

I had seen the Magic Shop from a distance several times . " That's a good trick , ' I said , laughing , ' Isn't it ? ' said the shopman . Gip reached out to take the ball , but the shopman's hand was empty . ' It's in your pocket , ' said the shopman , and there it was ! ' How much will that be ? ' I asked . We don't charge for glass balls , ' said the shopman politely " We get them free .It had a window full of interesting objects – magic balls , packs of cards and all kinds of other things .I was very surprised I hadn't thought the shop was in Regent Street .I had thought it was round the corner in Oxford Street or even in Piccadilly . ' He pointed to something called the Disappearing Egg .Gip silently put the four balls in his pocket , then took hold of my finger again .One day I was with my son , Gip .We were walking along Regent Street when we passed the shop .Gip took hold of my finger and pulled me up to the window . ' He pointed to an object with a card beside it .The card said , ' Buy One and Astonish Your Friends . ' He picked another ball out of his elbow he spoke , and another from the back of his neck .Gip looked at them .may ' You have those too , ' said the shopman , ' and here's another one .I had passed by it once or twice .But I'd never thought about going inside .But there it was right in front of us . ' Look , Daddy , ' he said . ' If I were rich , I'd buy myself that . ' Or that .He laid them both on the counter . ' He took another glass ball out of his mouth .