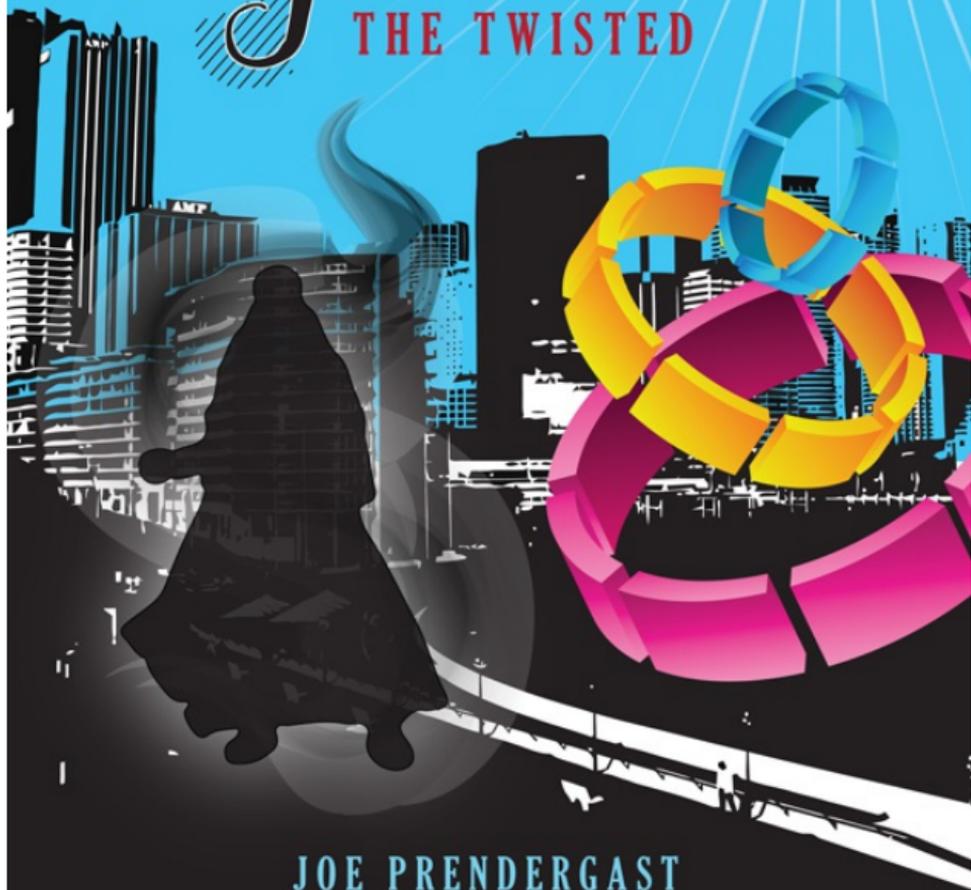


The GREAT
FRAGOLA
Brothers
THE TWISTED



JOE PRENDERGAST

was a girl, Dave's favourite food – the apple pie his mother baked and Nino, the teddy bear that was Vivian's best friend.

Then they hit the ground.

They had arrived in some sort of car park, overlooking a large castle. Angeline stood up and dusted herself off.

When she looked up, she saw Vivian and Dave, smiling. They had landed on their feet while she had tumbled over.

“What did we just do?” she asked.

“We just teleported here,” said Dave confidently.

“No! We couldn't have!”

“Yes! We did. I'm magic, remember?”

Dave waited for a reply. He didn't get one. Angeline was still getting over her first teleportation. Her head hurt and her mind spun and she was sure that her heart was not beating at the correct pace.

But when Vivian and Dave walked towards the old castle's doors Angeline had no choice but to follow.



The airport was busy enough. A few people had fallen asleep in chairs, so Paolo and Giuseppe made it to check-in first.

In security, something very strange happened. A man, who was just walking along with his young son suddenly, disappeared. A hand – a very pale, white hand had reached out and grabbed him. It was a strange occurrence and it bothered the brothers but not as much as if

they knew the truth, which was that, this was the hand of a monster and the same thing was happening in cities all over the world thanks to Richard Blake.

The plane wasn't full. It was one of those calm flights. Giuseppe slept through the whole thing. So did Paolo. It was a comfortable flight – but worrying. Everyone had seen the man being taken.

There was a tense feeling in the air but Paolo and Giuseppe would soon realise that tense isn't the worst feeling you could have.

The plane arrived in New York but it was still morning with the time difference. When they exited LaGuardia Airport the brothers caught a cab to Mahogany Castle.

The cab was quick and when they arrived at

their destination a smiling Dave with his wife, Vivian, whom the brothers had not met before, greeted them.

The rain poured down and Paolo and Giuseppe went inside. “Cook will get you something to eat and then we will get down to business,” said Dave.



Richard Blake did not like the sun. It damaged his skin and, being a sorcerer and the Grand one at that, he was particularly sensitive. To make things worse on this particular day he was annoyed. Very, very annoyed. He had recruited his, now ex-wife to become the first of his Twisted Army by giving her the ‘Twisted Touch’ but she had done a terrible job. She had snatched some random man instead of those wretched Fragola Brothers. He knew whom they were and why they were

going to New York and he needed to get rid of them.

He walked out into the morning breeze and took a few deep breaths while he contemplated his next move.