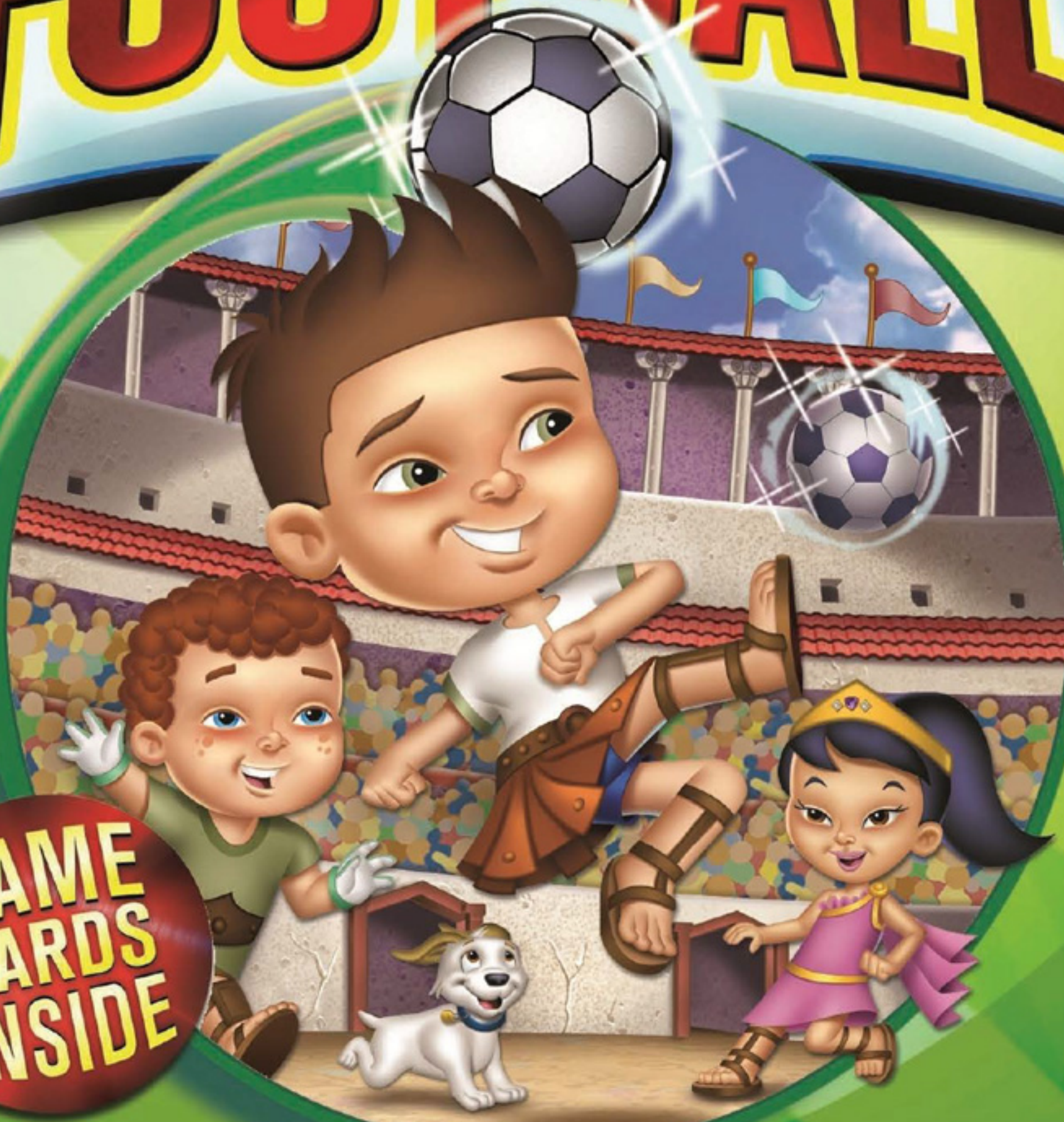


FRANK LAMPARD

FRANKIE'S
MAGIC
FOOTBALL



GAME
CARDS
INSIDE

FRANKIE VS THE ROWDY ROMANS



CHAPTER 1

Frankie pressed the bell beside Charlie's front door.

DING-DONG!

"It must have been a dream," said Louise, who was standing next to him.

"But we all had the *same* dream," said Frankie.

Louise rolled her eyes. "There's no such thing as a magic football," she said. "And even if there were, it wouldn't look like that." She pointed to the ball under Frankie's arm.

He smiled. The ball looked like it had been chewed up and spat out again. Half the leather had peeled away, and it sagged like a used teabag. He'd won it at a funfair from a strange old man, but something very weird had happened when they had played with the ball in the park. A portal into another world had opened up, and they'd found themselves on a wooden

galleon, playing football against pirates. Well, three pirates and a talking parrot, which was even weirder.

“We can’t have been dreaming,” said Frankie. “It was the middle of the day.”

He heard the sound of footsteps in the house. Max, Frankie’s dog, barked.

“And dogs don’t talk, either,” said Louise.

Max glanced up. On the pirate ship, he’d been chatting away like one of them. But, back in the real world, it was just his usual barks, whines and growls.

The door opened and Charlie stood there. He was wearing his goalie gloves, as always, and was clutching a slice of toast.

"Sorry, guys, just finishing my breakfast," he said.

Louise laughed. "It might be easier if you took them off," she said, nodding at the gloves.

Charlie shook his head. "No way. The best keepers are . . ."

". . . always ready!" said Louise and Frankie together. They had heard it a million times.

Charlie swallowed the last bit of toast. "Let's go."

Just as he stepped through the



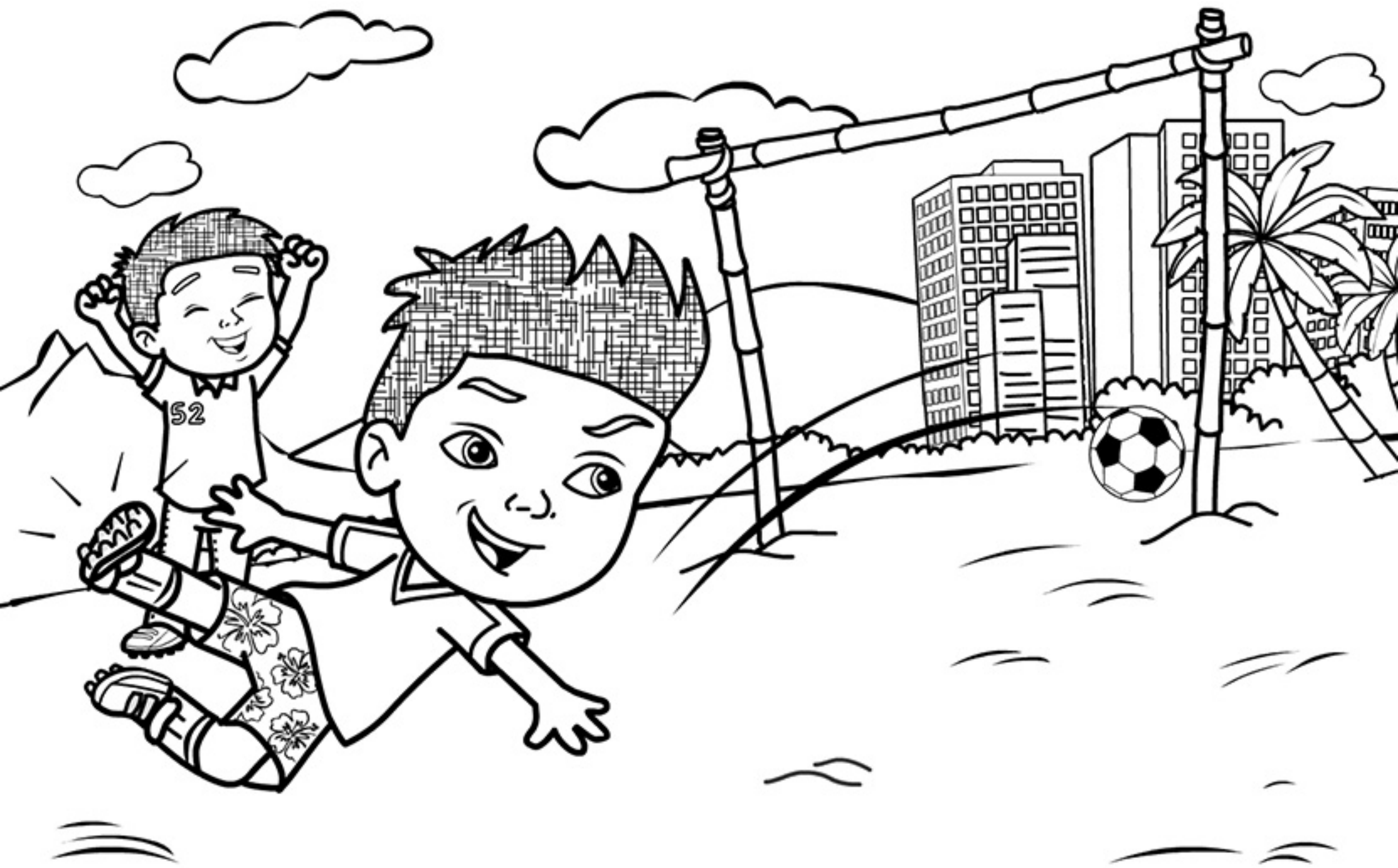
door, his ginger cat, Jinx, slipped out after him. Max leapt into the air, then scurried away, tail between his legs. Jinx purred and narrowed her green eyes.

“It’s nothing to be frightened of,” said Frankie, scratching Max behind the ears.

Jinx leapt up onto the front wall and arched her back.

“She’s just a pussycat,” said Louise, running her hand over Jinx’s fur.

As the friends set off towards the park, Max seemed to recover, trotting a few metres ahead of them and having a good sniff around.



FRANKIE'S MAGIC FOOTBALL

WANT TO READ MORE?

Go to

www.frankiesmagicfootball.com/books

to find more about books in the
series and purchase copies!