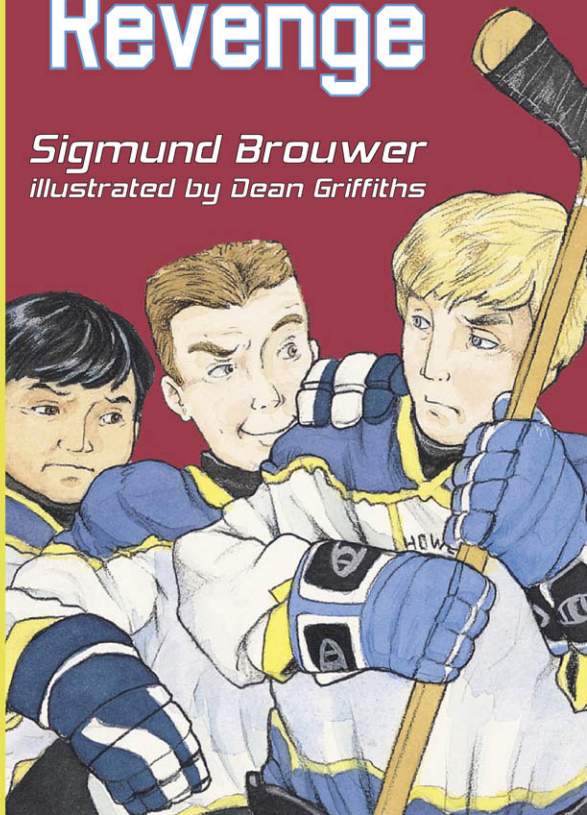




Timberwolf Revenge

Sigmund Brouwer
illustrated by Dean Griffiths





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*To Walter Tarnowsky and his
beloved Leafs—D. G.*

Chapter Four



The Howling Timberwolves went to a restaurant after the game. Johnny and Stu sat at a table with Tom and Coach Smith. Johnny had his hockey stick with him. The rest of the team sat at tables nearby.

When the waitress stopped to take their orders, she said, “That’s a hockey stick. You’re not planning to play hockey in here, are you?” She was making a joke.

“I’m guarding it,” Johnny said. “I’m going to sleep and eat and shower with it. I love this stick. Nobody is going to do anything to my stick!”

The waitress laughed. She thought Johnny was making a joke too.

When the food arrived Coach Smith was away from the table. He was calling the parents in Howling to let them know the team was in the semi-finals.

Johnny had ordered pancakes and sausages. He put some syrup on a side plate. Then he put a piece of butter in the middle of the syrup.

“What are you doing?” Stu asked Johnny.

“I heard that butter gets hot if you put salt on it,” Johnny answered. “I want to see if it’s true.”

“That’s crazy,” Tom said. “Putting salt on butter doesn’t make it hot.”

“You’re probably right,” Johnny said. “But I want to find out for myself.”

Johnny poured a little bit of salt on the butter.

He opened his hand and put his palm right over top of the butter. He waited. He looked at Stu.

“Tom is right, Stu,” Johnny said. “It doesn’t get hot. I don’t feel a thing.”

“Maybe try some more salt,” Stu said.

Johnny put more salt on the butter. He opened his hand again and put his palm over the butter.

“Nothing,” he told Stu. “I don’t feel any heat.”

“Of course not,” Tom said. “I told you it was crazy. You’re dumb to think it would work.”

“Well,” Johnny said, “maybe it doesn’t make the butter hot enough to boil water. Maybe you need to get your hand as close as possible to feel it.”

Johnny lowered his open palm until it was almost on the plate.

“Hey!” Johnny said. “I’m right. Tom is wrong. I can feel the heat.”

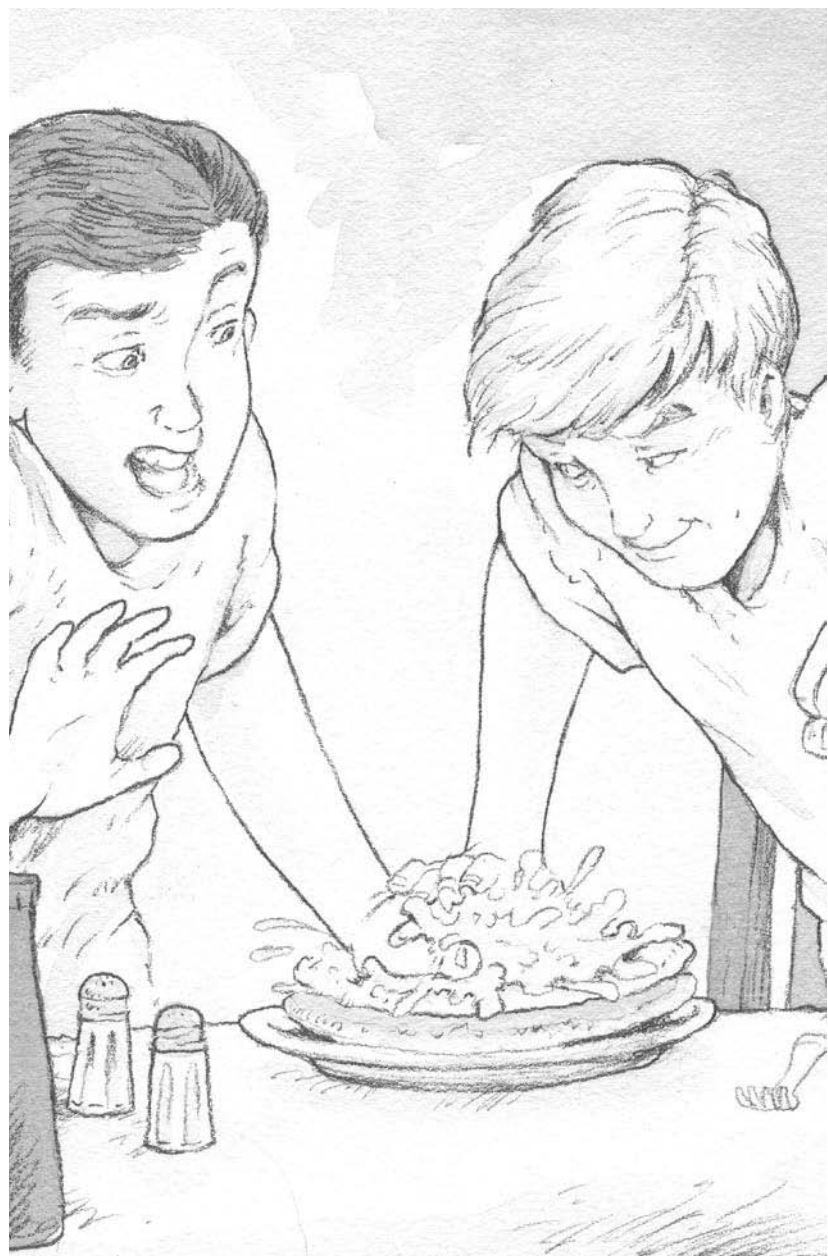
“No way,” Tom said. “That’s crazy.”

“You try it,” Johnny told Tom. “Then we’ll see who is right.”

“I’m right,” Tom said. He reached across the table. “Move your hand, Johnny.”

Johnny pulled his hand away.

Tom opened his hand. He put his palm directly above the butter. “I don’t feel anything.”



“It doesn’t make the butter hot enough to boil water,” Johnny told Tom. “You have to have your hand really close.”

“This close?” Tom lowered his hand so it was almost touching the butter.

“Close enough,” Johnny said. Then he quickly pushed Tom’s hand down into the plate. He squished Tom’s hand into the butter and the syrup.

“Hey!” Tom said.

Tom lifted his hand. It was sticky from the butter and the syrup.

Everyone on the team began to laugh at Tom.

“Now we’re even,” Johnny said. “You made me put my hand in the toilet. And I made you put your hand in the syrup.”

“Even!” Tom was mad because everyone was laughing. “I don’t think so. Just wait until I get you back!”

“Guys,” Stu told them. “Revenge is never a good idea. And we are all friends. Remember?”

“Revenge?” Tom said. “I don’t want revenge.”

“Let me guess,” Stu said. “You just want to get even.”

“Exactly,” Tom said. “So Johnny better watch out. Because something really might happen to his Ian James hockey stick.”