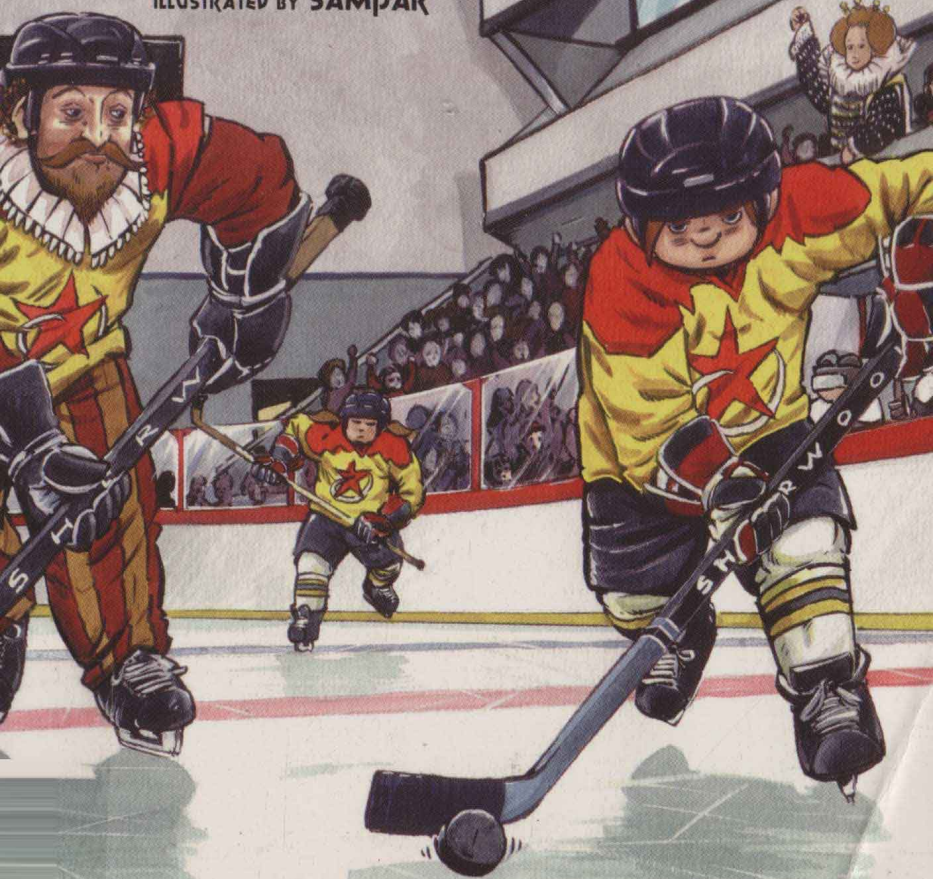


# LOONEY BAY ALL STARS

## Final Faceoff

HELAINÉ BECKER  
ILLUSTRATED BY SAMPAR



 SCHOLASTIC

# LOONEY BAY ALL★STARS



**Helaine Becker**

Illustrated by  
**Sampar**

**Scholastic Canada Ltd.**

Toronto New York London Auckland Sydney  
Mexico City New Delhi Hong Kong Buenos Aires

Scholastic Canada Ltd.  
604 King Street West, Toronto, Ontario M5V 1E1, Canada

Scholastic Inc.  
557 Broadway, New York, NY 10012, USA

Scholastic Australia Pty Limited  
PO Box 579, Gosford, NSW 2250, Australia

Scholastic New Zealand Limited  
Private Bag 94407, Greenmount, Auckland, New Zealand

Scholastic Children's Books  
Euston House, 24 Eversholt Street, London NW1 1DB, UK

Library and Archives Canada Cataloguing in Publication  
Becker, Helaine, 1961-

Final faceoff / Helaine Becker ; illustrated by Sampar.

(Looney Bay all-stars ; 7)

ISBN 978-0-545-99009-7

I. Sampar II. Title. III. Series: Becker, Helaine, 1961- ..  
Looney Bay All-Stars ; 7

PS8553.E295532F46 2008 jC813'.6 C2008-901877-X










ISBN-10: 0-545-99009-2

Text copyright © 2008 by Helaine Becker.  
Illustrations copyright © 2008 by Scholastic Canada Ltd.  
All rights reserved.

If you purchased this book without a cover, you should be aware that this book is stolen property. It was reported as "unsold and destroyed" to the publisher, and neither the author nor the publisher has received any payment for this "stripped book."

No part of this publication may be reproduced or stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording, or otherwise, without written permission of the publisher, Scholastic Canada Ltd., 604 King Street West, Toronto, Ontario M5V 1E1, Canada. In the case of photocopying or other reprographic copying, a licence must be obtained from Access Copyright (Canadian Copyright Licensing Agency), 1 Yonge Street, Suite 800, Toronto, Ontario M5E 1E5 (1-800-893-5777).

# Contents

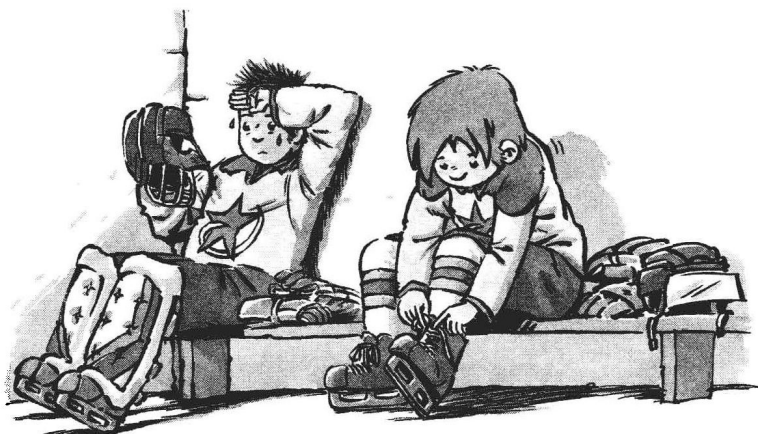
Chapter 1 .....		.....1
Chapter 2 .....		.....9
Chapter 3 .....		.....14
Chapter 4 .....		.....27
Chapter 5 .....		.....36
Chapter 6 .....		.....41
Chapter 7 .....		.....51
Chapter 8 .....		.....59
Chapter 9 .....		.....73



# Chapter 1

Reese McSkittles pulled off his hockey gloves. He threw them on the change-room bench and began unlacing his skates. Beside him, his best friend Darren loosened his helmet and wiped the sweat from his forehead.

“That was awesome,” Darren said. “Doesn’t it seem like ages since we played a normal game like that, without any uninvited guests to mess things up?”



Reese smiled. Darren was right. It *had* been ages. During the past crazy year, the only game in town had been coping with mysterious visitors in Looney Bay. The cause of all the trouble was a magic golden coin Reese had found at that same rink almost one year ago. Whenever Reese rubbed the coin, people from other times appeared! Vikings, knights, gladiators, pirates and explorers had all shown up at one time or another. When time travellers

appeared, Reese and his pals wound up in some seriously sticky situations — even once in a battle to the death!

Reese finished changing out of his hockey gear. Resting for a moment, he pulled the coin from the back pocket of his jeans. He always kept it on him now, ever since the time a beetle had landed on it. Rubbing its feet on the coin, the beetle had summoned up a fusty pharaoh from the afterlife.

“Status report?” asked Darren, pointing at the coin. Darren knew that before anything weird happened, the faces on the coin changed.

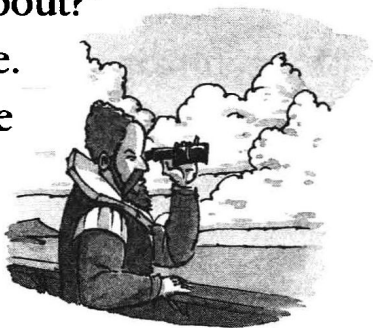
Reese examined both sides. “It’s still the same — an Egyptian ankh on one side and the sphinx on the other,” he replied with relief.

Reese tucked the coin back into his pocket.

“That’s good,” Darren said. “Having to deal with time travellers this weekend would be a royal pain. Our history report on famous explorers is due on Monday. I haven’t even started writing mine yet.”

“Me neither,” said Reese. “Who’s yours going to be about?”

“Sir Francis Drake.  
He sailed around the  
world back in the  
sixteenth century.  
Yours?”



Reese shrugged.

“You’re one step ahead of me. I haven’t even decided yet.”

“You’ll think of something,” Darren



laughed, clapping Reese on the back. "You always do. See ya later — I'm heading to the library right now."

"I'll catch up in a minute," Reese said with a wave.

With Darren gone, the rink was quiet. Reese leaned back and closed his eyes. He tried to plan his report, but his mind kept drifting back to the coin. Strange as it seemed, he had gotten used to being sucked into one wacky adventure after another. What he hadn't gotten used to was worrying about *when* the next one would start.

Reese struggled to get comfortable on the hard bench. Something was digging into him. He shifted on the bench, but the bump was still there. It was starting to really bug him.

*What the heck is that?* Reese wondered.

He wiggled his bum some more, trying to get comfortable.

No luck. No matter how much he wiggled, or how far he slid down the bench, the bump just kept digging into his left butt cheek.



He ran his hand along the bench's wooden slats, feeling for the mysterious object. There was nothing there.

*Uh oh*, thought Reese.

He touched his back pocket. The bump was the coin inside it! And it seemed to be pulsing ...

Reese gingerly drew the coin out of his pocket. It was just as he had feared. The coin now showed a sailing ship on one side, and a woman with a ruffled collar and a crown on the other. Letters ran around the outside of the coin. Reese sounded them out.

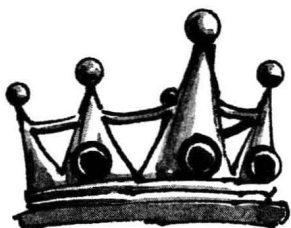
“R ... E ... G ... I ... N ... A ... E ...  
L ... I ... Z ... A ... B ... E ... T ... H ...”  
Reese said out loud. “Elizabeth is a name. But what does ‘Regina’ mean?”  
He let his head slump back against the

wall. "Whatever it is, it can't be good."

"Of course this isn't good! It's a crisis of the utmost importance! We must act quickly!" came a voice from beside him.

Reese practically jumped out of his skin. It was another time traveller!





# Chapter

## 2

A tall, red-headed lady had appeared out of thin air. She was dressed in an old-fashioned gown with a ruff around the neck. A huge jewelled crown perched on top of her head.

“And for your information, young man, *Regina* is Latin for ‘Queen.’ As in me, Queen Elizabeth of England,” the haughty redhead sniffed.

Reese’s heart sank. Just what he

needed — another pushy royal! And if this was the same Queen Elizabeth he thought it might be, she was no ordinary royal — she was the sixteenth century's most powerful ruler!

The Queen stood tapping a pair of white gloves impatiently against her palm. "Do you have news of the



whereabouts of that irritating Sir Francis Drake? He is much needed."

Reese replied, "Er, I'm sorry, Your Highness. But I don't think he's anywhere near here."

"Nonsense. He can't be far. Make haste! The Spanish Armada is assembling off the English coast whilst we speak."

"Maybe," Reese spluttered. "But not this coast. You see, this isn't England. This is Looney Bay. There's nothing off our coast but icebergs and a couple of cod jiggers."

"Do not be insolent!" shouted the Queen. "Did I not see Spanish ships with mine own eyes? Two score or more, ready to storm our shores and end our most illustrious reign!"

Reese sighed. "I guess we'd better

look,” he said. “Let’s go.”

With the Queen right behind him, Reese headed for a nearby bluff. He reached the top and waited politely for the Queen as she picked her way up the path. With his eyes fixed on her face, Reese pointed at the harbour. One glance would be enough to show Queen Elizabeth that she wasn’t in Merrye Olde Englande anymore.

“You see?” Reese said. “*Nada* — no Armada.”

Queen Elizabeth harrumphed. “Then what would you call all those ships waving the Spanish flag? Plum pudding?”

Reese turned and looked. To his surprise, the harbour was crammed with ships. And all of them were pointing cannons at Looney Bay!



