

# WYOMING TIGERS 35E'S

Whatever your pre-game ritual may be – and I reckon there'd be a few out there (such as Surly's nonsensical 'must have a shower before the game' cleansing) – the 'Nervous Poo', as unplanned and unwanted as it is, is quite common.

The Kincumber sheds copped an onslaught from the Tigers leading into this battle, with Doyle, Rev, Benny Wilko and Dylan all said to have disposed of unnecessary waste. Who else snuck into the toilets? Whose came earlier? At Home? Holy shit, on the Way???

The only solace that one Nervous Pooer could take out of the moment was that the bastard in the cubicle next to him was a whole lot more nervous than he was, with the entire brass section hitting some pretty poor notes.

Okay, way too much. Let's not go there again.

Ever.

If anything, the Kincumber game typified everything that we've come to love about our little team.

The Manager for the day acted like a novice – promoted (or demoted depending on which angle you look at it) all because Sanga had decided to take his Lovely to Melbourne for the weekend, enjoying romantic hand held walks, continual EtsyPetsy (or whatever it's called) check ins, bleeding feet, obnoxious 90's grunge, over-priced tucker.

As the ref was about to blow his whistle to start proceedings for the afternoon the side still didn't know who was playing in which position. But 'let the chips fall where they may', and in true Easy E's style people found their right place. Much like Royal Randwick – the serious punters in the betting ring, the try hards on parade, the bucks day boys wearing dads jacket and tie sprawled out on the grass, the old fogies in the stands, drunkards at the bar, desperadoes picking up discarded tickets and the class system finds its way to settle the masses and enjoy their role.

And so it goes...

We all settled into our familiar roles: Game On! Bobby Hay alerted Kangaroo Court enthusiasts by not bringing his No.1 jersey along, Mickey notched a few first half goals, Surly had a ten minute break where all hell broke loose, and Ed's kids – ever the opportunists

and noticing a vacant position - moved themselves into the Manager's box to call the shots.

At the end of the game, Magic was denied a hand shake from their shouldering hero, but then came across Doyle – who loves a handshake!

The Doyle Handshake Equation: Next week, just count the handshakes you get off this bloke (call this 'x'), then multiply it by how many players are in our team ('y'), add the number of opposition players ('z'), throw in a couple of extras for the ref (for when Doyle butters him up) and you have his total for the afternoon.

$$xy + z + 3 = \text{A bloody lot!}$$

Anyway, lucky Magic Mike isn't a darts player (well he could be), cause when Doyle shook his hand at the end of play it would have ended his career. It was reported that he nearly damn well crushed every bone in Magic's hand. (I know what you are thinking!!! Don't worry, we looked into it and he uses the *other* hand for that!)

And if our team was playing Rugby Union?

## 35E's XV

**Fullback:** Aids. Speed, prepared to defend the line.

**Wing:** Sanga. Speed, arsey

**Inside Centre:** Mashman. Intensity to keep carting up those inside balls.

**Outside Centre:** Jay. Seen him from time to time with his shirt off. Speed and broad shoulders.

**Wing:** Wilko. Speed and soft.

**Fly Half:** Donafee. Big kick, but can't pass so outside backs may starve.

**Scrum Half:** Doyle. Scheming, fit, will go digging for the ball if needed. Keeps him close to his compatriot.

**Lock:** Dyl. Follows the ball all day. Good talker. Has a head for the forwards.

**Flanker:** Surly. Tall, loves D

**Second Row:** Stitty. Loves a scrap.

**Second Row:** Jez. Loves using his head so will be good in the scrum.

**Flanker:** Bretty. Runs, loves his D, can't attack

**Prop:** Rev. You can just see him shuffling from ruck to ruck all day, giggling.

**Hooker:** Bova. Italian rake, it's gotta work.

**Prop:** Ed. Propping up the open side. Big. Strong.