**The Boy in Number Three**

**By: Kieran C.**

There I was about to end the game of my life. I was as excited as the time when I learned how to ride a two-wheeler. The rink was as cold as Santa’s workshop. 3… 2… 1… Eeeeeerrrrr!!!!!! Even though I did not have the puck in the last three seconds we had won against our arch rivals. Clearly our hard practice paid off.

We had finally got our triumph. I felt as OVERJOYED as a clown! I learned something that day I learned that when you practice you win. I am glad I got my win against Grundy (arch rivals), but I feel bad for the kids on the other team. But hockey is not just any sport it is mine.