Hatchet Man

By : Char4

1980 Nwe York hockey fiction

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It was my dream job to be an intimidating NHL goalie. However, all I am is ruthless. But liked I care; I still get everything I want no matter the cost. Iâ m Willy Smith the â Hatchet Man,â and I play for New York Islanders, in 1980. The underdogs we were. For the first time in five years we had earned 91 points in our season. However Iâ m okay with that, like who doesnâ t love a good underdog story? I know I do. Our energy is saved up for the playoffs. Now that was our key to success. How we made it happen, I donâ t know. The best was the revenge in the years after. Game six, Stanley Cup final. It was a new beginning.

With my temper high I was anxious for the period to begin. We were in overtime for the Stanley Cup. Our first Stanley Cup; we just needed this game. Like youâ re high on anxiety, is how it felt. As the players were so antsy for the puck, I just stare them down in my crease. The Philadelphia Flyers were the enemy. They finished first in the regular season. However I am not scared, Iâ m never scared. I tried to scare other players by taping several inches down from the butt end of my stick, so I could stab the players with that extra butt end, because it hurts a lot more.

There were ten minutes left in overtime. Thatâ s when the fight began. I was getting screened in front of my net; I couldnâ t see anything, as this guy Fred from the Flyers keep on pushing me. So I unleashed my wrath on him. I tried to hide it, best I could, as I lowered my stick to stab him in his side with the untaped butt end. As he screamed for mercy like a baby; I always stab the players, and all they do is tear up; I always see it in their faces. Fred thought he would be smart, and he decided to whack his stick across my head, even though my helmet is just a piece of plastic. He had to be crazy or mental. Well because of him distracting me, the puck slipped in as I was beaking him off. But it was a delayed penalty to Fred for his â bright idea.â No goal! That was great for us; an extra player. We were ready to go. It was amazing how Dave Lane was skating, passing though the defense like it was his day job; there was no question he was for sure our best player. It was a break away. An easy chance for him as he got ready and chipped the white ice with his stick, and the puck flew through the air and past the goalieâ s head. GOAL! GOAL! Goal for the Stanley Cup win! The first Stanley Cup for the New York Islanders!

After the game was the best feeling. The Flyers looked mad; maybe it had something to do with the fact I didnâ t shake their hands. Though I never do. The stabbing could be the reason too. Really I donâ t care. We won, that was all that mattered. Here in our big home arena well it has to be big New York is the biggest State in the United States. There were reporters there in there leather suit, with huge eyeglasses. Iâ m not really into fashion. It was weird all the reporters had a first aid badge on their jackets. They came to our dressing room, which was pretty small for NHL players, but it was fine for the olden days. Man I got a lot of questions asked. All I answered was, â I unleashed my wrath on them today, and I will continue to until I retire.â I would also add, â I always had my stick like that, I never taped my butt end of my stick.â It is a big deal because Iâ m the only goalie that does it, but it helps me unleash my wrath on other players. I guess no one really cared that I never taped the butt end of my stick, because I never played in such an important game. I tried not to worry about it. Because I really didnâ t care what anyone thought of me.

Just like every game I walked past the crowd, as they looked at me disgusted, out to the back parking lot to my truck so I could go home. No one was never there. It felt different this time though. â Must be because this is the biggest win of my career,â I thought to myself.

Suddenly: â BAM, BAM,â I heard. Only I heard it through because no one came running. Like a bolt of lightning though the air. The skin on my leg where the bullet pierced through: I was shot. Dark red blood pouring down my leg as I just stood there and got the gun out of my truck: I knew it was Fred who had shot me; I wanted to kill him so bad. Instead I just limped my way through the back door, hoping no one saw me as

I limped through the hallway and grabbed one of the reporters and covered his mouth so he couldnâ t scream. I took him into the closest janitor closest I knew; good thing all the rooms in our arena are soundproof. I immediately locked the door, grabbed the first aid kit, and I threatened â if you donâ t get this bullet out of my leg now I will shoot you!â He tried to scream, but that didnâ t help him because I just shot him in the leg and commanded â NOW!â Finally, he did as I said, but that wasnâ t good enough. I couldnâ t have him going around telling everyone. A reporter he is, he canâ t keep secrets. I didnâ t even think for a second I just pulled the trigger and shot him right in the head. I quickly went out, unloaded all my hockey equipment into my truck and then brought in my bag. He fit in there perfectly. Out to my truck again; no one even noticed.

When I got home it was simple. All I could do was burn him. Even though it was winter, we never got snow; it was 5*C. I pulled my bag all the way to my back yard where it was all fenced off where no one could see. I started the fire, and by the time I got the body unloaded the fire was huge and ready. I threw him into the fire and in one puff he was gone and no one knew.

It had been two full months since I had been shot and I shot someone for the first time. I shot someone and I got away with it; also I had been shot and I was still alive. Wow, I must be invincible. It didnâ t bother me at all; I lived every day like I used to. I needed revenge on Fred though. I was going to unleash my wrath on him the next year. Screaming wasnâ t enough. I was going to make him cry. He deserved it, for what he did.

Now itâ s been about 10 years; a lot has happened. I never did get caught, but about two years after we won the Stanley Cup, we the New York Islanders won the Stanley Cup two more times, making it a three-year straight win of the Stanley Cup. My wrath was unleashed on Fred every year I played against him. My mission was completed; he cried and I just laughed. Also, after we would kick his butt, I wouldnâ t get shot.

I wouldnâ t take anything back that I did to win the Stanley Cup. I didnâ t tape my butt end of my stick for a reason: to unleash my wrath. However, as a result of my actions, there is now a new rule: the goalieâ s butt end of their stick must be taped. Itâ s a really good thing that Iâ m retired now. Impacting the future of hockey has made me proud though.

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