

JACQUIE'S BLOG



**JACQUIE
PIERRI**



Girl Power goes Ivy League... Jacquie chronicles her experiences...

SOPHOMORE YEAR...

October 25, 2009

Hi everyone! Back from summer and my season is finally under way! We've had three scrimmages now, and had our first game last night. Sadly, we lost pretty bad. But we played very well and had five bad minutes that cost us a lot. The first 5 or 6 weeks of school have been really interesting. Our coach decided to host tryouts this year. 6 teammates quit over the summer and then 3 more were cut. We still don't have captains. I had swine flu, believe it or not, but things are finally starting to come together.

In our game yesterday things in the second period were very strange. After the first period we were down 1-0 to UConn, and it seemed like we were all over them and just waiting for bounces. But, in the second they came out hard and we were caught on our heels. They scored a short handed goal a couple of minutes in and we scrambled from there. By the end of the second we had dug our way into a 7 goal deficit. No one could really figure out what happened. We were all there mentally but something was breaking down. We pulled ourselves together and in the third, just like the first, it seemed like we controlled the play. The third period was a 1-1 game, but it didn't help with the final score, which was 8-1.

Today we had the day off except for a noon time film session. We went over a lot of the game tape and saw where our little mistakes were really changing the game. After an hour and half with the team, I came back and watched the game tapes from last weekend for a couple of hours. Even though we got killed yesterday, I feel really optimistic about this year. We have a lot of talent and if we can fix our little mistakes we have a real chance to win something.

Tomorrow we play Providence College for the Mayor's cup. Last year it was a really close game (I almost scored :/). It's going to be an important momentum shifter for our season. If we play them close and come home with the trophy, like I know we can, things are going to go up-hill finally.

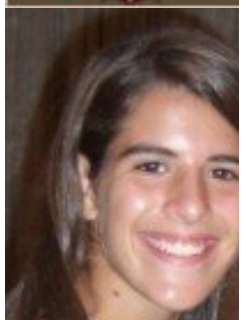
P.S.. The athletic department is hosting it's annual cancer fund-raiser for the athletes at Brown. It's called Bench Press for Cancer. All the athletes get together one day and pull the bench press benches out of the varsity weight room and onto the green and see how many reps of bench press each person can do. Typically people pledge an amount of money of their choice for each rep their participant can do, but you can also just donate a flat amount. Then the organizers send the money to the American Cancer Society. Last year we raised over \$20,000. The girls weight class is at 75 lbs, and I max out at an embarrassingly low 110. I think its a really awesome fund-raiser, a couple of my friends are in charge of organizing it (one of which made the website www.bp4c.com). SO if anyone has any extra change lying around and would be willing to sponsor me in this fund-raiser, I would really appreciate. Thanks guys! :) You can reach me at jacqueline_pierri@brown.edu

Hopefully next time I check in I'll have the Mayor's Cup with me.

-Jacquie P.



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MY TRIP BACK TO NJ...

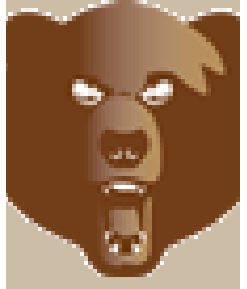
February 16, 2009

Thanks everyone that came to the Princeton game! Especially you Quarry Cats. That weekend was Brown's first two win weekend in a long time. We played great and finally got bounces.

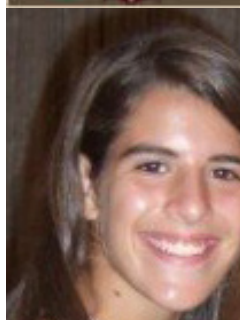
The weekend after that we played Harvard and Dartmouth. We almost beat Dartmouth but they got one powerplay goal in the third that killed us. When we pulled our goalie at the end, I thought we were going to put it in. We had about ten shots in the last thirty seconds but got nothing.

This past weekend we were home again. We're hosting pink at the rink which is an annual breast cancer awareness event. We all get pink stickers that cover our entire stick and then they sell them on eBay (the profits go to a breast cancer foundation). My stick is on sale if anyone wants to bid ;). We played well again this weekend. We beat Union 3-2. And lost to RPI 2-1. RPI was a very close game. They scored both their goals in a single shift. The second was a very unlucky bounce off my skate right to their player. Unfortunately, that loss knocks us out of playoff contention. Hopefully we can get something going for our remaining three games and start out next year right.

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SEE YOU IN PRINCETON?

January 30, 2009

I'm glad to hear mhs crushed mka :). It's been gross and slushy up here in providence. Now that classes have started I've almost slipped on ice everyday on my way. We've had some tough losses these past couple weekends and our team is starting to fall apart. I've moved up the list to second most penalty minutes. I keep having trouble containing my frustration once we're down by five goals, but I need to figure it out. All my penalties have been checking or roughing but everyone's point of reference is different so when I hold my ground in front of the goalie it seems like such a malicious cheap shot. I miss hitting :).

This weekend needs to be a good one if things are ever going to start looking up for our season. In a couple hours we leave for quinnepiac. I'm looking forward to the game I've been dwelling on my penalties all week and can't wait to do something redeeming.

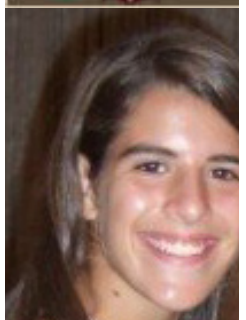
I got switched onto the powerplay and yesterday moved to the powerplay with my d partner. She's got a snipe so hopefully I can set her up tonight.

So, congrats mhs! And everyone who can come I'd love to see you in princeton on Saturday. The game starts at 4. :)

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UNEVENTFUL WEEK AND NICE BATTLE WOUND ...

January 8, 2009

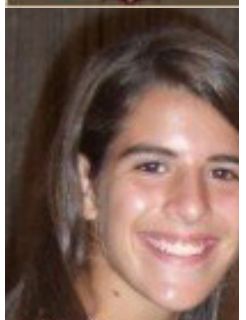
We had a light practice yesterday. Adjusted our systems a bit. Today is our first single practice day of the week. I don't have to get up until one and I wish I could sleep until then. Nothing eventful has happened this week, only lots of hard practicing. Yesterday after practice a couple of us were shooting around. I was in front screening the goalie and trying to tip. I stepped to the side to try to deflect what looked like it was going to be a high shot. But instead the shot went wide and caught me right in the back of my knee. I am lucky to have gotten new shin guards this year that cover most of the back of my leg, but as is to be expected the puck found the only part of my leg that isn't protected. I took a lap and tried to shake it off and then went to ice it. I found that it was, less than five minutes later, already very swollen. I was having trouble walking but only because its on my calf muscle, but it feels much better today. I don't bruise easily and this one hasn't started changing colors yet, but I do have cuts in the exact shape of a puck.

We play Harvard and Dartmouth this weekend. First and Second place teams. I'm ready to go and excited for the chance to prove ourselves. I'll keep you posted after the weekend.

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MASSACHUSETTS HOSPITALITY...

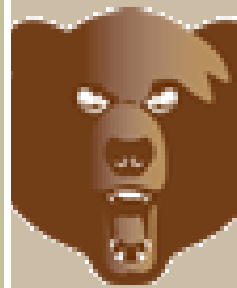
January 3, 2009

I spent the night at my roommate's house about an hour from school. Her brother just graduated from college so the two of us and four other freshman went and hung out at her house. We watched the winter classic on their giant tv and a couple football games. Her mom made us waffles, eggs, got bagels for us, and a giant delicious fruit salad. She really spoiled us.

Looking around her house it was cool to see all the plaques and awards she had. It reminded me of the booklet they made for the team this year. When I was looking through all the freshman biographies I was struck by how every single one of them was team captain, all state (or all province), and leading scorer or MVP, and top in their class. It just cool to think about how good each player is and how valuable each player can be.

We have Northeastern in a couple of hours. I'm a little superstitious so I'm happy that Madden (#11) scored at 11:11 last night in the devils game. (Eleven is my lucky number by the way).

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BACK AT BROWN...

December 31, 2008

I finally got to go home! I spent ten days playing open hockey with no sprinting. Ten days of lounging on my couch and watching T.V.. I visited the quarry cats (Hi Brienne!), and my old high school team. I ate good food again. I was able to watch some NHL (we don't get very many channels in my dorm room). It was great.

Two days after Christmas, I had to head back to school. We had practice at seven. Needless to say our assistant coach wanted us to get back in shape, so we skated a lot. And then more the next day. Today is actually the first day I haven't had two a days. 8-10am practice, lift, then 2-4pm practice on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday. I'm recovering though. I skated throughout the break, I even wore my weighted pants to one open hockey so I don't feel that out of shape. I have trouble functioning at 8 in the morning but that's a-whole-nother thing. Today we had 10 o'clock practice (we got to sleep in until 9! and yes, I'm actually excited about that).

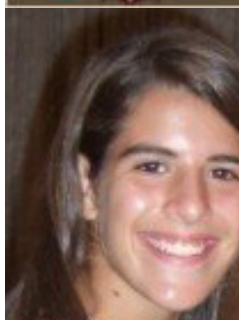
Although we've been busy, very busy, the down time has been nice. The team moves into different housing while the rest of the students aren't here. My roommate is Katelyn Landry, we call her Landfill. She's awesome. She's from mass. and says "wicked" all the time. I went to see The Curious Case of Benjamin Button with the rest of the freshman the other day. It was nice to have to time to go see a movie. I also had time to read a book that Anna has been telling me to read for, um, about 5 years.

It's snowing outside. I miss Jersey already (Especially after being spoiled with the Maffei's holiday cooking). Happy New Years everyone!

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ON THE BUS...

November 25, 2008

Two weekends have past. Two midterms and a paper. Our record is still looking shabby. We can't seem to find a consistency within our team. The first weekend we played Cornell. We played so hard; we battled the whole game. The puck hardly ever left their zone. But penalties killed us again and they kept the game tied. Then to add to the insult, they scored with seven seconds left in overtime. The following day we played Colgate and managed to keep some anger from the Cornell game.

The team came out ready to play. But four seconds in the refs called some bogus penalty on us. Then two more consecutively on us. So, they scored a goal during these first six minutes on the penalty kill. But this day was different something was clicking and our team didn't give up we fought back from two one goal deficits until we finally gained the lead. We held the lead for the longest nine minutes ever and were finally able to pull out a win.

Even though the Cornell loss was heart-breaking it was great to see our team fighting back like that. Unfortunately, we couldn't keep the feeling. Home games don't have the right energy and our two games were brutal losses.

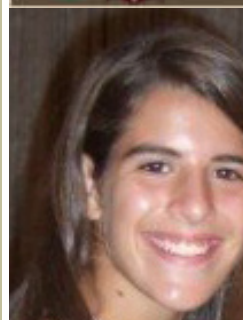
It's Tuesday now and I'm on the bus on my way to UCONN. I can't wait to play. We were unlucky with two injuries these past two days but one defenseman is out of the line up and the other will be playing forward to cover. I will get regular shifts today and my ice time has already been shifting positively. After pregame skate this afternoon, I played three bar and hit it in five shots. All that time shooting at the hockey stop is starting to come out.

I thought I'd be exhausted today after pulling an all nighter Thursday, having two games, and then getting to bed at four last night but I'm too pumped to be tired. I hope I can bring home good news tomorrow for my 20 hours back home (my first trip home)!

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SEASON UNDERWAY...

November 12, 2008

It's been a while.

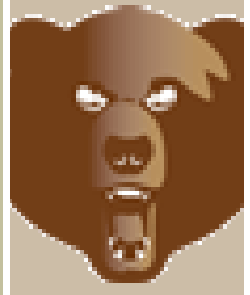
So... Six games later, and three Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesdays of springs later. No I didn't go into a coma, I've been a little busy. Brown's engineering classes are a little harder than I expected, and the hockey takes up a few more hours, but so far I'm okay. The season officially started with a flight to Minnesota (correctly pronounced in a Sarah Palin accent). The plan was to play St. Cloud State twice. Lucky for us, non-ECAC schools get to start playing weeks before us, so they'd been playing as a team for some time now. Not to mention that during the previous weekend they beat the defending national champs, Minnesota-Duluth.

So we roll up to a rink called the National Hockey Center and you can tell that hockey is this school's main sport. Even the flight attendant on the plane knew. He asked who we were playing and responded with a very sarcastic, 'you're s... out of luck'-type good luck. But we get there and settle in. The day of our first game, during our skate at noon we adjusted for the Olympic size sheet. Then at game time the announcer was going crazy. As he announced their teams starters, their pictures popped up on the jumbotron. Then as we moved from the goal line to the blue for the anthem, the lights went completely dead. The ref screamed like a little girl and then the St. Cloud symbol pops up in lights on center ice and starts moving around like an NHL game. Not to be over enthusiastic, but it was REALLY cool.

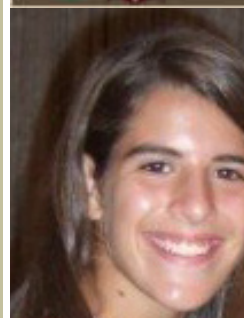
Ok back to hockey. We rotated six D in the first St Cloud game. It was really close. I don't remember the final score but, I remember making a huge froshy mistake and hesitating in the defensive slot, and as a result letting up a goal. I played less in the second game, but some how was still on the penalty kill unit. I blocked two shots in the foot (feels really good on a slapper from a foot away) but it was worth it because no goals were scored on me. We were dominating the play, and went up 2 nothing. Unfortunately, they capitalized on us playing poorly for 5 minutes in the 2nd and were able to tie it up. The game went to OT and then shootout. It was insanely high excitement in the rink. Our goalie owned it and stopped their two shooters. One was a diving and batting the puck down with her paddle save! Then our two shooters pulled the same move, fake the deke and then sniped it upper right side. Both were literally off the cross bar and in!

The next weekend we played RPI and got smoked. We played very poorly and deserved to lose. Then we got our act together and beat Union 4-1. Their goal was scored with less than a minute left, after we dominated the entire game. The other freshman D scored two goals on nice slap shots from the point and I got an assist on the third goal.

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SEASON UNDERWAY CONTINUED...

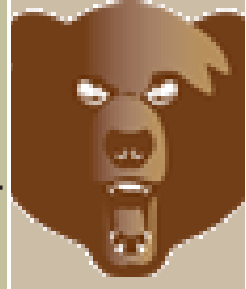
Needless to say, even though we had a good second game, our coach was not happy with our first performance of the weekend and we skated a lot. It's different from high school in that they have unlimited ice time to punish us with.

This past weekend we played Clarkson and St. Lawrence. The Clarkson game was really close until the very end. It was back and forth but penalties were hurting us and the went up 2-0. I think we had to kill two five on threes in the second. But in the last five minutes things broke down. We were getting a lot of chances and getting really close, but they scored one goal and our team completely lost momentum. All of a sudden everyone seemed to feel like it was hopeless and we let three more goals slip by. The final score, 6-0, made the game look like an embarrassment after we had just worked our tails off.

The St. Lawrence game, against a much better team, went much better. I'll start with the negatives, I got a checking penalty early in the game. I angled the girl into the boards at the blue line of the D zone. My coach said I gave her too much shoulder, but I don't think I could have played it much softer. Regardless, while the team tried to kill off my penalty they scored, which makes it my fault. But on the flip side we managed to keep this game really close. It was near the end of the third, and the score was 3-2. The team stayed focused the whole time, even when we went down 3-1. All their goals were scored while we were a man down. After their third I nearly lost my voice yelling to keep everyone pumped and positive. And we got one back. We pulled the goalie at the end and must have hit the post twice but couldn't pull out the tie.

... Then Monday we skated three hours (I'm a broken record). For about 30 minutes we ran sprints in weighted pants (plated spandex short things that go under the hockey pants). That was rough. I've developed serious blisters on both heels and my arch is starting to go. But I called good old Dave at Sports Section and a new pair of size four and a halves (yay! They'll fit!) are on there way. I leave tomorrow (which is technically this afternoon) for Cornell. I'm looking forward to 2 Ws and I hope I can report back good things.

Jacquie P.



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A DIFFERENT KIND OF KISS...

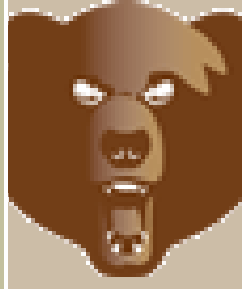
October 21, 2008

Today (Sunday), we had our third scrimmage. We played a Canadian Junior's team (U21) named Bluewater. Princeton had beaten them in overtime on Friday, so I assumed it would be a good game. We went for team breakfast in the morning, but this morning the dining hall wasn't open. So the twenty six of us were swarming around the door making fun of all the kids who walked right passed us and tested whether the door was actually locked. A collective "aw" of disappointment did the trick pretty well. After we got food I camped out on the locker room couch for an hour or so. Listening to the iPod and playing suduko to kill time. Finally coach posted the roster and I was listed as the 5th defenseman. This game I wasn't nervous, I was ready to go. Coach Digit came in and gave us a typical pre-game talk. Her new phrase that she likes to drill into to us is the KISS system. It's an acronym for "Keep it simple, stupid."

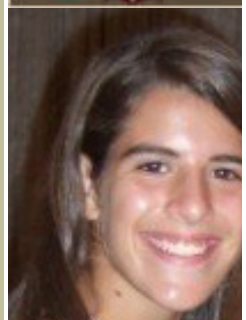
The game was really close at first, but it seemed like we were playing down to their level. Near the end of the first period I got caught with an odd man rush coming down into our zone. I played the girl wide at the top of circle and poke checked the puck in the corner. But when I pivoted to go to the corner and released her with the softest possible push (I may be a little bias, but it really wasn't a strong push), she went down and the ref's arm went up. Then a second girl from there team picked up the puck out of the corner. Flat footed and out of position in front of the net, I wasn't sure what to do because my gap was messed up. On a rash decision, I lowered my shoulder and crushed the girl. It was the perfect hollow shoulder pad on shoulder pad sound that I miss so much, but it cost me a double minor. The team killed off most of the four minutes with a phenomenal penalty kill, on which we almost scored twice. But with about a minute left another defenseman was sent to the box on a bad tripping call.

I was jumping up and down the box with anxiety watching the 5 on 3. Our goalie lost her stick, the D gave her a players stick and was without a stick. When I jumped on the ice, I took the wing position in the defensive box. Tried to block a shot, then the puck got moved down low. The girl pulled out of the corner on the D with no stick and put it top shelf. Seconds later the buzzer went off and the period was over. Between periods, I was anxiously hoping my penalty wouldn't be the cause of another 3-0 deficit. Luckily our team can out hard in the second and set them back. We tied it, then went up one, then other. After each goal getting high fives down the line of the bench with the goal siren playing. The fourth goal was near the end of the game. One of the D skated end to end, through three guys in the offensive zone, then pulled a move that completely lost the goalie and put it in. It was really nice. We ended up winning 4-1. First win as a Brown Bear. :)

Jacquie P.



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SCRIMMAGES...

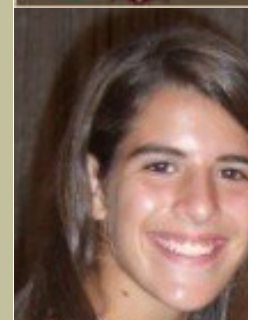
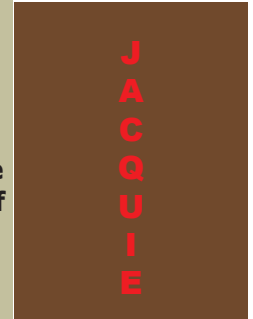
October 20, 2008

This whole week was a fiasco with my skates. After my blade cracked, and my equipment manager fixed it with giant steel that didn't fit in my plastic, the boot of my skate cracked. My skates aren't more than a year and half old, but I guess wearing them every single day took a toll on them. I've never before seen the boot of a skate tear apart like this did. It's on the side near my ankle. You can literally see through. After a three practices of nearly breaking my ankles and bad edges the manager bought me a new pair. Bauer One 95s. I baked them before practice on Friday, let them cool for the hour we practiced, and then stayed on for an extra hour and a half to try to break them in. They're pretty stiff and I'm developing some bruises in the ankle area, but I'm so glad the new ones came because the old ones were driving me crazy. So, during the extra hour and a half I basically skated sprints trying to loosen the boot and get used to the feel. At first I looked like an awful ankle bender but it got a little better by the end. The next day I played the scrimmage in them.

Yesterday (Sat.) we had our first two scrimmages of the year. We had a team breakfast at the dining hall in the morning and then went to the rink. All our cubbies had our jerseys hanging with socks folded on our seats. The roster was posted on the bulletin board and to my relief, I was listed as the 6th defenseman. A sophomore D wasn't dressing. We had two games, so we were only playing two 20 minute halves. I was pretty nervous coming out of the tunnel. My first shot in warmups missed the net by about ten feet. But I calmed down before the start of the game. I played well for most of the game. However, on my second shift I took a checking penalty for being too strong in the corner. It cost the team a goal and our momentum from the beginning of the game. At the end of the first half we were down three nothing, all on man down goals (Two of which I feel were lucky bounces). In the second half we finally scored a goal and kept them out of our end. The final score was 3-1 Yale.

I got half undressed after the game. I hate putting on wet shin guards, so I decided it was worth it to leave bottoms on for the hour and half. The trainer brought some oranges and power bars (I was starving by this point). About ten minutes later our coach posted the roster for the second game. I was off the list, the 7th defenseman was in my place. So, I took my equipment off and watched the game from the press box. The team played very well, with some mistakes that are typical of the second game of the season. We tied Princeton 0-0.

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I SURVIVED...

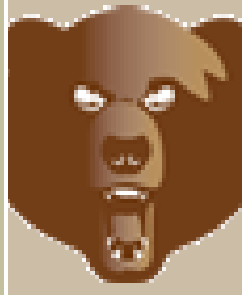
October 14, 2008

So I made it through my first practice. It was definitely not as bad as everyone said it would be. With the build up and everyone dreading it, I assumed we wouldn't see pucks at all. Instead we did a lot of high tempo flow drills that were skating but not awful. I'd say we did about forty five minutes of pure skating spread out over two hours. However, It was certainly hard. We did sideboard pyramids, which I think was the toughest of all the sprints. Dartmouths, which are laps in pyramid. So one lap, then two, up to four, four again then count back down. We did some hustles, which is the new assistant coaches favorite. They're sets of three down and backs of the long length of ice. And we ended with Coach Digits custom hurbies. Blue line back. Blue line back, red line back. Blue line back, red line back, far blue and back. Then all those plus all the way to the goal line. Then work backwards: goal line back, far blue back, red back, blue back. Then start with far blue work down, red and work down, and blue work down. My legs and lungs were definitely feeling it.

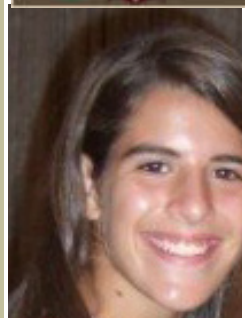
In between the sprints we did some skating and puck control. Early in the practice we were doing weighted puck passing. I cracked the steel on my left skate. I did the next drill (medium speed laps, sprinting between the blue for five minutes, which is harder than it sounds.) with it broken, then finally told my assistant coach. The equipment manager said he could fix it, but was clearly annoyed that I didn't have a second pair of skates. I had ordered skates a size too big over the summer. However, I have junior Bauer one 90 skates and the steel is thinner than the typical blade. The blade he put it on my left was a quarter of an inch taller than my right and didn't fit into the plastic holder. It was fun doing sprints with that mess for the rest of practice. Well two practices later my blades are now even and both don't fit in the holders. When I skate the steel by my toe moves up and down, clicking the whole time and wasting energy of my stride. He still can't fix it. My plan is to find time (despite the two midterms this week) to borrow a car from one of the girls and drive to Pure Hockey to get the right steel. Hopefully I can get it fixed before the three scrimmages this weekend.

We play Yale and Princeton on Saturday. I can't wait to see my roommate from national camp, she's a frosh on Princeton.

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NO CHECKING ISN'T EASY...

October 10, 2008

The season is finally starting to come together. All the equipment is in, and the name plate on my locker is up. It's little things like that that really make it dawn on me that this is really division one hockey. I was assigned number 26, which is pretty random, but if its good enough for Elias and St.Louis I'll take it. The level of play is good here but the game is so different from high school. The no checking is definitely a factor in the way the flow of the game goes. Even with this highly skilled girls (some of them have crazy hands) the systems they play by are much less structured. The break out consists of risky cross ice passes and a lot of stretching the zone, which leaves little support down low. It's also much more common for players to ask for the puck while skating straight up ice. I guess the term suicide pass holds no meaning when there is no fear of being deked unexpectedly. The passing in the offensive zone, on the other hand, is tick tack toe. The girls connect all the time on some pretty plays.

I'm having a little trouble with adjusting to the type of hockey. There are certain situations defensively that are almost impossible to play without hitting when the opponent has the stick-handling abilities that these girls have. A loose puck in the neutral zone when you're about the same distance as the opponent is tough. If you step and get the puck then great, but if you don't play their body and they get it, your momentum is in the wrong direction and you can't recover. And then there is the general one on one with the forward coming down the sideboard. To some extent you can angle, keeping them outside just like in guys, but if they cross and try to cut middle, without stepping up and making body contact you'll just get walked around. And there is also the situations when forwards try to cut middle from down low. It comes down to who is stronger, but if the defender is too strong they could get a checking penalty. So it's a fine line that I'm still trying to figure out. Hopefully my teammates won't think I'm trying to kill them in the mean time. Our first scrimmage is next weekend, and experiencing some ref-ing should help me figure it out. We have seven kids trying out for defense. There are four sophomores, a junior, me, and one other freshman. One of the girls messed up her ankle really bad during workouts and won't be able to play for a little while.

Later today is our first official practice. It's school tradition that we skate for the whole two hours of the this practice. The team is pretty nervous, but I'm trying not to be. It's only two hours then it's over and after a year of Coach Verney, I'm used to skating. This will be my first on ice experience with our head coach, Digit. I've heard she's absolutely crazy on the ice but we will see. Our first scrimmage is versus Yale and Princeton from 12-6 pm next Saturday. Our second is the following day at 2 pm versus Bluewater. Both are at home if anyone wants to trek up to Providence. After that the real games start. We fly to Minnesota to play St. Cloud on Thursday, October 23.

Our schedule is online at <http://brownbears.cstv.com/sports/w-hockey/sched/brow-w-hockey-sched.html> (we're at Princeton on January 31st)

My profile for the team is at http://brownbears.cstv.com/sports/w-hockey/mtt/pierri_jacquie00.html

And the roster <http://brownbears.cstv.com/sports/w-hockey/mtt/brow-w-hockey-mtt.html>

Jacquie P.



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JACQUIE'S BLOG



Girl Power goes Ivy League... Jacquie chronicles her experiences...

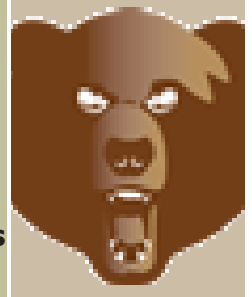
WEEK 2 AND NO SLEEP..

September 12 2008

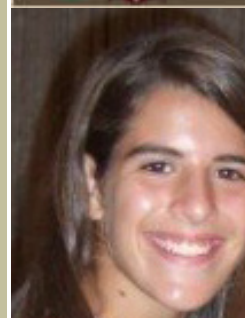
The following Sunday we went on a retreat. We met up at around eleven and made our way to a high school overlooking a beach about forty five minutes away from Brown. We went through all the formalities and rules and introduced ourselves. Then had a nice lunch at a former player's house. It was four o'clock when our coach said we could go to the beach, but we were all too tired and decided instead to head back to campus. The rest of the week we had on ice and lifting everyday. The first day we tested bench max outs. I was far behind some of the older girls, but luckily once we got on the ice, I was still one of the stronger players on my skates. We scrimmaged at captains practices the rest of the week, and continued our testing off the ice. On Thursday all our new gear came in. My new shin guards, elbow pads, and shoulder pads were all waiting for me in my cubby when I got to the rink. It was a huge upgrade from my old shin guards which had cracks down the entire front, and the shoulder pads I have had since I was a first year squirt. And the timing was perfect because not long after we got on the ice, a slap shot from the hash marks caught me right on my lower shin. With my old shin guards, I would have been in serious pain.

Friday morning was another six thirty. I was on time (an amazing feat two weeks in a row) and we ran the three hundred again. I nearly fell asleep in my classes the rest of the day. Another Canadian freshman, who is in my chemistry class, fell asleep for the part of the lecture. She had been highlighting something and a straight line had slowly faded down off the page and onto her leg.

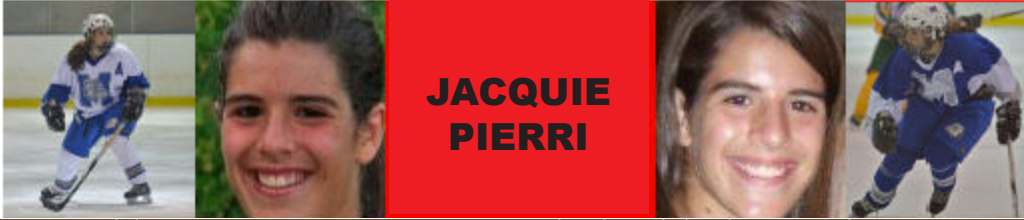
Jacquie P.



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JACQUIE'S BLOG



Girl Power goes Ivy League... Jacquie chronicles her experiences...

WELCOME TO BROWN...

September 4, 2008

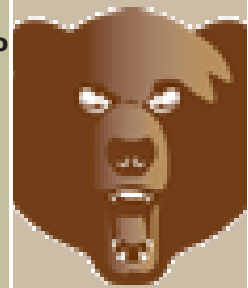
I got to school on a Friday. After a summer of following a strictly planned workout packet that detailed workouts for nearly everyday of the week, I expected to start right away. But to my surprise, when I emailed the assistant coach she told me we didn't start till after the eligibility meeting, a full week from when I arrived. So a week went by, and I wondered when my team would try to contact me, but no one called. In the mean time, I went to the gym almost everyday with some guys from my floor. By the third day, the original three of us had nearly our entire floor going to the gym together in a giant freshman pack.

That Thursday I made my way to a giant lecture hall and waited awkwardly alone outside while teams grouped together. Then finally some hockey players started showing up. They all seemed to know each other already, which makes sense for the upperclassmen, but the freshman too had already formed their little groups. I introduced myself and we made our way into the lecture hall. The Canadian girl to my right, who was also a freshman, told me they had already had two optional skates. Not only that, they had also hung out as a team the night before! I was upset for the whole two hours of signing forms and lecturing about eligibility and what we're allowed to do. All I remember is that one of the many things coaches are not allowed to do, according to NCAA rules, is send their players greeting cards (true fact). After signing ten pages, each sheet a different color, we were allowed to leave. The girls let me know that I could drop off my hockey bag and pick up a schedule from the locker room whenever I wanted. But they also let me know that the next morning, at 6:30, we had off-ice practice.

That whole night I dwelt on having missed the first two practices and the team bonding. I hardly slept, partially because my mind was racing, and partially because I was so afraid of missing the early morning practice. I'm most definitely not a morning person. During my senior high school season I almost missed our 6:30AM practice. I would have missed it if Jay Duffy hadn't called me at 6:20 to see where I was. His phone call woke me up and thankfully I live close enough to the rink that my speeding there got me on the ice almost on time. So I set my alarm for 5:30, hoping to give myself a little cushion time in case I hit the snooze, but luckily I didn't need it. On my own, I woke up at three thirty, four, four thirty, five, and then got out of bed for practice. I ate cereal in the hallway so I didn't wake up my roommate, and made my way two blocks down the street to the rink.

Right off the bat we started testing. First a forty meter sprint, then an agility drill timed. But worst of all was the three hundred meter sprint. Every person on the team is supposed to be able to make it ten lengths of the shorter side of the gym in under sixty five seconds. My first set I made it in 63 but was sucking wind and the second and third set got worse. It was a rough first morning after not sleeping well and I made sure to nap that afternoon.

Jacquie P.



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