

WYOMING TIGERS 35E'S

TRIPLE TREAT

Ourimbah – Round 16

The real talking point from this match surfaced Sunday morning when my son wakes up and quickly checks his leg.

'I thought I had a hole in my leg' as he scans his thigh, not believing his eyes he actually starts prodding his quad to make sure he's believing what he is seeing.

'I had a dream like that man in your team' he says. Then it hits me square in the swollen Sunday morning eyes, he's had a bloody nightmare about Ed's leg! Here I thought Ed's running style was the scariest thing on earth – not to be, it's the bloody bruise on his leg the size of a dinner plate with all the colours one expects to find when capillaries of a comet come colliding with the flesh of man.

Out on the field Dyl and Jez continued their 'Withnail & I' impersonation.

Win.

East Gosford – Round 17

The East Gosford Rams served up a treat, with the roaring forties, displaced from their home in the Indian ocean, transferred to Hylton Moore, giving the halfway flag, whose job is to simply mark the great divide between 'ours' and 'yours' and occasionally indicate the trend of the air, a rather jolly good time of it, twisting and turning and throwing its weight around like a Woodport Bouncer on an early Sunday morning, vanquishing the dregs of yet another listless boozefest in the hope of quenching their savage souls by inflicting some long lasting pain on some unwary reveller - but hey, that's the wind, she can be a bit of a bully sometimes.

If Avoca beach is good enough for some relic of an army ship to rot away beneath her waters, surely she can have a little wind farm generating the good stuff out there – but that's another story.

With wind there is opportunity, and kids are the opportunists, seizing the moment to combine their ingenuity with a bit of Lord of the Flies, surrendering 21st century devices for base needs, survival. A plethora of sticks fallen from the trees lining the road

provided the perfect ingredient for shelter, a trustworthy teepee.

Out on the field, it wasn't so much Lord of the Flies as it was The Cay. Inexperienced boys and blind old men – or something to that effect. Bobby had a time of it in goals in the first half, with the Rams utilising a favourable drift to pepper our custodian. He barely got a clean grab and the Rams went to the break 1-0 up.

We were blessed to have Jez turn up with so many other social arrangements for himself. A bucks day at the gallops, an upper class Shin Dig Ball, swingers party, and the list goes on. Fortunately for us, he chose to throw the black and yellows on – although that proved harder than normal, getting dressed in the car in the carpark. Arms, legs, feet and screaming kids going in every direction.

Early in the season, it was all about structure. And by the time we got to this game, structure was out the door, off the field, floating away with the breeze. By the end of the game, all injured players had retired to the back, acting as a collective sweeper.

Jay's parents made the game which was great to see. His old man had the nous to stand down gale and help toss back the ball to save time – offsetting the little kid that kept nicking off with the ball. But the real issue was his humanity. Was Jay's dad a human? Answer: Yes. Confirmed. But his mum wasn't. She was totally cyborg material. Issue sorted. Now to the next conundrum, is Matty Doyle Pacman and Telly Savalis's love child?

At the end of the game just before jetissoning off to yet another function at the Wentworth Greyhounds, Jez, our resident punter, tip specialist, Tom Waterhouse informer, and mole inside the Wallaby camp, predicted big things from the Gold and Greens against the might of the All Blacks, despite not one of the Aussie Super Rugby Franchises notching up a single win against any of the kiwi teams during the course of the season proper.

So many bad performances have got to swing the other way.

Or do they?

By half time and some half century of points in arrears, Jez was so pissed he couldn't even spell

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shellacking. The rest of us just tutted and changed the channel.

Avoca – Round 18

At one stage of the match, Stitty came hobbling to the side line and someone asked, 'how you going?' noticing his obvious discomfort, his inability to keep up with the second hand, his lack of fluency, his last minute inclusion for the game due to some little nancy opting out leaving the team short, thus convincing his mate, Magic Mike to play as well.

Stitty replied, 'Well I can't sprint.'

And you now those moments, when sometimes a tumbleweed does the proverbial across a conversation? Well this was one of those moments. The last time Stitty sprinted, Fido Dido was hocking off 7up, and he actually had two knees that worked.

'So everything is as normal' someone in the crowd shot back.

Not Friendly, who was at his boisterous best, supporting his favourite player, Sanga. Or, if you are Matty Doyle, 'Sangers'. Don't worry fellas, he'll get there soon enough.

And Sanga was on fire, carving up the right side of the field with assistance from Jay down the left and Aids showing off some aerial skills to keep the ball in play.

It was one of those games, players commenting on how tired they were, and with a non-existent midfield, we were able to set a world record for ball rolling across the paddock without any human coming into contact with it. And it happened time and time again, the leather tumbleweed, almost blushing with embarrassment as it rolled aimlessly over the grass without a single soul showing any desperation to come and kick the living shit out of it – or at least give it a loving tap with the toe.

The first goal was inspired by 'On the Spot' Eden's formative years doing his best to get his genitalia into the action. With a little ball on ball, he was able to steer proceedings in his favour and finally get Sanga involved, who was having a 'wow' of a game down the right side before crossing to Man Mountain, Umbilical Twin, Sprayer of Sweat from the Brow when heading the ball, Connoisseur of German Beer, Annihilator of Curry, Master of the Punt, Gilroy the First.

Gilroy the First finished the job by planting the ball into the goals, letting loose one of his elbows into the back of an opponent and then receiving a sharp slap to the chops in recognition of his scoring prowess.

Thus, he shall now be referred to as Man Mountain, Umbilical Twin, Sprayer of Sweat from the Brow when heading the ball, Connoisseur of German Beer, Annihilator of Curry, Master of the Punt, Giver of unsuspecting and totally unwarranted UFC Drop Elbows, Reciever of Slaps to the Face, Gilroy the First.

Yet it was our man Bobby who produced play of the day, two separate pieces of individual brilliance all seamlessly rolled into the one moment, that you'd swear you'd just drank an avocado and coconut shake – seriously, try it. Cause that's basically what Bobby was, an Avonut (or is that Cocado?). On Saturday, at Erina High School, we had the Bobby Hay version, as an Avoca attempt on goal from a good 30 yards out looked on the money, sailing over the pack, destined to find net, when Bobby, leapt in the air, arms outstretched and somehow plucked the ball in his fingertips – and no bloody fumble!!! – which makes you wonder what's been happening over these past couple of weeks. Bobby didn't stop to think 'How the?!', instead using the available space of the box to step out of the fracas and punt the ball down field, some 6 decametres on the fly to find a salivating Magic Mike who did the rest, served with a fist pump to the crowd.

Quality.

Which made us League Champions.

League Champions.

Has a nice ring to it.