

HOCKEY SUPER SIX

HAT TRICKED

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557 Broadway, New York, NY 10012, USA

Scholastic Australia Pty Limited

PO Box 579, Gosford, NSW 2250, Australia

Scholastic New Zealand Limited

Private Bag 94407, Botany, Manukau 2163, New Zealand

Scholastic Children's Books

Euston House, 24 Eversholt Street, London NW1 1DB, UK

www.scholastic.ca

Library and Archives Canada Cataloguing in Publication

Title: Hat tricked / Kevin Sylvester.

Names: Sylvester, Kevin, author, illustrator.

Series: Sylvester, Kevin. Hockey super six.

Description: Series statement: Hockey super six

Identifiers: Canadiana (print) 20210154039 | Canadiana (ebook) 20210154063 |

ISBN 9781443182935 (softcover) | ISBN 9781443191739 (ebook)

Classification: LCC PS8637.Y42 H38 2021 | DDC C813/.6—dc23

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CHAPTER THIRTEEN

SOME ANSWERS FOR YOU

Well, as you can see, Starlight and Karl are **NOT DEAD**. Are Ron and PM PP? Stay tuned.

Let's start with the fate of the Super Six. When we last saw them, they were **INSIDE A BUILDING WITH A TICKING TIME BOMB**.

DJ was dizzy. The twins were tied up. Mo was attempting to pry open the elevator doors. They were doomed.

So it seemed a safe assumption that they'd be blown up or burned to a crisp. But what Fuzzy had

not counted on was the combination of Starlight’s brain, Karl’s amazing superpowers, **AND SALIVA.**

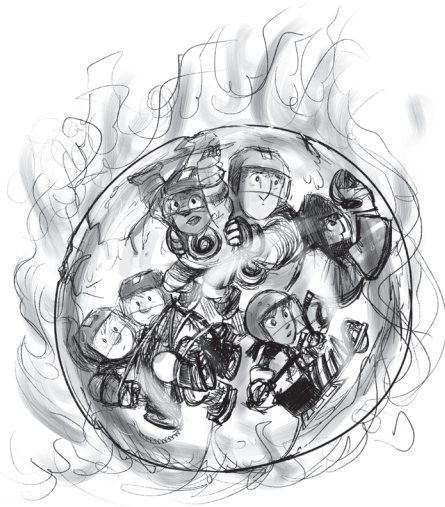
So . . . let’s jump back into the scene **RIGHT BEFORE THE BOOM.**

“**FIVE SECONDS LEFT!**” screamed the twins.

Starlight grabbed DJ and hugged the twins. “Mo! Here now. Karl! **FREEZE DOME!**” Starlight yelled.

Karl leaped to her side and raised his hands above his head. A split second later **THE ENTIRE BUILDING WAS ENGULFED IN FLAMES.** BUT Karl had successfully formed a giant ice ball around himself and his five friends. The **SUPER FREEZING SNAPPED THE CABLES** that held the twins, and Benny and Jenny fell at Karl’s feet.





“Nice job, captain!” they cheered. But the jubilation was short lived as the **IMMENSE HEAT BEGAN TO MELT THE ICE.**

“**I NEED MORE WATER!**” Karl hissed through gritted teeth.

Starlight looked around frantically for a water bottle, but they had all been left behind in the copter. Her mind raced, and then her eyes grew wide. “**EVERYONE! SPIT!!!!!**”

DJ woke from his stupor. “You have got to be kid—”

“**SPIT!!!**”

The air was soon filled with saliva. Karl gathered the slobber and froze it to the inside walls of the ball.

“I thought a spitball was only in baseball,” DJ laughed.

Karl was doing his best to keep the flames at bay. But the intense heat continued to eat away at the crust. **“WE GOTTA GET AWAY FROM HERE!”**

“EVERYONE SKATE!” Starlight yelled over the roar of the flames.

With all six churning their feet, the ball spun faster and faster and faster. The ball created its own fire tornado as it began to rise **HIGHER AND HIGHER.**

Cracks appeared. Small flames crept through, licking Karl’s fingers.

“WE NEED MORE SPIT!”

“There’s none left!” Mo said in a croak.

Karl strained to keep the ball together.

“She can’t take any more, captain!” yelled the kids.

There was a **GIANT BOOM** as the fire below hit some explosives. The blast sent the remains of the ball, with the Six inside, **HURLING THROUGH THE AIR**. They hit the ground with a crack, then a splash, safely away from the collapsed armoury.

“**WELL, THAT WAS DRAMATIC,**” said a voice.

Karl looked up. “RON!”

Yes, and Ron was holding the hand of a dirt-covered PM PP.

