

Pearl

THE FLYING UNICORN

For Imogen Grace. — SALLY ODGERS

To Mum & Dad, for supplying my childhood
with endless art supplies and teaching me to
colour within the lines. — ADELE K THOMAS

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SALLY ODGERS



ADELE K THOMAS



Chapter One

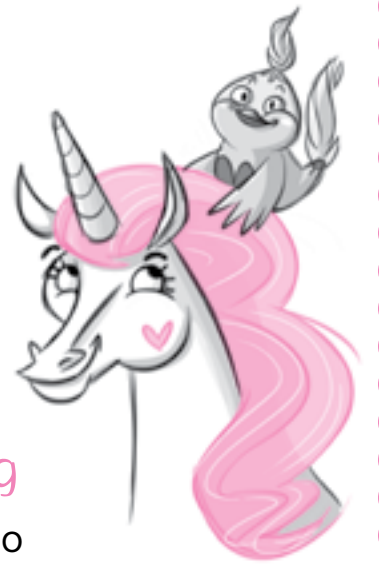
It was a **gusty, blustery** day in the Kingdom and Pearl the **magical** unicorn was off to meet her **best friends**, Olive and Tweet.



Olive was an **ogre**. She was **stronger** than anyone Pearl knew. If anything needed **lifting**, then Olive could do it. She also **loved** to eat. Pearl and Tweet were always **surprised** at how much ogres could eat without getting full.



Tweet the **firebird** was the **smallest** of the three friends. She could **fly** but she often preferred to ride on Olive's shoulder or **cling** to Pearl's mane. She was so **small** and **light** her friends sometimes forgot where she was perched.

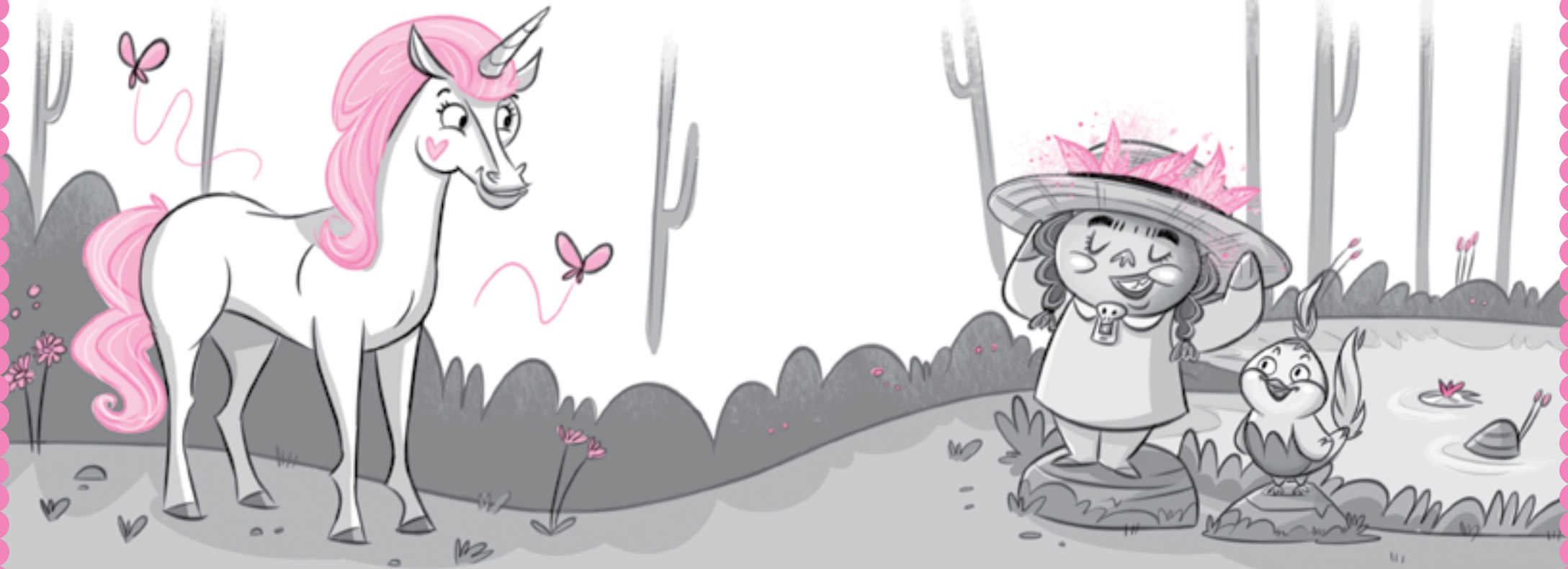


On this **gusty, blustery** day, Olive and Tweet were waiting down by the pond for Pearl.

'Leaping lions, Olive!' said Pearl.
'Is that a new hat?'

'Aunt Olga **gave** it to me,' Olive said.
'Isn't it **wonderful**?'

Olive's hat was made of yellow straw, and it was **decorated** with bright pink **glitter** feathers.



Tweet **fluttered** up to have a good look. 'Pretty, like me!' she squawked. She **looked** at her own tail feathers and giggled.



'Now you **both** have feathers,' Pearl said, happily.

'Let's **try** it on you, Pearl,' suggested Olive. She took **off** the hat and put it on Pearl's head. It was hard to make it sit properly. Pearl's **horn** got in the way.

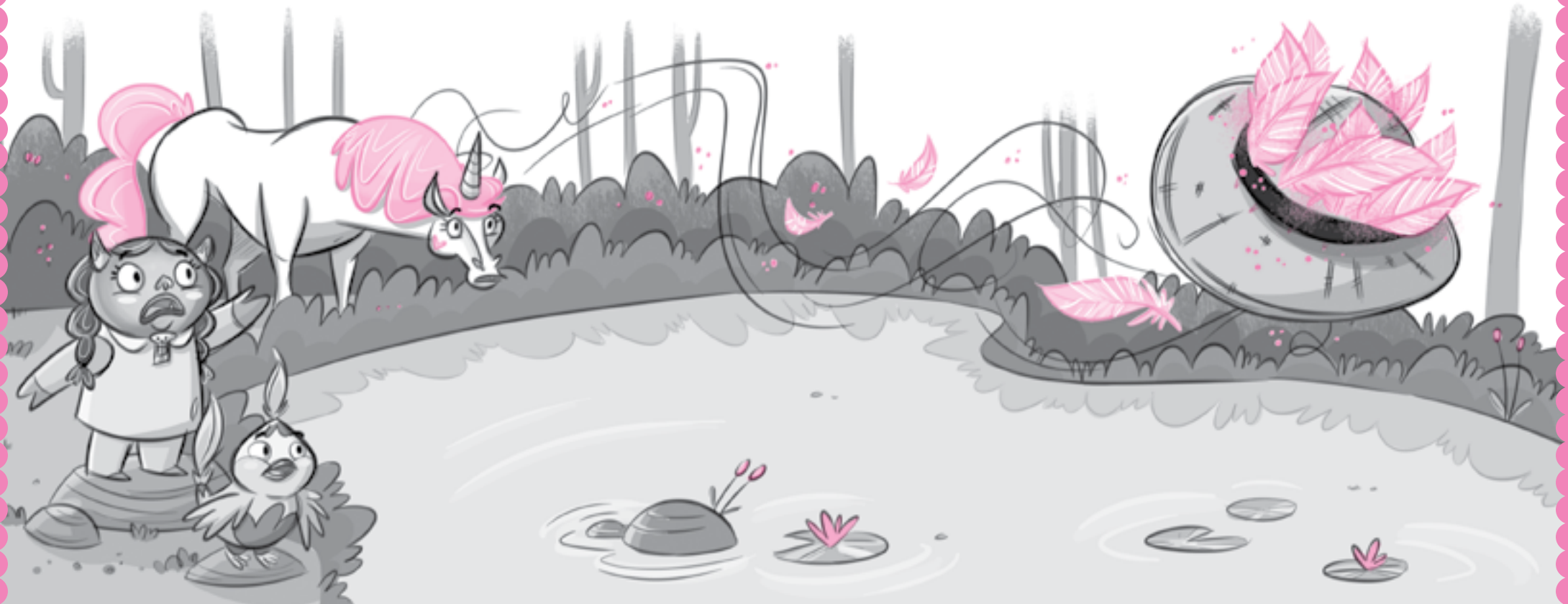


'I don't think unicorns **wear** hats,
Olive,' Pearl said.

She **leaned** over the pond to **look** at her
reflection. Then, suddenly, the hat **fell**
off Pearl's head and the wind **caught** it!

Up, up, up it went in the air across
the pond.

'Oh no!' Pearl said. She **tried** to use
her **magic** to bring the hat back.



Flick-flick-flickety-flick!

‘Watch out, Pearl!’ yelled Olive, but it was too late. Pink sparkles **fizzed** in the air and **sprinkled** all over Olive’s hat. The hat **bounced** upwards and the feathers **blew** away in a **sparkling** cloud towards the sea.




Oops.

‘I’m sorry, Olive,’ Pearl said.

‘Never mind, you didn’t mean it. If we **run** up to the cliffs we can **get** them back,’ Olive said.

‘Jump on!’ said Pearl to her friends. ‘Hurry, the feathers are **getting away!**’

Olive **jumped** onto Pearl’s back and Tweet **clung** to the unicorn’s mane.



Together, the three friends
raced past the pond and
up the path to the cliffs.

The **glitter** feathers **whirled** up
in a cloud, then **spun** in circles.

Pearl **bounded** into the air while Olive held on with one hand and tried to **grab** the feathers with the other.

‘Whee!’ Tweet **whistled** in delight.



She **fluttered** her wings, and **flew** out from the cliff to help. The biggest **glitter** feather **floated** in the air. Excitedly, she **grabbed** for it with her claws.

‘Got one! Look!’ she said, **tumbling** over in a somersault.



Tweet's delight ended in a **squawk** of fear as the wind **caught** her and **blew** her out to sea.

'Flittering firebird!' cried Pearl. 'Tweet! Come back here!'



'Can't!' squawked Tweet in a panic. Her wings **flapped** quickly against the wind.

'Hold on, Tweet!' cried Olive.

Pearl and Olive **stared** after their friend. Tweet was in trouble. How were they going to help her?





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