

# Brady Brady and the Puck on the Pond

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Brady Brady loved winter. He loved winter because he loved to skate. Brady would skate on his backyard rink every chance he got. One afternoon, Brady and a few of his friends were playing a game of shinny when Freddie, one of Brady's teammates on the Icehogs, came rushing into the backyard.

"Brady Brady! You should see the size of the hockey rink on my grandpa's pond!" said Freddie excitedly. "It's the biggest and best rink **ever!** You guys should come over and play!"

"That sounds awesome!" Tes squealed.

"I can't wait!" Kev added.

"Let's go put the puck on the pond!" Chester hollered.

Brady watched his friends as they rushed off the ice to follow Freddie. He realized this was the first time that his friends wanted to play shinny somewhere else. Brady gripped his hockey stick tightly, and tried not to show how sad he felt.

"You guys go ahead and have fun. I have to stay and help my Dad with some chores," Brady lied. "Maybe I'll catch up with you later."

As the kids gathered at the pond, Freddie's grandpa high-fived them, and showed them the cool benches he had made out of snow. Freddie was quick to point out the blue lines and red circle in the middle of the ice.

"See?" said Freddie, "just like Brady Brady's rink!"

The Ice hogs were having way too much fun on the Freddie's rink to miss Brady. They thought it was cool to play on such a big rink. When they took turns sitting on the bench, Freddie's grandpa brought them cups of hot chocolate filled with colored marshmallows.

"This is the **best** rink ever!" said Tes between sips of hot chocolate.

The next morning, Brady wolfed down his breakfast, grabbed his stick and headed out to his backyard rink. He wanted to have his all shoveled off and ready for the Icehogs-but Brady's friend had something else in mind.

"Hey Brady Brady," said Tree, "we're going over to Freddie's pond. Do you want us to wait while you get your skates?"

“No you go ahead, I have to help my Dad again,” said Brady with a frown. I’ll catch up with you guys later.”

But Brady knew he couldn’t be catching up with them later. He put his skates and practiced his slapshot with his dog, Hatrick. It wasn’t as much fun as it usually was. Even Hatrick got bored and walked off the ice with the puck between his teeth. That night at dinner, Brady didn’t have much of an appetite.

“What’s wrong, Brady Brady?” asked his mother.

“Yeah you don’t seem like yourself latterly,” said his father. “You’re been moping around the house for the last couple of days.”

Brady took a deep breath and let out a big sigh. “All of my friends want to play with Freddie instead of me, “He explained. “His grandpa has a big ice rink on his pond with benches made out of snow. The kids don’t want to play on my rink anymore. I **won’t** play on Freddie’s pond- even if it means that I have to spot playing with my friends!”

“You could do that Brady Brady, but don’t you think you would be lonely?” his mother asked.

“There’s only room for one rink in this neighborhoods!” muttered Brady.

The next day, Brady’s friends were waiting at the end of his driveway once again. This time Brady convinced them that they should have a game of shinny on **his** rink.

“It’s too far to carry all of our equipment to the pond. Anyways...I hear that Freddie doesn’t even have any nets,” said Brady. “Who’s heard of using boots for goalie nets?”

The Icehogs didn’t care; they just wanted somewhere to play. As Freddie shoveled the pond, he wondered why the Icehogs had not arrived yet. He thought everyone was going to meet at the pond first thing in the morning. After all, his friends seemed to like playing hockey on his grandpa’s pond. Freddie cleaned off the rink, but there was still no sign of his teammates. He decided to try and find out what his friends were doing. As he walked through the neighborhood, he could hear laughter coming from Brady’s backyard.

“Hey guys,” said Freddie, “I was waiting for everyone to come and play a game on the pond. What happened?”

“Everyone decided to play on my real instead,” Brady boasted. “Plus, you don’t have any hockey nets, so how do you expect us to have a **real** game?”

Freddie turned and left Brady's backyard with his head hung low.

"That wasn't a very nice thing to say to Freddie," whispered Chester. "He's your friend."

Suddenly, Brady didn't feel like playing anymore. He remembered how sad he felt when he had no one to play with. Determined to make things right, Brady knew that he needed to come up with a plan.

"**Wait!**" cried Brady, "I have a great idea! Why don't we meet early tomorrow morning, and we'll surprise Freddie by cleaning off his grandpa's pond! I'm sure he could use a few friends to help him out!"

The kids all nodded in agreement.

"I have a couple of old hockey nets that would be perfect for the pond. We can bring them in the morning," said Brady.

Brady got up early the next morning. He grabbed his skates, stick, and his Dad's big shovel. His friends were already waiting on his driveway. They gathered up the extra hockey nets and whisked them off to the pond.

"We've got some work to do," said Brady, as he heaved snow over to the frozen pond.

Everyone pitched in to help. They even made snowmen to be the 'fans in the stands'. When Freddie arrived at the pond, he could not believe his eyes. The ice had been completely shoveled and the old winter boots had been replaced with Brady's hockey nets.

"Hey!" yelled Brady, as Freddie walked over to the benches. "How about a game of shinny?"

As Freddie's face lit up, Brady realized that it was his friends...**not** the rink...that made the game fun!