

More Pillaging Please (Mer plundring vänligen) - the Viking Saga Continues

Part 1.

It is 8.15a.m. in my quiet house. All are sleeping except the dogs and I, and Zamir who is up and out hunting more food for the masses of hungry Vikings. We are a happy, pre-wedding, post-football house. The women are off for a massage at 11.15, the men will relax in their own way. Tomorrow, we celebrate the marriage of two happy young people, then we recover. On Monday I go and help put the artwork up at Chapel off Chapel, and on Tuesday between 6-8pm, the Opening of the "A Passion for Paint" exhibition is upon us. (BTW, you are all invited!)

I love this time of morning when all are asleep. It's my quiet time where the world belongs to me. So here it goes:

Organising 14 people for a trip to the football was quite a feat. I bought tickets (biljetter) up on Level 3, 8 behind, 6 in front, gave my Uncle my regular two tickets next to him and one of my friends the other two, and planned out the evening. I bought lots of 2-hourly tickets for the train, bought lots of food Thursday/Friday to feed the masses and timed the meeting places. My visitors (besökare), my lovely Vikings, were well primed and ready for their first taste of our cultural madness, going to the footy, the father of the bride having also watched The Footy Show with Zamir (and watched Garry Lyons being drilled by Sam Newman) and watched the Marngrook Footy Show with me (and we both preferred the later).

We prepared a lovely big dinner, (stor middag), so that we all ate at 4.30, roast chicken (grilla kyckling), cous-cous (cous cous), and salad (sallad). We had fruit (frukt) cut up for the match, a ton of chocolate (choklad), some Noblese, Swedish and good old Cadbury Dairy Milk, and I had my small urn and cups of tea. On top of that, I got out every St.Kilda scarf (halsduk) I possessed from the last 10 years, even the platted one I found in their town last year. I got out my three flags (flagger), half-jokingly, just to show them how nuts I was (it wasn't news to them) and they took up the flags with the enthusiasm (enthusiasm) and joy (joy) that has infected them and is part of their generous (generösa) nature as well.

Thus armed, (därmed beväpnade), vi var klara (we were ready). We convoyed in three cars (bilar) to the Elsternwick Station, where we waited for Rina. We had a new mate amongst us, Robin, a beautiful, 26 year old charmer and flirt who proceeded to chat up every girl we came in contact with. And he was good (bra) at it. It was a wonder to behold (det var ett under att skåda) such a performer in action. He's from Vargarda as well. The girls of our group, who have known him from their very small town, stirred him up. He made every woman he approached blush (rosa) and remember the fun of the chase.

When Rina arrived and I introduced her and said she'd almost married a Swede many years ago, he proposed to her (han föreslog henne). When my 19 year old friend happened to catch the same train, within moments he was proposing (föreslår) to her. When a beautiful young woman (vacker ung kvinna) unknowingly sat amongst us on the train, the trip to the Southern Cross became an adventure of its own. He flirted wildly, we had two spare tickets so he invited her to join us, she blushed her way to Flinders Street, where if she hadn't had to buy a birthday present and meet her

boyfriend, I am sure she would have joined Robin and his merry band of footy tragics. We laughed (skrattade) and laughed watching him and the reactions (reaktioner) he could create. He was a party all by himself (han var en av parterna allt av honom själv).

At the ground, we went into Gate 1. I gave the two spare tickets to one of the attendants to pass on to some lucky attendee, and we went up the ramps to Level 3. At Level 2, we started taking photos, and a lovely St.Kilda supporter got us all in two separate camera shots. It was a sign of a good evening to come. Det var ett tecken på en bra kväll att bli.

We had terrific seats exactly opposite to where we usually sat, two levels up as well. I could see my friend in my seat. We were right in the centre, and once we were all seated and ready, we sat back to enjoy the evening of football (fotboll). Bring it on. Come on! Kom igen! I sat Zamir next to his in-laws so they could ask him stuff, and I sat next to Rina and Lennart, with Ann-Britt as interpreter. The oldies behind, the young-uns in front. And what a night! Och what a night!

The Saints, my lovely boys, are so back into the game. They were fast and furious, and the game was on from the first bounce. . De var snabba och rasande, och spelet var från den första bounce. You cannot describe the feeling of being at a game to someone who has never been, it is an experience in itself. Now my good friends have had their first taste and they loved it! De älskade det!

Part 2:

The Game (Spelet):

The game started well for the Saints, though inaccurate. Milne got us started with the first, Kosi played so well and got our second, Mayne finally kicked one for their only of their quarter before Ray bought the quarter time scores to Saints: 3.8.26 to Dockers: 1.3.9. So far so good (så långt är allt bra) though I wanted more goals (flera mål). Lennart taught me to say, "More Goals" "Mer mål" but when the Dockers got a goal, he taught me to say, "No goal" "inga mål". Riewoldt still hasn't settled down with his goal kicking efforts, only scoring 2 behinds for the game, but what can you expect when every time he went near the ball there were three men against him.

There was a bit of a goal fest in the second quarter, unfortunately more so for the Dockers. Mayne got Dockers second goal, Ibbotson their next, and Barlow followed suit. Inga mål inga mål inga mål. Thankfully, tack och lov, Milne reminded us we were still there with his second before Johnson answered. Was this really a Saints game with all the goal-kicking? I love the more offensive Saints. (Jag älskar mer offensiv helgonen.) Gram answered, but he was replied to by Grover, then McPhee (who will forever be boo-ed) and Del Santo then Kosi ended the 10 goal quarter by booting his second. His improvement is outstanding, apparently not only has he recovered from ankle problems but also lost weight and is running so much better.

The scores at half time were Saints 7.11.53 to Dockers 7.7.49. What a tight game. In these weeks of one team shellacking another team, we'd forgotten what a tight game was. Too tight for my liking. .Nevertheless, a good game to take first timers to.

The third quarter was a mini-goal fest with three each, Schneider kicked the first, Milne the next, followed by the very quick Mzungu, Suban and another to McPhee. Not happy, Inte glad Inte glad. Milne gladdened our hearts and regained the ever changing lead just before the siren. Third quarter saw Saints 10.13.73 or Dockers 10.10.70. We were three lousy misses ahead of their lousy misses.

In the last quarter, it began scrappy and continued that way for more than 15 minutes. They were going to fight to the bitter end, until..... fram till..... the rain of goals began (the rain mål började). My prayer of "more goals" were answered (min bön "mål" besvarades). None of them to Milne who got several points but not that elusive 300, stuck on 299 until next week's game against the Pies. Schneider snapped the first, Fischer a beauty on the run, Goddard from close by, Del Santo with a little magic, Armitage after a classic mark and finally McEvoy finishes it all off. I have to remind you, these goals were only in the last 15 minutes. What a beautiful 15 minutes it was (vilka vackra 15 minuter det var).