

WYOMING TIGERS 35E'S

Brokeback Mountain

**The following excerpt comes from testimony prepared by photo-journalist J Eden for the upcoming Royal Commission into Gosford Council's mishandling of illegal dumping on Mangrove Mountain, which he pieced together under the guise of papping various brain-snaps during a basement division game of over 35s round ball.*

We knew we were in for a long 80 minutes when both Doyleie and the Cyborg turned up as white as the populace of Avoca and boasting of canning on like 20 year olds the night prior. We had zero subs, but thankfully were graced by The Man Who Wasn't There (who BTW really has reigned in his lip service since The Human Blowtorch blazed his verbosity in a recent match report). So there we were as an XI; Doyleie - footloose and family free, Jay - three sheets to the wind (and the actual colour of said sheets), and Kenno - lip buttoned, but locked and loaded to cover both the ground and abilities of three. Away we go.

Business as usual to begin with. JezDyl fighting for identity, Aidz cutting off the Mountains supply, Ed dominating Viduka-style (bum first), Bobby alternating between sublime and bored, Stitty with more touches than a Lisarow High School dance. Bretty was teaching their striker Jez a few lessons, as Dyl tried to do the same with ours. Things were ticking along nicely.

But it wasn't too long before the grog horrors got a hold of the 'Borg, and he took to fighting off the demons by kicking the life out of the Mountains burly left mid. You know the type - Mediterranean grass castle magnate, straight outta Griffith, all silver fox brill cream and a crucifix - just the kind of dirtbag that Robo's been waiting all week to sink the size 9's into. And that he did. Once Bob Trimboli Junior had exhausted his list of Italian curses on C3PO, he turned to Mountains vernacular and rifled through the list the rest of us would use week in week out if we played for Woy Woy. T1000: unfazed.

Away from Jay's wing, the match didn't look much like top v bottom, with Doyleie using up all of his shots for the weeks he's away, troubling no keepers whatsoever, but sending the Bloodtree ecosystem into a right tizz with deep bush penetration. Sanga Bolt was busily setting knew 6 yard box to 6 yard box records, giving the Mountains left side absolute curry, which helps make sense of what followed in the second half...

Mountains took off on the break just before oranges and slipped one in at the far post. The halftime chat was classic Sang - calm, assured, positive - so we

resumed forgetting that we were actually behind. Either that or the fumes pouring off The Droid had us all loosey goosey. Either way it wasn't long before The Man Who Wasn't There was plotting and conniving through the midfield, making up for Doyleie's busted calf (which seemed to inexplicably come good every time he could follow through in front of goals).

Speaking of following through - and we move swiftly from PG to MA territory here - we weren't far into the second stanza when the Mountains goal-scorer suffered the kind of sickening injury nobody wants to see befall their worst enemy. Despite Rev's investigative journalist's eye and our own Robo-detective scanning the proceedings, nobody can be sure how what happened next actually occurred.

But whether it was Jay's relentless ass-kicking, the nerves Mr Eden's investigation were inducing, or an overly confident attempt at a Stitty-style double shot espresso that morning, the back door flew open and the poor chap was caught shorter than Dean Jones batting in India. Gesticulating wildly, fear in his eyes, he called for a replacement. 'You'll be right' came the reply, before he fired back 'You don't understand!' One eye witness said the back of the victim's sky blue trunks bore a brown Z for Zorro. Seconds later he was taking many small, rapid steps to the sideline, tying his shirt round his waist to hide the carnage, and hot-footing it to the carpark for the second hasty exit in as many minutes. Unsavoury? Certainly. But the show had to go on.

So with a solid 30 remaining, and Doyleie having fired more blanks than a knackered poodle on heat, we got to the business of winning. Stitty, copping retribution from all and sundry for the date-slapping Jay was handing about, had a big hand in the first, the scorer of which never actually existed. The second was a scorcher from Usang Bolt, finding the inside netting and promptly extinguishing any hopes the surging Mountain Men had of an upset.

Not a bad day out, and a win's a win, but the whole thing left a nasty taste in the mouth.

Top Five Mountain Songs

1. Misty Mountain Hop – Led Zeppelin
2. The Mountain Song – Janes Addiction
3. King of the Mountain – Midnight Oil
4. Kiss the Dirt – INXS
5. Big Rock Candy Mountain – Harry McClintock