

CHAPTER SEVEN **BOOM, BOOM, BOOM**

A shower of **BRICK AND STONES PELTED DOWN** like puck-sized hail.

“THEY FOUND US!” DJ yelled.

DJ deflected the first few bricks, and Mo was able to pound them into dust.

But Boom’s curled fists soon broke through the ceiling, sending more stones flying and forming a crack that grew wider with each punch.



“That whole thing is about to come down,” Mo yelled.

Starlight turned to Karl. “Use your powers, **CAPTAIN!**”

THERE WAS A PAUSE.

“THAT’S YOU, KARL!” yelled DJ.

“Oh!” Karl turned and blasted an ice dome above their heads. “I don’t know how long that will hold. And I mean ‘I don’t know’ literally.”

“SKATE, you fools!” yelled Hipcheck. “Save the kids.”



Karl and DJ were off. They skated down the largest tunnel, **FREEZING THE SEWER WATER** in front of a fleeing crowd of children, ushered forward by the twins.

Boom continued to pound, and the **ICE DOME CRACKED UNDER THE WEIGHT** of the collapsing ceiling.

Mo skated under it and held it up with one hand – the other hand was still filled with three whole pizza slices.

“Now what?” Mo asked between munches.

Starlight peered up through the splintering ice. She could see the **BLURRY IMAGE OF THE HORRIBLE SIX STANDING NEXT TO BOOM – WATCHING BUT NOT HELPING.**



64

“**INTERESTING. AND GOOD.** It means Karl and the twins aren’t being followed,” she said. “Dr. Hipcheck, I assume you have an **AUTO-DESTRUCT PROTOCOL** here?”

He shuddered but nodded and pressed a code into his watch. **“WE HAVE TEN SECONDS.”**

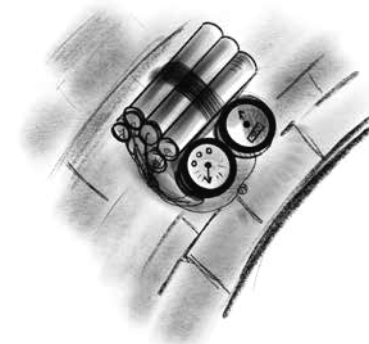
Starlight waved to Mo to grab the not-so-evil-after-all scientist, and they sped away into the sewers. The heat from the skate blades, especially the twins’, sped up the melting of the ice behind them.

“This sewer smells more like your goalie equipment every second,” Mo said as they caught up to DJ.

“Ha ha.”

There was a loud **CRACK** as the ice dome collapsed, followed by a giant explosion as Hipcheck’s hidden **EXPLOSIVES SENT THE SEWER ENTRANCE CRASHING DOWN.**

“Maybe they all got squashed in the rubble,” Mo said. “If we’re lucky.”



65