

Breeding Purple

Contributed by Picko99

Those of you with penchant for all things bloggy on this site may recall my first attempt at online thought-plonking LINK. It involved the addition to my family of a little white dog that someone had delightfully named, "Docker". I had returned from a work trip to discover piles of excrement and puddles of urine throughout my house. After initially accusing my wife of having an affair with Brendan Fevola in my absence, I realised she had actually gone and brought a puppy home.

Now having a dog named Docker come into the lives of my family just before the start of the football season and seeing the kids instantly fall in love with him, I naturally assumed that this had to be an omen of good things to come for the Fremantle Football Club. Something like this, bringing so much joy to my Freo loving family, it had to be a sign from above. I even proclaimed that this event meant this was going to be the year of the Dockers.

Then we lost to Richmond to go 1 from 4, so I threw the jinxy mutt off a bridge. Next good luck charm please.

Yes, the season has been a little disappointing so far, but there have been a few bright spots. Palmer and Mayne have looked the goods, Des has looked sharp when not injured and of course the Eagles are sucking more than we are. But I can understand why some fans have become a little disillusioned.

Well never fear readers. There's been another event in my life that has caused me to suddenly become full of unbridled (if not baseless) enthusiasm for the rest of the season. You see, half way through the 2006 season, most of you will remember that the Dockers were in a bit of trouble. For the benefit of those who don't know me, at that same point in time, my son was brought into the world and as luck would have it, it took until the finals that year for my son to witness a Dockers' defeat. I thought I was on to something here.

Fast forward to present day. Big problems need big solutions. The magic dog trick wasn't cutting the mustard so it was time to bring out the big guns once again. This afternoon at 2:24pm, my daughter was born. She wasn't due to be born until early May, but with the team in trouble, I did what anyone in my position and in need of a change of luck would do and convinced the doctors to induce the wife in time to get the season back on track. Sure, the wife will tell you that she was induced for her benefit as her body was struggling to cope...but what would she know about these things?

So there you have it, you can all thank me later. Based on precedent, a bare minimum of a nine game winning streak should now begin this weekend in Adelaide, leaving us in good stead for another finals assault.

For the doubters out there, this will work...it has to.

Because if I have to throw a baby off a bridge, well that's going to take a whole other level of planning.