

WYOMING TIGERS 35E'S

Back to the Future

Sanga couldn't believe his eyes. Pulling up at the last crossing before turning into Austin Butler Oval, from the pavement emerged a figure, albeit rather slowly. An elderly woman, placed somewhere between 130 – 150 years of age. Sanga couldn't tell whether she was going to turn around half way; going keel over and die; or was she simply taking the piss (not a piss). But let's face facts – two managers, on two different days are stopped by ancient creatures, doing weird shit on the same crossing before playing a match! These locals are dosed up on some serious elixir of life.

Age defying water treatment systems aside, they're a charismatic bunch down there in the Greater Woy. Hard not to like.

But are these blokes driving away the fans?

Strange to see, that only four Wyoming supporters bustled through the strange West Gosford/Point Clare midday traffic to turn up on Saturday.

Sanga's Aunty Chrissy, turns up week in week out. She has made the arduous journey to bloodtree, braved the chill of night at Pluim and regularly entered and exited the Peninsula, living to tell the tale.

Mr Eden, or Father Rev, as he prefers to be known, with his trustworthy deckchair, is rarely missing. Johnny's greatest fan, and harshest critic. Up Rev for being late ('He's always running late') and not using his arms to run (He's never swung his arms!').

Tommy. Yeah, you know that bald bloke, Irish, angry looking, stands alone, sometimes near the goal posts, other times hiding over the opposite side of the field.

One second you see him, the next you don't. May even fetch the ball and toss it back if landing in his vicinity. If you thought Walshy was a Lurker, then this bloke could qualify as a stalker. A good sort of stalker. Our stalker.

And Young Aston, never any idea of the score, usually has a stick in hand or up a tree. But he does know a foul mouth when it hits his innocent ears – and on the weekend his radar detector was going gangbusters with the deplorable Woy Woy dribble.

Credit where credit is due, all was reasonably civil until midway through the first half when one of their blokes entered the fray much like Mel Blanc's Tassie

Devil, slobbering, sweating and swearing across the field. He may miss out on getting a 'Good Bloke of the Year' nod, but he did try his hand at the alphabet and how it applies to the grading system of the 35's. He almost got the gist of it. Comical and intellectual.

A few of their fellas jumped on board the A-hole Express and Aston's ears will never be the same again. Sanga told media at the end of the game that Wyoming's two goals were two of the best goals you'll ever see. And just how were they scored?

Well the first, just disregard the lead up work, mere foreplay, until Sanga majestically curled the ball in, so hard that the net required re-stitching.

And the second? A well placed corner from, yeah you guessed it, Sanga, right in the back corner of the goal box allowing Kenno to do the rest, rising above the pack to head the ball in.

But it ain't always about HE who scores them. Jez must be one of the unluckiest in the team. Now that Ed has broken his duck, Jez must be the next to score – should he live long enough to play another game. He's probably well aware that he is number 1 on the German hit list, and a 'must have' in any 2017 Deadpool games, after scathing comments about their beer. From now, October doesn't exist for Jez – time to make good on that bunker he had installed after watching World War Z. But his shots, if you took the near misses and added their distance together you probably have the length of a MegaChile Pluto Bee's penis. Yeah I know, big bee, big dick. But let's put this into perspective – a lot of excruciating near misses.

And whilst the Tigers were kicking back enjoying the vitamin D tanning their skull devon and a few XXXX (the Makelenburg Schwaltzlig - if that is in fact the name - staying on ice), the Woy Woy boys were assembling for their Emu Walk, doing their bit to find some missing teeth, or dentures of a team mate.

Curiously, in 80 minutes of second half football at Austin Butler this season, we have allowed 5 goals to get through our defences. Forget that word structure. Its constitution we are lacking. Constitution to go the whole hog! As Edward Hargraves said, surveying the Bathurst countryside back in 1851, drawing similar comparisons to his experience in the gold fields of California, 'start digging boys, and dig deep!'