



## CHAPTER TWO C.G.I. CARAMBA!

The referee was the spitting image of their archenemy, **THE VILLAINOUS CLARENCE CROSSCHECK.**

“But he’s in prison!” Karl said.

“**THIS CAN’T BE HAPPENING,**” DJ said. He clicked his skates together three times. “There’s no place like my home rink.”



Karl kept waving his hands in the air looking in vain for the menu buttons to materialize.

Nothing. The ref dropped the puck.

As DJ and Karl tried to figure out what was going on, one of the goalies – Ella Cousins – skated around them and scored. A **BOLT OF LIGHTNING OBLITERATED** one of the five not-really-Karl Karls.

“That is seriously disturbing,” Karl said, as a team of skating mascots swept away the debris. “Okay.



We are clearly, somehow – and unbelievably – **TRAPPED INSIDE THE VIDEO GAME.**”

“Agreed,” DJ said. **“BUT WHAT DO WE DO?”**

Karl rubbed his temples, thinking. “Okay. We know this game is set to beginner, and that we activated the customize option.”

“Right! I’ll add you to my team.”

“No, you join my team.”

“Why can’t **YOU** join **MY** team?” DJ frowned.

**“I CAN SCORE, AND YOU CAN STOP EVERYTHING FROM GOING INTO OUR NET.”**

“I guess that makes sense,” DJ said, “but I’m not happy about it.”

“We’ll beat these goalies, and then figure out how to get back to the real world.”

“Okay.” DJ skated up to the ref and tapped his shoulder.

“Hey, evil dude.”

The referee’s head turned completely around.



**“CREEPY.** Look, I can’t access the menu,” DJ said. “So, can you manually **ADD ME TO KARL’S TEAM?**”

The ref’s mouth opened, but it was the announcer’s voice that came out. **“CUSTOM ROSTER. INTERESTING. NOTED. SAVED.”** Crosscheck’s mouth snapped shut.

“Was that a yes?” DJ said.

Another horn blasted and the Karls AND remaining goalies moved to one side of the centre ice line. **THAT LEFT DJ AND KARL ALONE ON THE OTHER SIDE.**

**“WE’RE OUTNUMBERED!”** Karl said.

“That’s not what I meant,” DJ hollered.

But the ref dropped the puck, and a crack of thunder echoed around the arena.

