



Game Night

Centennial Arena rocked with spectators. Tom strained forward in the players' box, his eyes on the scoreboard. It was now the third period with two minutes remaining. The Woodland Warriors were winning 2–1. *Come on, Hawks! We can do it!* Tom told himself.

Coach Howie rattled the gate for a line change after an icing call. Three tired skaters headed for the bench.

“Mark. Stuart. Tom. You guys are on!” Coach Howie said, as he tipped his Hawks cap.



“Go, Hawks, go!” yelled the fans.

Mark and Stuart positioned themselves, while Tom set up at the faceoff spot. The linesman dropped the puck. Tom fought for it and lost. As Warrior #2 picked up the pass, Stuart skated hard, reached out his stick and stole the puck. He raced up the ice.

“Pinball,” Tom said. “Pinball!”

The puck passed from Stuart to Mark to Tom — over and over as the Warriors goalie shifted up and down, side to side. Then Tom whacked the puck, and it flew into the net.

“The Pinball worked!” Tom whooped.

“Yahoo!” the team howled.

The score was now 2–2.

Again, they set up at centre ice. This time Tom won the faceoff. He tapped the puck to Mark. Mark sent it back to Tom. He caught the pass and took off. *ZOOM!*

The Warriors’ winger charged after Tom, swiping at the puck. “Whoops!” cried the

winger. His glove and stick went flying. They hit the ice and skimmed across it, blocking Tom's path.



“Oh, no!” gasped the fans.

Tom skate-stepped over the stick. And the glove. His strides were powerful. His eyes stayed focused on the goalie. *THWACK!* He took a shot. The puck soared into the net.

“Yeah!” cheered the Hawks’ fans.

“Woo hoo!” shouted the team.

Tom raised his fist as the clock sounded: *BUZZZZ!* The game was over. It was 3–2 for the Hawks.

As Tom lined up to shake hands with the Warriors, he thought, *Skating over obstacles is nothing after shinny on rough ice!*