

# WYOMING TIGERS 35E'S

## LOSING IS NO LONGER AN OPTION

Is it worth dissecting those 75 minutes of mayhem?

80-5 = 75. We will get to the minus five a little later.

The smart money is now with WW2. Not World War II, there is no smart money there, but with Woy Woy 2, a pretty complete side, fit, fast, committed and owning a striker that slots them when needed. It's a pretty coveted trophy the 35E's down the peninsula way (just ask the South of Ettalong mob), with clubs prepared to place their best weapons in the comp to earn that ticket tape parade down Umina Beach Road. Midway through the first half, Mike takes the ball down right side of the field, beating 9 shoulders and 7 groping hands. He crosses it to Jay, who just happens to be standing smack bam in the middle of the goal – toes it in and we go up 1-0.

30 seconds later they equalise. May have been 29 seconds. Much of a muchness. The result is the same, with a chorus of shrugging shoulders – we have to work on that.

Aids gave physics a good run for its money, attempting to take his knobbly knee up against their 140kg ball of muscle keeper, who zeroed in with amazing accuracy. It looked pretty bad and for one bloke in particular, Aids, it felt pretty bad. He managed to complete the game but is less likely to complete the season.

Stitty however, failed his physics exam, when trying to stabilise the falling mass of his human self, accelerating towards the concrete like dirt due to the force of an illegal push and the pull of gravity, with an added variation of another push which threw the entire experiment – and mass of human - out of his pre-programmed comfort zone of trajectory and landing, resulting in more of a crash. A bad crash. A bad crash that you couldn't avert your eyes.

At this point things started to get ugly. Real ugly. So ugly, you can't avert your eyes.

It was totes UGLY – I mean seriously, how far do Magic and Jay have to go to prove their love for this bloke. They couldn't share DRABCD, so they both jumped right in and looked likely to administer the first ever ménage a trios resuscitation drill. Sickening. But seriously, when the ground manager came over to ask what happened, her eyes finally focussed on the

wrongly angled elbow, and without any regard to the sensitive nature of the situation and the fact that Stitty was in a very fragile state, she proceeded to exclaim 'OH MY GOD!', at which point Jay drew a concealed gun from the back of his shorts and blew her brains out. Ok, a bit much, but his steely eyes shot her a look that said 'shut up bitch, and crawl down that hole you just came from!'

Confession: So I took the bait, but more from a sociological observation point of view than anything else and visited the Peninsula to play mid-week footy. Emboldened by a late night drive, apprehensive with a trip of mid-week freedom, reckless abandon, not quite gap yearing to go bartending in Ibiza, or selling all my wares to renounce capitalism to trek wildly across the Andes, but crossing the Spike Milligan Bridge to enter the Peninsula Plain well after sun down sort of rates pretty highly in my list of risky plays.

I probably didn't approach my destination with the hard up frontage you'd want with a reputation that the Peninsula has, driving into the car park of the leisure centre with Sheryl Crowe's plucky acoustic Beatles track, Mother Nature's Son blaring, was like a red rag to the bull, of the three thugs camped behind the hedge awaiting out of towners to jump them as they ran the gauntlet from car to building.

I had to change tact, to donning the hoody, slouching the shoulders, dropping the lower lip, far enough that I could still pool the collective saliva succumbing to gravity but not so much as to stir the assumption that speech was going to be difficult for me.

I nailed the image – nobody f#%ked with me.

Inside, two dudes, one wearing a trendy hat in a trendy sort of manner, with trendy hair poking out the sides spoke to another trendy dude wearing a singlet that covered his chest as well as G-Bangers cover arse cheeks, and cannons that made my cap guns look like miniature replicas. These were my team mates. Insert Gulp. Good blokes. Phew!

And low and behold, Ed has been getting in on the act all along. It was safe. It was fun. And I might just return. *Might* being the operative word.