

WYOMING TIGERS 35E'S

Ding Dong the Witch's Dead!

Ourimbah. Not a bad place. Not really a good place either. It's just sort of 'meh', said with a nonchalant shrugging of the shoulders. They have a drive thru coffee joint which is pretty cool. They also have the Tallies Pub, for those that are considering a schooner of beer with half a broken glass to the jugular and trip to the hospital as an option. To avoid said stabbing to the throat, you can take advantage of the extended happy hour from 10am till 12. But don't stay any longer. This is where the metamorphosis starts to take place (think Gremlins eating after midnight).

Their signage at the canteen said it all, describing their latest revelation in upmarket beverages:

~~F~~ ~~A~~ ~~N~~ ~~A~~ ~~C~~ ~~D~~
1/2

and so on and so forth. It basically summed up the place. 'We're trying, we just don't know how.'

But let's cut to the chase. Late in the second half – and the bastard has done it again – full espionage style, Jez has made his way from the back (are we calling it Sweeper yet? Can somebody out there confirm or deny this position) to be snug in the goal box practically rubbing shoulders with the opposition goalie.

But here's Jez, his family arrive at the ground, and at that very moment, walk behind the goal area. The ball is crossed, floats high for what seems an eternity, over all the assembled players heads, bar one. Jez. Noggin ready, he projects it with so much power the ball suffers symptoms of blunt force trauma, and literally turns into a comet. The flow of time shifts from that of slow motion into blinding speed as the ball ricochets from Jez's head Wait for it....into.....yeah you guessed it - the back of the net. Nailed it! Bout F**kin time too! 1 from 56 ain't bad.

Jez raised both fists to the sky, almost punching God in his nether region, and shouts like he belongs on a Nutri Grain commercial. Love. That. Shit!

Which works as a good segue into the next team issue. Anger management.

Some said after the goal, that they weren't sure whether the red faced Jez was going to embrace them or bite their heads off.

And there have been a few issues simmering in the defensive team. A couple of weeks ago Jez snapped to Johnny Eden 'If you put your hands on your head again I'll kill you'. Harsh.

Heading the ball isn't for everybody, poor Rev simply reverting to man's natural instinct for self-preservation.

Then last week, he blurted 'Don't tell me to pass it back to the goalie!' Dyl later cried to whole way home.

Meanwhile, the little short shit, Benny Wilko, had to find new ways to avoid getting poleaxed against the Ourimbah boys. In the middle of the converging pillars of doom, he could only do, what has since been described as the 'Riverdance', with a pretty gay little skip/jump, toes pointed to the floor, arms flailing, body upright whilst sailing gracefully some four feet from the earth!

Jay has taken one step closer to living his childhood dream of becoming RoboCop. Breaking his arm in the previous match he turned up with a new mechanical prosthetic superglove limb. **{Break in Transmission: Do gooders stop reading, this doesn't concern your stinking morals}** The arm does have its limitations though, can't crack a stubby open, and since Jay turned up with a thirst, there's only one thing you can do. 'Son' he says handing the beer over, and the young lad does the rest. 'tsssss'. Genius!

And since when is EasyPeasySportsGreasy a love-in dating site?! Saturday night comes and obviously a few lads have had way too many red wines. The next thing you know the phone is beeping with action aplenty – and they're all in on it, spreading the LOVE! I didn't know whether to laugh or vomit, so instead I just shifted the ice pack on my groin ever so slightly. All the usual suspects were there, Matty 'have I got an arse pat for you' Doyle, Jeremy 'Nailed my first goal so tonight's my night' Gilroy and even the jilted Stitty, on the rebound from his split with Magic, weighed in. But who cares, this smells like late night Point Frederick rendezvous. I can't believe we're putting this shit to print.

Walshy would be spewing he's left the team!

Oh, and Magic scored goal of the century. No Shit. And Stitty was already walking back to half way before his effort even went in. Class...or arse.