

# You just like me 'cos I'm good in bed

Contributed by guy smiley

The 70s... didn't they produce some truly block rockin beats?

Footy, eh? You just never know quite what's going to happen. Well, apart from getting the old good in bed from the AwFL on a regular basis, that is.

It seems like just a few hours ago that I was sitting in the sunshine at the Derby with a good mate who we should call The Messenger to protect the names of the innocent, relaxing on the slats with no-one either side of us, no-one at all in the row behind us and an entertaining bit of rogering going on over the fence. I came away from that game feeling calm and expectant, we were looking dodgy, but improving.

Next week found me back at work and faced with the regular dilemma, for me, of how to see the game when it was on during my shift. Naturally, I employed all the skills I have at my disposal and avoided work, sneaking home early to watch most of the drama unfold. Clearly, half the team had the same plan. What do you say about a game like that? Well, I know what you say, actually, because I've heard plenty of people saying it. Let's just let it go, shall we... along with hipster brown flared cords and panel vans. Learn, and move on, I reckon.

So it was, then, that we moved onto the the Adelaide game and the first installment of a two part play that would, for me, define the season. Before we capitulated to Richmond, I was hoping for 2 wins out of our 3 games until now... after it, I was hoping to see improvements in commitment, teamwork and ball handling. These are euphemisms, terms I fall back on when it's gone pearshaped or worse. I was home to watch this one and actually sat in the armchair with a notebook, something I've never done, to try and record some impressions and events. I gave it up after 3 pages of rant about the commentators. I'll be honest, with you, I'd love a gig as a commentator but it'd be scary... I'd take a boombox in and play some toons every now and then during the game to chill everyone out and get a groove going. You know, like every time Slappo or Tony Shaw opened their mouths, for instance.

Anyway, after that game, I dropped in on a lady friend and got talked into playing 5 hours straight of Monopoly. I got talked into drinking Baileys, too... not something I usually do, let alone admit to, but it led to a mind numbing flash of inspiration or two. Has anyone else considered playing Strip Monopoly at all? How about combining that with Twister? Forgotten about the Adelaide game yet? Worked for me, too.

So, after all that sweat and exertion, Anzac Day rolls around and we're playing at home, against the premiers and form team, on a Friday Night Big Game with Bruuuuuce and a true relic of the 70s manning the mic. Recipe for disaster, usually with us, eh? Well, how good was it? I was back at work by now and watching alone again, in my room. Now, for those of you unfamiliar with a minesite or remote accomodation in general, most rooms are smallish, with a bare minmum of furniture and often, as in my case, with an ensuite bathroom / toilet. The walls are pretty thin so noise transmits between rooms easily and, with people getting up early, noise is unwelcome and unfair... so, I'm going the silent scream and fist pump for a few hours in there until the final siren and then, late at night with no-one around, I'm pumped right up and not even thinking about sleep. I ended up walking around the carpark thinking about posts, points, whistles, clocks and nude Monopoly while I just try to make sense of it all. In fact, I'm still out there in the carpark trying to make sense of it all, yabbering and drooling away but that could be the Baileys. Hey, once you start a habit, eh?

Since the siren went with 9 of our seconds tucked in it's pocket, Sydney have managed to scratch out a draw with an extra man on the park, Daniel Kerr has backed up everything we've ever said about him and Gary Ablett has pirouetted a point shoe into Josh Carr's season with all the delicacy and determination of a Margot Fonteyn leap into Rudolh Nureyev's arms. In fact, rumour has it that Gary has been taking more than a few pointers from Rudolph himself and I think we can all see the benefits he's receiving as a result. I dunno if it's true he's considering changing his name to Margot, though. Best keep that one under wraps for a week or two, until we're sure.

The AwFL came out and said they weren't worried about the missing 9 seconds because it wouldn'y have affected the result. I figure theycame to that conculsion because a Cats' player had the mark... conveniently ignoring the simple principle of 'if the time had been put back on and play restarted, he might not have taken the mark you idiots' but there you go. They've also said the same thing to the Roos... while slipping into Sydney for 25 large, 25 suspended. That's disgraceful, the Roos, for mine, should have got the points....and Sydney should have come out of the round with no score. Think percentage, think close season, think about you I'm thinking about me... la da de da la da de daaa

but nah, the AwFL have made another of their decisions on a weekend where strange decisions were the order of the day. I haven't mentioned the throwing, holding, deliberate OOBs and tripping going on because it's the AwFL and we just like 'em because they're good in bed, right?