

# HOCKEY SUPER SIX

## ***POWER PLAY***

**BY KEVIN SYLVESTER**

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**Dedicated to Rob, Adrienne, Luca, Alexander & Edwin,  
my backyard rink team!**

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## CHAPTER ONE SHORT-HANDED

Prime Minister Pauline Patinage stared blankly down at the document on her desk. She didn't have the energy to read the whole thing. **SHE GAVE A**

**DEEP SIGH AND SIGNED HER NAME.**

She wasn't exactly sure what project she had just approved (**SPOILER ALERT:** this will come back later in a **BIG** way!),



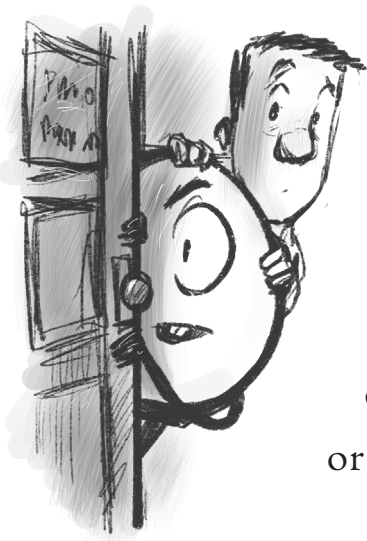
but she signed it nonetheless. It had something to do with hockey (**OH BOY DOES IT EVER**), and that made her both happy and sad.

Her hockey-loving son and his friends had **SACRIFICED THEMSELVES TO SAVE THE WORLD**. But without them, that world now seemed empty. At least signing a hockey-related bill was a way to honour their sacrifice. She sighed again.

Ron Dell and Mr. Filbert, Patinage’s assistant, peered around the door.

“She’s been like this **FOR DAYS**,” said Ron.

**“WEEKS!”** Filbert said. “She’s only approving legislation that mentions hockey. I had to scribble in the word ‘hockey’ on the top page of the last government spending bill or nobody would have gotten paid.”



He shook his head sadly. “How are the other families doing?”

“Much the same.”

Filbert sniffed away a tear. **“THE SIX WERE SUCH A GOOD BUNCH OF KIDS.”**

“All the families are visiting the site together later today. Which reminds me, I’ve got a batch of cookies to make.” Ron wiped away a tear. “Not that anyone will eat them. But I will leave them anyway. I can **ALMOST HEAR** Mo and the twins crunching down on a chunky chocolate chip.”



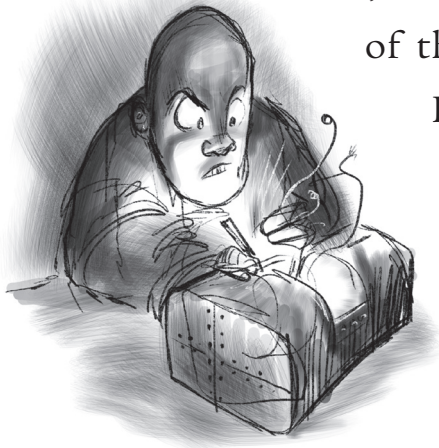
He waited a moment, just to see if wishing for something so wonderful could make it happen (FYI it can’t), then walked away to make some dough.



## CHAPTER TWO

# CONCRETE ACTION

Ned Doosa hovered over his workbench, underneath a huge sign that read “Doosa Does Concrete Better than Anyone!” A metal cylinder – shaped a little like a goalie pad – lay in front of him, with a mass of wires poking out of the middle. (**SPOILER ALERT:**



Doosa’s work had nothing to do with concrete. Could there be more going on here than meets the eye?)

He touched two wires together. They sparked, and the contraption began to hum, but then it quickly fizzled out and went silent.

Doosa tried new wires, closed his eyes and imagined it working. Then he flipped the power switch to ON. Nothing happened. (See note in last chapter about wishing not making things happen.)

“Still **not enough power** to maintain a quantum flux field,” he said, grinding his teeth. “My assistants continue to **steal** me pathetic parts. Why am I surrounded by fools? **Fools who fail me again AND AGAIN?**”

He tossed a wrench at a nearby concrete statue. It clanged off the head.

“**Fools like YOU!**” Doosa yelled. **THE STATUE SEEMED TO SHAKE.** But that’s impossible, right?

