



AT LAST THE BARREL ORGAN FELL SILENT.

NO ONE STIRRED.

For a moment the tiny creaks of the mechanical toys cast their own spell. Then they slowed, jerked awkwardly and were still.

THE SOLEMN MONKEY TOOK A STIFF BOW AND
**THE CURTAINS CLOSED
TO LOUD APPLAUSE.**

“NOW,” SAID LEON,
EDGING FORWARD IN THE DARK.
“NOW IT’S GOING TO HAPPEN.”

Outside in the night an owl hooted. With a swish
THE CURTAINS OPENED.



POUFF!

A CLOUD OF PURPLE SMOKE
FILLED THE STAGE

— and there he was... —

**ABDUL
KAZAM!**

Sparks flew from his fingertips. ➤

**LEON COULD SMELL
THE MAGIC.**