



WYOMING 35DN1 CHRONICLES

GRAND FINAL



Vs



SEPTEMBER 17, 2022 | vs GWANDALAN | PAT MORLEY OVAL 2

Wyoming 35DN1
vs Gwandalan @ Pat Morley 2 - 1200hrs

SUBSTITUTION
Cohen
Milham
McAndrew
Fitzpatrick
Webb

#LINEUP11

SPORTS STUDIO

RECOVERIES AND THE FINAL SIXTEEN

It was a nervous wait for a few of the boys injured from that taxing Semi Final to see if they could get themselves back on the field within a week. Whether it be remedial sessions from Julia, beer, acupuncture, beer, voodoo doctors, sacrificial worshipping to the football gods, or even beer ... Chamo (groin), Boz (ankle), Nige (back), Smithy (hamstring), and Ashton (calf) worked hard over the next few days. Come Friday, four of the five were confident they could get back out there, uncertain whether they'd last five minutes, eighty, or ninety-two if it took McGarvey that long again! Ashton unfortunately wasn't ready though and kindly gave up his spot. Also missing out would be Wallace on a 10-day trip to Adelaide; Lawesy drawing the short straw - sorry mate; and Rob, our goalkeeper for letting four in against the Entrance a few weeks ago.

THE TWO ROBBIES

No. Sadly, Rob dropped the bombshell after the game that he had to go to New Zealand on Thursday for his Mum's 80th birthday and wouldn't be back until Monday!! He blames his grandparents for giving birth to his mother during the football season, I mean, who does that? Plus, due to that pesky pandemic closing borders, hadn't seen her in three years. Who would don the gloves in the big dance? The best option if we wanted a regular keeper would be to call upon the services of Bobby Hay from the 35DS squad. Thankfully he was enthusiastically keen to come to our aide.

GLOOM, FLIGHT DELAYS AND SOME PONTING PRAISE

Of course, what's a week this year without a bit of rain and when it poured down on Thursday evening, O'Connor was back to his gloomy Nostradamus predictions of the game being "canned". If we were playing the Entrance, he would've been more focused on what players they'd be stacking their team with but with Gwandalan we didn't have to worry about that, they have no other Over 35s nor 45s teams. Thankfully, the clouds had parted by Friday morning. The only other concern was Luca being in Adelaide, particularly when he sent a message on Friday night that his flight was delayed. "Get on the blower to Hertz now mate... safe driving!" replied Smithy, that or get a lift with his next bff, Ricky Ponting, who he'd met that day and who had kindly recorded a best wishes video to the team. Legend!! "Do it for Ricky!" became the new team mantra.

FIELD CHANGES, WARM-UPS AND A CUP OF... PISS?

The day of the Grand Final dawned. Boz had arrived early and informed the team we'd been moved from Field 1 to Field 2. Aside from being notorious for magpie attacks, this Field Two has not been a happy hunting ground for this team. We've been knocked out in two Semi Finals here whereas we'd won two Grand Finals on Field One! Luca tried to call Ricky to see if could get us moved but to no avail, we'd just have to make it third time lucky. As the boys were getting ready, there were a few sports bottles spotted on the wall of the showers, one was filled with a suspicious yellow-esque fluid. Tim declared that if we went to extra time again, McGarvey would have to drink whatever those contents were for not winning the game beforehand. A fair call indeed... and um, no pressure. With jerseys on, the boys lined up for the official team check - followed by Smithy five minutes later - and then did something not seen for years, a team warm-up. They almost looked professional, other than Chamo needing to show Andy how to "close the gate" properly. Settle down, some of us didn't play premier league :o OC was keeping a close eye on the opposition and was convinced they'd pulled a shifty with one particularly ripped player he didn't recognise, "They have their own Smithy!"



ATTACK OF THE TIGPIES

The Tigers plan was to start strong with pace and fury in attack but the first attack neither came from us nor our opposition but that f@%^ing magpie who swooped at Andy before kickoff. Aren't Magpies and Tigers meant to get along? They've merged so well in the NRL... oh wait. So, the ref blew that whistle to mark the final game of the 2022 35DN season. It was only a matter of minutes until we took the lead. Andy, still cowering from that magpie, tapped the ball forward intending it for O'Connor but instead it traveled past him, missed by a defender, and into the path of McGarvey who wasted no time running towards the goalmouth and slotting it away. He didn't get too much power to it, but it was enough to stagger to the left of the outside post and cross the line. What a start!! McGarvey would have another shot just like that in the ensuing minutes but that one drifted too wide. Smithy got an early shot in too that sailed across the goalmouth and then an air swing after O'Connor sent it across to him. Yes, we could've been up 4-0 in the first ten minutes!! It went from the feeling of any minute that second goal is coming to questioning whether we're going to be punished later for so many opportunities missed ... the answer was the latter.







THE COBRAS STRIKE BACK!

It took one run down the right flank. Boz was in pursuit, Mead came to his aide and a second late, the Gwandalan player was in the planking position inside the 18-yard box. Penalty the ref declared. And just like that Gwandalan had equalised. That was enough to spark our opposition into the fight. Whilst we held them out with a great save from Bobby sending a shot over the crossbar, and the flag going up for offside when the Cobras found the net again, it wasn't too long before they had their second goal with a free header. As the rain started to fall, we were inexplicably now losing this game!



REVENGE OF THE SMITH

Thankfully, Gwandalan's lead was short-lived when almost from the restart, Smithy had sent a quality ball through to McGarvey who after a couple of softer shots on target earlier, hammered this one home to level things up. For the ensuing minutes, Brad, Tim, and Luca were heavily involved in the charge ahead. Tim threatened with a shot on target after a great run down the right flank but these goal posts were at the southern end so that wasn't happening. Then it happened, McGarvey with a heel flick got the ball to Luca who promptly cut it across to Smithy who made no mistake in firing his shot in target. Sanity had prevailed, we were back in front, until...





ANOTHER PENALTY

In the dying minutes of the first half, in our own 18-yard box, Chamo contacted the ball with his hand. The ref pointed to the spot. Chamo wasn't the only one using his hands, as Bobby blocked the save to give his teammates and crowd on the sideline a huge sigh of relief until the ref declared one of our players had stepped into the box before the ball was kicked ... LUCA!! Before they could take it again, Bobby questioned the spot kicker moving the ball from the spot and then the ref declared that it was half time. There would be no time for a rebound, etc. To Luca's relief, the shot sailed high over the crossbar. **HALF TIME: 3-2 TO WYOMING**









THE LOW POINT

It was back to the starting line-up for the second half. Just like the Semi Final, it looked like we were trying to grind out the win with not much going on in attack and losing the fight in the middle. There were a couple of moments up front including a solid shot from O'Connor that veered just left and one from Smithy that narrowly went over the crossbar. The Cobras though had more luck. Another header from them brought the score to 3-3 and then what looked like a foul on Meady was overturned to a free kick in Gwandalan's favour. That shot, from the right edge, found its way into the left corner of the net giving them the lead once more. Heads had dropped. Frustration and infighting amongst the Tigers started to rear its ugly head. The Cobras had another great chance that veered just wide. If that had have gone in, it could've been game over.



THE EQUALISER!

Fifteen minutes to go. Smithy and Neale had tried sending Andy up the left edge without much success. Finally he got to one before it reached the goal line. His attempt to cut it across was marred by a defender who sent it out for a corner kick. This was it, O'Connor's moment. He hovered around the middle of the box ready for action. McGarvey curled it right into his path and with one perfectly timed header, he smacked it into the net. The roar from O'Connor sent all the maggies scurrying from those trees. 4-4 Game On!





A HELPING HAND

We'd been teased earlier with an infringement inside the Cobra's box when their good ol' enforcer Chabby had knocked McGarvey down whilst waiting for a free kick. The flag had gone up teasing a penalty, but the assistant ref opted to brush it off as just some push and shove. On the attack, the flag went up again with a handball spotted by a Cobra player. Fool me once but not twice. McGarvey wasn't going to be taunted by false promises of that flag going up and continued after the ball. He smacked it into the net. The ref ruled advantage played and just like that we were now in front!





THE WINDING CLOCK

With only a few minutes to go, Boz felt the ankle go when taking a goal kick. He'd been strapped to the max carrying a knee injury for most of the season and his ankle gave way in last weekend's Semi. As Julia assessed the injury and saw his ankle had grown a goiter, she declared his day on the field was over. "You think!" quipped Boz. He didn't get to wind the clock down as much as he would've liked being aided over the goal line rather than sideline. Tim meanwhile suspiciously watched the ref almost stop his watch. Tim wasn't having any of that. He'd played in seven grand finals and lost all of them. Not this time. Not on my watch (poor pun intended). He's a Tiger now and Tigers are real. Someone from the sideline had yelled earlier, "Break the curse!" and he intended to. Geoff concurred. He'd been in teams that had won countless minor premierships but always bowed out in the semifinals. The time for change was nigh.



A SIXTH SENSE

Neale was at hand to help his buddies out by making some late interchanging (he would also help out the 35A's later much to Boydy's chagrin). Andy too had an idea to steal another minute from the clock, kick the shit out of the ball. When he sent it up the left flank he had no idea that McGarvey was nearby to run onto it. Nor that O'Connor decided to make a bolt up the other side and yell out "McGarvey!" at the top of his lungs. Seeing OC unmarked, McG sent it across, and OC promptly buried that ball into the net. That was it 6-4 and the clock was done. The whistle blew. We were Premiers! Undefeated for 2022!



Photos by Michael Barry

Goals (Assists): McGarvey (Kennedy), McGarvey (Smith), Smith (Scuri), O'Connor (McGarvey), McGarvey (Opposition), O'Connor (McGarvey)

FULL-TIME:



6



4









3-2-1

PLAYER'S PLAYER

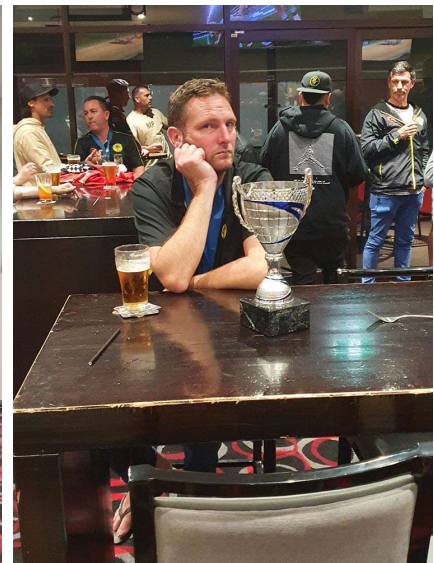
2.5PTS - McGARVEY
2.5PTS - O'CONNOR
1PT - BOHRINGER

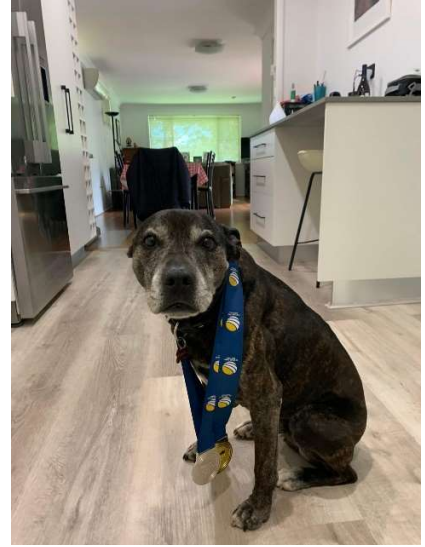
GOALS SCORING TALLY

<u>GOALS</u>	<u>ASSISTS</u>
• McGarvey - 27	• McGarvey - 10
• O'Connor - 8	• Kennedy - 9
• Smith - 7	• McAndrew - 5
• Cohen - 3	• O'Connor - 5
• Ashton - 1	• Smith - 6
• Avery - 1	• Chamings - 3
• Chamings - 1	• Ashton - 2
• Kennedy - 1	• Cohen - 2
• McAndrew - 1	• Cruise - 2
• Opposition - 1	• Bohringer, Fitzy, Scuri, Webb - 1

NUDIE RUN CANDIDATES
 Lawes, Mead, Milham, Wallace,







Thanks Ricky!