

WYOMING TIGERS 35E'S

WHERE TIGERS DARE

Poor Sanga. The sod only got one hour sleep to come up with 'Plan of the 17 year old century' that basically lost us the Grand Final. In all his bloody genius-ness, somehow he moves our number one goal scorer from the number one goal scoring position. It may have confused the Woy momentarily, but it threw us off kilter, thinking we could be moved anywhere. Bloody Bobby shat his breakfast at the rate of knots with the sudden notion of being moved out into the playing field. Not the best lead in to a game. Lucky it was just another run of the mill match.

Way to go Sanga! What would have been a real hoot, would have been throwing Magic Mike into the defensive line. That would have really pissed him off. It may have made the otherwise unflappable magician a bit angry. Instead of Magic Mike, we may have had SuperFKNPissedOffMthrFKingGaolscoreingGandalfwizardMthrFKR Mike. Game. Set. Match!

But how does one dissect 100 minutes of pain. Because that's basically what it was. Enjoyable? Bloody oath, but still crippling. For those excruciatingly painful, lung busting, cramp inducing 100 minutes, all 11 tigers (true to form – not reserves) did their job...and then some. Heck, even our wobbly wounded on the sideline were doing their part – Stitty at one stage being directed back to the box by the sideline official, Sanga continually barking orders and Aids attracting security's attention for a beer snake. And the crowd! Doesn't get any better.

And we knew it was BIG from the outset when Surly, ever polite, attempted to get the attention of the ref 'Ah, ref, ah ref, over here please,' meanwhile, their striker (legend of a bloke – good tracksuit as well), was throwing haymakers at our very own quiet bloke, Bretty. Fortunately he doesn't punch like he kicks.

The Woy picked up a cheap goal early in the 2nd half when the ref pointed to the little dot. Bobby had misplaced his rabbit foot.

But never fear, Mikey was brewing something, making another of his right side incursions into enemy territory. Bretty, who moments earlier was squatting in the personal space of the aforementioned tracksuit wearing haymaker throwing striker, received instructions – telepathically mind you – from our very own Soccer Whisperer, Surly. 'Go' floated the instruction, more like a gentle breeze wrapped in cloud of blissful clairvoyance than a barking command, but you wouldn't expect anything less from Surly – and so he whence forth, that who is'th Brett, threading thoust bludging midfield, penetrating thee fortress of their Defence to send Magic's sensational cross smack bam into

the back of the net. Team, crowd, Shakespeare all lose their proverbial.

Jay was frighteningly busy all match. Ed looked threatening all game, one stride away from a genuine shot. Jez took more headers than...(refraining from the obvious here)...let's just say his noggin bloody hurt by the end of the day, despite the thousand midfield headers, an opportunity at the forest end of the game (no idea of time, because all seemed to blend into one there when life support got switched to auto pilot) missed the goals by a hand span. Bobby produced yet another miraculous save one on one against ... well, I don't have the space to go into it, but You Know Who.

That 'tackle' by the Rev on You Know Who, was utterly brilliant. 'Not on my watch.' Who doesn't have that moment on continual replay in their mind's inner memory replay system?

Dyl produced a screaming tackle late in the match, desperate to stop a dangerous counter attack, bringing down their slidey slider Dion Leon, not the other Zion.

Doylie actually made the NRL's heavy hits highlight reel when he brought down the bloke formerly known as You Know Who (who now chooses to go by the moniker, Diver, after a spectacular Olympic worthy effort to pull a free kick, without any defender actually making contact. Okay, Benny may have been nipping at his heels in the moments leading up to the dive, but really, this guy took flight all by himself. As he sheepishly walked into the box, the Tigers descended upon him, delivering a verbal barrage that the Australian slip cordon of yesteryear would have been proud. But you know what they say, 'Sticks 'n Stones blah blah blah...' and the bugger, err, Diver, just couldn't resist and had to bite back. Again, fortunately his chat isn't as good as his kicking.

The drive home allowed an opportunity to reflect...

Anyway, turning up to Sanga's house was like moving this years drinks from Scruffy Murphy's to the Ivy Lounge. Walking into the house, you'd swear you entered the Room Reveal episode for the Block – household museum edition. The place was immaculate. Secretly, I think they may have just rented the joint out. No bloody mechanic could possibly live in this sanitised, classy establishment. I didn't even have the guts to put my drink down anywhere – probably because Doylie was lurking.

One bloke who did have guts was Johnny Eden, high jacking the entertainment system with his mobile, he subjected our little kiddies to some ultra-violence Robocop style just before Nightmare time. Quality. Jay was impressed.

Unabashed love for you all. Back for some 2018 edition arse pats.

Signing out. It's been your pleasure.