

FRANK LAMPARD

**FRANKIE'S
MAGIC
FOOTBALL**



**GAME
CARDS
INSIDE**

FRANKIE VS THE COWBOY'S CREW



CHAPTER 1

At the edge of the pitch, Max strained at his lead, barking madly. Frankie knew how he felt. This game was *really* close. St Peter's School had a good team. Maybe even as good as Frankie's. The score remained nil-nil, so the pressure was building. Loads

of parents, Frankie's included, had turned out to watch the game.

"Concentrate, team!" called Mr Donald, their football coach. "Two minutes to go! Play to the final whistle."

Charlie had the ball in his gloves in the centre of the goal, looking for someone to throw it to. He saw Frankie's friend Kobe and rolled it out to him.

"Pass it, Kobe!" called Louise.

Kobe neatly sidestepped with the ball as one of the St Peter's team ran towards him. He kicked a looping pass to Louise. She

managed to cushion the ball on her knee.

"Great!" said a voice from the side of the pitch. "Pass it to a *girl*."

Frankie shot a frown at his brother Kevin, who was holding Max's lead. "She's better than you, any day of the week," he shouted back.

Kevin pulled a face. "Whatever."

"To me, Lou!" yelled Frankie.

Louise looked up. Two opponents rushed at her. She stabbed the ball with her toe, and it sailed perfectly between them to Frankie's feet.

"Go on, son!" shouted his dad.

Frankie turned and ran towards

the goal. It was just him and the keeper, a giant kid who'd stopped every shot so far.

"Shoot, Frankie!" yelled Louise.

The keeper started moving out from the goal, spreading his arms wide.

"You can do it!" called Frankie's mum.

Frankie wondered what to do. Dribble the ball around the keeper, or try for the chip over his head? The boy seemed taller by the second. He'd have to go around him. No problem. Frankie stepped over the ball, and dropped his shoulder to go left. The keeper kept



his eyes on the ball. Frankie darted right. He was through . . .

Argh!

He felt his legs snag as the keeper stuck out a boot and tackled him. He fell headlong on to the ground.

The crowd let out a groan.

Frankie sat up, a bit dizzy. The St Peter's goalkeeper had the ball in his hands.

"Bad luck," he said with a grin, then hurled the ball forwards.

"Get up, Frankie!" yelled Mr Donald.

Frankie scrambled to his feet and ran after it, but he was too far back.

It felt like he was watching in slow motion. The opposition passed the ball expertly between themselves, avoiding both Louise and Kobe and Matt. Their striker blasted the ball past Charlie and it nestled in the back of the goal.

The St Peter's players piled on top of each other as the whistle blew.

One-nil.

Frankie's team had lost!

They shook hands with the St Peter's kids. Frankie couldn't look Louise in the eye.

"I don't know what happened,"



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