

WYOMING TIGERS 35E'S

Who Are, Who Are, Who Are We!

Ok, we are going to try and go easy on the whole Peninsula thing. And I'll try not to mention the rambling hemorrhoid that yelled obscenities from the sideline all game not far from impressionable kids, taking in this verbal sludge. Although he did get a little Einstein on our arses (and maybe this is the teacher in me talking) when he verbalised his thought process to solve a mathematical conundrum well beyond most of us after the Woy Woy boys notched yet another goal on their way to pulling our pants down for the 0-4 result. It went something like:

"that's two....er...er...and another one...three," and the diatribe continued to flow.

In year 6 I had a project, where I had to invite an important member of the community to address the class. They were to talk a little about themselves, their occupation and field some insightful questions from the 12year olds. A little like playschool mashed with QandA minus the politicians.

I wanted to bring in a Townie.

'What's an effing 'Townie'?' you ask.

A footballer. A rugby league player of noble ilk. Well maybe not noble, but they were as honest as they were tough.

Raised at the old Grahame Park where the now white elephant of Central Coast Stadium occasionally houses an over achieving, under supported code of professional grass divers, every Sunday afternoon I'd be there, either playing footy behind the grandstand with my brother and Coatsey, relishing ball boy duties (although, if a conversion was well struck, we'd helplessly watch it sail into the giant palm trees – palm trees that my grandfather helped relocate back in the 70's – and get stuck, thus compromising our duties. Take the ball away from the ball boy and what do you get?), or getting on the field at half time to score tries on the lush turf using the corner posts. Sometimes, when my uncle coached second grade, we'd hide behind the back of the dressing rooms to listen to the half time spray and learn a few new words. We'd bustle our way through the crowd, some 4-5 deep at the fence to find the old man and bludge some shrapnel for the canteen. Or simply sit back and watch The Gosford Townies rip in.

These are the blokes I wanted to show the rest of the class. And I was talked out of it.

Instead, I went with my karate instructor. Came to school, ranted about discipline, counted to ten in Japanese then proceeded to split five slabs of concrete in one go with his bare hands.

Yes, impressive.

But the Townies eat that sort of shit for breakfast.

In 1997, some twenty years after their last premiership, the Townies were on a run for the ages. They produced inspiring come from behind wins throughout the finals against fierce rivals the Erina Eagles and the Minor premiers, The Entrance to proceed into the GF against the Wyong Roos juggernaut.

I fkn hate Wyong. (Sorry, reflex action)

We got pumped. The rest is history.

Promises of a new stadium and a Central Coast franchise joining the NRL, coupled with poor mismanagement at grassroots level and a lack of fight from the governing body of the Group 12 division, and the Townies were homeless, cashless and two years later, put on ice.

In fact, they may have been cremated.

The point?

In the aforementioned Grand Final against Wyong, veteran prop forward, Doug Edwards, was sent from the field in the second minute of the match for a dubious high shot. Game Over.

We were to learn that the ref spent the majority of his mad Monday, drinking piss from the kegs that led to the taps that led to the schooners that led to the mouths of the f***ing Wyong Roos.

Gutted.

Last weekend, the ref turned a gammy *impartial* eye from a hand ball that prompted some to grab their netball bibs, that immediately led to a goal. Later, he pulled an ice cold beer from the Woy Woy esky and started nudging shoulders with said enemy, sending my memories back to the trauma of my childhood heroes. That day that was the cumulative total of my impressionable years.

Let's hope a similar stunt isn't the difference come the business end of our current stage in life – the midlife crisis! Cause that'd totally suck.