

WYOMING TIGERS 35E'S

EYE OF THE TIGER

(SORRY SANGA, IT JUST SEEMED TO FIT)

Sanga feeling edgy before the game with blokes who decidedly have lives outside of Well Over 35 years of Age Eeee (cause there is no F) Grade. Doyleie, who notoriously snuggles up to Little Miss Hangover every Saturday morning, rode this one a tad longer than usual, missing his mandatory stroll into the park, dark shades on grinning from ear to ear. Instead, Sanga's apprehension was franked when the English bastard didn't turn up on time, forcing an early shuffle to the line-up – does Doyleie know how long Sanga spends on tinkering with the positions, pissing around with the endless possibilities, using easypeasybodiessmelllikeoffcheesey to move players around the interactive field as though he was Bobby Fisher trying to exploit the Grunfeld Defence.

The tea leaves, tarot cards and cheese hadn't foreseen this. And Sanga – thrust into the centre mid - didn't see the ball, shot like a bazooka from point blank square on his eye. Extreme slomo replays reveal the eyeball popping out of its socket, taking a 360 degree view of proceedings then slopping back into place a little worse for wear, somewhat like taking a Mumbai rattler across town.

The week previous, the Austin Butler playing surface rubber-stamped its Semi Final credentials turning out an absolute peach to play on, dusty and soft as concrete. The 5th grade cricket pitch separating the two fields was a spongier surface to fall on. Whilst Wilko had nursing staff at his school treating his gooey knees during recovery sessions, Bobby and Doyleie preferred to hide their wounds behind their business trousers, gingerly strolling into high end power deals with weeping gunk spoiling 6 figure handshakes. Stains on the pants never seal the deal – regardless of where they are.

East Gosford #3 didn't shirk from the task either (yeah, now we're treating grounds like living entities), serving up a delightfully hard, cracking deck that would have had the Indian spin attack salivating. In fact, Rams officials didn't even know they had a #3. And there-in lies the problemao.

Forget the two first half Tiger goals - second half, the breeze at their backs, the Woy are charging through our mid-field like the light horse brigade and look to be a good thing supported by a barracking entourage. They send a Shane Warne googly into the box. Bobby immediately

identifies the threat, the flight, the revs. 'Oh No' he cries in his best Daryl Cullinan impersonation, as the ball grips the dead earth and catches Bobby, stone dead on the crease with no footwork, the Umbro sneaks past the defence and into the net.

Meanwhile, Jay, who must be clocking close to 17 kms during the game bites the dust with a cramp. He pleads for help, much like Luke Skywalker did to his father when the Emperor was giving him a rather unfriendly electrostatic zap. But instead of his father, it was his better half – who, gutted by the show of weakness – turned her back and immediately took a ticket at the NSW Registry for Births, Deaths and Marriages to change the Youngun's name. Yocke is no longer worthy.

Moments later, and with an opportunity to equalise the game, the Woy's shooter, stutters, stops, goes and stutters again, moves back to his spot, starts, stutters again, steps in, takes the shot, Bobby reads the play, getting a hand to the ball to deflect it. Doyleie, the only bloke not dumbstruck has the resolve to run in and boot the ball to kingdom come. Access Denied.

Win.

Meanwhile, Team Player of the Universe, Magic Mike, has been focussing on something a little more important – a personal agenda – using his second wife, Strava, he has smashed the local Lions Park bubbler to bubbler record with the aid of a tail wind along the Gosford Waterfront. Impressive sectional. Delve a little deeper and you'll find a national champion holding onto 5th spot. Suck on that! But dig even deeper and you'll find that our National champion was taking a light stroll back to the car after a gruelling half marathon. Still, suck on that!

Meanwhile, Kenno is over at Hylton Moore Numero Uno – cause these twats are a little more important than us. Why do they get the better field? If they have so much bloody skill, go make them use the divots of the goat track we played on and allow us the opportunity to at least get one clean touch on the ball.

Anyway, to highlight the fact that they are in fact a more superior race of beings, Kenno slots the match winner in the dying seconds, then proceeds to get his gear off. Tongues wagging, yellow cards flying and a bunch of Tigers supporters unsure whether getting that goal was now such a good thing. Inconsistent reports regarding the amount of chest hair – must have been the angle.

Which gets me thinking about our bunch of Easies. Which bloke is most likely to get their shirt off? The trivialities of life...well, there is nothing more important to be thinking about...is there?