



Kezie and Jed and Patrick watched the moving truck drive away.

Noli was gone.

“I wonder who’s moving in,” said Kezie.

Jed bumped his hockey stick on the ground impatiently. “Better be someone who plays hockey,” he said.

“And bocce!” said Patrick.

Noli’s yard was perfect for bocce, and it was Patrick’s favourite game.

Jed blasted the ball into the net. “Noli was the best goalie. How are we going to play without her? And now we only have one net.”

Kezie didn't answer. She'd spotted something in the hedge. "Look at this!" She held up a dirty pink knitted hat.

"Noli lost that last spring," Patrick said. He reached for the hat, but Kezie held it tight.

Patrick's mouth twisted into a funny shape.

"Are you going to cry?" Kezie asked.

"Maybe later," Patrick said. "Can I have that please?"

"No, I'm going to put it here," said Kezie. She put the pink hat on top of the net. "Where we can share it."

"Come on!" said Jed. "Let's play, already!"

Patrick pulled on the goalie pads and mask. He grabbed Noli's old goalie stick and crouched in the net.

Jed did some stick-handling with the ball—back and forth, back and forth. Then he took a shot and the ball bounced off Patrick's pad . . . right over . . . and in!

Patrick stared at the ball.
Then Kezie shot and hit the goal post.
The hat fell off. Patrick put it back.
Then Jed shot, and Patrick fell over to
make the save.

Kezie rescued the hat that time.

“She could have just stayed,” grumbled
Jed. “Noli could have told her mum she
didn’t want to move.”

“Noli said she had the best mum in the
world,” Patrick reminded them. Kezie remem-
bered the arguments.

Noli always said she had the mum with
the biggest ears, who listened the most.

“But my dad makes the best hot choco-
late,” said Patrick. Which was true. His dad
did. With marshmallows.

Jed went in behind the net to get the ball
and bring it around. “What about cookies?”
he asked. “Who’s going to tell the new kid

they live in the Cookie House? What are we going to do about that?"

"Nothing," said Patrick. "We don't know who's moving in. We don't know if they play hockey. Or bocce. Or make cookies. We just know that Noli's gone."

"Are you going to cry?" asked Kezie.

"Yep," said Patrick.

"Is it later now?" asked Kezie.

"Yep," said Patrick, and he sat down in the net. Jed shot the ball in from the side. Noli's hat fell and landed on Patrick's head.

"C'mon," said Jed. "We've got to play two-on-one. Until the new neighbour comes along."



