

Footy Tragic

by Harry Dunn

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Recently, we headed south, or more precisely sou-sou-east
Just the missus, pets and me;
We weren't so very fussy as to where we might end up,
But preferably some place where you can see and hear the sea;
Anywhere but Gotham City -
That traffic-hungry beast,
Which has seen the last of me.

Our old bomb ran out of juice
At a place called Inver - loch,
So we alighted there and pitched our tent,
Looked around to get our bearings and take stock,
Our pockets, they were empty; we didn't have a cent,
When we arrived here broke but happy
In this little seaside town, sunny Inver-loch.

The place looked clean and tidy,
Apart from dog-poo on the beach,
And the natives all seemed friendly
Although a wee bit clannish,
My mail-order bride said " Viva da terra del Chong en Cheech"
Because she only speaks in Spanish;
Meself, I speak Aussie English
But I've never tried to teach.

We converse in different lingoos
The Infanta bride and me,
So no-one wins the arguments
As far as I can see,
But we *do* have common interests,
Not the least of which is footy,
We both enjoy the thrill,
And here I'm talking proper footy
Not the kind they play in Rio - that's Rio de Brazil.

Well, we found a place unoccupied,
Apart from rodents, bugs and bats,
And decided to move in,
With our ferrets, dogs and cats,
The plastic garbage bin,

Our packing cases, army blankets,
Coke boxes, stools and mats,
Then we downed a slab of Fourex, a pizza and some bikkies,
Washed down with flagon port,
And smoked a pack of ciggies.

I said, "We'll find some local footy
And my joy will be complete,"
Because I'm what they call a footy tragic;
Other games cannot compete,
I don't care about the standard,
All footy games, for me, are magic;
You won't hear me bitching and comparin'
Local footy games with showy AFL;
Just as long as there's a Sherrin,
Four posts at either end, and a centre square as well.

You'll find us out there cheering some local team along -
Me and my little Spanish-speaking wife:
She's happy just to be there, with the local footy throng,
And me - I will be having the time of me old life.
Although I sometimes get a bit embarrassed
When someone kicks a goal,
Which the missus calls go-lay,
Because she pulls her shirt up round her head
And runs 'round madly shouting,
"Ole, Ole, Olay!"

Now, as I said, we've just arrived
In this fair seaside city, and don't know the local scene,
So I'm looking hard at this here local map
Showing Lang Lang East to Walkerville
And all towns in between.
I intend to watch a footy match in ev'ry town I can,
And barrack for the home-town side,
That's my simple plan,
So I'll need to know their *nick-names*
To be treated like a proper local footy fan.

Before the game begins, we get stuck into the Fourex,
The young Infanta Ma'am and me,
Down at the village local;
It helps us get psyched up,
One-eyed, belligerent and vocal;

Our barracking gets loud and long,
There's no need to turn the sound up,
But, to help me in my quest,
I need to be informed which *names* we should be using,
To barrack for our team,
And for bucketing the rest.

So, are the Poowong boys called Wongers,
Or are they known as Pooies,
And what of Toora's team - are they known as Tooies?
And if Woolamai can field a team,
Are they known down there as Woolies?
Then Boolarra - what of them,
Are they called Boolara Boolies?

If Meeniyan plays at Bena,
Is it Meenies versus Beenies?
And the footy team from Bass
Are they known down there as Bastards, or as Bassies,
They both sound rather crass;
And the team from windy hill, Kilcunda
Are they known as Killy's Killers,
Or perhaps Kilcunda Thunder?

When Inverloch plays Loch
Are both teams known as Lochers?
And if Loch should win the game
Are they Inverlocher's Blockers?
And when Grantville meets San Remo,
Is this Grannies versus Sannies:
And how the hell would we - know?

With Creeks here in profusion
We have Archies, Fish and Stoney,
Are they all just called The Creekers?
If so, it's bound to cause confusion
In certain Spanish-speakers
Raised on garlic, maize and leeks,
And soccer-ball delusion,
Played by Euro-poofs and freaks.

Now, the team from Korumburra,
Are they Kurrants, are they Kurras,
Or are they better known as Burras

That's burras, the place where rabid rabbits run.
And if you play for Kongwak city
You'll be no stranger to hard knocks
And known as Kongers or as Wackers:
So it's just as well that you've combined with,
A team of Inverlochs.

And those Nyora players; are they known as Nyas,
Or even worse, as Noras,
And Lang Lang boys as Langers:
With a name like that, they must've dropped some clangers,
And does Dumbalk play local Dummies,
Or are they known as Balkers?
Are Walker-ville the Villens,
Or are they known as Walkers?
And would Dalyston chaps be known as Dailies,
If they hadn't joined the Killies
Or perhaps they'd be called Stonies,
But that would make them sound like phonies.

And the Wonnies from Wonthaggi,
Are they also known as Thaggies,
A word that rhymes with Daggies,
An unfortunate connection, don't you think.
And there's Gathas, Andies, Mirbies
And the team from Tarwin Lower,
So those Koonawarrans must be Koonies
And the footy team from Cowes,
Are they Off-shore Islanders, or Philip Island Cowies,
Or are they just a pack of Loonies,
Always causing rows?
There must be many others,
With names that sound as queer,
But of this you can be sure;
By the end of current football year
I'll know 'em all, and see 'em play;
Before the season's over,
Me and my mail-order bride
Will be like pigs in clover,
Down here in Footy Heaven,
And I know she'll be a hit,
When someone kicks a goal and she yells Ole, Ole Olay
Running round, with shirt pulled over- head,
The Infanta doesn't give a sh1t.