot flanked by convertible cars, which carried destructive, unruly and wanton savages that were ready to reap havoc on the district of Shotton. They would plunder burger stalls, ravage ice cream vans, get drunk on fizzy pop and steal the Welsh silver from under the noses of the native Celts.



The English invaders dressed in their resplendent yellow and black military regalia first fought the southern Celts from Ystrad Rhondda. It was to be a battle of underhand military tactics from the Welsh defenders as they kicked and punched their way to a victory that was marred by the unsporting behaviour of both their infantry and generals.

It was the fearless Caseyus Thompsonus who drove deep into enemy territory to smash a scoring blow to reduce arrears, Grantus Leahus, the 10<sup>th</sup> generation Roman Commander, also driving a score through the heart of Welsh Neanderthals.

The Welsh, unable to defend their territory on their own, had enlisted the help of the Irish, hoards of blue clad Lisburnians had travelled the Irish Sea to help defend against the English. The previous battle of pitch 2 had woken the slumbering Saxons but as war raged the superior numbers of the Lisburnians told and the Yellows had to retreat to refuel, and treat blistered feet.

After consecutive battles the Welsh and Irish let their guard down leaving their seaside forces from Rhyl exposed to the marauding English threat. Wave after wave of yellow flooded the battle field, ex patriot leaun Lewis hurting his former country men where it hurt along with Danius Tyrrellius and Commander Leahus as they put the seaiders to the sword.



The English generals regrouped their weary hoards to face a familiar foe, Mold – The two foes had met previously this year with the Welshman sneaking underneath the watch of the Chester bowmen to plunder 60 points from the English army.

In the face of superior numbers again, fatigue told, Largius Davius urged his weary troops forward, but the waves of fresh Moldies were too much.



A reasonably successful first day of the campaign saw the invaders retreat to high ground and base camp for much needed R & R and abseiling practice.

The roasting of pig's fingers and sliced potatoes provided hearty sustenance after a long day's battle.

The twilight hours were spent practicing guerrilla warfare in the dense woodland that surrounded the campsite. As darkness continued to fall the camp faded into silence, only to be broken by the repeated sound of thunder from Largius Davius's tent.

Morning broke and the weary travellers returned to jungle warfare practice, ahead of strapping on their armour and returning to the battle ground that was pitch 2.

Again the Lisburnians B stood in the way of victory and their shadows loomed large across the field in the early afternoon sun. The yellow gladiators were no match for the goliaths from across the water and surrendered victory.

More oirish troops lined up against the tourists in the next skirmish, they sang their anthem and created a huge cauldron of noise to help raise their own spirits. Maximus Leahus was in full invade and conquer mode as he thrice smashed through defensive lines.



A quadruple strike was finished by Alexium Frithium. It was a tale of two countries fighting with a different set of rules, as the second half of the battle swung back towards the Castle Bar'ians but the yellows stood firm to record another victory.

It was now win or bust as the battle weary, sun scorched troops returned to face an enemy they had met previously the day before. The light weight Ystrad Neanderthals were lighter and faster in the increasing heat and struck two early blows to the heart of the English. The blows were fatal and with no more fit replacements the battle was lost, the invasion was over, they had won the battles but not the war.

The team played 7 matches in sweltering heat against some very good but undisciplined teams. With only 11 fit players to chose from it was going to be the survival of the fittest. Unfortunately without the depth of other squads the schedule was to heavy going.

The squad finished 5<sup>th</sup> out of 7 which is its highest place in a tournament, losing semi finalists and scoring 10 trys along the way.

The squad worked tirelessly over the two days and were on the wrong end of some unsporting Rugby and refereeing but stuck to it, well done, a credit to the club, parents and coaches.

High praise from all at the Tournament for the Northwich contingent, the Under 8s and 9s both won their bowl competitions and Northwich was the only club to have female player's coaches and referees.

