

We're in the Dark (Where's that light switch).

Two banners to start the game: Saints – Loyal and Brave, A Sight to Behold, 200 for Nick Reiwoldt, Good as Gold.

Bombers: Saints Taking Art Classes, Certainly know how to draw.

And it's on. When the teams run through the banner, they play the St.Kilda song twice. I think wistfully it's because we're unlikely to hear it at the end of a game anytime soon. The nightmare for the Saints continues, as Bomber cockiness is backed up by their red shorts and so many goals I've lost count. And before the siren even goes, Fischer has given away a free and Essendon goals and so begins one of the most painful afternoons at the footy I can remember.

So Monfries kicks their first goal, we answer with a familiar point. The Bombers kick a point but it's followed by goals to Hurley, Zaharakis. Every time St.Kilda gets it, mistakes, turnovers. No confidence, no flow. We are spooked.

Montagna goals, followed by Armitage kicking one out of bounds. Milne out on the full. Del Santo goals, then Bombers kick out on the full. A behind to Ray. Woeful start. Then the goals start piling up: Milne, Howlett, Reiwoldt, Ryder, Jetta, Watson.

More goals than a usual Saints game, but more for THEM.

The second quarter starts with a goal to Reiwoldt, but Ryder answers immediately and we follow by, you guess it, more inaccuracy. Supporters and players feeling very low, we are playing better but we can't stop them.

Ryder kicks 3 in a row. Gram kicks a beauty from 51 out, but is answered by a second from Zaharakis. Goddard misses from 15 metres. We cringe. Who are these boys and men, where have our team from the last few good years gone. They look old and slow and out of it. Deflated, depressed. Disinterested. We slip lower and lower in our seats. The Sainters are very quiet indeed. We are watching a death, the passing of a great side and our only hope is that one day in the not too distant future, the phoenix can rise out of the ashes and it won't take another 20 years to do it.

Monfries goals and it's half time. I eat my dinner and decide I'm going to try and enjoy what I can, the new players are at least getting a run. Is it like Gram predicted, the end is nigh for our older players. The end of the year can't come soon enough if it continues like this. We are playing like a bottom eight team. We are all in shock.

After half time, we give up listening to the radio. Too painful. Eight minutes in an I am occupying myself by sending texts. "I'm in Hell" to my sister. I'm checking messages. Anything but watch the carnage. Peake is on for Gamble.

Stevens marks and goals. Winderlich bounces through another one. The wheels of St.Kilda have fallen off. I become preoccupied in finding phrases and sayings to mark the experience. The tide has turned. Who are we watching, where have our top 2 side gone.

A few minutes of more interesting, aggressive play by the Saints, but ends with Milne kicking a point. The Bombers crowd is singing, we are very very quiet.

Too many handballs. We keep losing it. Winderlick goals. We've rolled over and died. They are now doubling our score. They worry us out of the ball constantly. Winderlick again. Another wasted opportunity, and another. I pray for the siren and it goes. We consider leaving at ¾ time.

The party's over. I enjoy watching the Bomber play well. The windows closed. The train has left the station. The battles lost. Stanley marks and misses, of course. Steven goals. Finally, we talk of leaving even though I am trying to be ZEN and just enjoy. Gram kicks a horror, another out of bounds. Hurley goals.

We leave the Ethiad. Our winter of discontent continues. We're in the dark. Elvis has left the building. My friend says there is a flip side to everything, so here goes:

The light can be turned back on

After winters comes spring

We had 1966.

Death is followed by renewal and new directions

The young will take it over from here, the ones who are not mortally wounded.

We had a good run in 2009 and 2010

We got to see some naked players

And it is only Round 3.

Yvette Wroby