



Tuesday 14th September 2021



Southend 2 – Aldershot 3



What have we done? What have we, as loyal, devoted, Blues fans done to deserve this? For three seasons now we have steadfastly stood by and supported the team as it has plunged down and out of the football league. But, as this sad, truly awful, game proved only too conclusively, with the club's hierarchy showing no desire or ability to halt its dive to even deeper depths, is it now finally time for us all to just bail out and so abandon ship?

Brown is a Marmite manager. Some welcomed his return to the club, others didn't. However, whatever your opinion about him, he is only a symptom of the disease that is running absolutely rife within our beloved club. No, for Fujian Province you have to read Ron Martin.

Other than dragging our name through the tax courts, what has he actually achieved in all the years that he has been our chairman and owner? Are we any nearer starting work on a new stadium, are we in a secure position within the Championship, are we free of any debt? Sadly, the answer to all of those questions is a resounding "No!" and there is absolutely no sign of anything happening or being done to address that situation.

Instead, we just get continually served the same sort of dish that was thrown up in our direction tonight. Our team is a disorganised rabble, Roots Hall is crumbling into the ground and Ron is playing with his fiddle. Yet still over 5,000 of us turned up on a wet Tuesday night to watch Blues lose yet again. Are we mad?

Prosaically, and as much as we might wish otherwise, we are stuck with Ron. The club is around 17 million pounds, or to put in Premiership terms, one of Grealish's toe nails, in debt. The majority of it all owed to very own Captain Vanderdecken. So, any film starlet or otherwise who might be interested in taking over the club would first have to pay off that sum before being in a position to start investing any real money. The queue of prospective owners is therefore as short as the one outside a hall hosting a Marlene concert.

We are up shit creek without even a coffee stirrer to use as a paddle. But, apart from bray at the moon, what can we, as supporters, do? To paraphrase Dad's Armies Fraser, "We're doomed, we're doomed!"

Many of those who were shouting for Ron to leave the club tonight weren't even an evil glint in their father's eye during those halcyon days when the likes of Man Utd quacked in their shoes at the prospect of playing us. Epic games such as those against the likes of Liverpool, Everton, Spurs and Chelsea also eluded them. Unlike the Thunderbirds, they therefore have no fantastic memories of a successful Blues team to draw upon. So just what is helping them to steer a course through this period, (It is only going to be a period, isn't it?) of dire, dreadful, football. One can only applaud them, both for their loudly expressed support for the team and also their willingness to continue turning up week after week with very little to show for it.

One point. One single, solitary, point is all we have gained at home this season, and that's despite us taking the lead in two of those games. The only thing world class about us is our ability to self-destruct. We lack any sort of understanding and dead ball situations are just that. Nothing ever comes from them. So just what do we do in training?

It can't be anything to do with passing. Rodney's attempts in this area are Casanova class in comparison to our own embarrassingly fumbled attempts. Could it then instead be practice at moving the ball forwards

quickly? Don't be daft. It would only be selfish if we didn't give every one of our defenders at least three touches of the ball before it ever crosses the halfway line!

Our 'Seasons in the sun' are thus obviously well behind us and ahead, well who knows what lies ahead. If it is just more of the same appalling stuff that we got 'treated' to tonight, then our future truly does hang in the balance. But, just possibly, possibly, it is not all darkness and gloom. Our manager is talking up the prospect of some more signings (Around eleven would do nicely) and the coffee, although not piping hot, was nevertheless still welcome on an otherwise disappointing night.

Those Thunderbirds, who shall remain nameless, that missed this game for various nefarious reasons (At least three of them were away playing at being 'Gypsy Kings' by going off caravanning!) will have no idea how fortunate they were to miss out upon what Albert, Denzil and Mike had to endure. It certainly left a sour taste. Brown does appear though to be adamant that sweeter times are coming. But could that too, just be balls?

Come on you Blues!!