



Saturday 9th October 2021



Southend 0 – Chesterfield 4



The ship lurched, unresistingly; as yet another wave caught it abeam. It had been stuck in the doldrums for what seemed for ever and hopes that its endless, mindless, drifting would eventually come to an end had long ago faded. The steady fall of the barometer was matching the fall in morale of everyone aboard, despite all the promises that were still being made by both the captain and the owner of the shipping company.

It also signalled that storm's lay ahead. But by now there wasn't a single surviving soul, yes sacrifices had been offered up and bodies had been thrown over the side, who didn't know everything that there was to know about suffering bad weather and hard times. Passengers clinging to the sides of other, bigger, ships complained about the food, whilst those wetting the sails and setting the masts aboard this one, would have given almost anything for even a lick of Marmite.

Lacking any sort of guidance, the compass continued to box. The ship stuck upon a course that was uncertain, save for disaster being it only port of destination. The ether had therefore been filled with distress messages whilst banners flew from the mast tops. However, it seemed as if the world, beyond that of its home harbour, cared little about the fate of one small vessel. What was one amongst so many?

So, whilst fuel tanks upon the likes of the H.M Newcastle wallowed under the amount of oil being poured into them, this small boats bilges were being filtered, by hand, for even the barest morsel. Alone and adrift, totally at the mercy of whatever got thrown at it, the plight of those on-board, both paid crew and volunteers, was way beyond desperate.

Sound familiar?

Latitude ... lax, longitude who gives a damn!

This report almost didn't get scribed for various reasons. Prime amongst them being the sad fact that attempting to scatter threads of humour amongst all the words of doom has become a herculean task given the challenges that our beloved club has continued to throw. Awful performances have been followed by even worse ones. Each time it's felt like that the bottom has not only been reached but crashed into. Yet, impossible as it somehow seems, we still manage to keep on digging.

Take this travesty of a game for example. One forward, one pitch invasion, one save required of their keeper and yet again, yes you're ahead of me, nil pois. The roots of the weeds in the swamp that we are sinking are now way above us and all the slimy creatures nuzzling around our nether regions have headlights as well as breathing tubes. We are in excrement up to our ears and the toilet is still being flushed!

But, almost unbelievably, a halo of faint of hope can just be discerned way off in the distance. Responding in the only probable way open to him, Ron has attempted to silence his many critics by disposing of the services of his manager. It's a three card trick that he has pulled before though and we have become resigningly accustomed to getting "a new boss, same as the old boss'. Who does he think he's fooling?

Hold on though, because all may not be as it seems.

Ronny boy was not at this game, some other event, a luncheon or something, holding more attraction to him (Who said that he could only make poor decisions?) Anyways it would appear that whilst he was tucking into his beef wellington or whatever, he received a phone call from Stan the Man. Collymore wasn't suffering this

game either, he had already seen enough on Tuesday night to more than encourage him to make certain overtures to our chairman. Unlikely as it may seem, given that they are both strong, stubborn characters, the pair get on well and so have an informal relationship which enables them both to speak frankly and Stanley did not hold back!

Amongst the many things that he said were very strong suggestions that the current management team should be sacked with immediate effect and replacements sought from a select group that he would identify. Given that he had such a strong influence over the appointment of our CEO, such a suggestion must have carried quite some weight with Ron. Especially as the club announced the departure of Brown and Fagin so quickly following that conversation.

The Echo have already put names to some possible candidates for the job, but whether or not they are also on Stan's list of candidates is an unknown. Unfortunately Ronny has a liking for names, be it those of players or managers, and so his judgement might well be swayed following an interview with someone who has lights surrounding them. Hopefully though, such a blinding effect will not occur and instead he will appoint someone who will not only lift this club out of the manure heap but also want to do so for reasons that are beyond those of their own ambitions.

Whoever does take up the poisoned chalice though will be lumbered with a squad that, other than for two or three players, is mundane at best. However, a team is not made up of individuals but rather its sum. Brown, obviously a product of the same maffs school as Denzil, failed to do his adding up correctly. Whoever comes in will hopefully do better, or at least know how to use a calculator.

We are not quite back in amongst the relegation spots but could well be if either Ron dithers for too long or, just as likely, the authorities decide to deduct us points following the disruption caused during this game by the pitch invasion. Be rather ironic if our own fans actions result in us being relegated. No, don't even think of it!

Interesting couple of weeks ahead then, then. The FA Cup fixtures next weekend mean that there is now a two week gap before we have to face another league side. Time that should be made available to our new manager for him to get to know his players and them him. It's incumbent therefore for the chairman to act fast!

Yeah, like that's ever happened.

It's therefore very unlikely that someone will be announced prior to our cup tie against Chertsey. But, with no wind in our sails and only sharp-edged reefs in our path, if any lifeboats are going to reach us in time, then they really need to be launched like yesterday!

Come on you Blues!