

# HOCKEY SUPER SIX

## ***THE FINAL BUZZER***

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## **Scholastic Inc.**

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PO Box 579, Gosford, NSW 2250, Australia

## **Scholastic New Zealand Limited**

Private Bag 94407, Botany, Manukau 2163, New Zealand

## **Scholastic Children's Books**

1 London Bridge, London SE1 9BG, UK

[www.scholastic.ca](http://www.scholastic.ca)

## **Library and Archives Canada Cataloguing in Publication**

Title: The final buzzer / by Kevin Sylvester.

Names: Sylvester, Kevin, author, illustrator.

Series: Sylvester, Kevin. Hockey super six.

Description: Series statement: Hockey super six

Identifiers: Canadiana (print) 20240299736 | Canadiana (ebook) 20240300432 |

ISBN 9781039702004 (softcover) | ISBN 9781039702011 (ebook)

Subjects: LCSH: Hockey stories. | LCGFT: Sports fiction.

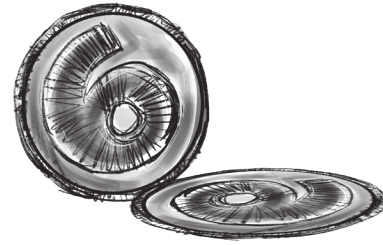
Classification: LCC PS8637.Y42 F56 2024 | DDC jC813/.6—dc23

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## CHAPTER ONE

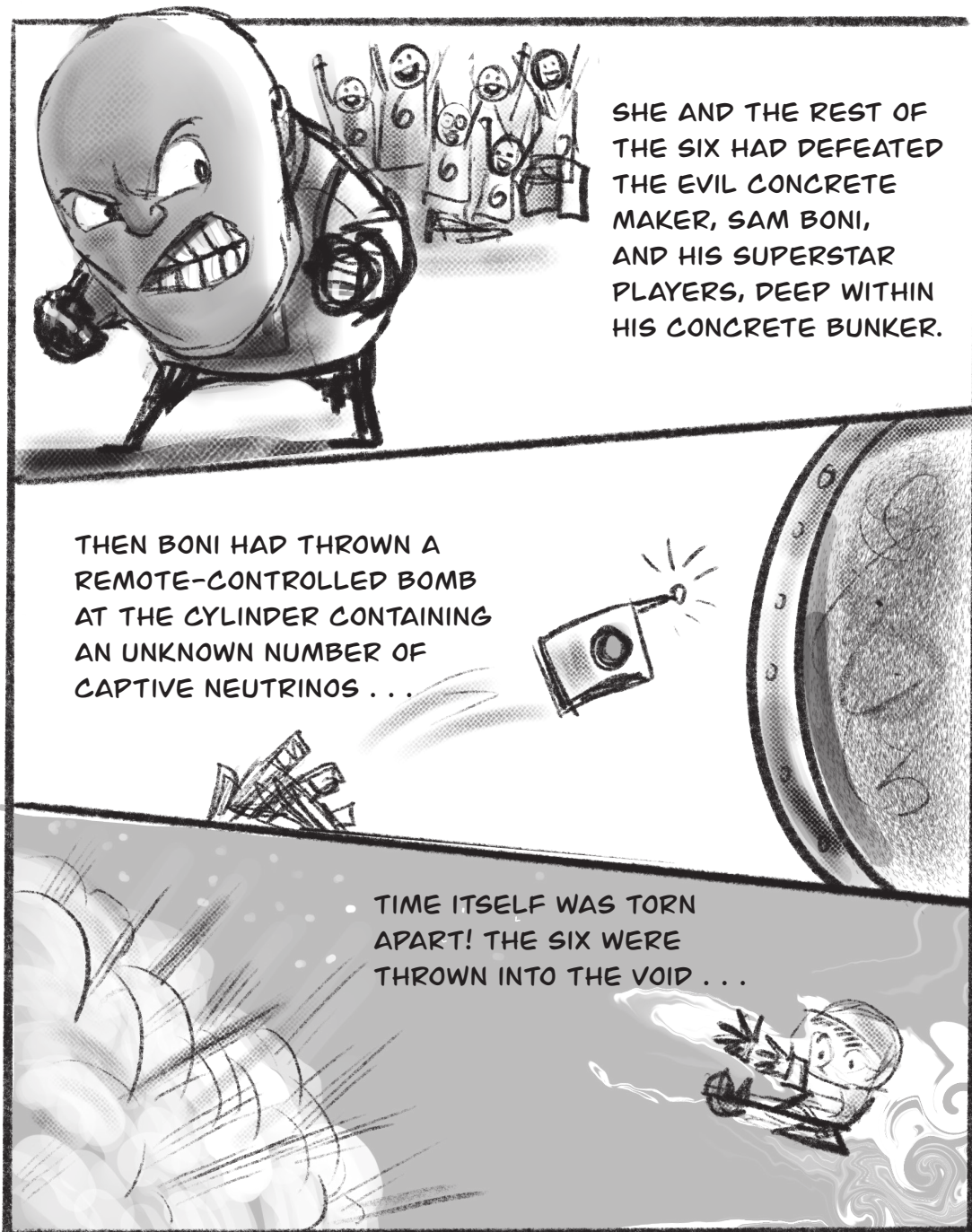
# DOWNSIDE UP

Starlight stared in shock as kids bolted off in all directions. It was like she'd yelled "free popcorn" inside a crowded hockey rink.

**"WHAT IS HAPPENING?"**

Good question.

She closed her eyes and let her brilliant mind quickly **RUN THROUGH THE EVENTS OF THE LAST FEW MINUTES.**



The next thing Starlight remembered, she was in a **SNOWY FIELD**, and spied six kids in **ANCIENT SKATES**, using **HOMEMADE STICKS** and **COW POOP** to play a hockey game. **THEN THEY'D SEEN HER . . . AND RUN.**

"Oh no!" she gasped, imagining the endless possible realities Boni could have caused. "**ANY NUMBER OF THINGS COULD BE HAPPENING RIGHT NOW!**"

She needed some answers.

Starlight shaded her eyes and quickly spotted the swaying of snowy wheat stalks, in the **OPPOSITE** direction of the breeze.

**"GOTCHA."**



The ground was frozen. She pressed a patch on her sweatshirt and her chair instantly transformed into her hockey sledge. She sped forward and was on the fleeing kid in an instant.

His eyes grew wide and he got down on his knees, begging. “Please don’t turn me in!” he said. “We just wanted to play a little . . . volleyball! It only looked like the H-word.”

“**HOCKEY?**”

The boy flinched. “Even saying that word without permission is a **CRIME**.”

“Not for me.”

“Of course not . . . you’re **MOONLIGHT THE MARAUDER!**”

Starlight put up her hands to calm him. “My name isn’t Moonlight. **IT’S STARLIGHT** . . .”

He shook his head. “It’s a trick.”

“It isn’t. Look. I can already surmise from what

you’ve said that, wherever this is, **PLAYING HOCKEY IS ILLEGAL.**”

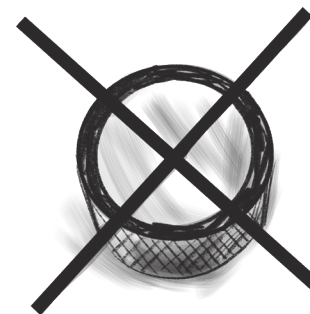
The boy flinched at the H-word but nodded. “They ban books that even mention it.”



“Horrible. And this Moonlight, **WHO LOOKS LIKE ME**, is part of some kind of law enforcement.”

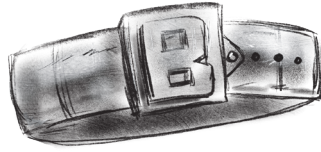
He nodded again.

Starlight tapped her chin, thinking. “So, the only conclusion . . . is that I am in some kind of **ALTERNATE REALITY**, with an apparently evil version of myself. I think I know the how . . . thanks to Boni and neutrinos. But why ban hockey?”



“It’s not banned for the Great Ones in the capital, Boomawa . . .” But before the boy could go on, the ground began to shake, and





## CHAPTER TWO IT WASN'T!

Whew! Well . . . not totally whew. Because at that moment, the real Mo was standing on an actual hockey rink, trying to use his super-strength to break **A THICK BELT THAT WAS TIED AROUND HIS WAIST.**

Every time he tried to leave the arena, **IT GAVE HIM A SHARP JOLT** — shocking even for someone as big as Mo.

