



WYOMING 35ES

CHRONICLES

25th – 28th October 2013

by Andrew Kennedy-Schultz

THE END OF SEASON TRIP AWAY



(THE STEVIE G EDITION)

PRE-TRIP DRINKS

Friday morning. Alan Davidson Oval. Cars began to pull up in front of the fenced-off clubhouse that was waiting out its fate with the predatory bulldozer circling nearby. The champion side, the Wyoming 35ES's, began to assemble ...



The essentials were packed: Beer; 16 pairs of elvis sunglasses; beer; Nate's assortment of amazon women clad t-shirts; beer; the premiers trophy; Chris's pointy dress shoes; beer; matching tiger boxer shorts for the boys in cabin #1; beer; wigs; ciggies for the chain smokers; bourbon for the bogans; a massive speaker that would blast out plenty of 80s shockers; the form guide ... and, did I mention, beer? Half a carton of the latter had been drunk by the time Meady - the team's manager, weekend planner, and serial offender of tardiness - finally turned up. Chris though was thankful at this as it allowed him time to call home and have wife Yvonne return with the team jersey he'd forgotten to pack.

The starting 11 would consist of Flanno, Meady, Gregg, Elton, Chris, Andy, Nate, Tony, Mark, Dave, and ... Stevie G (or rather in his absence, his namesake in the form of a plush Tiger) ...



They boarded an entourage of four cars and made their way up the F3 - no wait, the M1 - bound for the preferred holiday hotspot for over 35s players and senior citizens -- Nelson's Bay. Stevie G led the way ...



Dean was the first off the bench, meeting us on the way, the back of his ute filled with quality wholesale meats from Singos !! (what a plug!!!). Geoff, Paul, Aaron, Framey and presidento Kev Lee would pull on the boots further into the proceedings that afternoon / early evening.

THE OPPOSITION

For the residents of the Halifax Caravan Park in Nelson's Bay, their harmonious tranquil little world, their serenity, would all come to a bitter end around noon that Friday when five cars assembled outside the main office. Nearly a dozen men and one stuffed toy disembarked, beers in hand. What new evil was this? This Wyoming team of champions may have ruled supreme in the southern end of the Central Coast but were they out of their depth here? Here, they were the away team. Their opposition weren't going to take this lying down and so they gathered in their caravans, cracked their knuckles readying themselves for much finger pointing; cleared their throats to shout voices of dissent; and practised in the mirrors their hard, cold death stares. The battle had begun. The team would receive five complaints early that first evening. Some attempts were made to settle this animosity. There were alleged bribery attempts from Dave - who had an abundance of \$100 notes; Chris tried to woo them by singing some tunes; Flanno suggested entertaining them in the form of a puppet show called 'The Adventures of Brainiac'; Kev Lee offered his services of mc'ing any upcoming events they might have; and Framey offered to calm their nerves with the peace pipe. Sadly, none of these attempts succeeded so it was onto Plan B - gag Chris and be on their best behaviour for the remaining two nights ... No one however had prepared for the earth rumbling snoring of the likes of Meady and Framey !! We were doomed !!



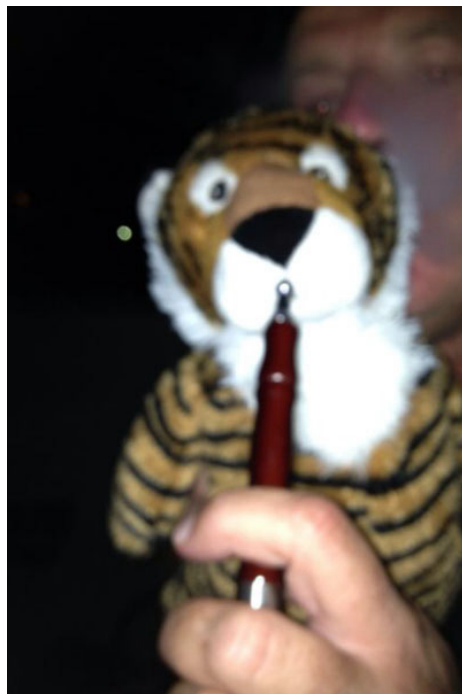
STEVIE G'S DOWNWARD SPIRAL

The team would take up five cabins but the central hub for our heroes to assemble would be the cabin strategically located the furthest distance from reception. Dean, Tony, Flanno and Nate would play hosts here for the next three nights. Stevie G was initially deemed as the most responsible of the group and took to supervisor duties such as guarding; the premier's trophy; condiments; and alcohol supplies. He also was a great help at the bbq.



Things however would eventually veer out of control for the furry critter resulting in him being allocated a carer on a rotation basis of hour-long stints. Occasionally he would get the better of some carers by not only breaking free from their grasp but also stealing from them. Flanno, Aaron and Elton were three of his victims losing hard earned cash and inadvertently funding Stevie G's alcohol and substance addiction. It seemed harmless at first but it soon became apparent that beer and smoking were gateway drugs for poor Stevie G !!





THE NEW TEAM UNIFORM

With the mysterious theft and subsequent graffiti of the champion team's jerseys, the team has been forced to find a replacement for next season. Flanno and Chris banded together recently and came up with an potentially new playing strip for 2014. A few of the boys took it in turns testing out this new uniform. Dave studied its stretching durability by practising Karate Kid crane kicks at the end of the wharf; Geoff, fearful it may cause chafing, tested it out by riding around the beach on his bike; and Meady begged the question of its water resistance by diving into the bay. No one was particularly keen to wear it after Meady's antics though.





MORE GRAFFITI

The winning jerseys were desecrated with graffiti early Saturday morning. How this happened remains a mystery but the perpetrators were clearly a well-organized outfit. Upon closer inspection, the team's memoirs - the award-winning 'Wyoming 35ES Chronicles' - were also sullied. Detectives are currently seeking any information on an 'M. Wallace' whose tag name was scribbled all through these books. No pattern was established however as these markings appeared in different places for each book. Several witnesses did see a five-foot tall man loitering around the caravan park with a can of bourbon in one hand and making gang sign hand gestures with the other in the shape of an M quickly followed by a W. One of the guys in the team did attempt to take a photo on Meady's camera whilst this suspect passed their cabin but unfortunately the memory card was full due to a few team mates taking selfies the night before.



Detectives inspect the graffitied shirts and take samples.

STEVIE G'S GAMBLING PROBLEM

Despite Stevie G recovering from a big night with the help of a ventilator and making an oath to stop his thieving ways, I personally do not think bringing him to the RSL the next day for a day of drinking and gambling was a wise choice.

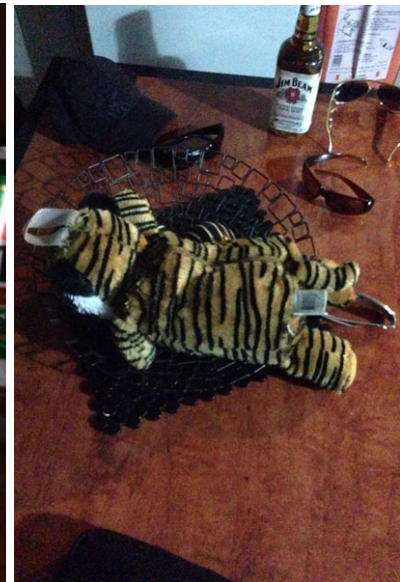


It was a particular concern that he initially sat with the high rollers of the team - Tony, Framey, Nate, Dean and "Hundred Dollar" Dave - who were perched on their elevated stools overlooking the commoners - and other team mates - in the economy section of the betting area. However, their betting efforts this day were ... well let's just say, there was no chance of a helicopter flight to the Gold Coast that evening. The group consisting of Chris, Elton, Mark, Paul and Geoff fared even worse and shut up shop early. Elton won on a private bet but utilised his white ninja skills to evade Stevie G getting any more of his money. Stevie G only had one choice left: the group of Meady, Gregg, Kev Lee, Andy and Aaron. Meady and Gregg put early bets on but soon became bored of the proceedings and wandered about. Andy who had initially been placed on high alert for potential gambling problems after last year's effort found himself out of the watchful eye and free to roam. Thankfully he had enough wins to get away with it. Kev Lee also kept the money glass recharged with some nice payouts and Aaron Quillella found himself deft at picking combination winners but not so much at working out the paying amount. Stevie G had tried to jump ship to their table early when Aaron declared the payout would be \$160 but remained when Framey did the math and brought Aaron back down to earth. Nevertheless, \$4.25 was a good win. Stevie G continued to observe this team of intuitive betters. Sure, tipping 'Sir Singo' (a winner), 'Hurricane Andy' (2nd place) and 'Mrs Wallace' (dead last) were no-brainers but this group had something the others didn't, pizzazz !! So, when Meady distracted everyone right in the middle of the Cox Plate race that he'd just received a phone call from the caravan park manager and we were all one complaint away from being kicked out, Stevie G unzipped his back pouch and embezzled the group's winnings.



What he spent it on became quite clear as the night progressed ...





THE WITCHING HOUR

With Stevie G on his bender and nowhere in sight, a few of the boys returned to the RSL that same evening in the hopes of rescuing him. Chris questioned many of the patrons but to no avail. He thought he may be onto something though when one particular woman he spoke to was non responsive. Was she concealing the truth about SG's whereabouts ?? ... No, his team mates had to inform him that this woman was merely an image on Nate's t-shirt and not real. Chris would continue his search though, even climbing up on stage of the band playing to get a more elevated view of the dance floor and beyond; Meady - when not rescuing baby owls in the nearby streets - was on the case as well and interrogated some of the boys from the Woy Woy 35ES he suspected were up to no good. Were they coincidentally on their end of season trip too or was this all a ploy to steal our mascot?; Mark was sadly useless. Apparently running into an old friend who he hadn't seen in 8 years was more important than finding SG but to be fair he did seem to be on the case about the graffiti matter asking if anyone had seen a man of his height and build walking around making MW gang signs with their hands; Tony and Nate were inspecting many poker machines a little too closely. Their claim - he might've fallen inside one; Andy and Kev Lee monitored the dance floor tenaciously but saw nothing of interest - well not true, but um nothing in regards to finding SG; Elton was too preoccupied about people's dress codes and tried to convince security to remove anyone with unironed shirts. He even attempted to have Geoff kicked out for wearing shorts; and Aaron, well Aaron was too focused on the more important task at hand - keeping Chris quiet when they returned to the Caravan Park ... Eventually, despite their best efforts, the boys decided to leave. When the Goths and Witches arrive, it's always a wise choice to get the hell out. Tenacious Chris did however continue to speak - or rather sing at this point - to the locals as they headed to the exit but the mystery of SG's whereabouts was never revealed. Then as the boys were headed home a car appeared with a dodgy looking man at the driver's seat. Was this SG's abductor ?? No, turns out it was Wyoming FC's coaching co-ordinator and all round good guy, Aden Omar, dropping in for a visit.



The Stevie G search party



Chris finds a more elevated position to search for SG.

BOWLED OVER

Late Sunday morning was when Andy had the bright idea of calling up additional drinking establishments to ask if they'd seen SG. As it turned out, the manager of a local lawn bowling club had sighted him so off went the Wyoming 35ES ** to rescue the furry critter.

** With the exception of Paul who was off on a photo shoot. He claimed it was family related but suspicions are he's trying to get into another team for the off-season.



The boys ascend the hills of Nelson's Bay to rescue their fallen comrade ...



... Stevie G is found, barely conscious on the greens !!!



The boys opt to play a few games having travelled all this way.



Stevie G however is left to contemplate his actions at the non-beer end of the greens ... A further punishment, having been kicked up the backside by Nate earlier.



OTHER HIGHLIGHTS

- Formula One Night. Meady abused and kicked out of lounge room for asking stupid questions about race cars.
- Chris "I'm the Boss" O'Connor befriends some Mexican campers.
- Camp fires, beach cricket and harmony singing to Otis Redding's "Sittin' On the Dock of (Nelson's) Bay" with the last survivors on Sunday evening.
- Mark being awarded the 'MVP' (Most Valued Player) and given custody of Stevie G.



QUOTE OF THE WEEKEND

- Nate: (whilst Mark and Paul are signing) Mark, you have the voice of a greyhound being raped.

SPECIAL THANKS

- Meady for organising the event and taking one for the team when abused by the manager on Monday morning.
- All the boys who cooked the delicious bbq's and breakfasts.
- Singo for providing all the meat.
- Those who did the road trip to KFC to feed all of us on Sunday night.
- All those who drove; shouted drinks; bought food; supplies, etc.
- Everything else I've forgotten to mention that should be listed here.

CONDOLENCES TO FLANNO

Finally, I wish to pass on our sincere condolences to Flanno whose mother passed away on Saturday. Tony and Nate drove him back down the coast on Saturday morning so he could be there for her final hours. On behalf of the team, our deepest sympathies to you and your family. We're all here for you with whatever you need. Brothers for life.



YELLOW CARDS

TONY

(Outrageous displays of boredom at Lawn Bowls).

FRAMEY

(Switching teams at Lawn Bowls and for ridiculing other teams for carrying their racks from end to end / Loud Snoring).

MEADY

(For remaining in the manager's office to be abused rather than leave as soon as he was told we wouldn't be getting back the bond /
Also for excessive sleep ins)

ANDY

(For posting up scandalous photos of Stevie G on facebook)

GEOFF

(Poor RSL dress code - according to Chris & Elton)

FLANNO

(Brainiac)

NATE

(Window Smudging)

MARK

(Not knowing where to sign his name in the 'Chronicles' book)

KEV LEE

(Not using the word 'epitomise' in any of your speeches this weekend)

ELTON

(Repeated 'white ninja' offences)

PAUL

(For being too nerdy with Formula One facts /
Too many Cold Chisel songs on his iPad)

AARON

(Poor math at the betting room that led to getting everyone's
hopes up that we'd be millionaires)

CHRIS

(Trying to burn down the Nelson's Bay wharf)

DAVE

(Having \$100 notes in his possession)

GREGG

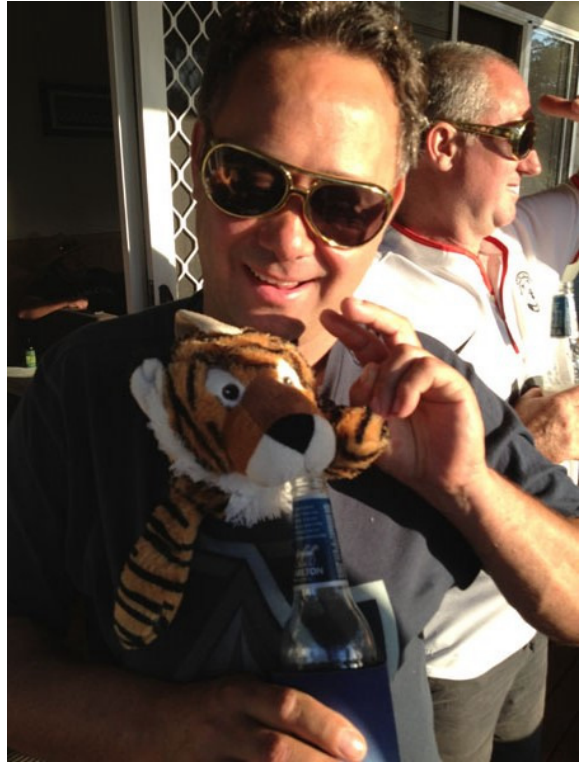
(For looking too cool for school)

DEAN

(For being too awesome !!)

















CYA IN 2014 !!