

**FRANKIE'S
MAGIC
FOOTBALL**

BY FRANK LAMPARD

Frankie vs the Pirate Pillagers

Frankie vs the Rowdy Romans

Frankie vs the Cowboy's Crew

Frankie vs the Mummy's Menace

Frankie vs the Knight's Nasties

Frankie and the World Cup Carnival

Frankie and the Dragon Curse

Frankie Saves Christmas

Frankie's New York Adventure

Frankie's Kangaroo Caper

The Grizzly Games

Meteor Madness

The Great Santa Race

Team T. Rex

Deep Sea Dive

Olympic Flame Chase

The Elf Express

Mammoth Mayhem

Summer Holiday Showdown

FRANKIE'S MAGIC FOOTBALL

SUMMER HOLIDAY
SHOWDOWN

FRANK LAMPARD



LITTLE, BROWN BOOKS FOR YOUNG READERS
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*To my mum Pat, who encouraged me
to do my homework in between kicking
a ball all around the house, and is still
with me every step of the way.*



*Welcome to a fantastic
Fantasy League – the greatest
football competition ever held
in this world or any other!*

*You'll need four on a team,
so choose carefully. This is a lot
more serious than a game in the
park. You'll never know who your
next opponents will be, or
where you'll face them.*

*So lace up your boots, players,
and good luck! The whistle's
about to blow!*

The Ref



CHAPTER 1

Frankie lay on his stomach on his surfboard, watching the wave build behind him.

“Ready?” he shouted to Louise.

She was bobbing a few metres away. “Looks like a big one!” she called back.

As the surge of the wave rocked beneath him, Frankie started paddling hard with his arms. He felt

the water snatch him up and pull him fast towards the beach. Frankie gripped the board, then pushed himself up so both his feet were planted in the middle of the board. Slowly, he straightened his knees.

I'm doing it! he thought, as the surfboard cut through the water.

"Hey, Lou! Check this out!"

He looked across to where Louise, in her wetsuit, was expertly gliding on the crest of a wave, her knees slightly bent. She glanced over and gave him a thumbs-up.

And then it all went wrong. Frankie felt the board lurch forward, and suddenly his feet were



in the air. The water smashed into his side, and he was underwater. Foam and bubbles frothed around him, shooting up his nose. The water rolled his body, and he hit the seabed with a thump that knocked the wind from his stomach. He couldn't tell which way was up,

and thrashed his hands frantically. At last, gasping, he broke the surface and sucked in a breath. The remains of the wave carried him gently towards the beach, and the surfboard washed along at his side.

As the water cleared from his ears, Frankie heard his brother laughing.

“Wipe out!” said Kevin.

Frankie picked himself up in the shallows. Kevin was sitting on a towel on the beach, wearing sunglasses. Frankie’s mum was lying on an inflatable lilo a few metres further up the beach with an open book resting on her chest.

“It’s much harder than it looks,”

said Louise. She drifted in, still standing on her surfboard. "Are you okay Frankie?"

Frankie nodded. The pain in his side was fading. It wasn't the first knock he'd taken, and it wouldn't be the last. He grabbed the board. "Let's get out there again," he said.

But his mum woke up, sat up and looked at her watch. "Gosh is that the time?" she said. "We should get back to the hotel."

Frankie gazed out across the ocean. The water sparkled in the sun's rays, blue as far as the horizon. In the distance, boats dotted the vast expanse. They'd

only been on holiday in Cornwall for a couple of days, staying in the Seatoller Hotel, and Frankie never wanted to leave.

“Where’s Charlie?” asked Frankie’s mum.

Kevin pointed along the beach. “He went with Max to explore the rock pools,” he said. Frankie glanced across the crowded sand. Sunbathers lounged under parasols and kids were building sandcastles. Then Frankie saw Max and Charlie heading towards them. Max was wiggling his tail in excitement. Charlie was holding a bucket. He wore a wide-brimmed

hat, and his body looked very white. Charlie burned really easily, so he had to wear layers and layers of sun cream.

“Look what we found,” he said, as he came closer.

He set the bucket down and Frankie saw a large greenish crab in the bottom. It spread its pincers wide.

“Wow!” said Louise.

Frankie’s mum let out a shriek. “I’m going back but don’t be long.”

Max peered over the edge of the bucket and whined.

“Max found it,” said Charlie. “It pinched his nose!”

Frankie stroked his dog's neck.
"Poor boy!" he said.

"We should cook the crab!" said
Kevin.

"No!" they all replied at once.

"Let's put it back in the water,"
said Louise. Kevin agreed. She
tipped the bucket carefully,
and the crab scurried into the
shallows. In a few seconds, it had
vanished.

"I was watching you surfing, Lou,"
said Charlie. "You're really good!"

"Thanks," she replied.

"A lot better than Frankie,"
laughed Kevin.

Frankie scowled at his brother.

"Why don't you show us how it's done?" he said, offering his board.

Kevin went red. "I would, but I haven't got a wetsuit," he replied.

How convenient, thought Frankie.

"Come on, let's get back," said Louise.

They started to walk up the beach, and Kevin called after them.

"Hey, wait for me!"

He was rolling up his towel, and putting on his flipflops.

"Just keep walking," said Frankie to his friends.

Their hotel was right on the cliff edge, at the top of a set of wooden