

Hockey – A Letter from Valencia

Missed maybe a day, so we're Days 6 and 7 now.



Scotland have played their first two matches and won both by 1-0. Poland gave the Scots a bit harder time than Ghana, but still didn't really threaten. Bigger match reports will follow... Probably tomorrow... Or maybe they're already published... Yeah... That's what's happened.

Now the matches have started there's a wee touch more seriousness in the going's on with the players and staff, so I keep my distance and do my thing. Last thing they need is a camera poking about.

Saturday, I was the 'stranger in town' at the venue and managed to upset the PR people by being on the pitch during the anthems to get my picture. A touch of feigned innocence and an apology and it was all OK. Still, got my picture. 1-0 to me.

And I'm now 2-0 as I pointed out that the Ghanaians had been given Scotland's three points and goal on the public scoreboard and it was my turn to receive the apology. I think he meant his though!

Another 'member of staff' – Assistance Coach, Jen Wilson arrived to help with the coaching during the tournament just before the Polish match having set off at 4:45am to catch her flight.

Weather? Sunny. All day. Accompanied by, what must have been, a 500mph wind! That knocked the temperature back a touch, but still a warmish February for us Northerners.



Day 7 – Two for the price of one. Despite it being free....

No Scotland match today, so it's a debrief from the Poland match and 10:00 am training for the squad. Din-dins today at a nice wee restaurant come coffee shop. Meat balls in tomato sauce – loads of tomato sauce – with basil and garlic bread. Took a ribbing for being a slow eater, but there you go. Never been one for unzipping the top of my head and pouring my food in. Takes all sorts to make a World.

Then an hour on the beach just chilling. Half hour walk there and back. Team, quite rightly, were taxed as they were in between matches so had to preserve themselves.

Dinner at night was a real burger, in that, it looked as if it was had once been wandering round a field at some point in time, somewhere before becoming a minced meat disc on a roll!

Did I mention the beef we had after the Poland match? No? Best – as in BEST – bit of beef I have ever tasted. Cooked to perfection and even tasted of beef, and I'm so far away from being a gourmet that it's just not funny.

Must have, at some point, mentioned we're in Valencia, though.....

Buenas noches – which it was when I pressed 'Save...'