

WYOMING TIGERS 35E'S

Whatever you do, Don't mention *that* Goal!

So, let's cut to the chase and talk about THAT goal!

First what about the crowd? Shit winters over here in Australia. More specifically, the Central Coast. The June sun had enough angle to saturate the far side of The G (that's Gavenlock Oval for the uninitiated, a Narara cricket home base) with its golden rays of warmth. Out came the families, and a head count at half time had the crowd at 50 strong (including players). One only wishes we could have flashed this statistic up on the big screen midway through the second half so all and sundry could give themselves a clap, a pat on the back and toast another drink as they sipped the afternoon away. And the Sundry – dead set people I haven't even met. I mean, some of our fans are just grabbing people from the Bunnings BBQ line up on their way to the ground. Players are mentioning time and place to peeps whilst waiting for their Saturday AM caffeine fix who are turning up. And the kids!!! Oh, and you mentioned toasts, well, bubbly, wines of all assortments, beers crafted at the finest micro breweries. This is what it's all about.

Oh and toasts. Here is something to toast...

But before we get to *that* goal, let's look at the other one we scored. Firstly, Wilko tactically throws in like he has locked elbows and a stiff neck to award the Gunners a throw in. They seize up and throw it in (dubiously correct) to the only person they can see, Big Ben, who sends the ball – on a platter – to our man, Magic. He does the rest, outpacing the Gunners D and chipping over the goalies head.

And on chipping, just before we get to *that* goal...

Magic was presented with another chip opportunity which was gladly obliged (not uncommon for the expat). Magic was raising his finger to the heavens in celebration after watching the ball arc over the goalies head, only to hear the clunk of ball on post. Denied.

And even though Doyley will be slipping into depression mode by going dry for July, his throw ins are becoming the stuff of legend. One bloke was said to have taken footage for NASA so they can measure

the speed of arm, flick of fingers, upward curl of ball as it steadily planes its way over the field into the box. And something else that will go down as legendary...

And it isn't this drinking session, with rumours abound that a certain amount of Lads were on a drinking binge on the Friday night before the game. They were to hit the usual spots, some Sports bar, some brewery, and some taxi rank. The Breathalyzer turned up nothing, so must have been a fizzer.

Franky Bova and Walshy were a part of the fifty strong crowd. Bova all but gone for the season. A dodgy Achilles that needs to get right for his trek across/over/through Peru. And Walshy, fresh from his cortisone injection, was happy to bludge a couple of boutique beers and put some shit on his former team mates.

Johnny Eden attempted a new form of transport to the game by riding the bike. Great warm up...not so good for the warm down, especially when darkness descends rather quickly after the full time siren of a 3.10 game.

When you have a week off...

...A week later Surly, Bobby, The Rev and Little Ben embarked on a mini road trip to Chittaway to help out the D's of the north variety, who threw up probably the biggest problem we've faced since being a teenager when the esky lid was lifted – VB or New?

And Chittaway, what a place! Great latrine signage, 'Please leave the toilets clean'. Obviously their definition of the word 'clean' varies a great deal from us folk only a few suburbs away, and there was no way that we were going to bring it up to standard without some heavy duty industrial gloves, cleaning products and a shit load of time.

These bloody D's also have themselves a team physio. Puts the tape on AND takes the tape off. Just for shits and giggles as the tape rips off all those hairs!

Outside of that, Surly commented that it was The Rev's best game yet, highlighted by a bone jarring hit he put on one of the Berkley Boys. Now this fella was no light weight, with a head like Heston Blumenthal, the attitude of Jason Statham, sporting the body tone and ink of a Bra Boy. And when Johnny hits, they stay hit.