

I climbed into the back seat of our car. Brad always sat up front. "I'm the oldest!" he'd say. Then he'd talk to Dad, acting as if he was grown up. Today I didn't mind sitting in the back. I would practise magic.

Dad drove out of the city. I pretended to look out the window at the snowy streets. But, really, I practised magic tricks in my head.

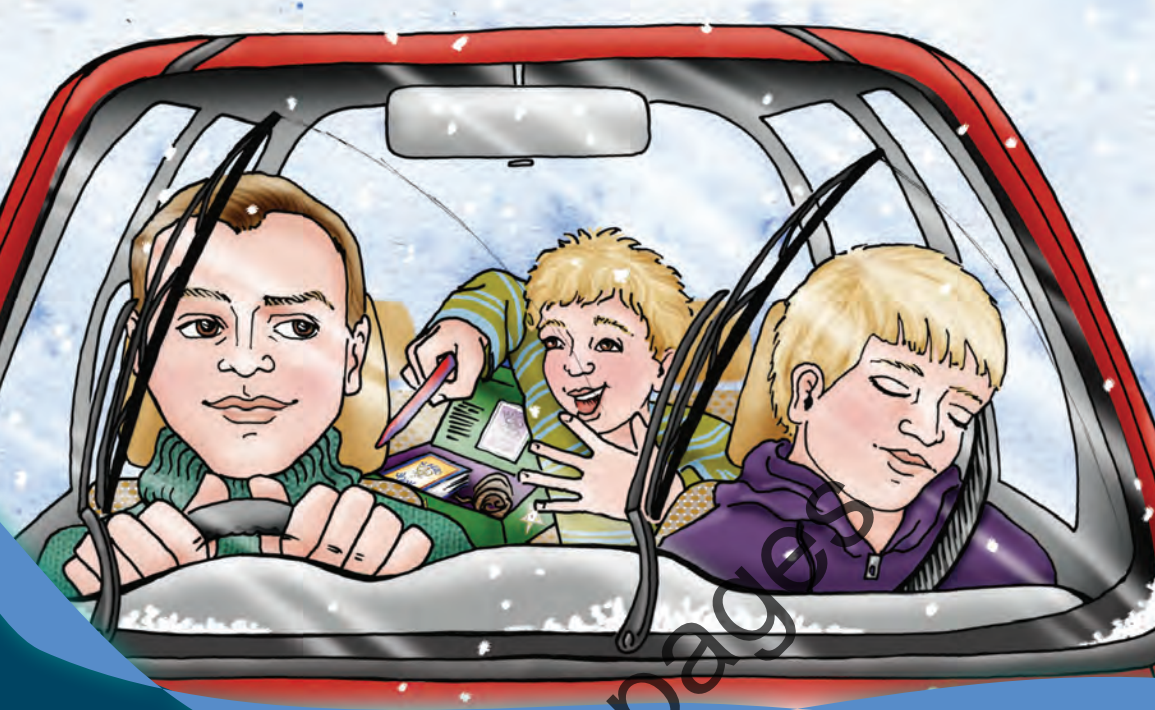
Snow began to fall. The wipers went squoink... squoink...squoink...squoink. Brad fell asleep. His head bobbed and finally fell against the seat.

Dad didn't take his eyes off the road. The snow was getting worse.

I opened my bag. The box was there. I looked at Brad—still asleep.

I lifted out the box. My toothbrush fell!

CLUNK!



Brad woke with a snort. "What are you doing, loser?" He tried to peer around my suitcase.

"My name is Frankie."

"Okay, loser." Brad rolled back his head. He shut his eyes.

The sky outside had turned yellow-grey. The snow was really falling now.

I practised tricks. I closed my eyes and pretended I was on stage. **And now for the Amazing Frankie!** I bowed, waving my wand.