

**ROYALS 2017**



**NEWSLETTER #16**

## **And the caravan rolls on.....**

**In other words – we went we played, we had results!**

From the top Maestro.....F2

*We played Schofields*

*We won*

*Good job boys.....*

*Thanks to the scorer and umpire.*

\*

(Hmmm -man of few words, taking the proverbial or reusing my joke from last week??? – you be the judge) – Editor

\*

Meanwhile in a more concerted effort Mr/ Ookie writes.....

The mid-week talk was there of which McKillop team we would be playing. The one we previously marginally lost to, or the one we beat with 8 players 23-3. It was decided by our man from above, El Capitan, that it was the latter and it would be a game to put another notch in the belt with. We started strong with a three base hit from Big Ezi straight out of the blocks. Then The Beard was up, G Murph and the Man Ginge all starting strong. A few got home. The McKillop pitcher was slow but there was a bit of movement. He was no match for our

colour coded mound dweller who had brought his special "Ginger Power" under shirt for the occasion. They came up for their turn and although there was a couple of hits it was somewhat uneventful. As the innings changed and the G3 boys made it to the batter's box Rhino, Bistro, Capa, Bongo, the pitchers floated in but the runs did not. It was like he was dangling the home run carrot in front of us and we were all taking the testosterone filled bait. A few sporadic hits here and there and some good moments on the field, but the moments of disappointment overrun my memory of all that was good. Trying to remember back is like I have been in a coma. I remember B Murph turned up to fill the diamond and Capa pulled his groin in a burst to first in the second, but apart from that my mind is trying to protect me from all that is bad. I remember the time and game call. From 23-3 win to a 10-7 loss. This time they had 8 players. I felt sick, disgusted, dirty, unwell. Didn't feel like an amber ale or a hot dog. I sat in the car for fifteen minutes in shock. Is that our season over?

After some tedious ladder studying and point counting a glimmer of hope emerged. We MUST win this week against the Penrith Pumas to keep the campaign alive. We can do it but it will take a Giant G3 team effort. We need to remember that sick feeling and rise up against it. This is it. We need to storm the trenchers! Poke that bear! Bring the eye of the tiger! Get to the Chopper! Fight back you bums fight back! As Rocky would say ADRIANNNNNN! Get whatever movie cliché' you need to get you motivated and bring it! ITS GAME ON MOLES and nobody remembers second place. Let's climb on that donkey and ride it like only the best monkey would. WHO IS WITH ME?

- Stirring indeed Ookie – stirring.

\*

### **After a no show last week and embarrassed by it the MOTBH is back!**

Ahh Chapman Gardens 2, what a place for Baseball. The grass is green, the sky is blue the dog crap is only a few inches thick and we can see Lomatia in the Blue tinged horizons. Yes, Sports Fans, The Blue Mountains Royals H grade once again return to the low lands to take on our arch-foes, Mackliilopp! Or is it Mackillopp , hey I'm trying ?! After last week's win at

the grim sour, and sad swamp lands of Montraville we were glad to be back in the green glades of Kingswood. We arrive to breath in the thick lowland air; to hark for the sweet sounds of bogans doing burnouts and smile as we watch the passing police chases.

Then, we are in the dugout ready, rocking and oiled and leathered up (editor: speak for yourself weirdo... ). As the Ladies lounge insert straws into their Gin and Tonics we look about and realised that there is something that 'ain't right. Old Timer's squint into the sunlight and spit while the weak minded bite their fingers and call for mummy ... where is The Eye of Sauron? Where is Batman/Gandalf?!? While the teenagers wake from a stupor and before pandemonium breaks out, Stevie H, The Base Stealer, plants his mighty thighs akimbo and bellows "Get Thee in thine britches!! form ye hard and hold the line, or I will have ye guts for garters! Ooh aye I wull ! " . Yes folks, Stevie H is our munificent leader and so we charge the field! .. until we realise we are batting and charge back into the dug-out.

Besides missing our Elder's of Wisdom, we once more notice the absence of the Red Helmet of Victory as Joel is once again hard at the Treadmill of life.

Batting, that is what we about today and bat we did! First innings we butter up Montravale like a spare crumpet in a New England Basketball game (editor: that, really, makes no sense whatso-ever! ... stop it!) . Steve H leads from the front to be swiftly followed around the bases by the Moonboot and Big Jimmy C, all of who make some top hits. The Dude is karmic in his modalities of reason and (Editor; Oi! I said stop it!) gets on base with a nice little in-field grounder but is unlucky in his second dig after hitting an absolute screamer to .. short-stop to also get She Who knows no fear in a double play.

Moonboot takes the mound and after getting bored with striking out the first two batters allows a couple of runs in before taking the game in hand and getting the out at first – side away! After using so much mojo in the first innings, we are returned to the field for nowt or nada or nuffin' for the second and the game settles into a good solid stoush between two of the heavy weights of H Grade West. The Master of the Blue Horizons is like a beautiful but somewhat cross-eyed Gazelle in left while Big Jimmy C is cranking his Facebook likes from centre. She Who Knows no Fear is out in right this game as he Base Stealer, Stevie H, rubs armpits with the in-field gang. The Dude barely has time to re-fill his white Russian while on first as he is in all the plays this game and takes also takes tasty in-field pop up with-out spilling a drop.

The Lochness Monster is too intimidating for the Matraville (Editor: .. you really are a dumb-ass aren't you.. MacKillop!) and gets walked twice while the Master OTBH hits a

couple of tasty little base-hits. RBI Lozza is unlucky in not getting away with her patented screamer down the first base line for once this season.

But the mood was up! And the runs kept piling in. The Moonboot is keeping them honest from the mound and Clarkey is on fire behind the plate. It appears his 'no haircuts, no beard trims until the Grand final' plan is working as we are on winning streak and so we are all handing around the cap for the Blonde Bombshell, of the Ladies lounge, so she can afford a gun shearer at the end of the season. Big Jim C takes a neat catch at centre while the Dude rocks on baby making all the plays needed at first with the best Mcklipopoep can do is 2 runs an innings.

Next dig is up and we need to make sure we have this in the bag, but no need to worry as the opposing pitcher gets the wobbles we are all on base. But we are the Blue Mountains Royals H Grade! Getting walked is for the small calved and soft haired F Grade! Peering through his prodigious beard Clarkey is fed up with this lame-o walking nonsense and pushes aside groups of well-groomed barbers called Trent and Quentin and charges to the plate with his sticky bat of amazement. He points it to the gap between left and centre. .. and creams a screamer double 2 RBI smoker! Get that inta ya! She Who Know's no Fear is still getting it out there with her 'up your arse' base running technique and was unlucky in not getting her normal third base line ripper this game.

The Morckillop whatsits panic and start filing their whole team through the mound with excellent results for the Magnificent Royals. We lead at every innings and then Moonboot retires to shout incoherent support from left field while lanterned jawed and creamy thighed Master OTBH is behind the plate. The Lochness Monster takes the mound, while the outfield take out sun lounges and the racing pages as Lochness is firing them in hot today! Except for a small glitch of inserting a ball into one batsman's intestinal system, Lochy cleans up but he wasn't helped by The Master OTBH who, though probably distracted by the underwear thrown by ladies of a certain age, wasn't taking them clean behind the plate and we managed to let a few more runs in and the game was on the edge ..... But then.

Moonboot is up. Final dig, we need to make a statement to these Mackrillop Jerks (Editor: eerrr , they were pretty good sports you decrepit old grump) and, like the rest of us, he has had enough of the walks. Two on base, 2 out and he has a one strike, three ball count. He girds his loins, winks at the pitcher, .... and rips a line drive screamer between centre and left! Maclippop have no answer and the Moonboot is off around, first, around second and stands up at third! Big Triple with 2 RBI! The Crowd snorts awake and does his pants up to

go wild while the ladies lounge is quiet. for about 14 seconds! Mackillop (Editor: oi!!'ve had enough ! It is .... Oh, yeah, it is Mackillop) and nah, the game was never on edge we just creamed them! Big ups to Stevie H for leading us and a great game by all! Second place on the ladder (can I mention F grade Ed? Editor: No, they cry enough as it is!) and things are looking up! Go The Royals!

\*

*Well drilled and automatic nice one lads – thank you Stevie Heil!*

.....

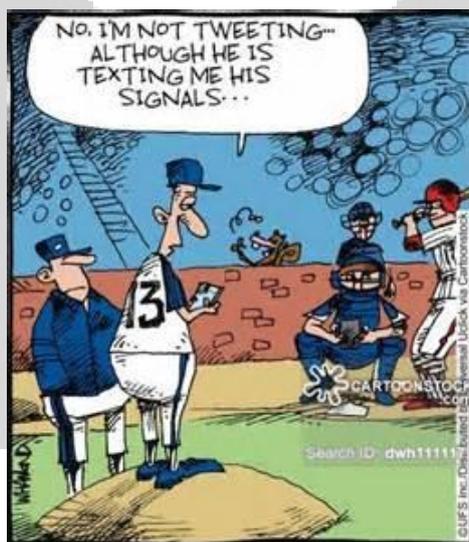
**This coming weekend sees us spread across the flatland wilderness,**

**H grade at Lomatia at 2pm – special time,**

**G3 western folk go to Penriff at 12.30,**

**And F2 are at Corbin (Quakers Hill) at 12.30 -say hello to Dash for us!**

**Fair winds and winning innings to all**



\*

**Need a beverage or hot and very tasty meal .....**

Last chance for Lismore!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!



The banner features a yellow background with abstract, swirling patterns in orange, green, and grey on the left. On the right, the text reads: "the 10th register now lismore workers masters games" in a mix of bold black and white fonts. Below this, it says "september 22 | 23 | 24" and "2017" in a smaller font. On the left side of the banner, there is a logo for "LISMORE WORKERS GROUP OF CLUBS" with a stylized 'W' and a green arrow pointing upwards.

Come on you know you want to we are nearly full – sign up !

\*

Well – it's been a quiet week – so get an early nights sleep and be at the park all bright and cheerful!

