



# The Puck Inside

By Mitchell Scott

Illustration by Johnny Caron

It starts with a smell. It's not a particularly nice smell: a mixture of rotting flesh, fouled fabric and sour gear, all presented to the nose with the humidity, sweat and cold of a captured winter. While it may taste off to the untrained senses, to the hockey player — whether it's the Timbits kid or the beer league vet — the smell is where it starts.

Then the clacks and the cracks and the carves. Steel biting into ice. Rubber ricocheting off of Plexiglas. Carbon fibre sticks whacking plastic shin pads. Shouts and calls echoing through frigid, still air. The Zamboni scraping the concentric circles of shinny from memory, erasing all but the deepest cuts, preparing a new canvas for those eager players next in line.

Locker room doors slam shut. Kids fresh from the rigours and regimen of practice carry on with verve borne from incredible fun. Friends rib each other before an old-timers rivalry as aged as the town itself. It all means so much. A history of winter condensed into one building. That hallowed place where chaos meets choreography. Where we slide on a surface forever imbued with that great tradition of challenge and skill. And we haven't even opened our eyes yet.

KMC challenged some of the second-year Digital Arts and New Media students at Selkirk College to blow us away with designs for this spread. Johnny Caron's illustration knocked us out cold. Get more details about the Selkirk comp in Deep Woods, page 117.