

WYOMING TIGERS 35E'S

Bloomin' Ploom'in

So we like Ploo-im.

Love that crisp Lisarow air that drives away the fans, forces the woolly's out of hibernation and revitalises the lungs, as the sun sets and the dark tide of night sweeps across the coast.

Love the turf. No undulating foot holes that threaten to roll ankles and have balls careening at random angles. The bounce is true – although with a fair amount of skid attached to it.

Love the space – open ground that allows us lesser fiends who have soccer skill issues (like still calling the game 'soccer'), time for our brains and feet to get in sync, for our senses to come to terms with the bombardment of stimulation, people shouting at you, laughing at you, footsteps from behind, a shadow to your side, some big unit lurking nearby, a f***ing ball that won't sit still at your feet, a coloured jerseys moving in the periphery and you are expected to make a decision quick – Wait a minute! Now some chap is screaming at me 'square! Square! square!!!' and if it ain't that, it's 'Man on! Man On! Man On!' which only makes us more nervous and therefore susceptible to producing a less than coordinated attempt at looking like a soccer player. And this goes for 80 minutes.

Yep, all that just seems to be a little bit easier at Ploo-im.

Well, Ed loves Ploo-im, finally making good on what he has been threatening to do every game in the early part of the season. And that's score. Not one, but two crackers. Then he cracked his calf...or was it his shoulder?...or groin?...maybe his knee?... who knows, it's hard to keep track of all the bloody injuries that our team appears to continually rack up over the season. Our attrition rate is terrible. To take up a place in our team is to invoke a curse on yourself.

It's as if some idiot made a pact with a demon; pissed in the wind; or ate Grandma's fingernails from the drain hole in the sink – I think that'd give you some sort of curse.

We'll stop there before we get into Moon Rabbit territory, but may have to revisit the 'curse' should our playing roster reach single figures...again!

Doyle, channelling the exuberance of a 20 year old in these opening rounds, only missed the opening exchanges of the match, and came off late with a dodgy calf.

Dyl, who has been spotted drinking Piccolo's, Yep, f***ing Piccolo's! What a bloody wank! Have you seen those things? Thinks he's Italian – what does Frankie Bova have to say about that!? I bet Bova doesn't rush into Jamaica Blue begging for his mid-morning Piccolo. Bova just grabs a bunch of coffee beans, crushes them in his sweaty fist and drinks the emulsion running down the length of his arm – true Espresso style. Like fair enough if you want to do it on the field, but drinking Piccolo's! He wasn't supposed to play cause he's got a dodgy groin. Now even more dodgier.

Thank God Kenno played. Showed us a trick or two. Our stock standard play is to make a little run, pass the ball, stop where you are, scratch your nuts and start bludging. But no, Kenno revealed a little thing called 'backing up', 'moving off the ball'. Is it contagious?

Johnny Eden went close to claiming the first ever 'Andy' Award for the season, when he was hit by a sniper late in the second half, going down in a sliding splatting type motion. His only redemption - getting the free kick.

Sanga proved he is not one trick pony, notching another pretty fair goal.

Mike, who has never been outscored by a team mate before, was under serious threat after Ed slotted his two. Mike even gave Ed the chance to go to three late in the match, but Ed was too nice and over a cup of tea, passed the ball to Wilko, who upon pouring himself another tea and dipping his scotch finger in to it, decided to take the shot himself, since nobody in their right mind could miss an open goal. Tragic.

Moments later Mike opted not to let Ed, Ben or any of the other spanners in yellow close to the ball as he got his second for the night.

Wilko then stamped his discharge papers, officially retired from Managerial duties by providing top quality beer at a bargain basement price. I could have sworn we were in Deutschland – Or where ever the hell the canned piss was from.

The outrage.