

Hung-over

For those St.Kilda fans that have pulled themselves up by their bootstraps, and come to the MCG for the last 2 weeks, it continues to be a place of pain and regret. We haven't won a major game there in 5 games: first grandfinal, second grandfinal, preliminary NAB against Essendon, a loss to Geelong, and now a draw. Not looking good for 2011. And now we have lost Lenny Hayes to a knee injury and the year looks bleaker. It's hard to not wallow. Our dynamo now has to heal. Memories of Nick Riewoldt's pain and suffering last year come back to us.

Our players look out of sorts, playing at the G means that the crowds look diminished and it's hard to feel an atmosphere, except if you are our opposition and no one expected you to win and suddenly, you're in with a chance. The Tiger crowd were rampant, as were their young boys on the field.

If I take off my St.Kilda membership hat and suffering, Richmond were great last night, fast, furious, determined. They played beautifully. If I wasn't a long suffering Sainter, I would have enjoyed their fantastic energetic game.

But I am what I am.

To add salt to the wounds, there was a stuff up with Membership ticketing for St.Kilda as well. We'd gotten to the ground very early, had an hour to spend, but we ended up needing that to sort out our seating. There were six of us supposedly sitting together, but the tickets had three together, two supposed to be sitting 5 sections away, and a lone one of us, out on their own somewhere in-between. We couldn't make sense of it. So my two friends shifted to the two seats which they found already occupied with legitimate tickets. They found two seats nearby.

My partner and I went outside the ground to the St.Kilda Membership tent and queued up. I called out to the crowd, "has anyone else got stuffed up tickets?" and too many said yes. So we waited and got served and the girl reproduced 6 seats in an altogether different area, near the point post to the left of (at least) our cheer squad. My uncle and cousin decided to stay where they were, closer to the centre and undercover. We went to our new seats which were rained upon in 3rd quarter but we were close to the action in front of goal, which was a bonus.

I just read one story on the Footy Almanac which pretty well sums up the night in a legitimate footy descriptions kind of way, so I'm going for the emotional, simplistic, feeling kind of analysis (and I thank a childrens story book writer who has slipped my mind and thank him as I steal his idea!).

Milne gets the first goal (Yeah)

Goddard gets a goal (Yeah)

Jack Riewoldt goes down (AWW)

Milne gets another (Yeah) (this is the Milne that needs to step up at finals and not get so many points)

Cotchin goals (AWW)

Gamble goals (Yeah)

Vickery goals (AWW)

Martin Goals (AWW)

Morton goals (AWWW) Starting to feel a little depressed.

Reiwoldt goals (Yeah)

Helbig goals (AWWWW) after replacing Jack.

King goals (AWWWWWW)

Martin goals again (AWWWWWW)

Ray goals (Yeah)

Armitage goals (Double Yeah)

King goals (AWWWWWW)

Edwards goals (AWWWWWWWW)

Milne goals (Yeah, you little beauty)

Vickery goals (AWWWWWWWWWW)

McEvoy goals (Yeah, good goal, great kick)

Deledio goals (AWWWWWWWWWW)

Riewoldt goals (Yeah)

Martin goals his third (AWWWWWWWWWWWW)

Riewoldt goals his third (Yeahhhh)

Milne boots his fourth (Yeahhhhhh) Is the fightback coming?

Martin goals his fourth (AWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW)

(I've lost goal 26 somewhere, as well as the downing of dear Lenny)

Blake goals one (Yeah)

The tensions and lead changes several times, how much time is there left.

Jackson goals (AWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWWW nooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo)

It is a draw, the siren goes, no-one celebrates.

We Sainters are in hell and it's going to be a long long year and lifetime being a Saints supporter. We drag ourselves home. Only two good things still to say: at least we didn't lose, and we kicked more goals but still too many points. You can't win games with 17 behinds. There's always next week when we face a happy, fast Essendon side.

I think I'll move to the Arctic.