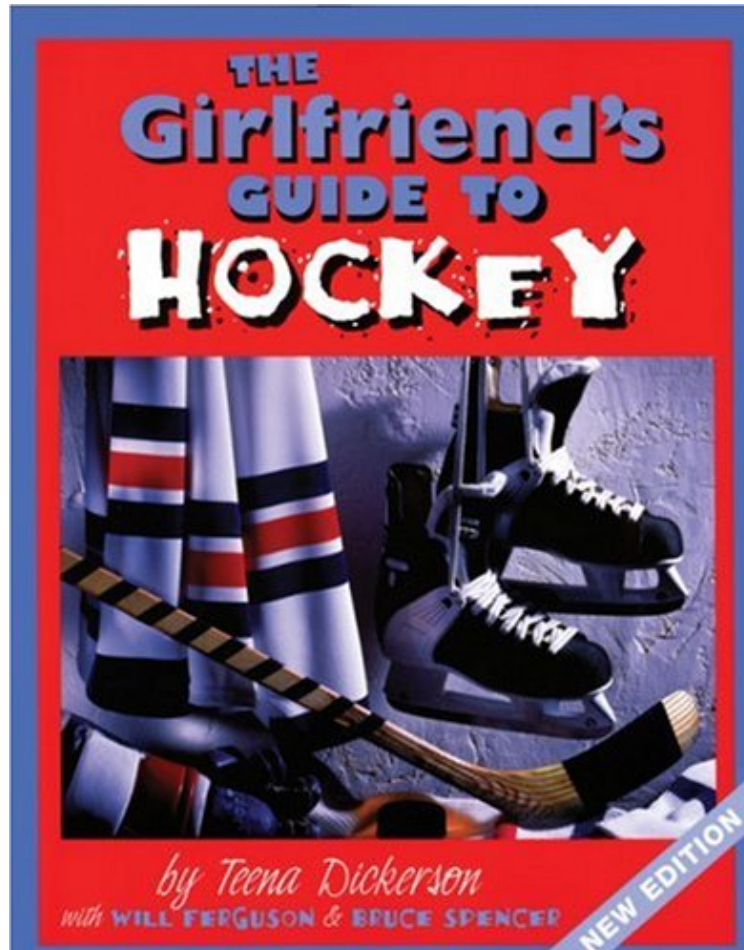


[Library ebook] Girlfriend's Guide to Hockey (The Girlfriend's Guide To...)

Girlfriend's Guide to Hockey (The Girlfriend's Guide To...)

Teena Dickerson, Will Ferguson, Bruce Spencer
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Teena Dickerson, Will Ferguson, Bruce Spencer : Girlfriend's Guide to Hockey (The Girlfriend's Guide To...) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised Girlfriend's Guide to Hockey (The Girlfriend's Guide To...):

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Once upon a time, Teena Dickerson endured months of hockey mania every year followed by endless weeks of playoff insanity while her husband sprawled out on the couch guzzling beer and shouting at the TV. Then she decided to

change all that and become a devoted fan of this popular game. The Girlfriend's Guide to Hockey demystifies the arcane language of hockey (such as butt-ending and chippy play), explains the rules and the rituals, and identifies the Stanley behind the championship Cup. It's all here: the teams, the players, the history and the trivia, written with clarity and humor. And there's the complete scoop on women's hockey, too. With its simple, direct style and sprinkling of colorful anecdotes, this book is the perfect introduction for anyone new to the game and the traditions that accompany it. This new edition is updated to include recent new stars, Cup winners and "best" teams.

About the Author Teena Dickerson is a converted fan with a profound passion for the game of hockey. Will Ferguson is a sports journalist specializing in hockey reporting. Bruce Spencer is a lifelong hockey fan. Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. Introduction Hockey in the Bedroom Ice hockey has traditionally been a male domain -- from fans to players to coaches, "a guy thing." But the last few years have seen a surprising demographic shift. More women than ever are watching -- and playing -- hockey In the words of Chatelaine magazine, "the secret -- jealously, guarded by boys and men for close to a century -- is out: hockey is the most fun going." It's true, and I should know. I'm one of those newly drafted female fans. My passion for hockey didn't light up the sky immediately. I had a healthy hatred of the game to overcome first. Newfoundland humorist Ray Guy called hockey a pestilence that was "nasty, boring, pernicious, deadening, silly, obnoxious, tedious." Televised hockey, said Guy, "turns a large proportion of the population into gibbering idiots for six months of the year." I couldn't have agreed more. Then hockey invaded my bedroom. When I first met Bruce, I thought I had discovered the perfect mate: sensitive, caring, artistic, sexy. He was a metalsmith like myself, he believed in equality, he even had a ponytail. We fell in love and everything was wonderful -- until one fateful evening in spring. I called Bruce and asked if he wanted to take a romantic stroll along the riverside. "I'd love to," he said. "But I can't. The playoffs are starting." "The playoffs?" "Montreal and New York. Opening game. Why don't you grab some beer and come over?" I was horrified. It was like discovering your best friend was a spy for the other side. Instead of spending a quiet evening awash in romantic ambiance, we sat in his room, watching a hockey game. As Bruce yelled at the refs and knocked back the beer, I asked myself -- as thousands of girlfriends and wives ask themselves every year -- "What's the big deal about hockey?" To me, the game seemed chaotic. Nothing made any sense. The referees were constantly blowing their whistles, the puck skidded along a random path, and then -- for no obvious reason -- a fight would break out. It looked like the stupidest sport on earth. A few months later, Bruce asked me to marry him. Instead of simply being ecstatic, I had some reservations. One of them was a season ticket for front-row television viewing of testosterone-driven hockey players charging up and down the ice. It chilled my enthusiasm. "Bruce," I said. "About this affection you have for hockey." "Greatest game on earth!" he said, as if that was all the explanation needed. I knew then I had a choice to make. Bruce would never give up hockey and I would never give up Bruce. Either I was going to spend a lot of time clenching my jaw and muttering under my breath, or I could learn something about the game. But when I set out to teach myself the basics, I was soon disappointed. There were no books that explained the rudiments of hockey in terms that an average uninitiated adult -- or a woman with a mission -- would understand. But, I persisted, and after wading through dozens of bulky hockey encyclopedias, watching countless games, and faithfully reading the next days' sports pages, I slowly began to understand how hockey works. I also enlisted the help of my dear friend Will Ferguson, a writer and a hockey aficionado. Will and Bruce had been holding hockey round-table discussions (which I usually daydreamed through) since we had met. The more the three of us talked about the games we watched, the more I enjoyed and understood them. I could now spot a bad call or a delayed penalty. I could tell a clean check from a dirty one. I even understood the blue-line rule -- something a lot of die-hard fans still haven't figured out. What I had been dismissing for years as a "guy thing" revealed itself as an intricate sport of strategy and speed. I never did learn to accept the fighting, but, over time, I began to enjoy the game every bit as much as did Bruce and Will. Bruce and I are married now, and the playoffs are greatly anticipated around our house. We move the TV into the bedroom and watch the games late into the night, yelling ourselves hoarse and jumping up and down on the bed. After the game we are too excited to sleep, and since we are already in bed ...