

# WYOMING TIGERS 35E'S

## Trialling Old Bodies

The intrigue born from Sporthard, this little app/website whatever the hell it is but doesn't work properly or look the same in two different places (like an anti-doppelganger really) is beginning to dominate the lives of our little team. The App is like a private facebook for 17 losers (I think that's how many friends I have – although on this app we call them players). SportsGreasy or whatever the hell it is, is a pretty basic set up. Limited screens, limited information, sometimes confusing and at times simple as Simon. Yet you need to access the website as well, which is totally different to the App on the phone. And in that lies its beauty. Sort of a Jekyll and Hyde, but you never really know who you want to party with. Now it's providing a dose of intrigue to the otherwise mundane existence of ours. This was evident in the lead up to the trial against the fellow feline brethren of the D's variety, with more plot twists than an episode of Game of Thrones.

Firstly, Magic Mike opts out of the game – no detail – but basically his profile picture says 'get bollocksted (cause that's what Liverpoolian's say) if I am going to go rummaging around for my passport to get up to Hamlyn Terrace on a Sunday morning.' But alas, the location is switched to what is arguably the best pitch on the coast in that of Plum (PLOO-im) – Koori for 'fair bounce'. Low and behold, our man, Magic is suddenly available to play. Like I said, *Intriguing*.

But it didn't end there. Walshy, the man whose yardage is the accumulative total of all his teammates, makes himself available amid summer long speculation that retirement was imminent due to chronic back pain. Twitterssphererverse goes absolutely berserk. Like, totally raging with hits and tweets and comments and whatever other shit happens in that part of the totally-not-real-but-you-swear-it-could-be universe. A simple text to ascertain the validity of his availability is responded to with 'sorry, I hit the wrong button'. Luckily this dude isn't the Imperial Gunner for the Death Star, cause hitting wrong buttons can get real nasty.

Which leads to Matty Doyle. 'In like Flynn' during the week and a bit chatty on EstyPestySports or whatever the hell it is, in the lead up to the game. But on

Sunday, and with the team desperate for someone to sub with, the fellow with THE throw-in is a no show. Total let down! And let's hope this moment doesn't tarnish his otherwise impeccable reputation (golf swing notwithstanding) cause some of the accusations for his failure to attend were hard to believe.

1. He got pissed
2. He had too much to drink
3. He is lying in a drunken coma
4. He hit the wrong button!
5. Washing his hair

RIP Adam Walsh. Okay, so a little premature. He's got a crook back, he's been doped up on opiates for most of the summer – some of these are for said 'crook back', he's been checked into a Thailand rehabilitation centre and promises to play again when he's clean. So what do we miss? And who is likely to fill the void?

**Arsey:** Walshy has an uncanny knack to get the ball past the defender, and then another defender and you guessed it, he'd beat another bloody one, kick it into the shins of the next defender, somehow trap the unlikely deflection and continue his run. He did this consistently. New Arse Master: Ed looks likely, maybe Aids, and Sanga can pull a rabbit

**Pedometer Burner:** Could run for yards and yards and yards all game. Always there in D and two seconds later lurking inside the opposition box for another goal. New Running Man: Hendo and Little Jay better start stretching up

**Slap happy:** Physical abuse of his own team mates. Walshy gave our beloved Johnny 'Rev' Eden a big shove last year when the Rev thought he could bludge for a second by leaning on the goal post. Happy Slapper: Never discount Mashman

**Clutch Play:** With five minutes to go in last years preliminary final and down by one, this bloke stood up and said 'not today', slotting two goals to send his team mates into raptures. The goals weren't pretty, but oh my, they were beautiful to watch. Who is our new JT: Cometh the hour, cometh the man...or something like that. Lets face it, it ain't gonna be me and it aint gonna be you. Some other bastard is going to make that clutch play, get all the glory and we'll love him forever for doing it.