

WYOMING TIGERS 35E'S

Wyong vs Wee Waa

Some mornings you just don't get your shit together, which is why Doyle was late (Yes that's right Doyle! But more of that ragamuffin later). Or sometimes you get there and have to go back (Surly knows all about this having turned up without his shin pads once – costly error at Kangaroo court) or your manager, the dedicated Matty 'Sanga' Sainsbury, has a kid newly signed up to play soccer, totally messing with his Saturday morning mojo, which was why he was on the phone to previous managers begging for them to sign on (err...iPad up). One of those blokes was said to have swiped right as the call came thru.

You may have been running kids around, sipping a latte on some boardwalk, trying to appease the missus, or getting that care-factor-zero vote in. Either way, Saturday morning can be busy, and maybe our preparation needs a bit of fine tuning.

So in my frantic rush to get to the ground before kick off, everything that can go wrong does, but I do get an opportunity to relax, burst a blood vessel in my impatient forehead as I wait for a 179 year old woman to traverse the crossing in downtown Wagga, inch by antagonising inch, and reflect on just how bloody old the congregated population just happen to be. And I'm not talking senior citizens, they've created an upper echelon of the age bracket, like ammortals. And the only thing that can kill them is a pissed of Tiger running them over whilst trying to get to his game of soccer.

How is it possible that they've managed to keep the population alive? Of course, we'll tell you.

They've gone and trapped the legendary Moon Rabbit, incarcerated him (or her) under Blackwall mountain, forcing him (or her) to concoct the Elixir of Life (cause, without going into specifics, is the only bastard (or bitch) that can make the good juice – f***er won't share his (or her) bloody recipe!) and steadily pump it into the local water supply. They've done absolutely nothing for skin care as the old duck that's dawdling over the bitumen with leathery folds of skin that don't fall to the ground like a discarded bathroom towel because of her bones propping up her hide.

Even pulling up in the car park players were confronted with scenes of moral conflict. Situated on the wrong side of the fence, sitting on milk crates, watching some women's rugby league, drinking God's Amber from brown paper bags, communicating through a series of grunts and gestures, some blokes were sucking the marrow out of life.

What's a man to do? Get dressed in bright yellow or join the bunch of atypical bogans absolutely boganing it up in the car park and sink some piss. Surely Stitty, Bobby Hay, Jez, Bretty, and Rev were all internally conflicted as whether to join them or not. Not so Doyle – we've got good money that that's why he was late – joining the boys for a quick one.

So where did things go wrong? Up by 2 at oranges only to watch 3 get past our last line of defence in the second half. What was doing?

Well it wasn't Doyle's fault. Ok, so he may not turn up to trial games and he might be a tad late, but jeez he was like an uncaged caged tiger, sliding, passing, sliding again, directing play, going in for another rare slide. One bloke on the sideline said 'He hasn't had an off season!' That's how hot he was.

And it wasn't the newbies fault. We won't start blaming them...yet. Ed threatened all game and may turn out to be the only other bloke in the team to score a goal apart from Magic Mike.

Some say it was to do with 'structure'. The skeleton went wrong. Like the pelvis got all confused, a few pieces of the spine were misplaced, found running around the jaw and inside the left foot – imagine that and that's pretty much what our team looked like. A f***ed up human being.

So what's in stall this week? If the trial against Gosford is anything to go by, last season's semi-finalists have added some starch to their line-up, with a block of granite at the back with 'Magic' and 'Mike' tattooed on each of his shoulders.

And structure! What about it? The old woman crossing the road had more structure than us despite the condition of her skin. Whatever the answer is, do something about it, or we might end up sipping bottles hidden in brown paper bags with those blokes on a semi-detached peninsula.

Rabbit hunting anyone?