

## The Very Best Things.

The start of the best things in the game between the Saints and the Kangaroos tonight was that it came to an end. The Saints players could leave the ground and prepare for next week's game against the WCE and North Melbourne have the task against the up and coming Gold Coast Suns. We could leave the ground too. We can reflect on the very few moments of achievement of the Saints. We can remember Brent Harveys 4 goals in his 350<sup>th</sup> game, Leigh Montagnas not so great 200<sup>th</sup> game and perhaps a report, and Daniel Wells 200<sup>th</sup>. We can remember the happy Kangaroo fans, Drew Petrie's 4 goals, or Aaron Blacks 5, or Thomas three, or Riewoldts 3 even though he was tagged with two players all night. Stanley looked good when he was put forward too. Webster kicked a beauty as well, and Leigh Montagna, Steven and Geary and Milne, all had a go, but not enough. We were out of the game at the end of first quarter. So there was no expectation or suspense. It just was.

Another best thing was our radios, Rina and I were able to use them to drown out the annoying man behind us that made the silliest remarks I've heard for ages. Kangaroo man as it happened. The radio was a relief. Like the final siren.

Our sushi rolls from my favourite place in Elsternwick were yummy too. Having a tasty dinner always makes the night good.

Another thing that made us laugh was the number that was flashed up to ring if people were behaving badly. It was flashed so quickly, that it was impossible to write down. I haven't been able to find the number in the footy record, so if the stadium and AFL are serious about wanting us to report bad behaviour, it would help if the number was permanently on display.

Another funny part of the evening was the "Here Comes the "Boom"" signage on the scoreboards when Harvey got his goals. North Melbourne take themselves pretty seriously in general. Their four premierships are displayed via flags during their games, plus they decorate the gateway where their players run out, and they make a pretty big banner as well.

Another good thing was that only 25,658 people went so the toilets had no queues and the trains had some space, even if two were cancelled before our one arrived.

But the very best-est of things that happened tonight was meeting the delightful 6 year old Brooke Lily on the train on the way home. She was a happy North Melbourne girl at her first game of football, with her collection of badges of favourite players: Shaun Atley (7) who wasn't playing tonight, Ryan Bastinac (3), Firrito (11), Wright (19) and Swallow (9). They live all the way at the end of the line and she reminded me of Shirley Temple, light coloured, curly locks of hair worn wildly and freely around her sweet face, that happy, outgoing child who was curious and confident and delightful and filled Rina and my journey back to Malvern. She asked us if we were sad we lost, and we weren't really, disappointed perhaps, but not sad. How can one be sad in the face of her lovely face and enthusiasm for life, her joy and her engaging conversation? Brooke showed us her Kangaroo Beanie Baby and I told her I had some in St.Kilda colours and I loved mine too.

Thus diverted and engaged, we disembarked at our stop and made our way home. No replays tonight. I knew we would lose this game when North Melbourne were robbed last week, knew that they would come out firing and take no prisoners. And they did. At the end of the night, we had something better. Brooke's dad has got my calling card and will look at the Almanac this week. Brooke was the star and the best thing on this Sunday night.

Yvette Wroby

2<sup>nd</sup> June 2013