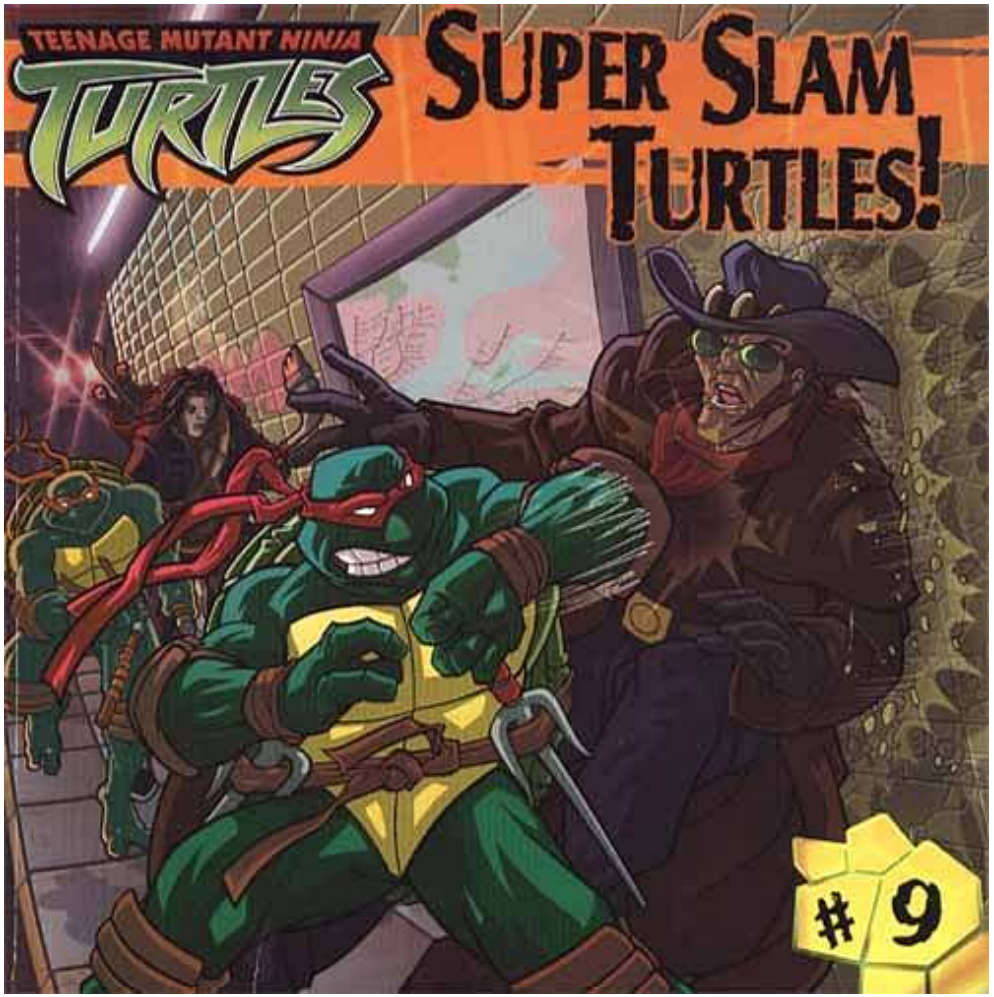
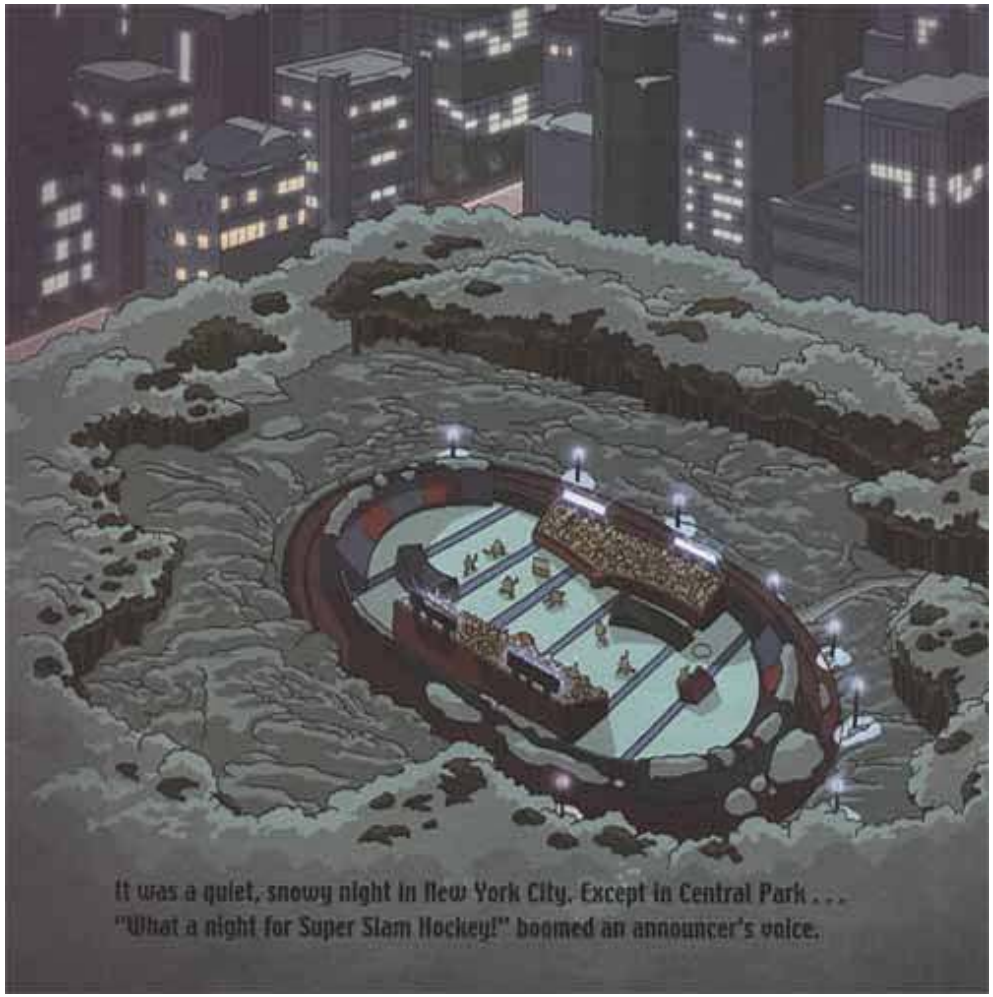

TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA
TURTLES
SUPER SLAM
TURTLES!
#9

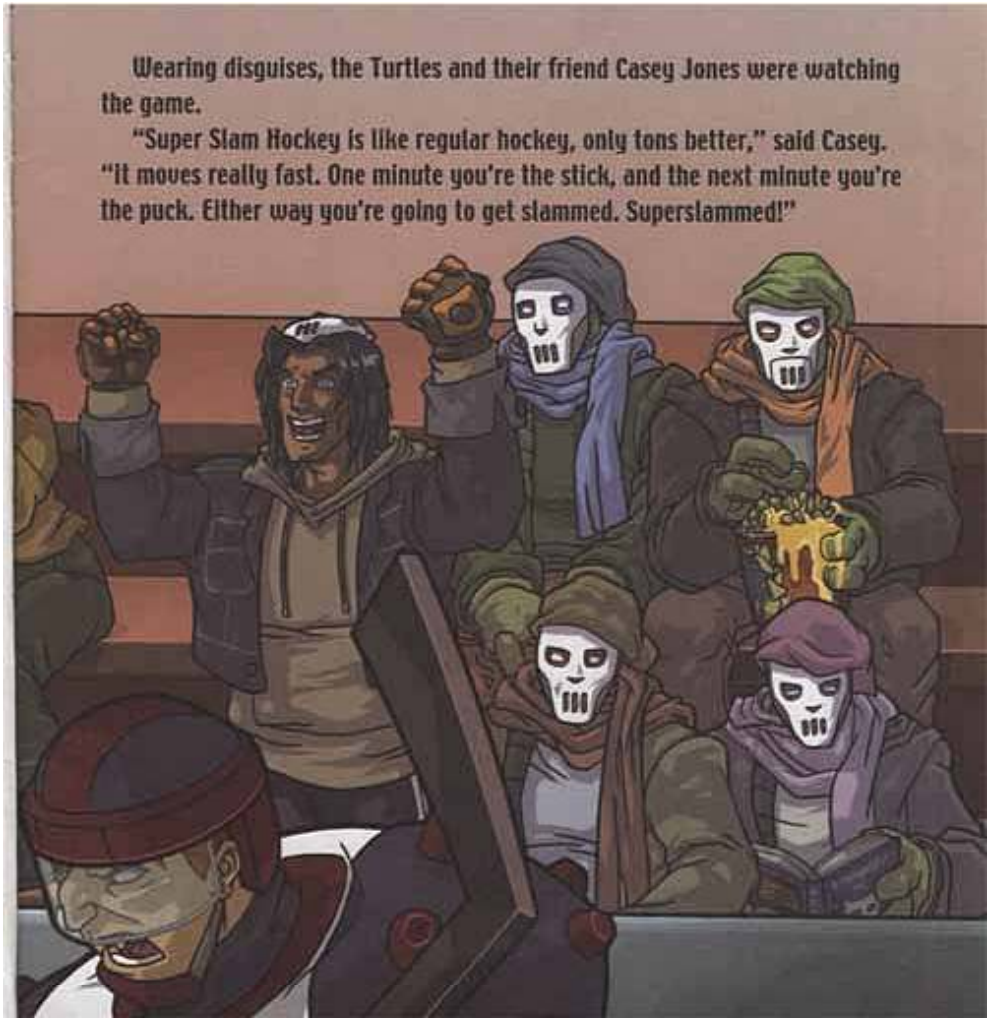

It was a quiet, snowy night in New York City. Except in Central Park . . .
"What a night for Super Slam Hockey!" boomed an announcer's voice.

"Ooooh!"

"He just got slammed. Superslammed!"

Wearing disguises, the Turtles and their friend Casey Jones were watching the game.

"Super Slam Hockey is like regular hockey, only tons better," said Casey. "It moves really fast. One minute you're the stick, and the next minute you're the puck. Either way you're going to get slammed. Superslammed!"



"This has got to be the best sport known to man!" Casey said.

"Or animals," Leonardo said. He tipped up his mask. "I mean, don't you think it's a little rough?"

"Exactly!" Raphael said, flipping up his mask. "That's what makes it so great!"

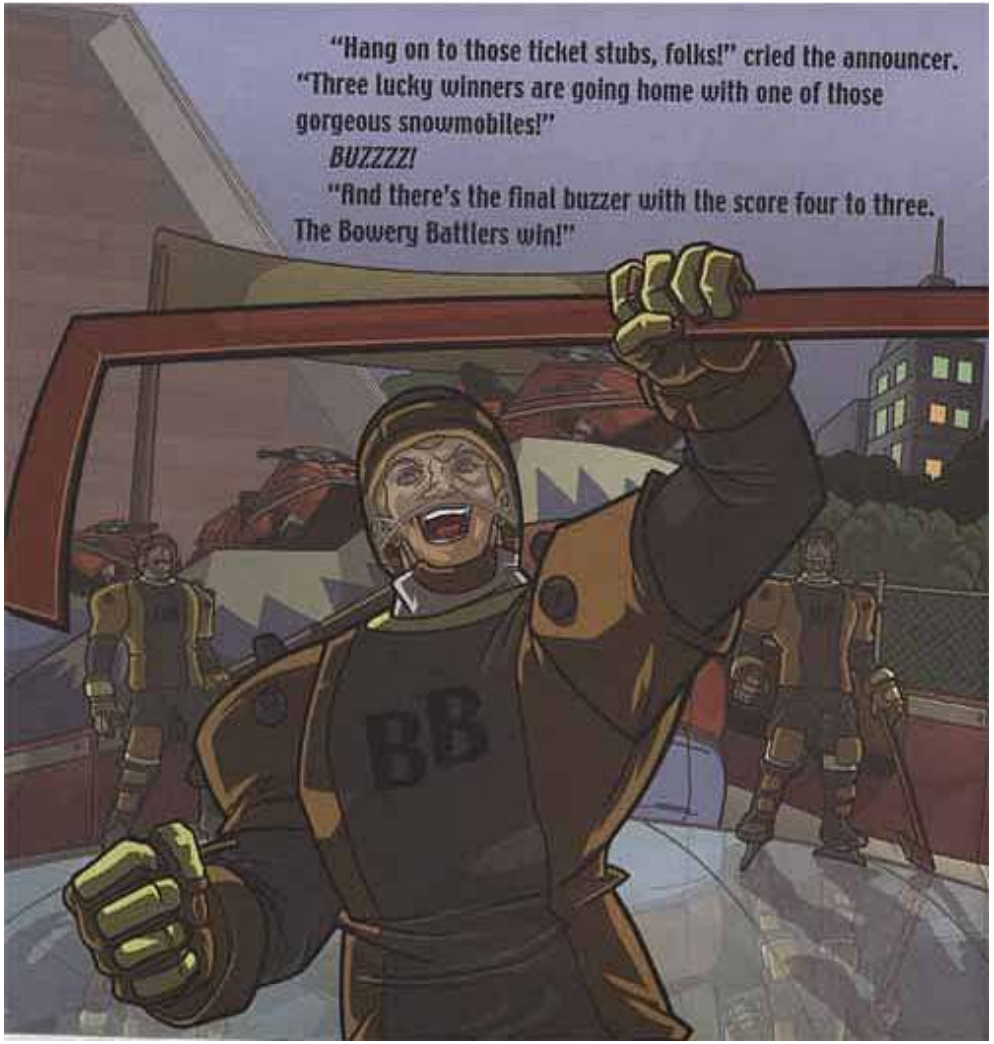
Michelangelo slid open a slot in his mask and stuffed a cheesy snack into his mouth. "More importantly," he said, "the food is awesome!"

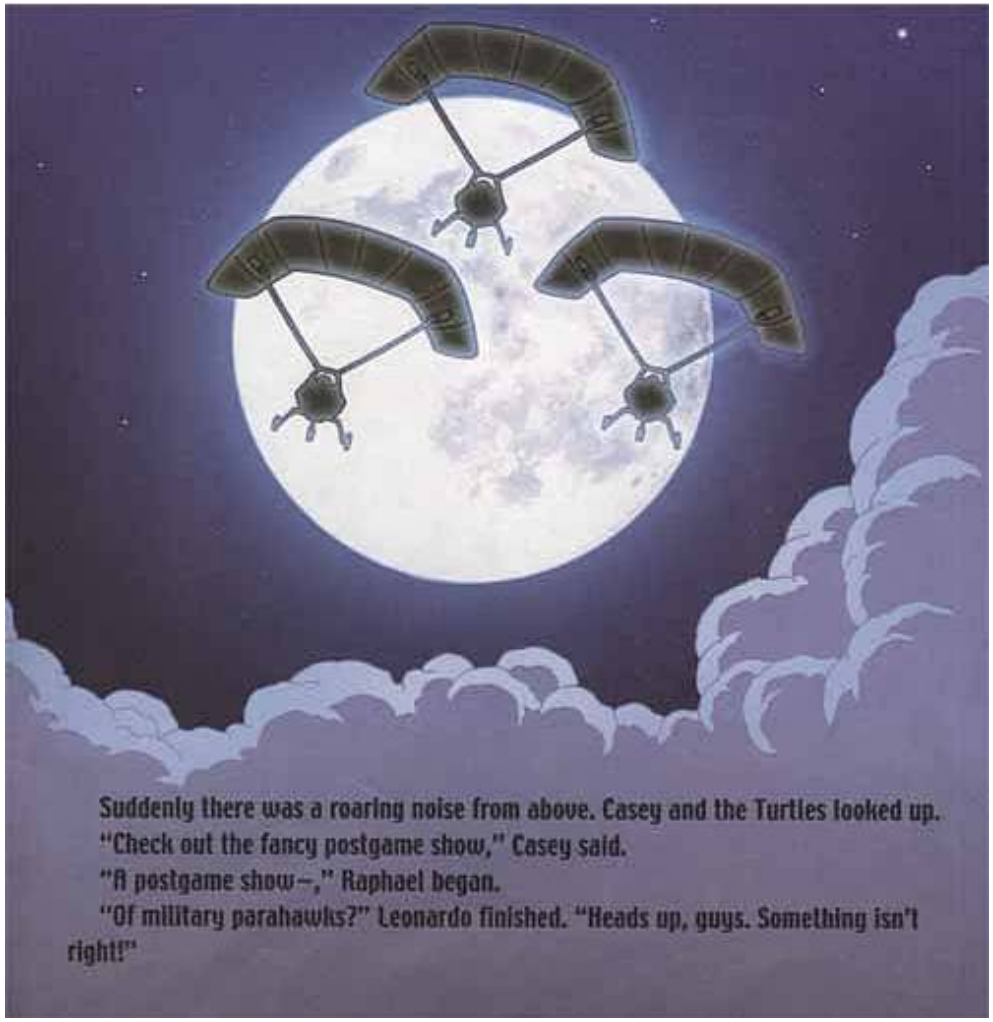
The voice of the announcer rang out. "It's a big game tonight, folks. The winning team gets to take home the famed Golden Puck, Super Slam Hockey's greatest prize!"

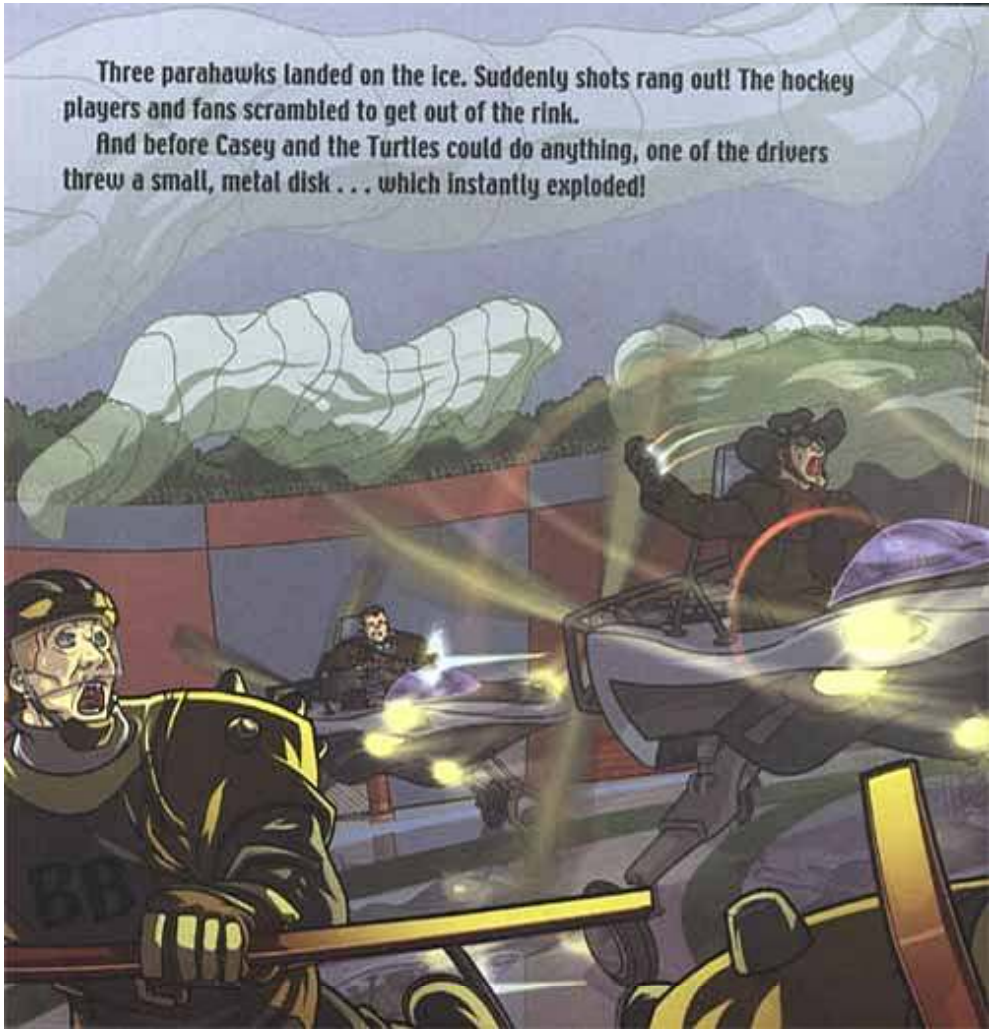
"The Golden Puck," said Casey solemnly, "made by some old guy a really long time ago."

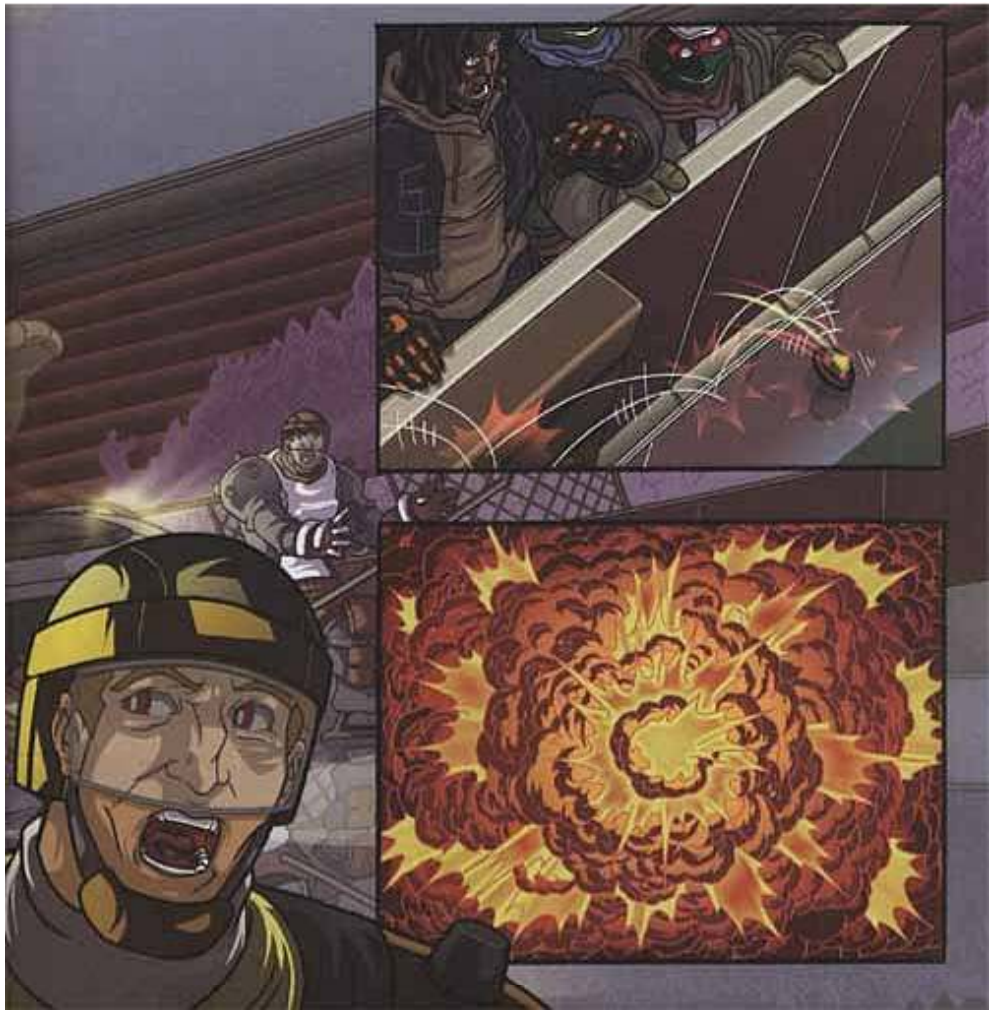
"Actually," said Donatello, reading from his book, "it says here that the Golden Puck was handcrafted for a prince in seventeenth-century Holland."

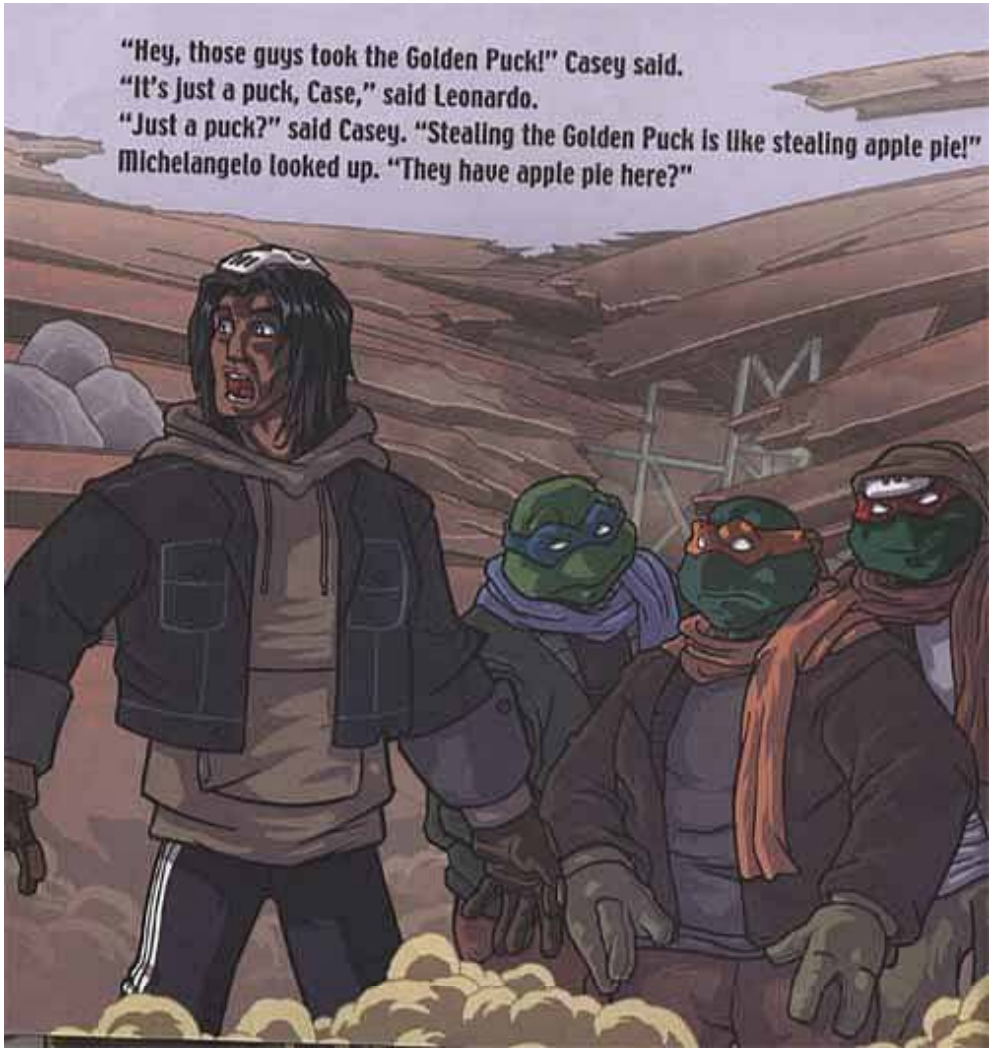
"Like I said," Casey grumbled. "Some old guy a really long time ago."


"Hang on to those ticket stubs, folks!" cried the announcer. "Three lucky winners are going home with one of those gorgeous snowmobiles!"
BUZZZZ!
"And there's the final buzzer with the score four to three. The Bowery Battlers win!"
BB

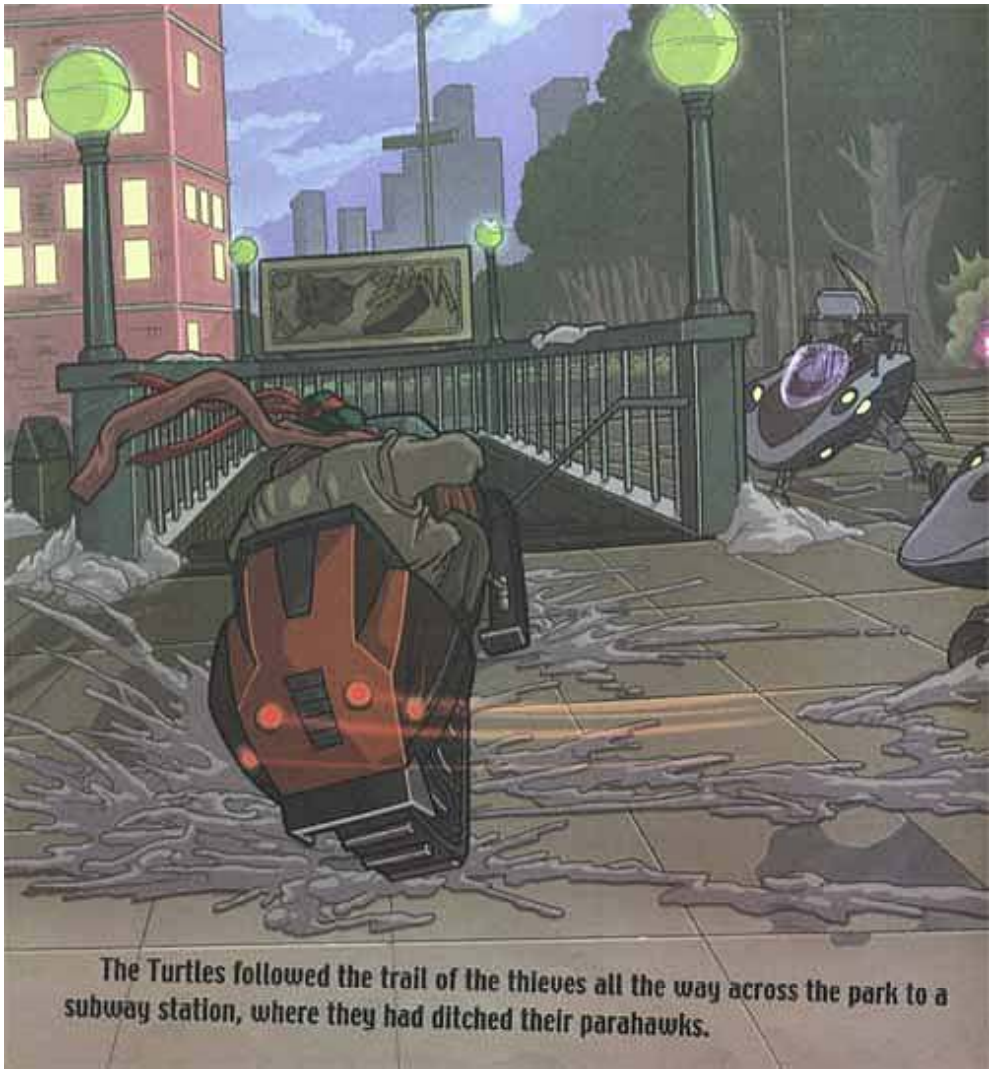

Suddenly there was a roaring noise from above. Casey and the Turtles looked up.
"Check out the fancy postgame show," Casey said.
"A postgame show—," Raphael began.
"Of military parahawks?" Leonardo finished. "Heads up, guys. Something isn't right!"


Three parahawks landed on the ice. Suddenly shots rang out! The hockey players and fans scrambled to get out of the rink.
And before Casey and the Turtles could do anything, one of the drivers threw a small, metal disk . . . which instantly exploded!





As Casey ran after the parahawks, the Turtles jumped aboard the three snowmobiles and rocketed out of the rink. Michelangelo picked up Casey as he roared by.



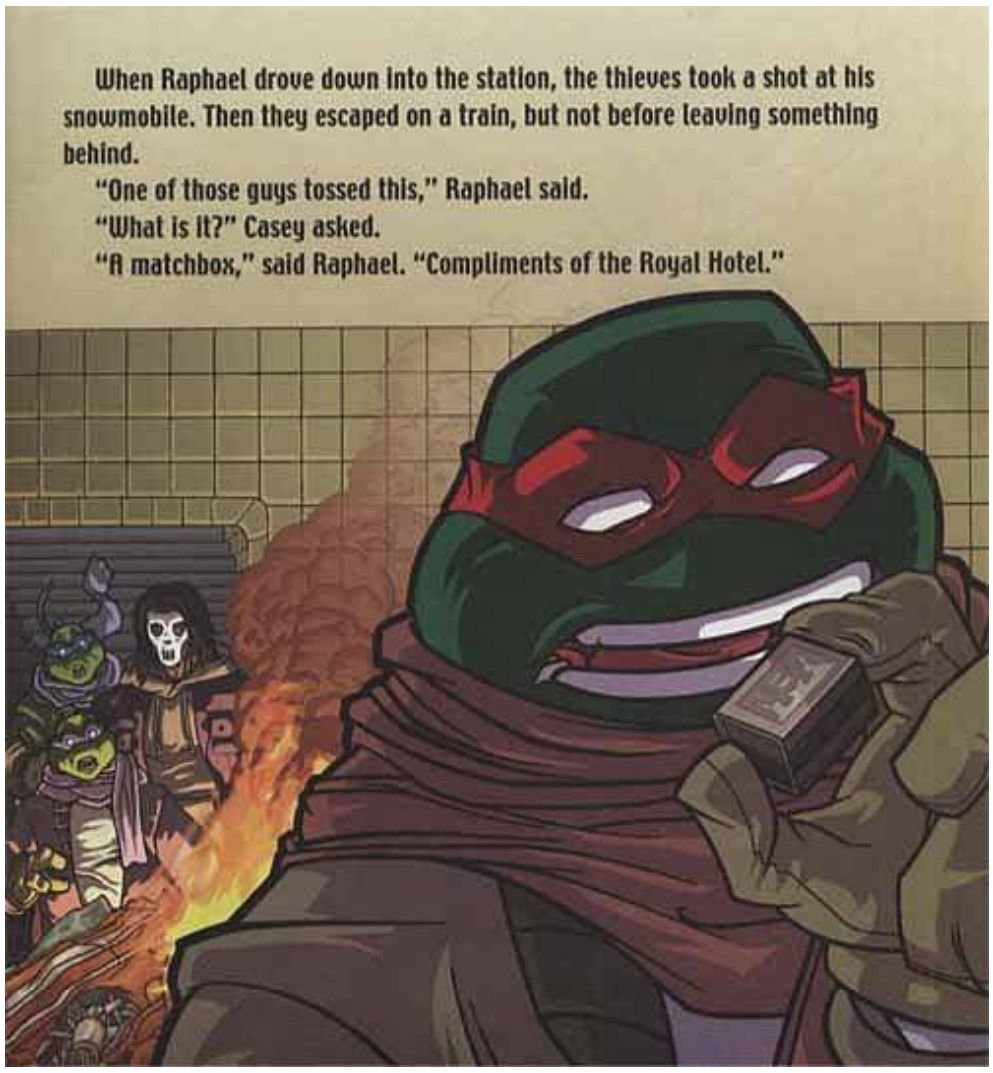
The Turtles followed the trail of the thieves all the way across the park to a subway station, where they had ditched their parahawks.

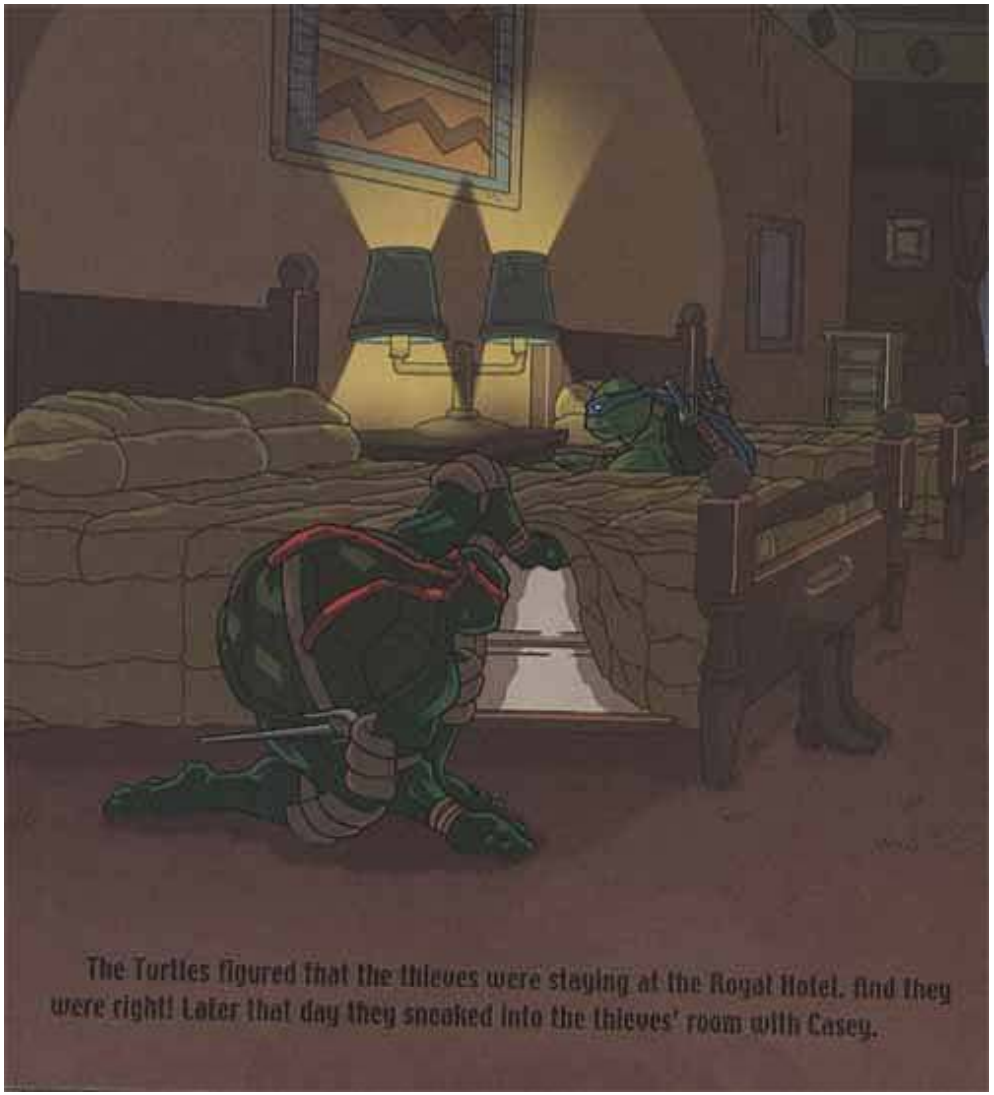
When Raphael drove down into the station, the thieves took a shot at his snowmobile. Then they escaped on a train, but not before leaving something behind.

"One of those guys tossed this," Raphael said.

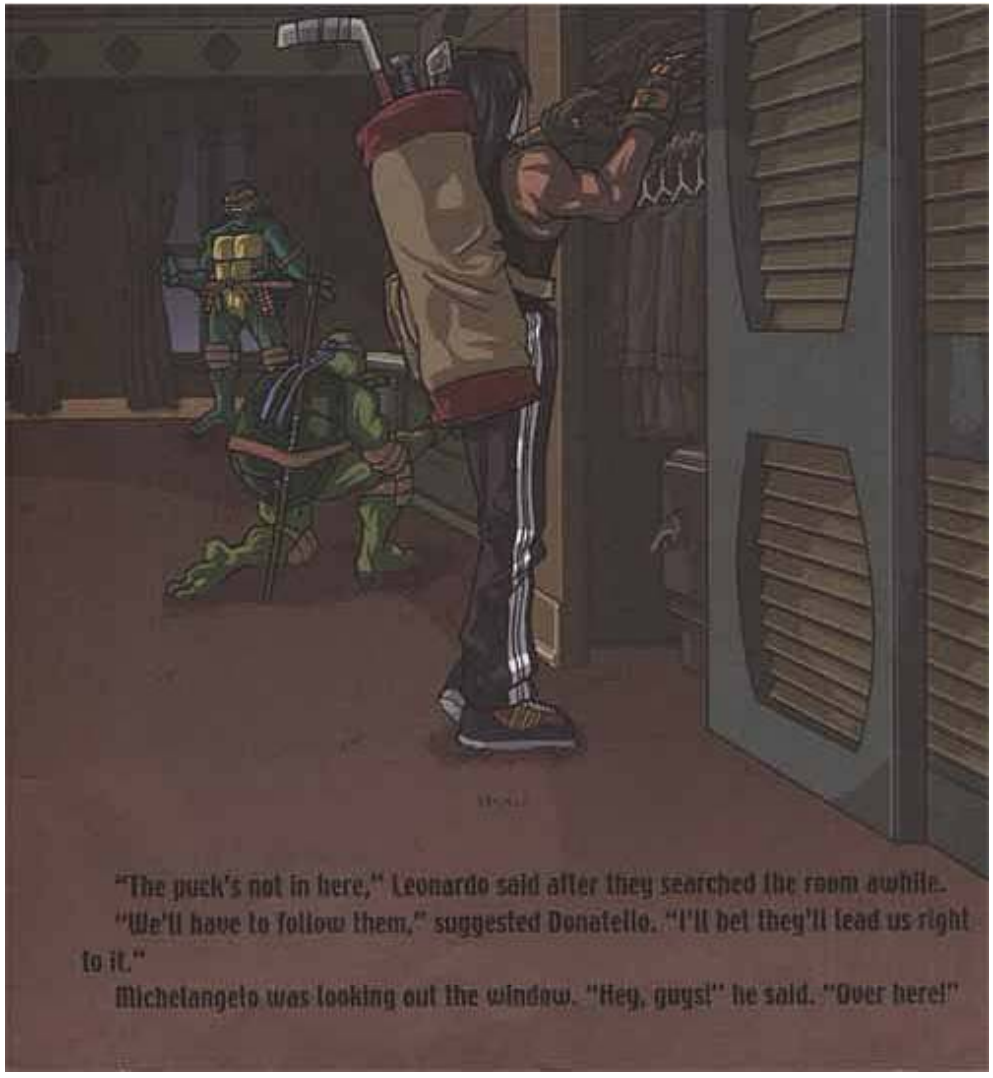
"What is it?" Casey asked.

"A matchbox," said Raphael. "Compliments of the Royal Hotel."





The Turtles figured that the thieves were staying at the Royal Hotel. And they were right! Later that day they sneaked into the thieves' room with Casey.

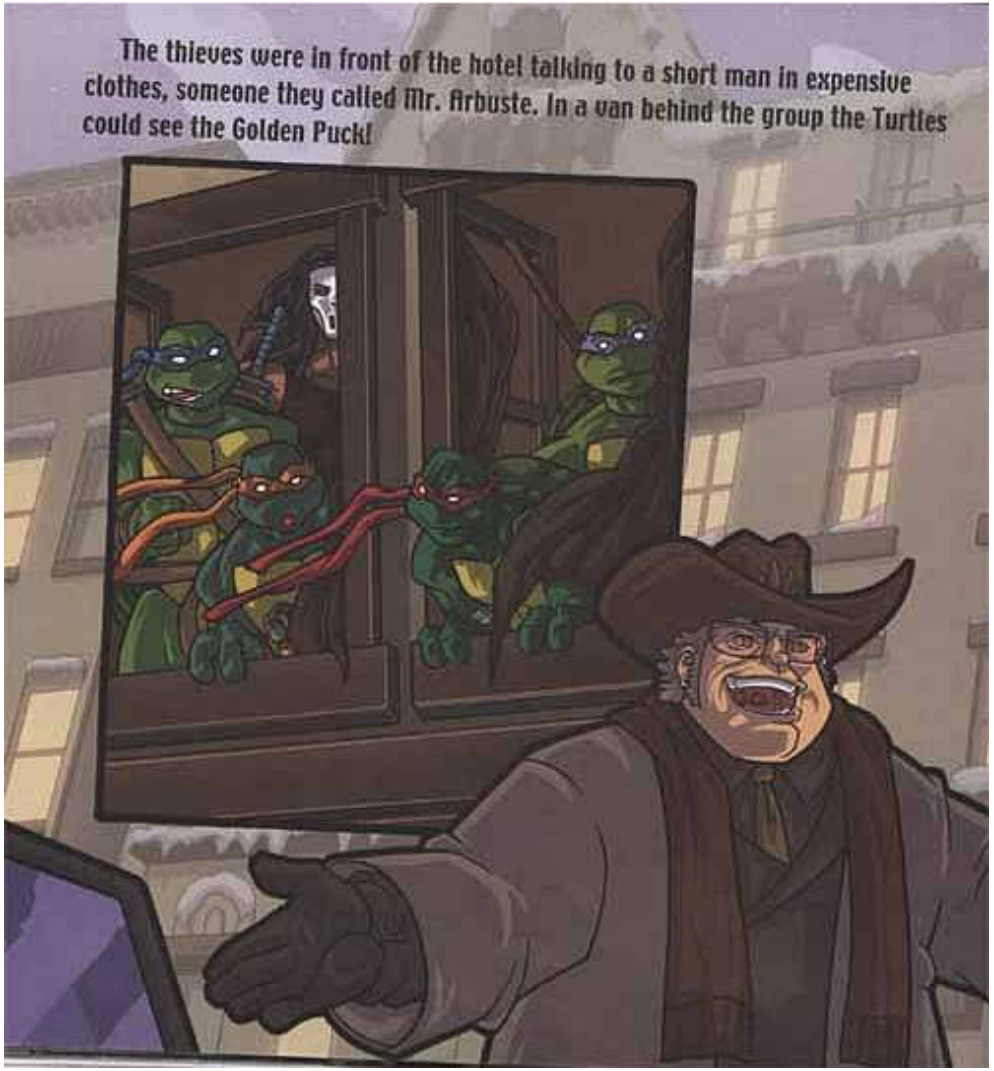


"The puck's not in here," Leonardo said after they searched the room awhile.

"We'll have to follow them," suggested Donatello. "I'll bet they'll lead us right to it."

Michelangelo was looking out the window. "Hey, guys!" he said. "Over here!"

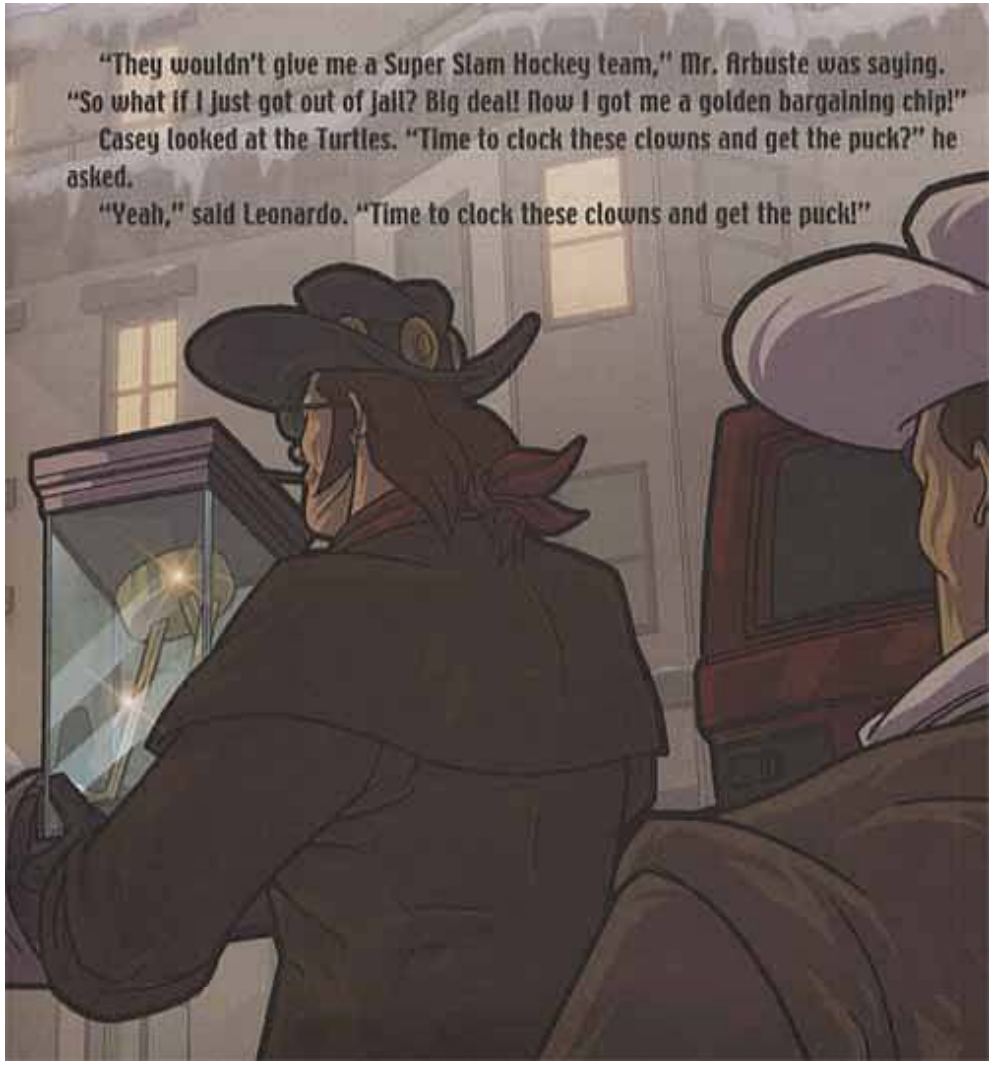
The thieves were in front of the hotel talking to a short man in expensive clothes, someone they called Mr. Arbuste. In a van behind the group the Turtles could see the Golden Puck!



"They wouldn't give me a Super Slam Hockey team," Mr. Arbuste was saying. "So what if I just got out of jail? Big deal! Now I got me a golden bargaining chip!"

Casey looked at the Turtles. "Time to clock these clowns and get the puck?" he asked.

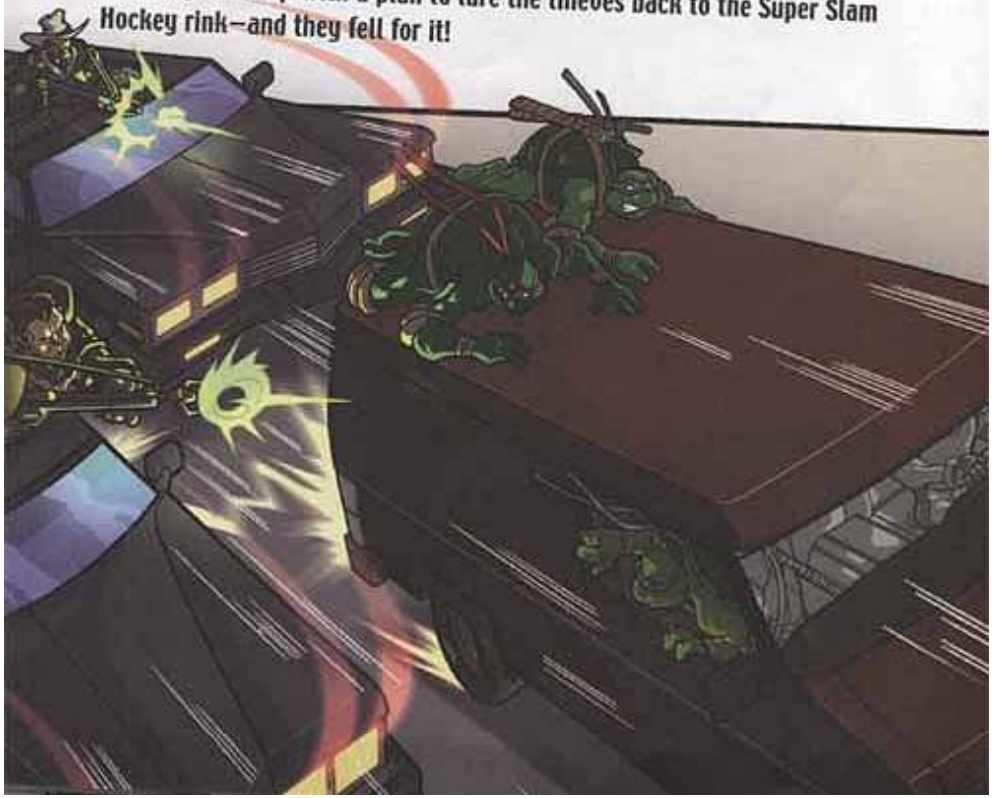
"Yeah," said Leonardo. "Time to clock these clowns and get the puck!"

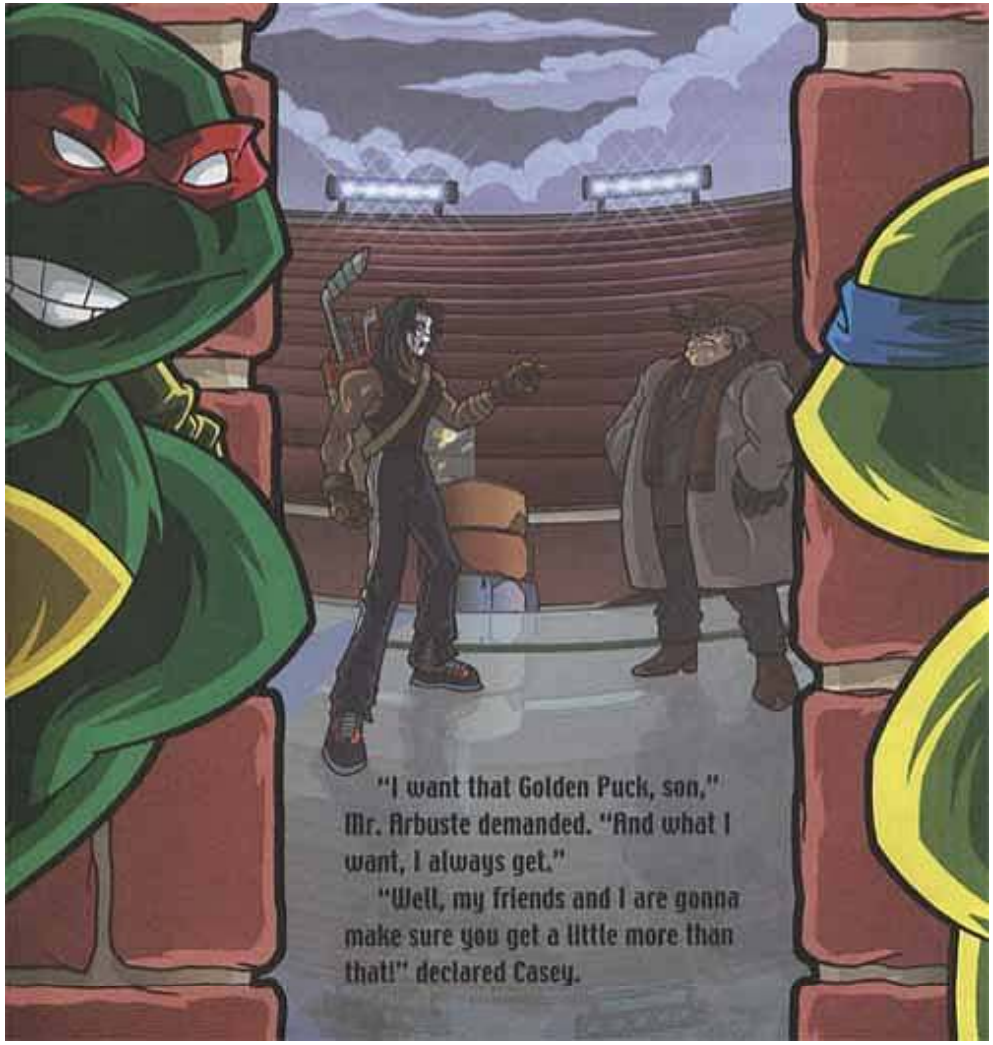


Casey and the Turtles leaped out of the window and onto the ground, taking Mr. Arbuste and the thieves by surprise! The Turtles jumped into the van and took off.

"After 'em!" yelled Mr. Arbuste as he and his men chased after the Turtles in their limos.

Casey came up with a plan to lure the thieves back to the Super Slam Hockey rink—and they fell for it!





"I want that Golden Puck, son," Mr. Arbuste demanded. "And what I want, I always get."

"Well, my friends and I are gonna make sure you get a little more than that!" declared Casey.

The Turtles sprang into action! Leonardo used his katanas to slice the laser rifles in half, while Raphael fought them with his sais. Donatello spun his bo staff, and Michelangelo whipped his nunchakus, knocking over Mr. Arbuste's men.

Finally only Mr. Arbuste himself was left.

"Now hold on, son," he said. "I'm sure we can make a deal."

"So deal with this!" Casey cried, swinging his hockey stick. He swept Mr. Arbuste into one of the goals.

BUZZZZ!

"Super Slam Hockey!" Casey cried. "It's the best!"

"Thanks, guys," Casey said. "Saving that Golden Puck meant a lot to me. Turtles and Jones rule!"

And they all high-fived—except Michelangelo.

"Hey, I never got any pie," he said, looking very puzzled. "Where was that pie?"