

# WYOMING TIGERS 35E'S

## The 8<sup>th</sup> Wonder

Jostling with heavyweights, the Terracotta Army, The Taj Mahal, King Kong, Andre the Giant and Cadbury Marvellous Chocolate, The Peninsula now seeks to be installed as the 8<sup>th</sup> Wonder of the Modern World. And why not? Wonder could easily describe the feeling that many facets that a Peninsula trip may elicit.

This trip was no different.

And if nothing else, they do make up 30% of our 35E competition.

B-L-E-S-S-E-D

The local crowd were on their best behaviour. Fresh from a Pauline Hanson supporters rally, they were able to temporarily put aside their Hanson placards, bigotry and 1974 ideologies to sit back and enjoy the spectacle for what it was – offering sage advice and amazing insights to the ref throughout the encounter.

### **This is your Captain, Mathew Sainsbury**

Not much happening on EasyCheesey except Sanga offering a spare seat in his car for the trip to the peninsula. Creep!

And Surly obliges.

Weird...

We miked up the car to find out what they were chatting about – it was all Sanga talking about his computer flight simulator, taking the ANL302 from JLX to KMP. (How's that lingo Sanga?) All you can hear in the background, is the steady hum of Surly's snoring. There were no inflight movies, the seat barely had any leg room and the captain couldn't keep his mouth shut. Sounds like a shitty trip.

## **Magic, Comets, Cyborgs and the Brown**

So what happened in the game you ask?

Magic spent most of the game offside. Umina whinged a lot about said off side play. Magic near cut a bloke in two with an uncharacteristic studs up slide. Again, Umina whinged a lot about that. We should have just bloody fed Mike to the Uminerians and been done with it. Mike scores goal, and the 'Browns' (that's what the Umina lads are calling themselves these days) fly off the handle again. One of their blokes near tears Bobby's favourite testicle in two and

they pretend nothing's happened. Bobby got em back though, with save of the century. Not many people can attest to stopping a comet – Jez can kickstart em. But our Bobby saves em.

And here I was thinking he was just supporting our team from the back everyweek. Bobby actually plays in our team! I'll be buggered.

Their oldest bloke – and there were a few in the running – deadest launches sputnik from his boot some 25 yards out, leaving a vapour trail in its wake. In the blink of an eye, Bobby defies gravity with a reactionary full stretching jump, to bump it over the top bar.

Not bad for a bloke returning to the scene of the crime. Yeah, two years ago, he took a sniper shot in the back of the foot going for a casual stroll around his goalie box – like a perimeter check. He went down screaming like an electrocuted Chihuahua, and turned to face his would be assailant. But no one shot him. Just his sedentary Achilles having to do too much and SNAP!

And these cyborgs can do some crazy shit.

Our very own 'Borg, yeah, you know the one with the funny running style (always a dead giveaway for a cyborg – think, the T-1000 model...hey, does that mean Magic and Rev could be? Sorry fellas, but if none of your friends have informed you yet – consider yourself TOLD – you run weird!) scored a goal on the weekend. First he somehow utilised his stun gun, to immobilise all players on the field, then set the ball to an excruciatingly painful slow motion roll, which defied the laws of physics. The ball is actually still rolling in and is expected to hit the back of the net by late Friday.

And forget those terrible bloody German beers that you've all been getting a thirst for, which have been rolling around in the bottom of the eksy, getting cool, getting warm, each and every week. They're as good as gone! What are we going to sell those bastards from Southern Ettalong now? Jez and the Rev went skull for skull as the two desperados knocked back the last couple. Not to be outdone, Magic sipped daintily on the cider that's been undergoing much of the same treatment, brewing in Sanga's esky since March 2015.