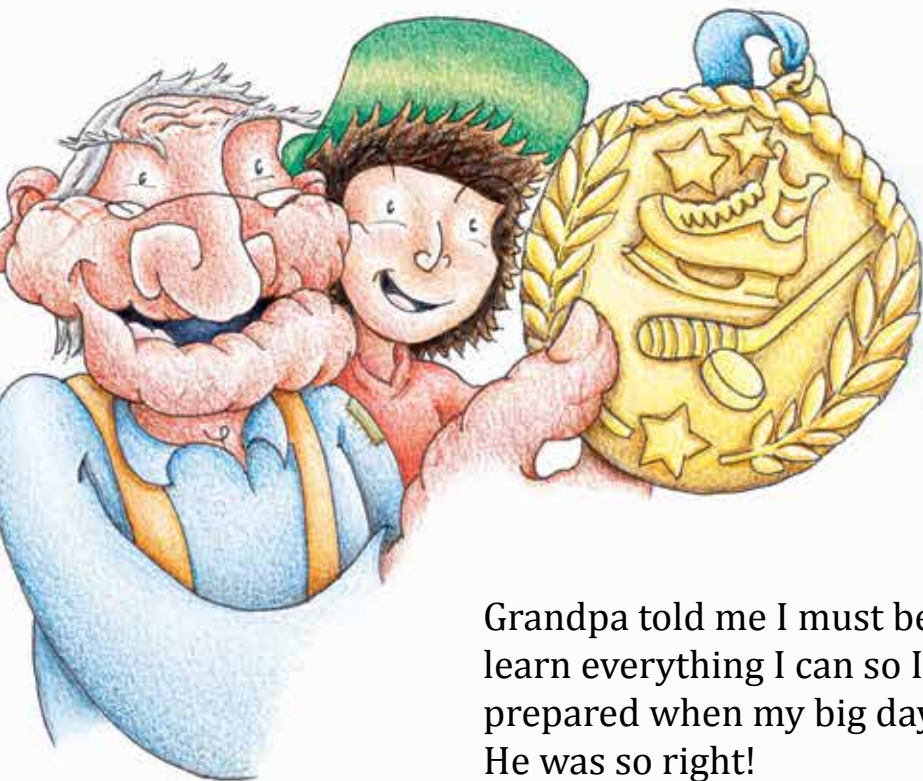
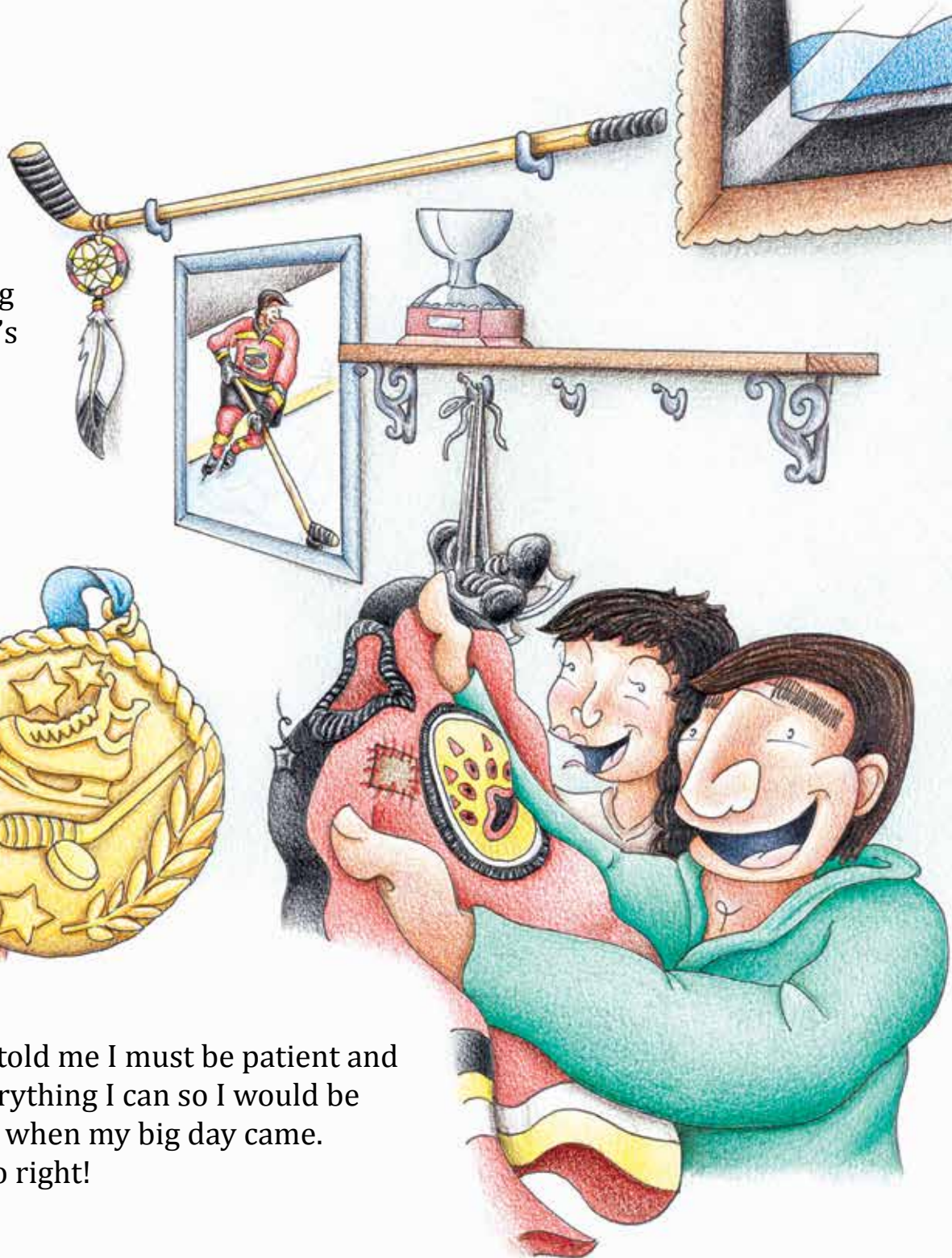


My whole family loves playing hockey. My sister is our team's star forward and I am the backup goalie.

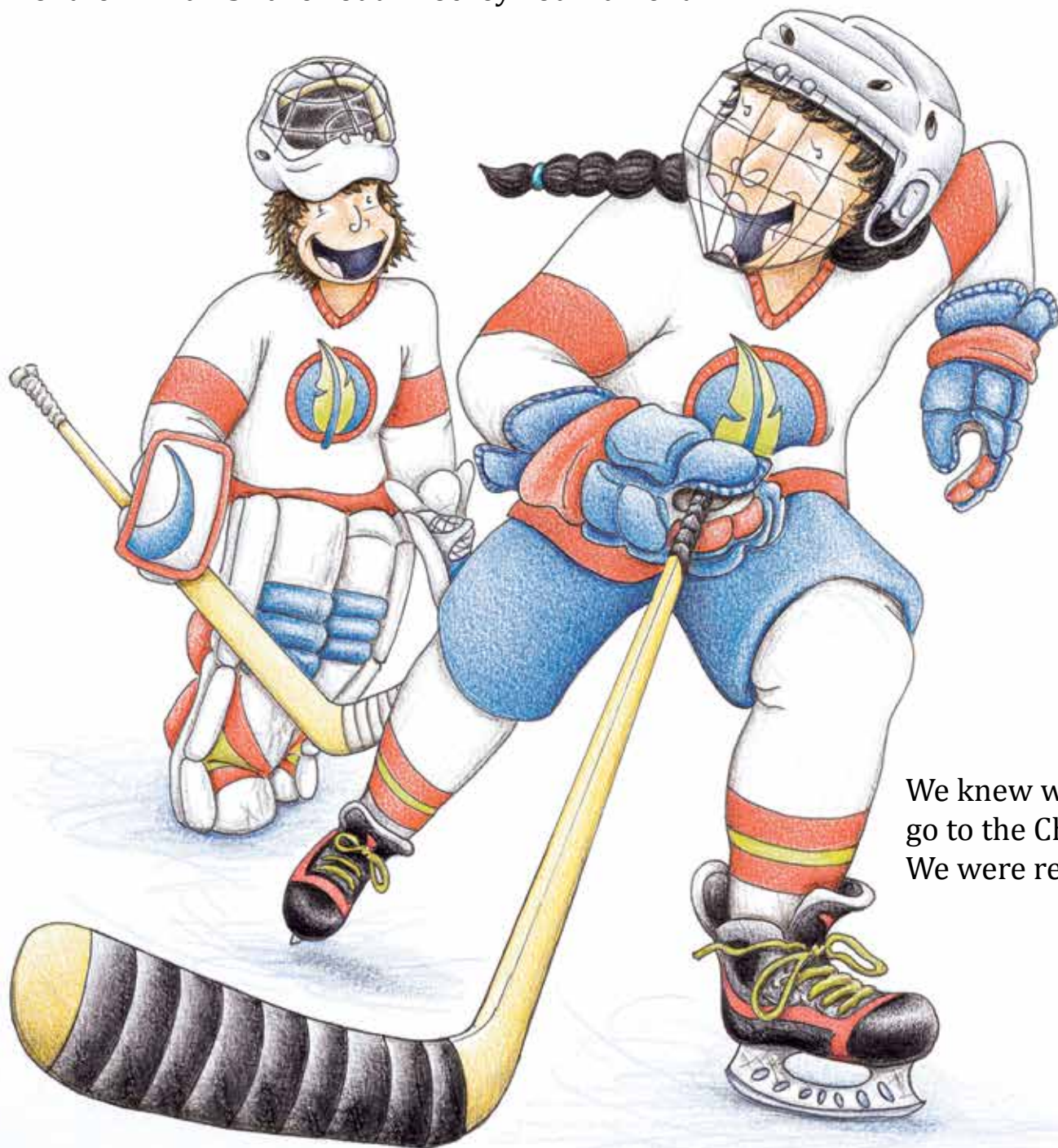


Grandpa told me I must be patient and learn everything I can so I would be prepared when my big day came. He was so right!





Yesterday, our team played in the semi-final game of the Williams Lake Youth Hockey Tournament.



We knew we had to win to go to the Championship. We were ready for ice time.





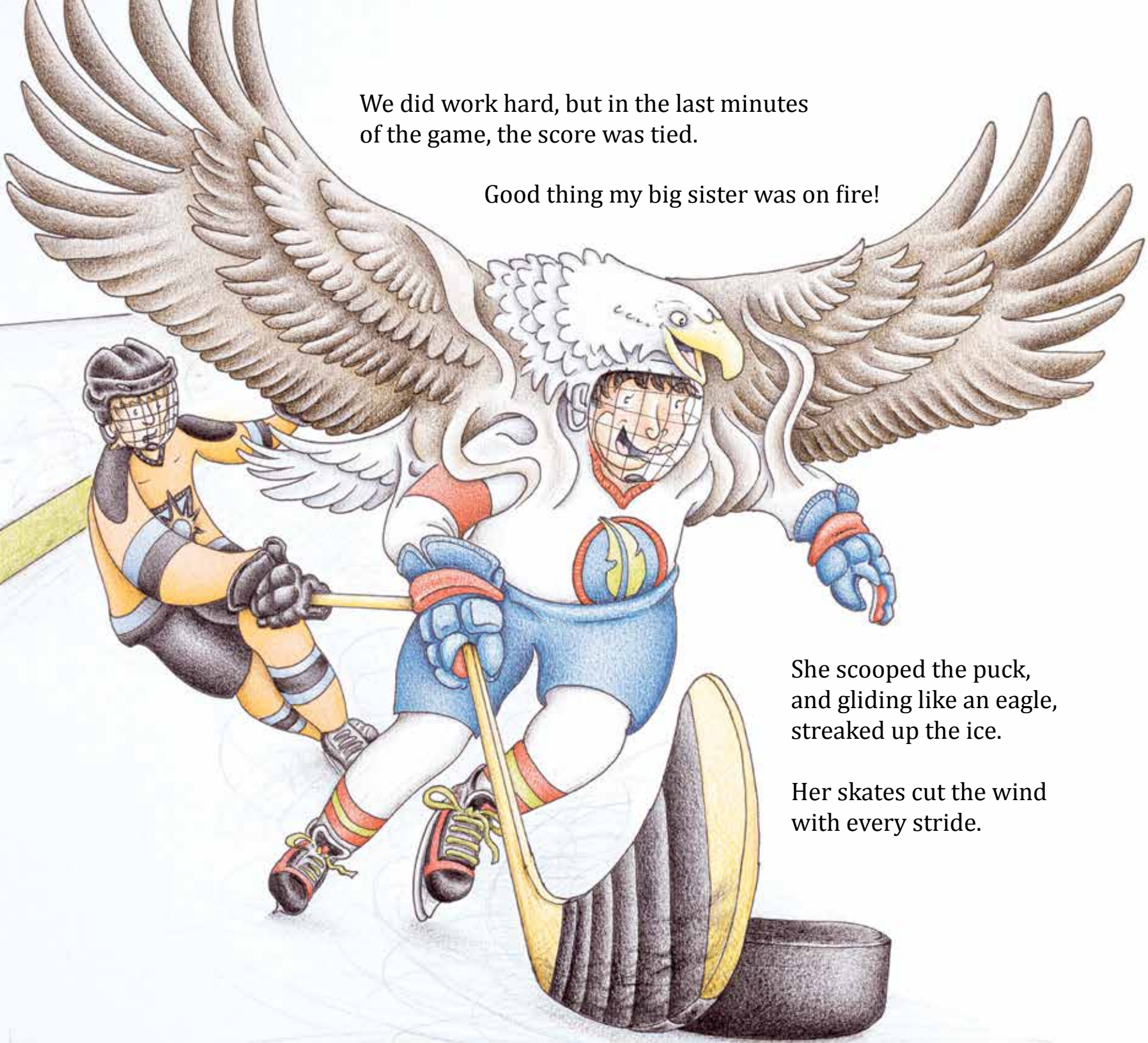
The stands were filled to the rafters with fans.  
My whole family was there, cheering and waving signs.

Grandpa cheered the loudest. "Work hard," he had told us, "but most important, have fun!"



We did work hard, but in the last minutes  
of the game, the score was tied.

Good thing my big sister was on fire!

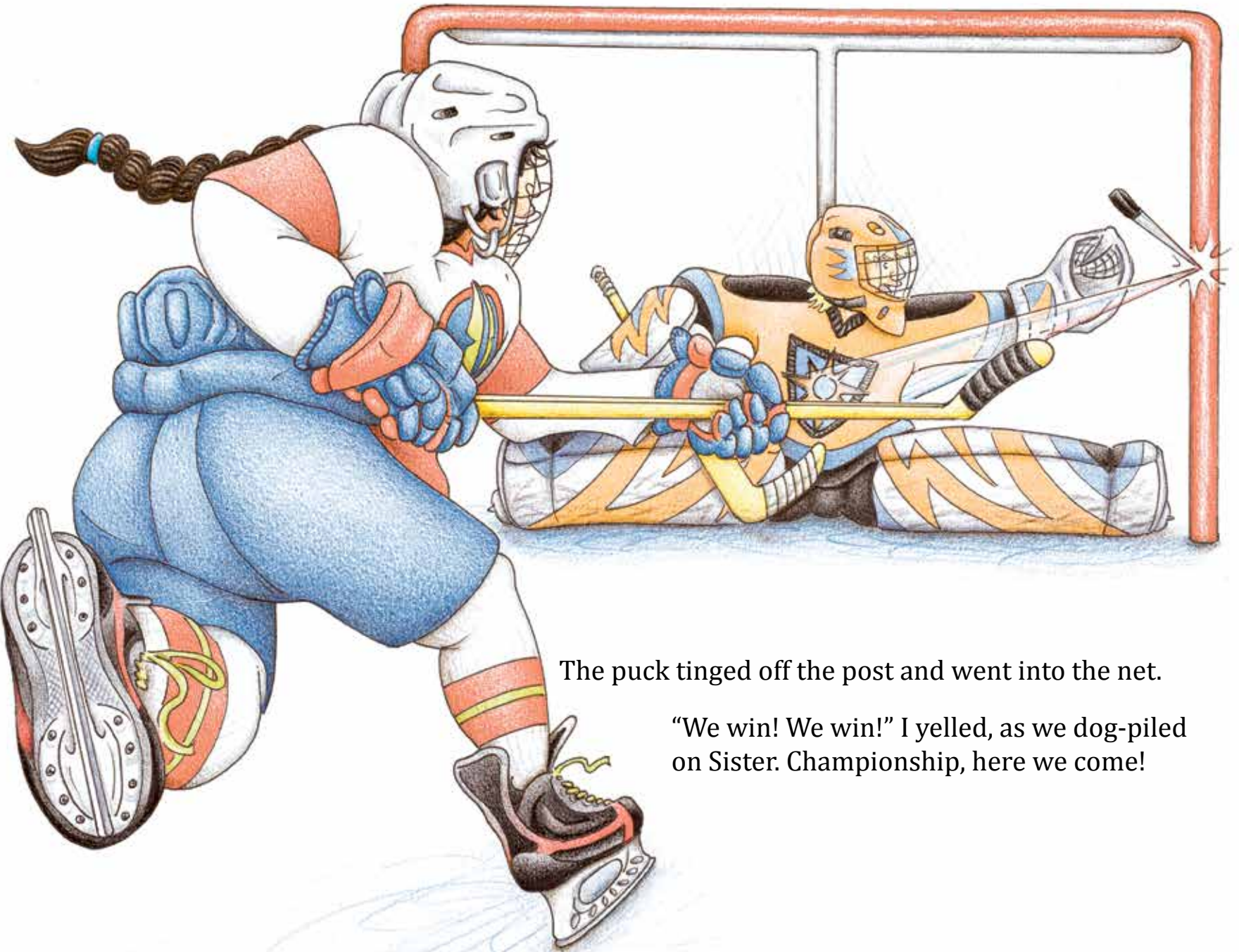


She scooped the puck,  
and gliding like an eagle,  
streaked up the ice.

Her skates cut the wind  
with every stride.



She moved right, deked left and shot for the corner.

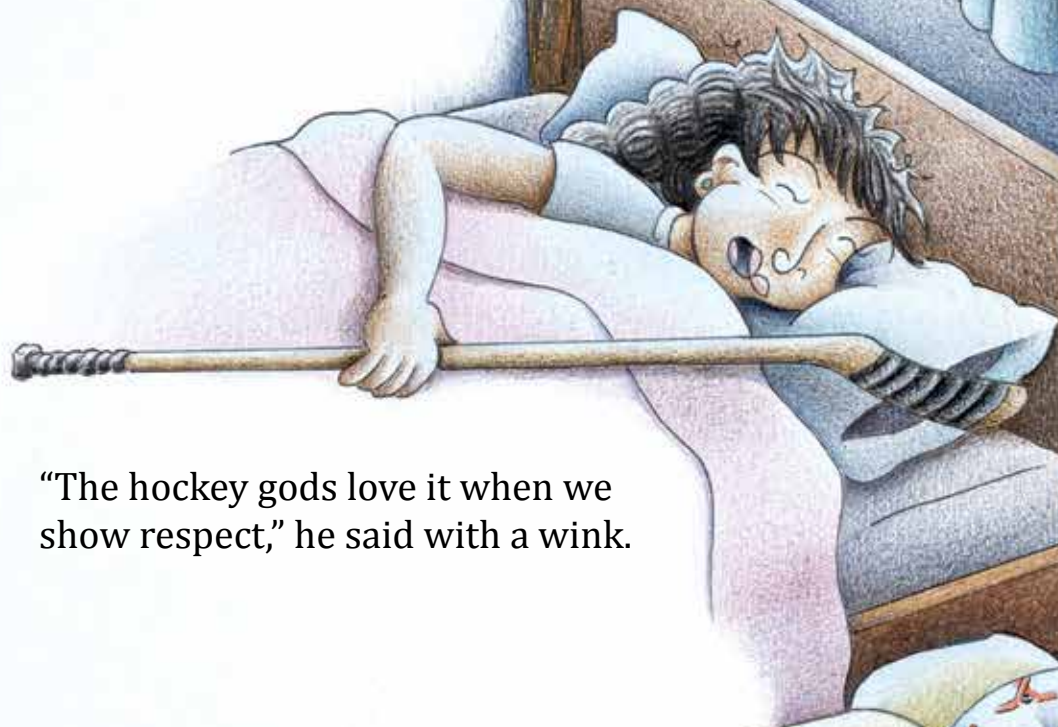


The puck tinged off the post and went into the net.

“We win! We win!” I yelled, as we dog-piled on Sister. Championship, here we come!



Last night, Grandpa told us,  
“Take care of your hockey gear.”



“The hockey gods love it when we  
show respect,” he said with a wink.

