

WYOMING TIGERS 35E'S

Special Edition: 2 Pages of Utter Waffle!

The Entree

Johnny 'Rev' Eden put a call to arms out late Friday night urging team mates to rock up early on Saturday afternoon to view the pre match entertainment and support our U15A's, with his very own Jnr Rev, along with Jnr Kenno, Jnr Bova, and Jnr other kids starring.

Although, it was probably Rev's Post Scriptum that left most going to bed with a smile on their dial and immediately forgetting his plea.

Obviously the 'call to arms' didn't have the desired effect. Hardly any bastard turned up except Frankie Bova, and since he had to drive his son to the game, that barely counts. Plus, he can't even keep score!

The Romans are well known for their flagrant disregard for mathematics, doing their best to bring the progress of Greek mathematics to a grinding halt and toss it in to the lions for a bit of seasoning. An attitude still held by modern day Italians, since Bova can't complete simple addition. Probably can, but his DNA tells him to spurn it.

A couple of weeks ago Bova congratulated Gosford on a great draw during the post-match hand shake. Only problem was that we beat em' 4-2. The Gosity blokes must have thought he was taking the piss.

This week he had to keep asking the assembled parents for up to minute score checks as the clearly talented 15's slotted goal after goal with a certain amount of authority.

It's only addition! And it's only ever by one! Bah! Who gives a? Personally, I don't want to wake one Sunday morning with a horse's head sharing my pillow. That's a health hazard. So Bova can do what the hell he likes. In fact I'm with him. F*** mathematics. Might make the world a whole lot simpler.

Dyl, who did turn up with enough time to check out the younger generation of Tigers was amazed at what he saw and has since approached coach Kenno with an offer to put the boys through a tough training session and teach them a thing or two about 'square!!!' and 'Man on!!!' and 'One piccolo please'. Kenno has declined the proposal.

Come full time of the 15's and a quick team check had us at about 7 players.

Dribs & Drabs

And so the team did as it always does, turning up in dribs and drabs.

A couple of drabs, Magic and Jay, walked hand in hand from the car park. How does Stitty feel about this? 3's a crowd Stitty.

One drib, Doyle, ambled along. Big, smiling, yellow, sunglass wearing face. You know the one. And a shirt that looks like it has an aversion to washing powder. Could this possibly be his superstition?



Doyle or Emoticon?

And he has some disease spreading over his calf after purchasing some goanna balm from a dodgy old miser on the wrong side of the Narara tracks before boarding his 6:08 in the morning. His leg has broken out in a scabby rash, which is a good party trick when you want to clear the immediate area. Looking at the sunnies, swagger, scabs and dirty shirt made him look like he just hopped off the last train home from the city.

But no! Turns out he was home early Friday evening...for once!

Late last season, a couple of blokes, after a couple of beers, told a couple of stories, fessing up to the worst things they'd done to their kids. (Umm, not meaning to be rude but Jay, being a representative of the law,

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could you possibly stop reading at this point? We'll see you next week)

A common theme was having their child catapulted from the back seat of the car into the front as they slowed to the first bend of their street. The old 'Dad you forgot my seatbelt' trick taken a little too far. And of course you blame the kid for not informing you. No biggie.

Which is what you'd expect from a bunch of well to do guys like us. No back hands that loosened teeth, no 'wish you were never born's', no lacing their cereal with arsenic. We're pretty good, if only a little flawed. On Saturday, one bloke pushed the boundaries. Now, we don't have a huge readership, last count 7, but in case wikileaks gets hold of this we'll leave the blokes name out of it. For the sake of the story, we'll call him Shave Shit.

Now Shave Shit was in the car ready to leave the house and go to soccer with the kids in the back. But oh, he's forgotten his gear. We all do it. No worries. Shitty quickly ducks inside; gets his socks; probably grabs a biscuit; rushes back out; locks the door; gets in the car and literally flies off like he's driving the DeLorean to make up his lost time.

As he drives down the road he has this nagging feeling in the basement of his consciousness that things aren't right. The atmosphere doesn't smell right. Radio? Window? Park brake (that can be a real bugger)?

No, that wasn't it. Things were too quiet.

He straightens his back to inspect the back seat through his rear view mirror, but cannot believe his eyes. He turns and nearly chokes for what he cannot see.

His kid is missing!

Well, one is there, but these days, half the sum isn't good enough (bloody mathematics!). He turns, fully screeching and races back to find his son safe and sound back at home.

Phew!

The Grassy Knoll

As the Easy E's are taking the field, Surly is found lying almost comatose, felled by a sudden migraine.

This requires God...errr Sanga, to quickly rejig the line-up. Since we were now down to 10 players, there was

only one movement to make – Jez to the back. Get that pretender away from the goals! And about bloody time too.

Now conspiracy theorists (which we definitely are not) would be salivating at the events. Our sweeper (is that what position Surly plays? Or should we stick with our more technical term 'at the back'?) is off the field of play. Jez, a proven out and out 'Shanker' with a serious case of the 'yips' (yeah, real bad combo – lucky he doesn't have Magic's 'All for the Glory' sickness as well) is thrown to the back in defence.

Not long into the fray and Surly is running around the midfield with no sign of a headache – and wait, he gets a penalty on the 'dot' after getting his shirt tugged in what looked like a certain goal – albeit, following what would have been a pretty pirouette from a 40 year old. But this is Surly and even the umpire from his optimal vantage point at the halfway line can see this and knows this kid would nail it.

Would Jez have drawn the penalty? Probably not. Actually, the Mountain's Defender probably wouldn't have even tugged on his shirt. Instead he probably would have encouraged him to shoot knowing the likely outcome.

Of course, Magic bolted in and snatched the ball to take the penalty. But it didn't take Surly long to get off his duck, making it three nil with a goal of his own moments later. And here's our mate Jez booting the ball half way to Tasmania defending our goal.

Surly in the middle.

Jez at the back.

Motor humming.

Jez wouldn't take this bullshit lying down though, gradually worming his way to the front and avoiding Sanga's managerial nous, by playing every single position on the paddock, bar opposition goal keeper to get within shooting range.

After missing a handful of shots, redemption loomed in the final seconds of the game. Hearts stop – well, Jez's does. And the ball scrapes past the goal post – wrong side. Barely a bees dick in it, to which Dyl later describes, 'It missed by a fair bit'. And until he gets one in – he's a long way off.

Mind you, Dyl mistook a babycino for a piccolo on the weekend – so who has the greater problem?