ANGELA MCALLISTER
INCALLISTER

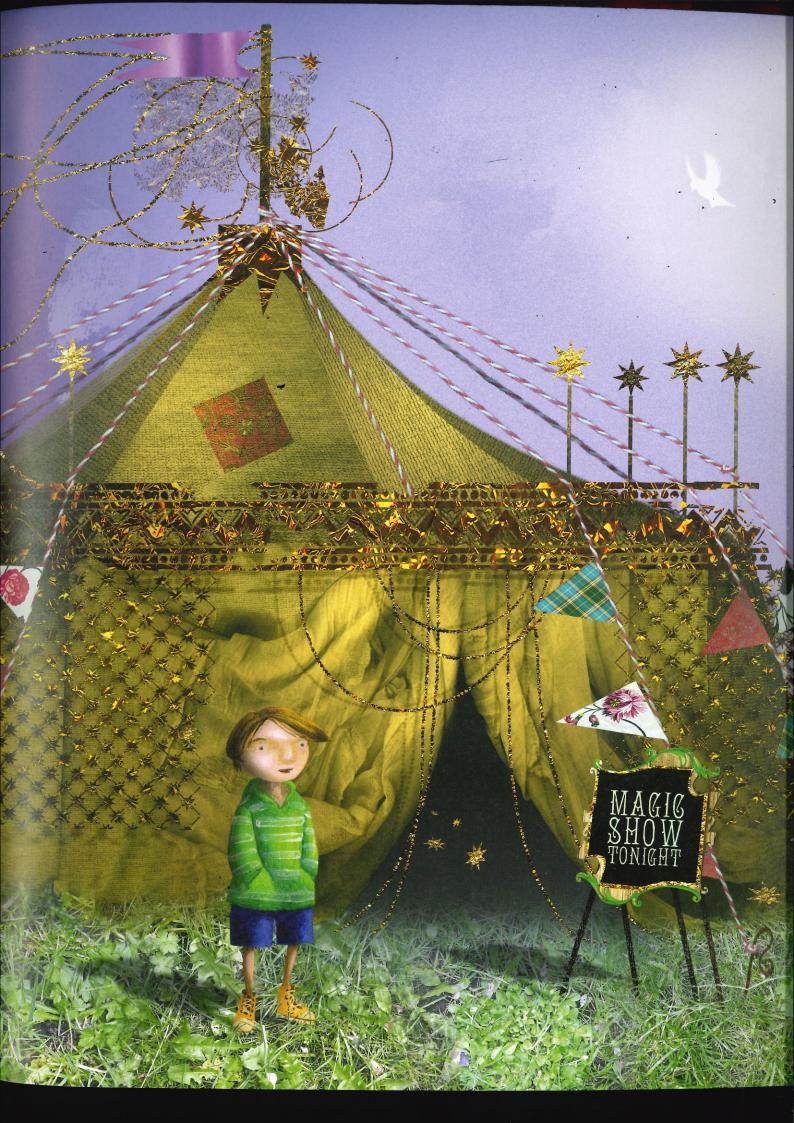
BETWEEN

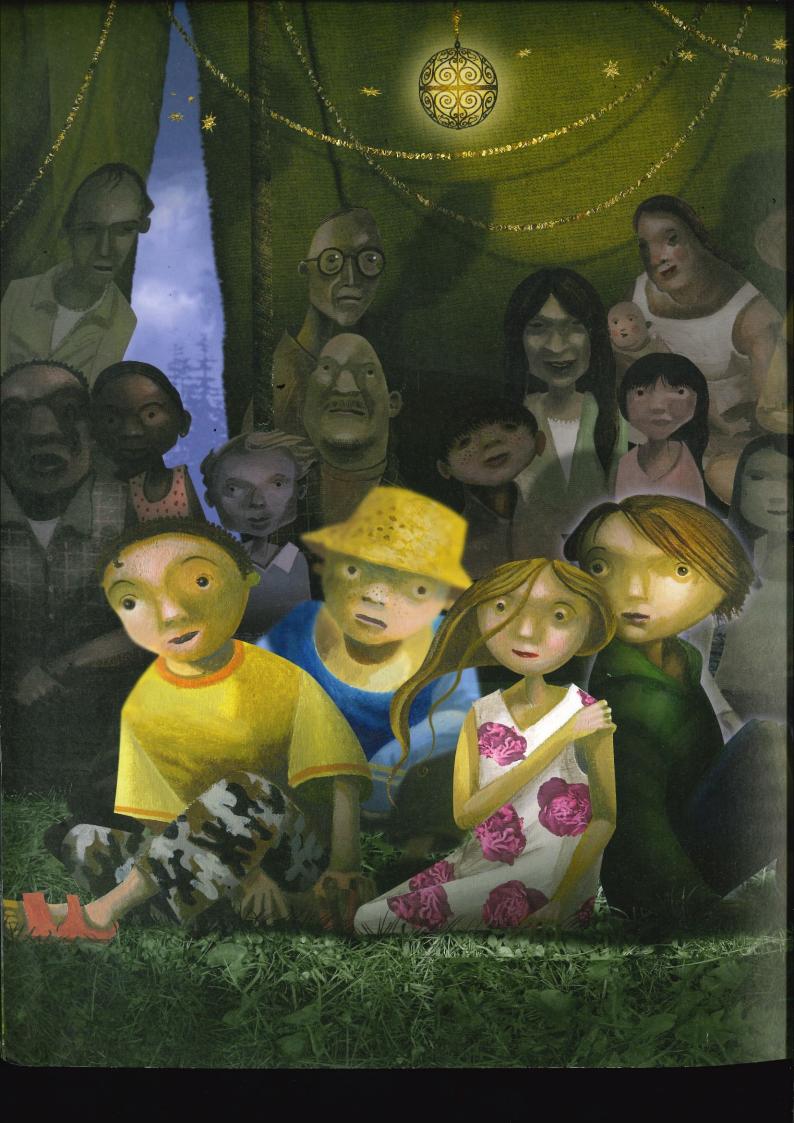
GRAHAME BAKER-SMITH

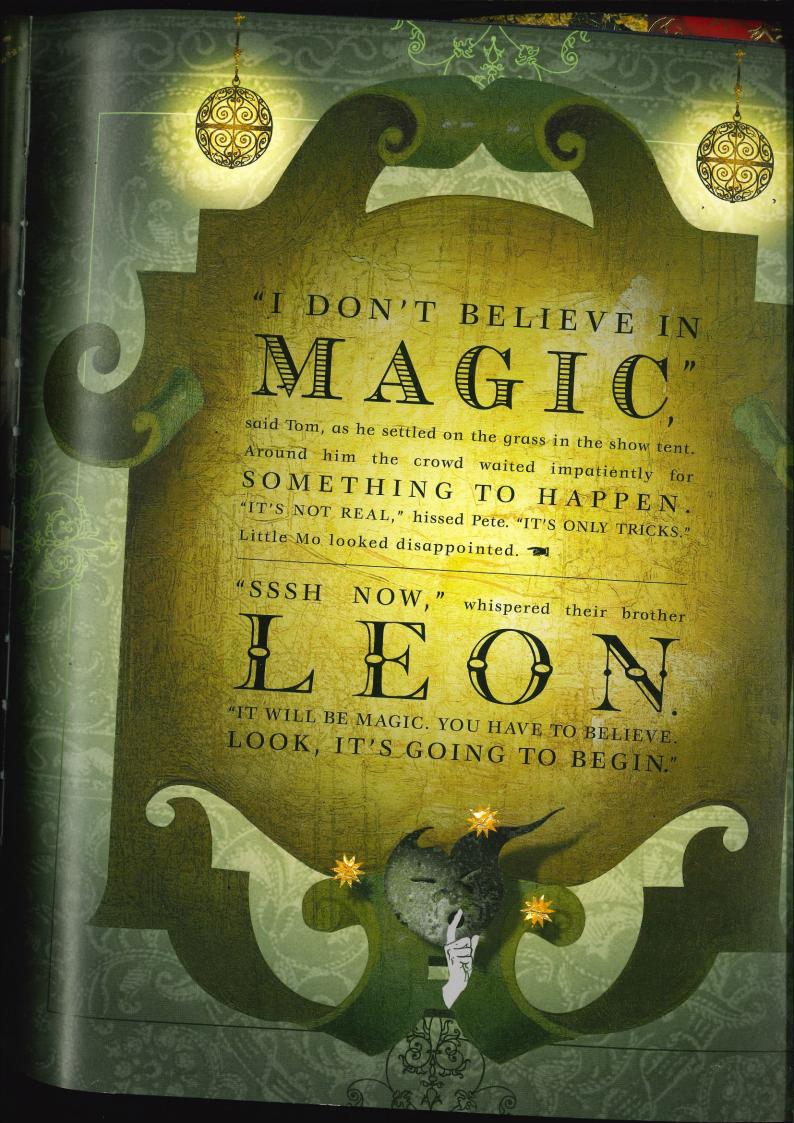


Let the magic begin...







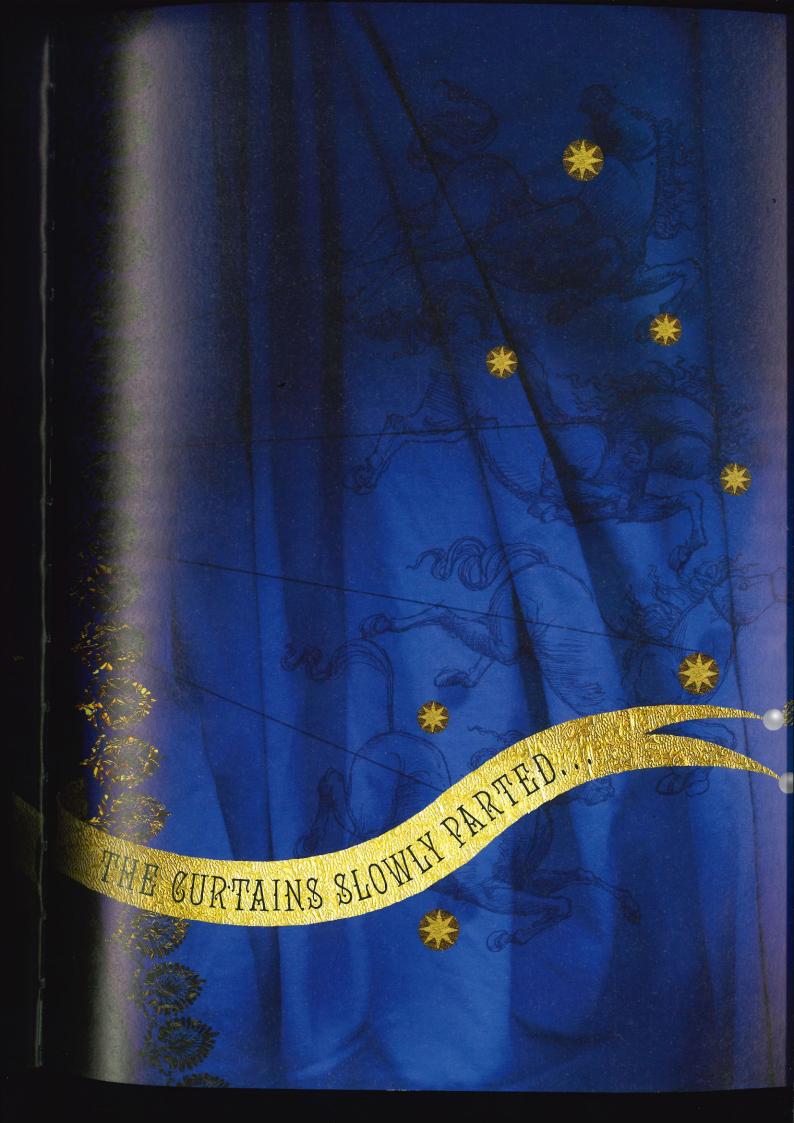


THE LANTERNS WENT OUT.

In the darkness the crowd fidgeted with excitement. There was a cough, a whisper

and then

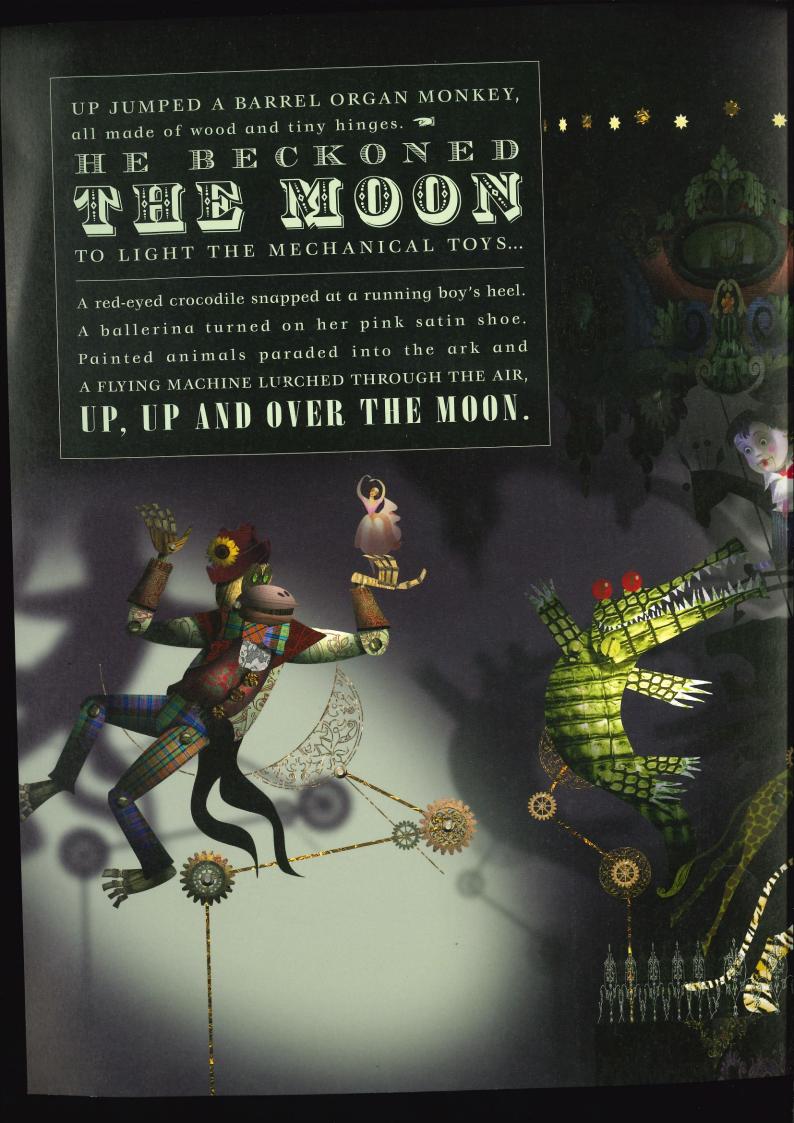




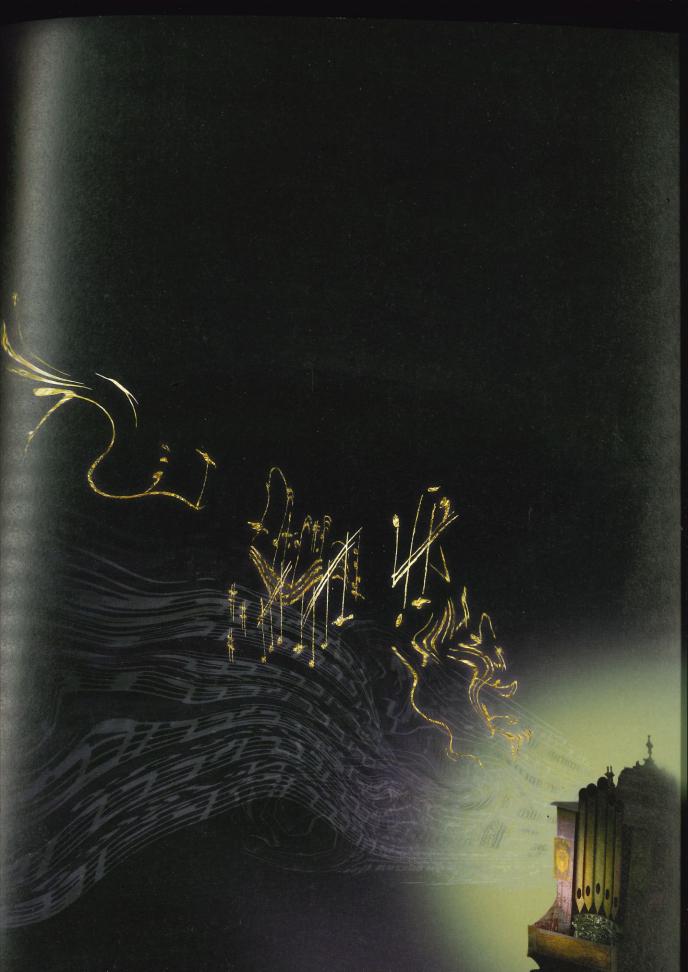
NOW ONE DIM SPOTLIGHT found a barrel organ, still and silent on the stage.

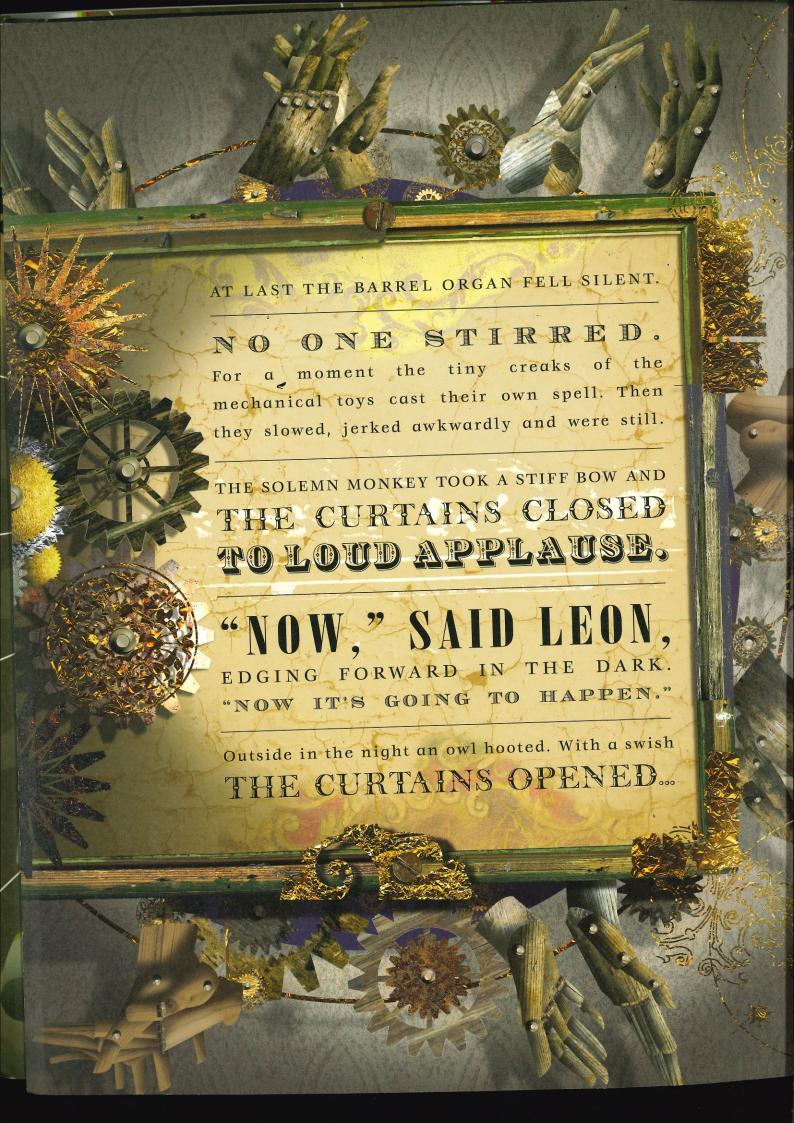
EXERYONE HELD THEIR BREATH.

THE HANDLE BEGAN TO TURN



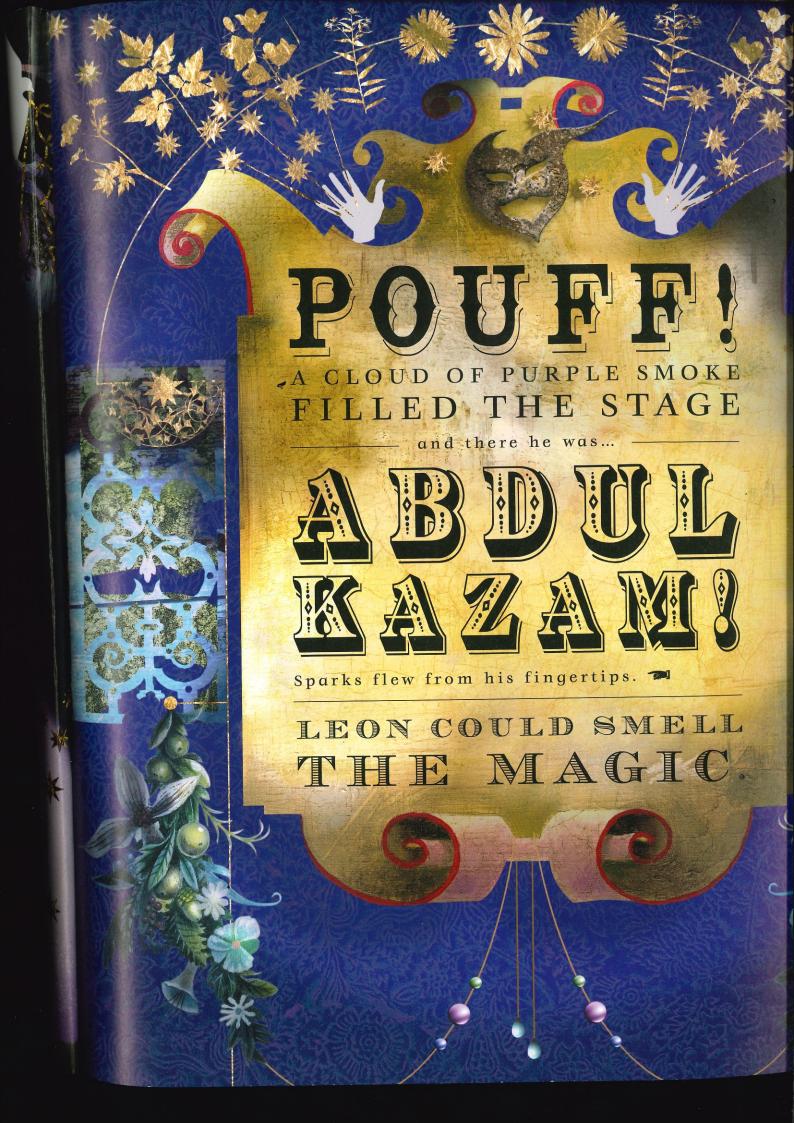


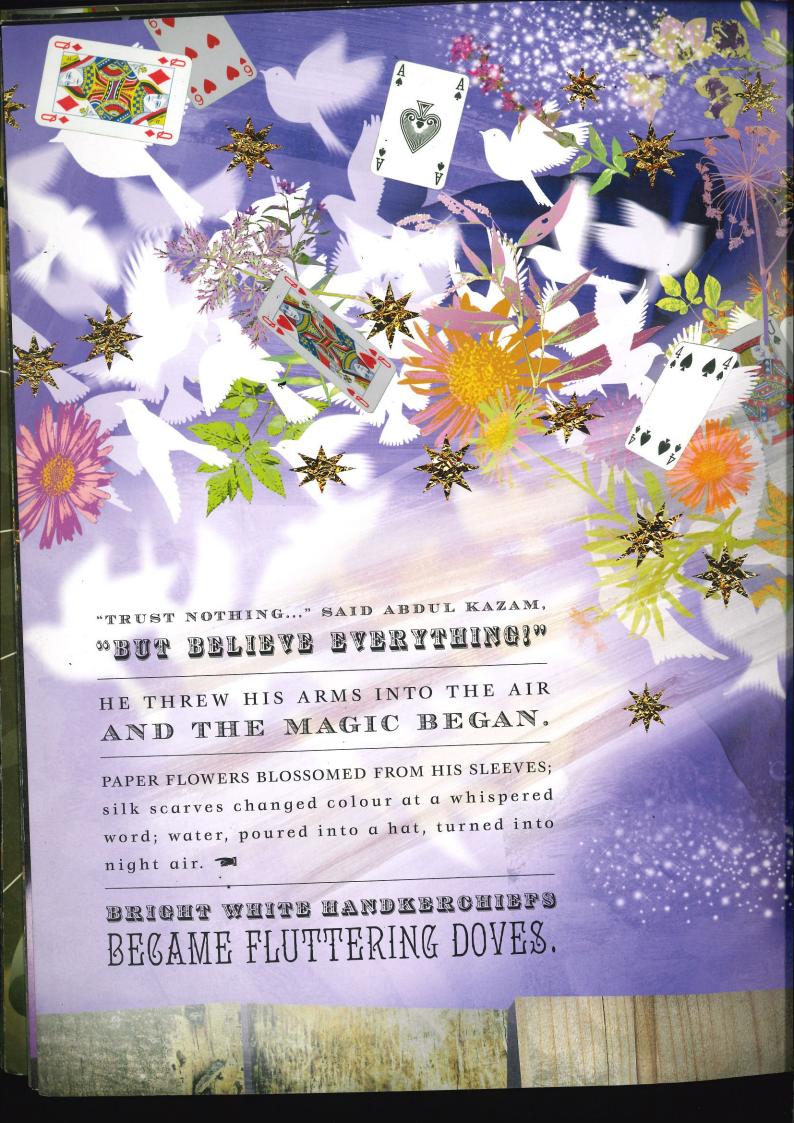






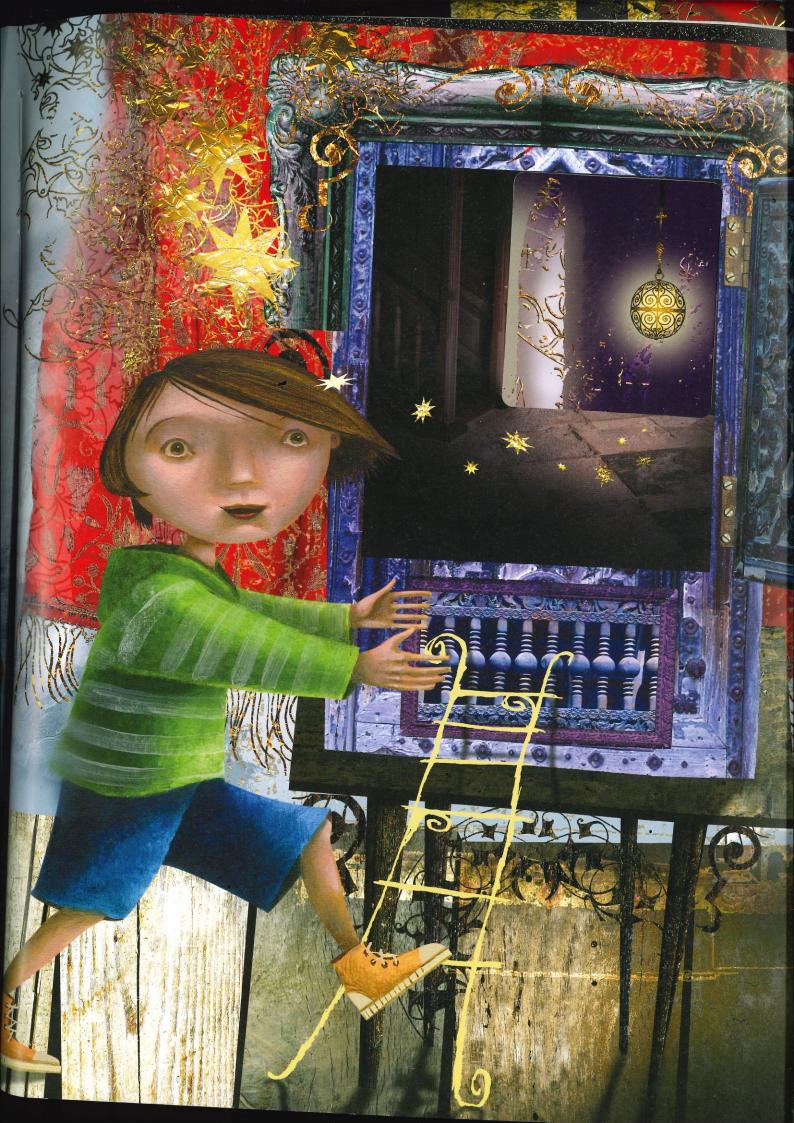


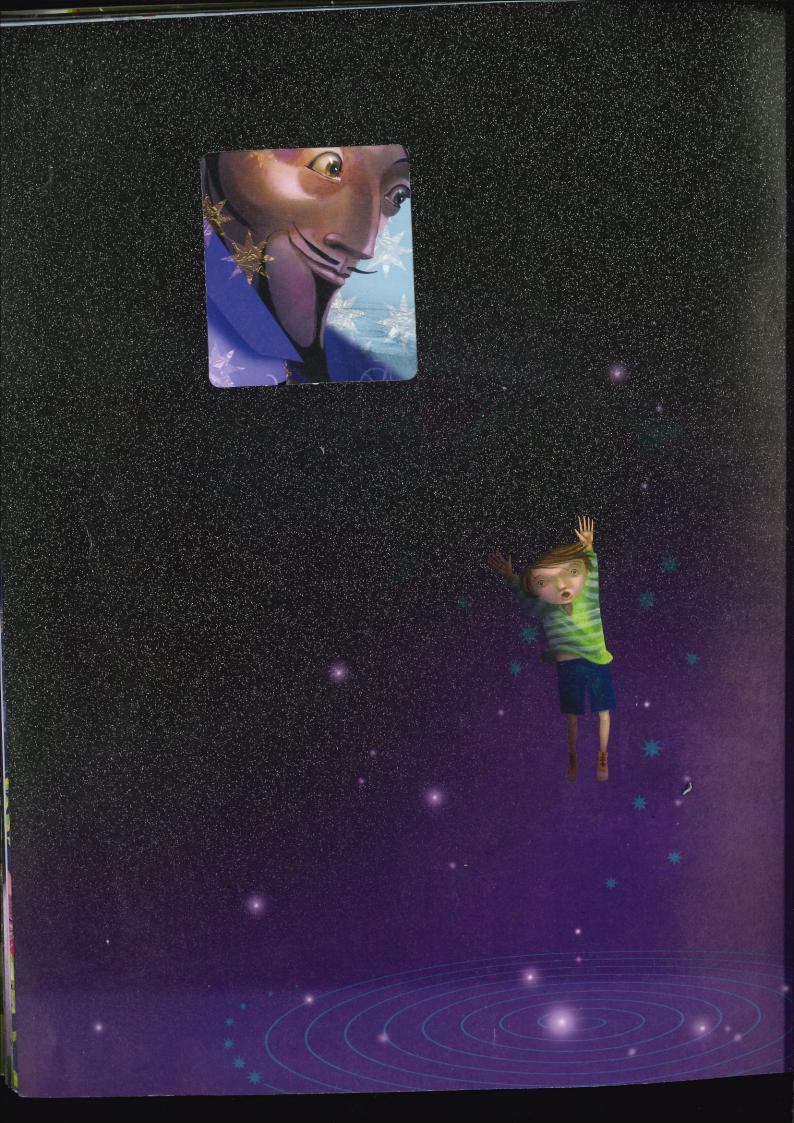






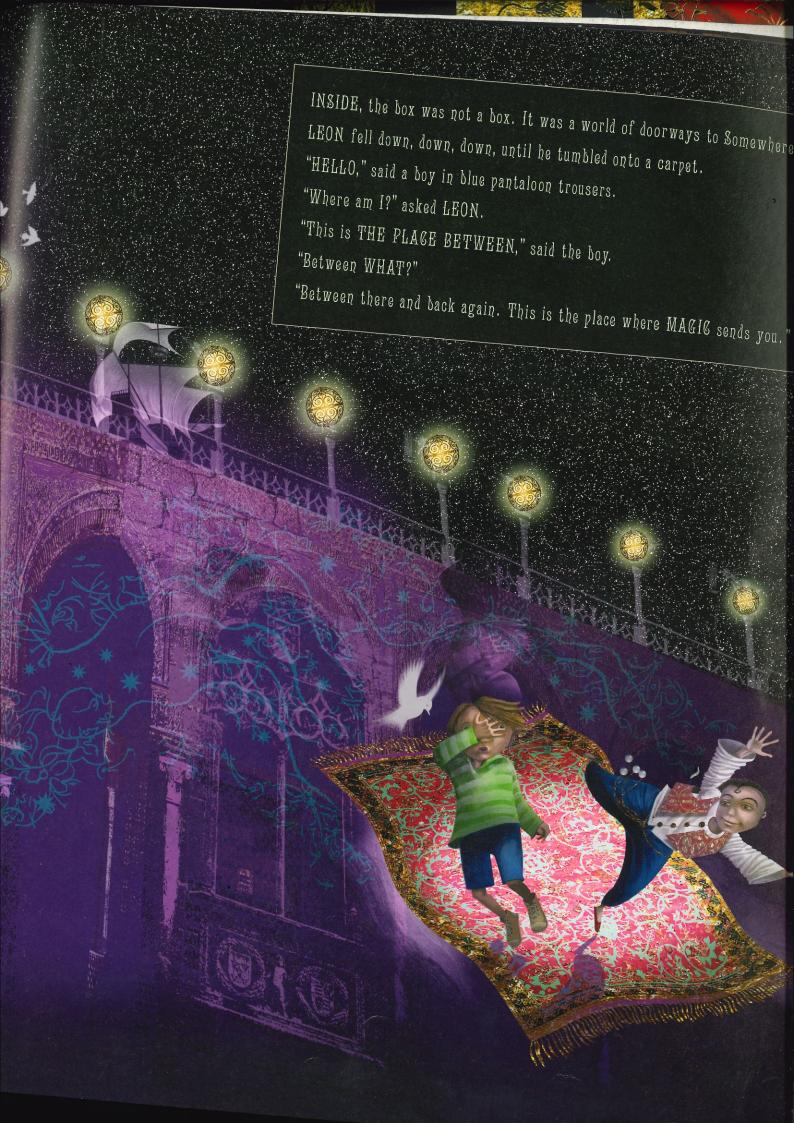














ow me?" asked LEON. The boy smiled. "Hold on tight." carpet a tug. With a swoop, off they flew. Everything that disappeared by magic, appeared in the Place

ds and doves fluttered in the lantern light. Coins and rings spun past, flashed and were gone. Ropes, cups the perfumed air. A magician's assistant stepped out of nowhere as another vanished in the blink of an e of astonishment. A world of the unexpected. It was alive with MAGIG.



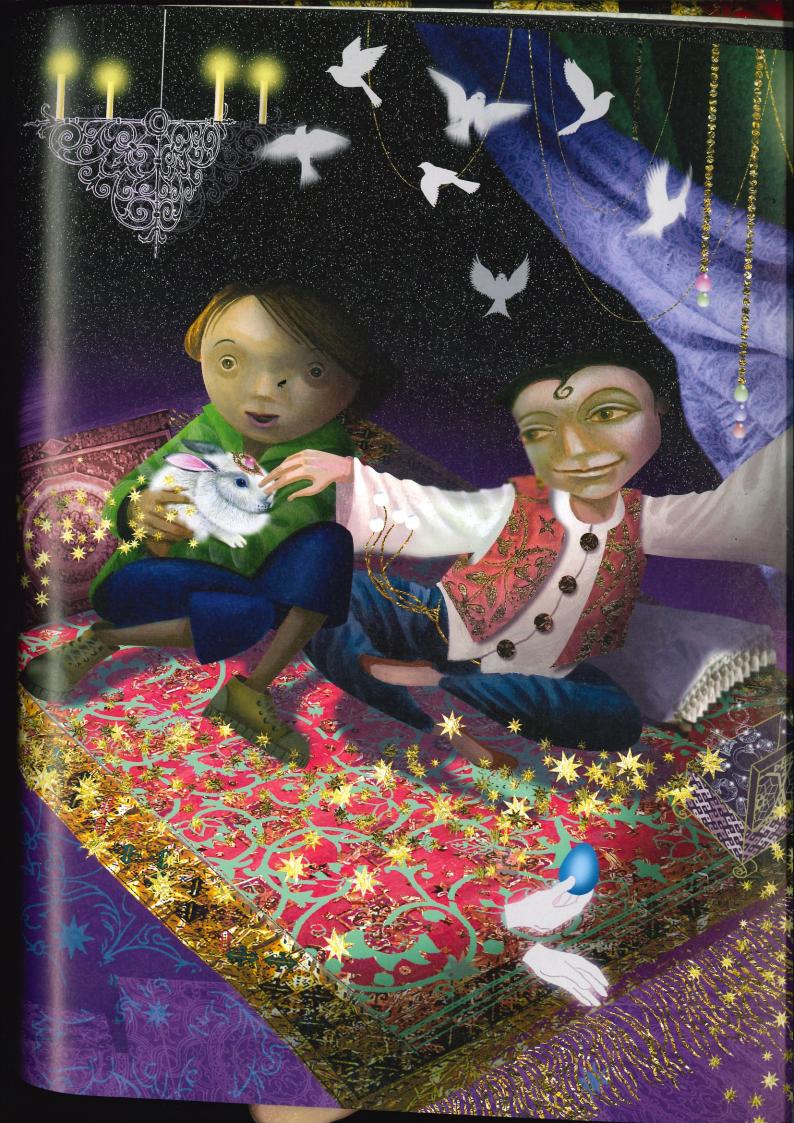
The carpet came to rest. "Do you live here?" asked LEON, his eyes huge with wonder.
"No," said the boy. "But my father is a great magician. He makes me disappear every night.

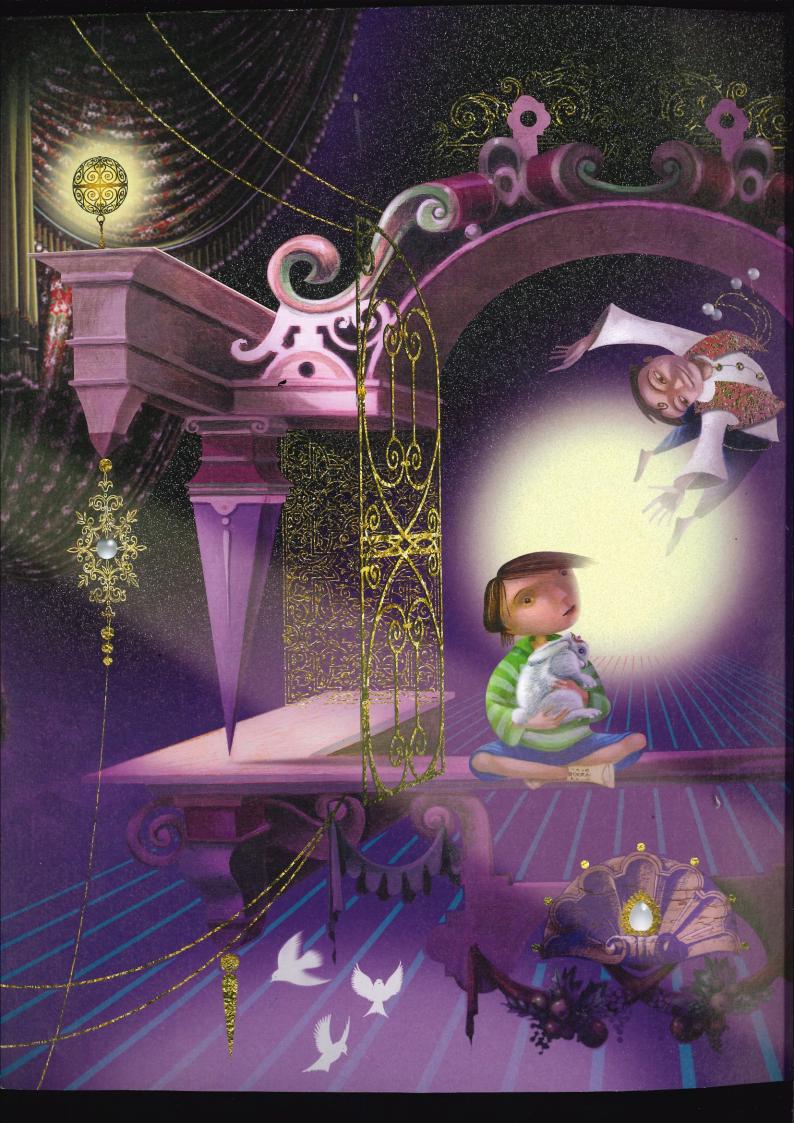
If I help him he will teach me magic."

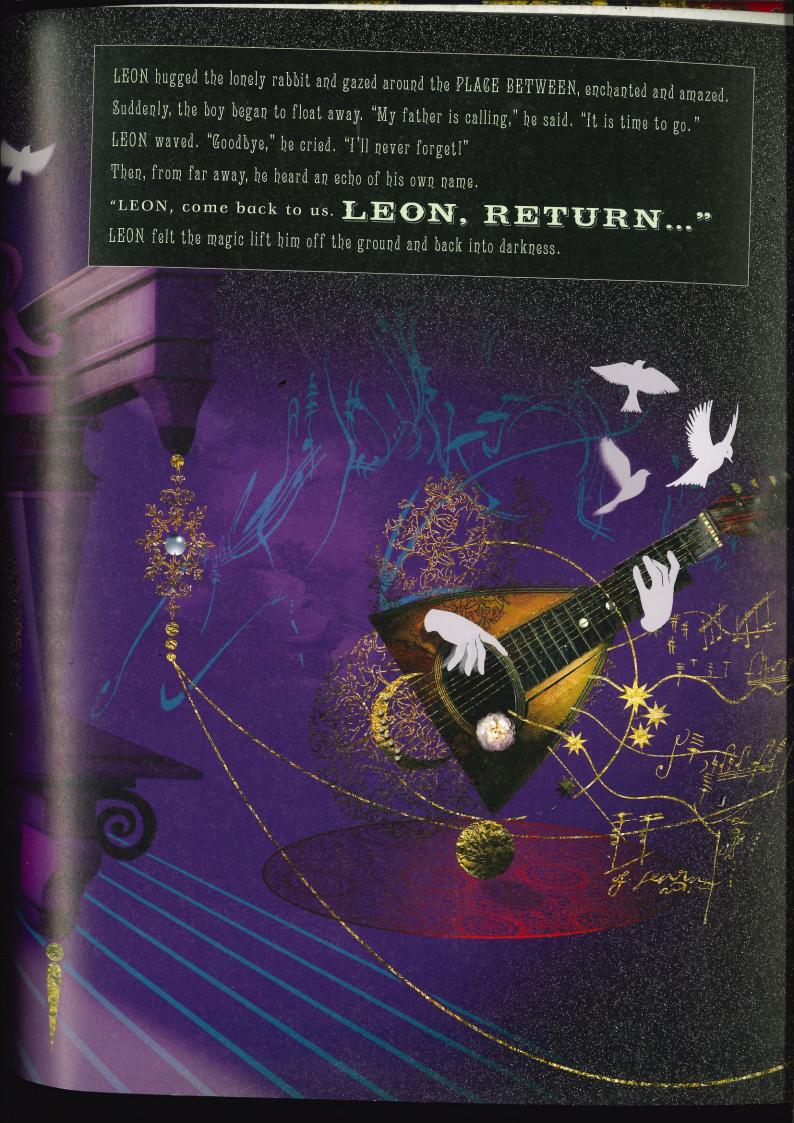
Then LEON felt something soft wriggling behind him. A white rabbit climbed gently onto LEON's lap and nestled in his arms. The boy stroked her ears.

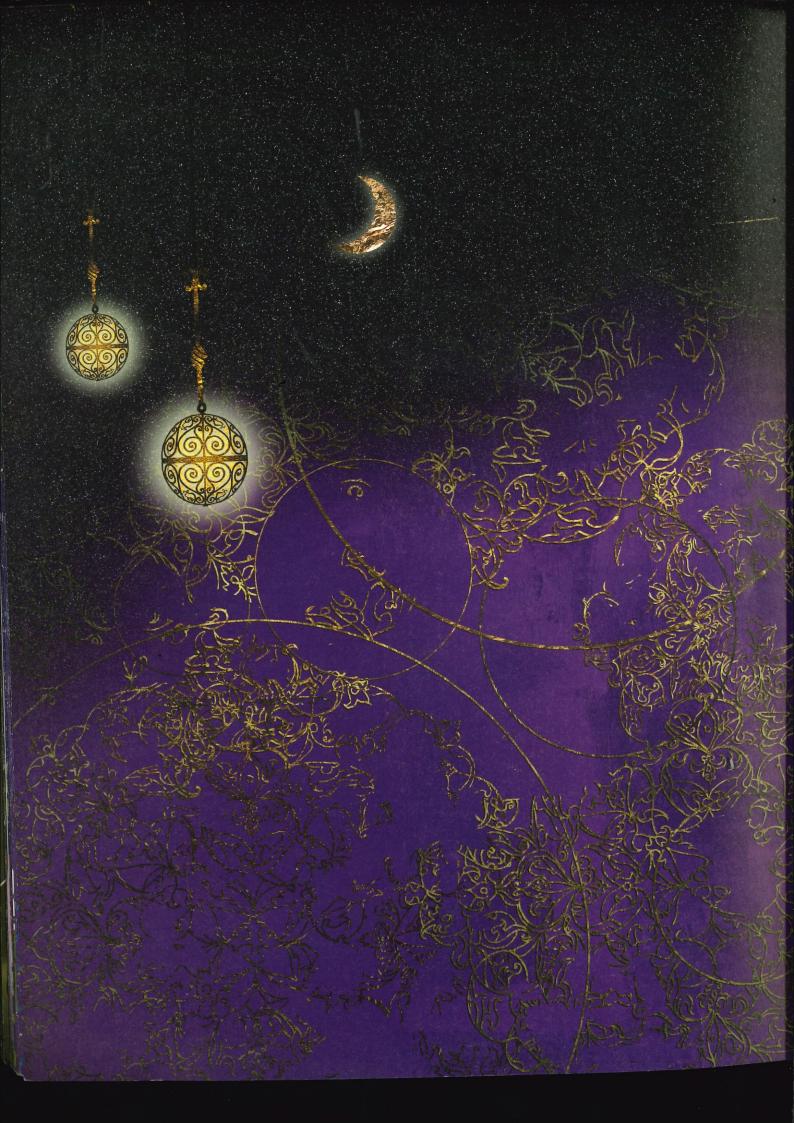
"She is always here," he said sadly. "She was never called back."





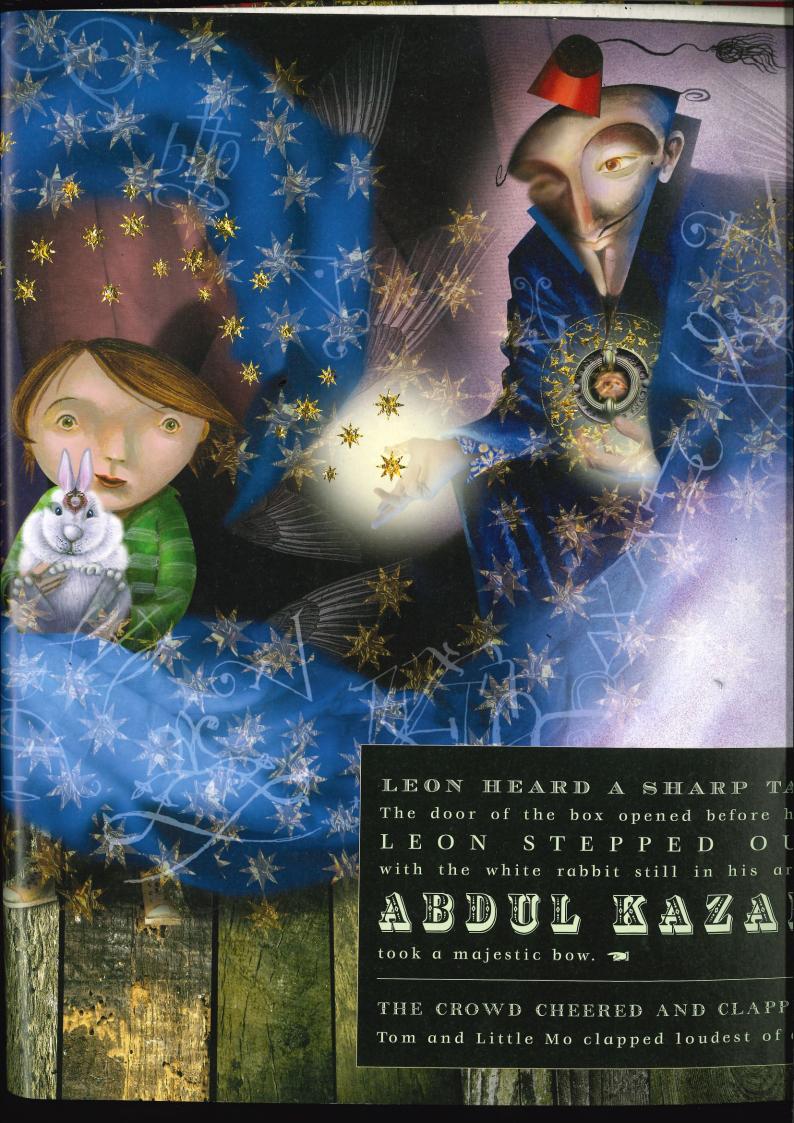




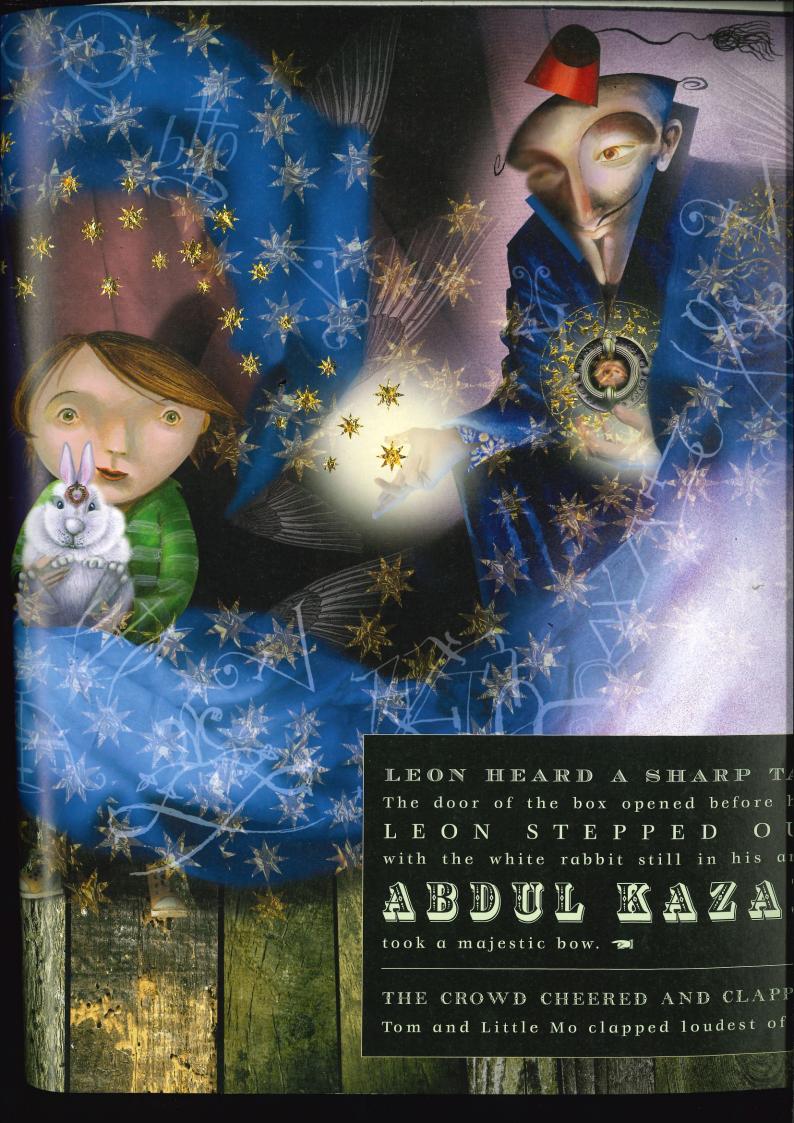




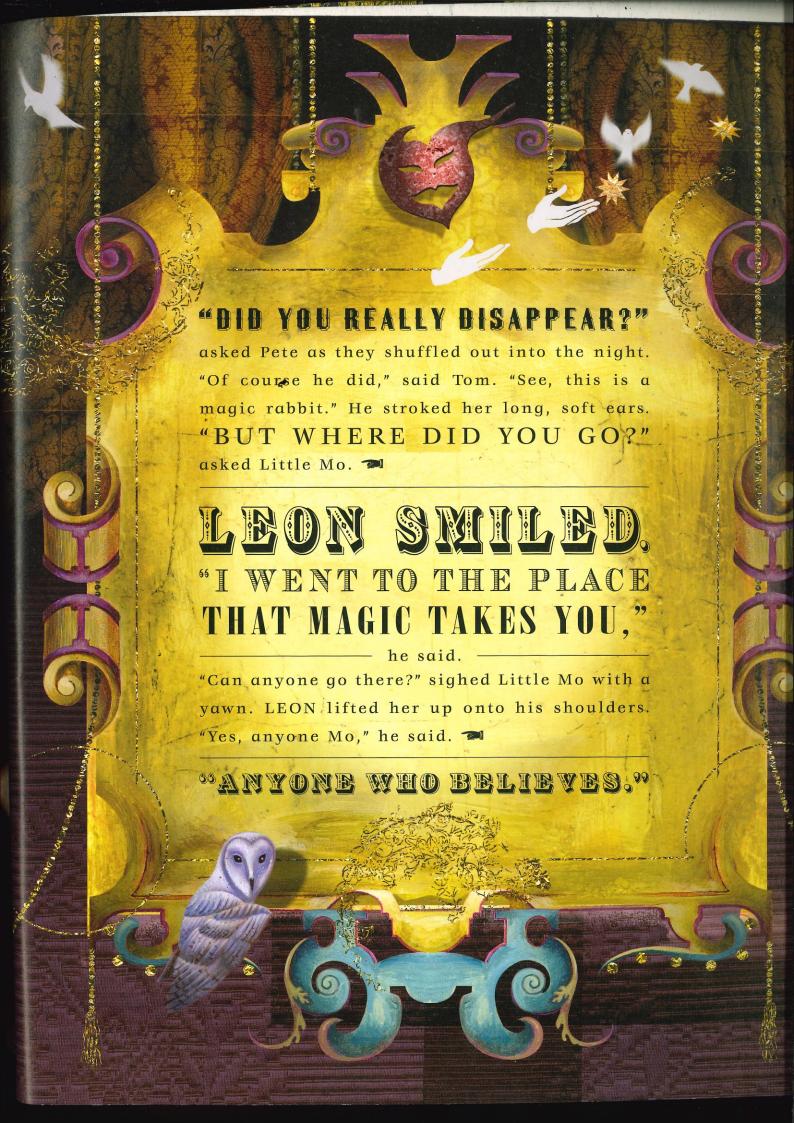


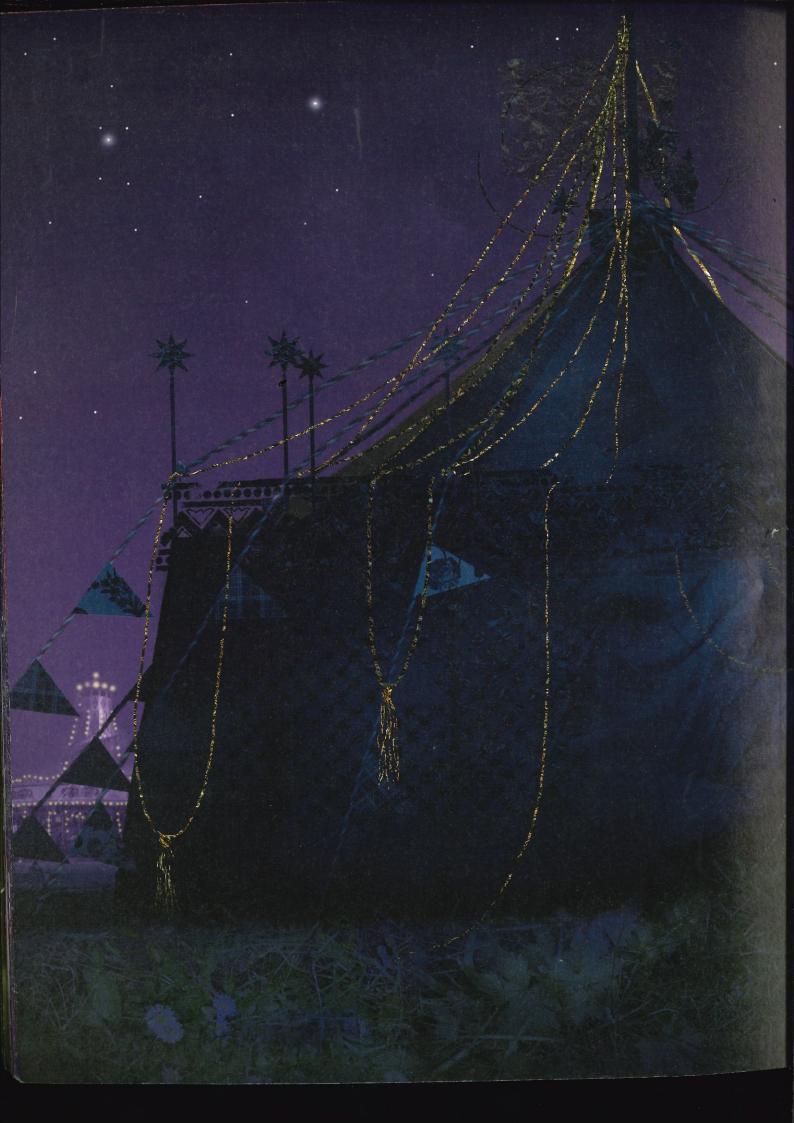














ATEMPLARBOOK

FIRST PUBLISHED IN THE UK IN 2008 BY TEMPLAR PUBLISHING, THIS SOFTBACK EDITION PUBLISHED IN 2009 BY TEMPLAR PUBLISHING, PART OF THE BONNIER PUBLISHING GROUP THE PLAZA, 535 KING'S ROAD, LONDON, SWID OSZ WWW.BONNIERPUBLISHING.COMWWW.BONNIERPUBLISHING.COM

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THE END

