

# There's always next time

Many ex-registrars recalled medical role models (positive and negative) as they explored future models of practice during the apprenticeship of their GP year. Some described a heroic political or religious figure, although mostly caring, teaching, coping and interpersonal skills were valued rather than technical skill.

The trainer was mentioned as a practical role model, for tactics — (opportunism, consultation style), and strategy (wider interests, survival, value of a good sense of humour) as well as for (possibly protective) mimicry of mannerism and dress. (Negative aspects were politely not mentioned.)

A GP's quality of care depends on skill, but also on developing long-term trusting relationships with patients.

The registrar year is an opportunity for evolving a professional character, tested by real-life encounters with patients. Although doctors are no longer generally regarded as heroes, with godlike, magical powers (and no need for sleep), caring medical role models are still revered by registrars. Who will the next generation admire?

**Stefan Cembrowicz**

Masterful but not overwhelming, efficient but not superior, and great without the fuss other countries can make of such a tournament — is this a fair summary of the World Cup 2006? It all started on the 9 June and ended 4 weeks later with a game to be remembered for reasons other than pure football.

I don't know about you but it has made my summer. Much of this was aided by 2 weeks holiday and this happened to fall in the middle of the tournament. My first few days were spent in Palma (de Mallorca) where, unsurprisingly, the World Cup was central to proceedings. Lazy days spent by the beach with the occasional excursion to other parts of the island made for a pleasant stay. Funnily enough I felt European for the first time, perhaps brought on by the footballing banter which seemed to forge alliances.

My scheduling of travel left much to be desired. I managed to plan our outward journey just as the match with Paraguay kicked off only to find that our return journey was timed similarly with regards to the Portugal game. That latter journey was a dispiriting as can be, returning from a restful holiday, hearing that Rooney had been sent off and then finally, and inevitably, that we were out on penalties. Touch down in the UK and it was as if a malevolent spirit had hit the airport and the party which had been, was now gone — not that we were there. Disappointment reigned.

Back in my surgeries many admitted to seeing, experiencing and enjoying the football, but by this time only the elite semi-finalists were left. I would liked to have been around while Ghana, Angola and other 'minnows' were in the thick of it, and once again these African nations were an enthralling surprise at the football fest.

What is it about football that excites, engages, irritates — mostly at the same time? Is it totally about performances, gamesmanship, targets and ultimately, aspiration? (do these words sound familiar?). Or what about politics, travel, culture and sport?

The final match was melodrama to the end, only someone with the stature of Zidane could do what he did and yet remain a footballing icon and the French — quite rightly — remain loyal to this servant of the beautiful game. The Italians deserve their moments of glory but their denouement has yet to come with the allegations of match-fixing at home more serious.

Personally I can't wait for September for the start of 'Euro 2008' against a team better known for cheap skiing holidays. England's new regime will be tested and surely, at some point in the near future, we'll be celebrating and not lamenting.

**Surinder Singh**