

Frankie vs. the Pirate Pillagers

Frank Lampard

Frankie won a battered old football on a strange stall at the funfair. He and his friends Charlie and Louise, and his dog Max, stopped to play with the ball in the park on their way home.

“There!” said Charlie, pointing to a climbing frame shaped like a model ship. He jogged over and stood in front of it. “The ship’s the goal.”

Frankie booted the ball high into the air. Max streaked after it. It tangled in his feet, and he tumbled over the top.

“Pass it!” called Frankie.

Max managed to nose the ball to Louise. She dribbled the ball in and out of the swings, then sent a curling shot towards the top corner of the goal. Charlie dived and just got his fingertips to the ball.

“Nothing gets past me!” said Charlie.

We’ll see about that ... thought Frankie. He fetched the ball and passed it to Louise. She looked up, ready to shoot, then stepped over the ball and flicked it up with her heel. Frankie was ready. He brought his foot round and connected with a perfect volley. The ball screamed towards the goal. Charlie leapt sideways, gloves splayed, but the ball passed beneath his outstretched hands. Frankie slid on to his knees thinking his mum would kill him when she saw the grass stains.



“SUPERGOA ...”

The shout trailed off in Frankie’s throat.

The ball had vanished, and so had the model ship. Max growled quietly. Frankie stood up, his heart thumping. He couldn’t believe what was before his eyes.

Where the goal had been just a second ago was a swirl of light like nothing he’d ever seen. Colours flashed and spun in a disc shape, three metres across. He looked at Louise. Her jaw had dropped open.

Charlie picked himself up, bashing the ground with his fist. He still hadn’t seen the spinning circle of light behind him. “I was so close!” he said.

“Er, Charlie,” said Louise. “You might want to turn around.” He did as she told him, then leapt backwards. “Holy moly! What is that thing?”

Frankie and Louise joined Charlie’s side. The lights shifted and shimmered like oil on water.

“I have no idea!” said Frankie. “But it must be linked to the ball.”