

WYOMING TIGERS 35E'S

Dyl has been away for the last couple of weeks (and just quietly, the team has been thriving in his absence) after finally tying the knot with Fiona, his much better nine/tenths. And already there appears to be tension in the air with an indifferent wedding day celebration. Asked how the venue was 'there was no one there, we had the place to ourselves' Translation: 'Not even our family turned up'. Upon returning home and unable to carry Fiona into the bed room due to dodgy knees he was then sent to the laundry to pick up on the last 10 years of neglect. Once that was hung out he was then told to go sleep in the spare room. Dyl shrugged off the poor turn of events, swallowed his pride, willing to accept married life for what it was, turning on the spare TV, watching Bold and the Beautiful and sobbed himself to sleep. Yep, nothing's changed.

But we're glad to have him back, with numerous others on the sideline. Magic is still getting vertical with the eastern coast of Australia, moving up and down like a touro-yo-yo. Stitty is making good on his promise to only miss six games this season so decided to add another to his quota enjoying a week behind the desk with a slight twinge to the hammy, unable to visit any of the upstairs classrooms of his school all week. And Johnny Eden failed the Saturday morning fitness test at the Kariong Park Run, struggling to walk without a drunken limp, claiming a busted big toe. Did anyone actually breathalyse this guy?

Yet there seems to be a rainbow at the end of the tunnel for ~~Josh Dugan~~ the Mashman, who has been unsighted, apart from a couple of appearances in the crowd early on in the season – but again, that could have been my imagination. The rumour mill – and don't we love a good rumour (like the one of a certain player caught speeding in the wrong lane with no licence) – indicates that Mashman is about to get the all clear on his troublesome groin and get back on the field, just in time for a finals onslaught. (I hope we're not counting chickens here, but it seems pretty mathematical that we are in...aren't we?)

In the meantime, we were left playing Guess Who, when Doylee turned up. Sometimes you just don't know how many Friday night beers and bourbon chasers those aviators are masking behind their

mirror image. As he trudged towards the boys, the predictions were gathering momentum, 'Here's Doylee, look at him, he's had his standard half dozen last night', 'bullshit, he's had more than that', 'I think he just finished his last one by the looks of him'. Not to be! Sober as a judge! Lucky, cause this man, as he has done all year, led the charge in what was the battle for top spot on the ladder.

Pretty fair game.

Great discipline from the boys to keep their mouths shut, despite every temptation to cross that line. Okay, so Dyl crossed the bloody line – but he just got married and now sleeps in another room so cut the dude a little slack.

Sanga was on fire producing dangerous runs down the right flank. One of those ended up in the Woy Woy box, with three of their blokes taking turns to nudge, tug and physically taunt the little fella. Penalty! Jez does the rest.

Some slick passing all the way up the field led to Edna the Echidna, with all the poise he could muster, chipping the ball over a roving keeper, to finally trickle in for our only second half goal. The ball took that long, the entire ground momentarily held their collectives until the ball finally gathered some net.

EasyMacnCheesy.com got a work out during the week, starting with Johnny's photo album (not from his private collection mind you), and ended with a whole lot of dribble. One suggested a GoPro for Jay – Umm, if you weren't aware, all cyborgs have video recording devices installed. Your run of the mill HDMI will connect into the back of his neck and you'll be able to download all the data you need. Just be careful which file you are downloading from.

Then came the last 15 minutes and all of a sudden, those wobblies, those shakes, those cracks started to appear – and it looked as if the Woy were on their way back into the match. Our blokes were out on their feet, with a barren reserve bench, Wilko looking as if he'd been injected with a strain of mad cows and Doylee's calf popped by a sniper.

It wasn't the Woy's day. Well if it was, nobody told us. Good performance – but we'll need to lift again.