

Fluffy's Heavenly Afternoon

(we have tweets, emails, sms's and so forth, here we are being honoured with messages from doggy heaven where we last met the late Fluffy chasing the balls and snapping at delivery men...)

It was sure a Dog Day Afternoon on Saturday for Brisbane Lions at the Docklands. All heavens dogs sat up and barked in unison as the Western Bulldogs, our earthly brethren, stood up to what was expected to be a big Lion outing. No woofing way. Go those wagging tails. We pee'd on trees in excitement as those Doggies in red, white and blue stood up and chased that ball down. Those big bad Lions, all confident and NAB Cup Happy, didn't know what bit them.

Over and over Doggies tackled, crunched, sprang forward, moved in packs and showed them who was king of the animal kingdom that afternoon. We licked them good. We bit them over and over, it put my ball chasing days to shame. I used to pester my mum Yvette to keep throwing that ball until her arm hurt. Well, the Westies passed the ball, kicked the ball, got them between those big pissing posts 19 times. Did you hear that, pant, pant, 19 times between 10 players with Gia getting 3, Higgins 3, Cordy, Dalhaus, Dickson, Griffen, Murphy all getting two, grrrr, woof, and Cooney, Johannisen, Jones all getting one. We couldn't get enough of it. The supporters were going nuts in the stands. We even missed a lot, 13 times. Just shows you how much we wanted that little yellow sucker. As for those pussy cats that we chased around, their big stick thumpers came from Beams, Brown, Cornelius, Martin, Maloney, Redden and Rich. They liked the little sticks better, they got 17 of those, but we can't blame them. We were chasing the bastards so hard they couldn't stop panting. We gave them flees.

Mum went with her sister Denise, who's husband Jon is too ill to be able to go. It's been really hard and Mum wanted to be there for her sister, and she loves any footy and watching the Doggies and look what a show they put on. Howwwwwllllllll. It was a ripper. Good dog food for the soul. It was like being drowned in SMACKO's, being walked every day with all the other dogs in the off leash section. It was like having my tummy rubbed for 2 straight hours, it was THAT good. For those two hours, Denise could just be a mad Dog like all the other mad dogs, Jon could get the happies from his team where he can't get the happies from his body. He'll bite back. He's strong. He's a Doggie supporter, you have to have a good ticker and lots of strength for that. Just ask Mum, she's a Sainter. She knows that too.

At the end of the game, all the Doggies sang the song three times. THREE times, and the players licked and cuddled a lot. And we'll keep on digging big holes under all those other teams, so they fall over too. All us DOGS in heaven are watching over. There's bite back in them there Western Dogs. Go Dogs. Mum, for you, Go Saints. Tell them to bite harder next week.

Fluffy Wroby
via his Mum Yvette
31st March 2013