

# WYOMING TIGERS 35E'S

## Special Investigation: BREXIT

The poor old Gosford boys, limping, cramping and fair to say, shouldering their way to the 80<sup>th</sup> minute, were put to the sword by Matty Doyle's 1<sup>st</sup> ever goal as a tiger late in the second half after a spirited Red Men comeback when returning from oranges. Hard to believe it was Doyle's first ever, considering his ultra-consistent performances and the fact that he hasn't actually scored off one of his throw in's!

Alas, being a pommy boy, born with a ball at his feet, and a morning ritual of citing the rules of *football*, he'd know FIFA's *Law 15 procedures – infringements* and that that sort of shit can't happen. The rest of us don't bother with that rule, regularly challenged to simply follow correct technique protocols also found under the aforementioned law, that doesn't provoke opposition players using their best hooligan voice (like a baritone fog horn) booming 'foul' every time you toss one back into the field of play. Its bloody nerve wracking stuff!

What made the goal more spectacular was that it was from a Mike Donafee pass. Yes, Magic Mike purposely passed him the ball, right in front of the goal. All Doyle basically had to do was tap it in. Which was a far cry from Doyle's seven thousand other attempts which were usually cannon fired shots of luck from 30 yards away over the heads of human traffic, goal posts and whatever other shit happens to be over the road adjacent to the ground we're playing on.

But like a good thriller (or a poor one, depending on which author's book has been adapted to the big screen) it's the preceding nuances of the day that led to this, which now has turned, what seemed an innocent little goal, into a contrived, purely British and now international investigation.

Doyle's job has always been on the dodgy side. Human Resources, which is a blasé term for 'Personality Opinion Maker' has him in the same club as accountants and taxi drivers. But recently, reports coming from within the team, suggest Mike has been up to some dodgy stuff as well. 'At work' now includes trips to the gym, buying fruit at the local grocer and sipping latte's whilst window shopping.

It was observed before the game – even before Walshy (lurking on the scene, [and credited with

Sanga's arsey goal, a well struck ball that never really looked in until the laws of attraction started bending it Walshy's way and into the goal via the inside curve of the goal post. All this after Sanga said 'I am channelling Walshy!' the night before the game] adding innuendo to his possible return to the yellow and black) noted the thick smell of dencorub that hung like a miasma over the team baggage area. One bloke suggested it was all on Magic's groin, to which he offered Walshy a closer look, touch and feel. Walshy declined - both Doyle and Mike were trading immigration papers, signing questionable forms, talking in their thick little accents, with hushed tones behind their white skinned palms. (Big interloping sentence, oops. May require a re-read. I had to...several times.)

We smell a pork pie! Or whatever it is that's rotting.

The government's very recent termination of the 457 visa has these two in a state of flux, and inside word is they've seen the new citizenship application and questions 188a and 224c have got them shitting their proverbials, thus forcing immediate changes to the way they approach, not just life, but soccer.

*Question 188a: If a team mate is open in the box and screaming his lungs out for you to pass him the ball do you pass it?*

Normally, Mike would piss himself laughing at this question, before circling 'F\*\*\* no, I have a go myself'.

*Whilst question 224c: Are you a team player, such as turning up to trial matches, not getting sloshed and consequently turning up hungover for matches, and lying to your team mates about never getting a yellow card in your life?* literally had Doyle passing fetid molten lava at his office desk. Meanwhile, Mike's said to be displaying bi-polar characteristics as his schisming personality is being conflicted with natural born instincts vs sharing the glory.

Structure, structure, structure! It's the bloody buzz word at the moment and seems to find its way into every conversation. Were structure related issues rectified on the weekend? Pfff, who knows.

Jez is a big structure. Ed moves faster than he looks structure. Dylan's a structure that screams 'square' at you all bloody Saturday afternoon. EF Structure!

One thing is for sure – that there is absolutely nothing wrong with the structure of Doyle's cranium!

Boom! Moment of the match.