

Pearl

THE PROPER UNICORN

For Imogen Grace. — SALLY ODGERS

To Maik, I wouldn't be able to do this without you.
Thank you. xxx — ADELE K THOMAS

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SALLY ODGERS



ADELE K THOMAS

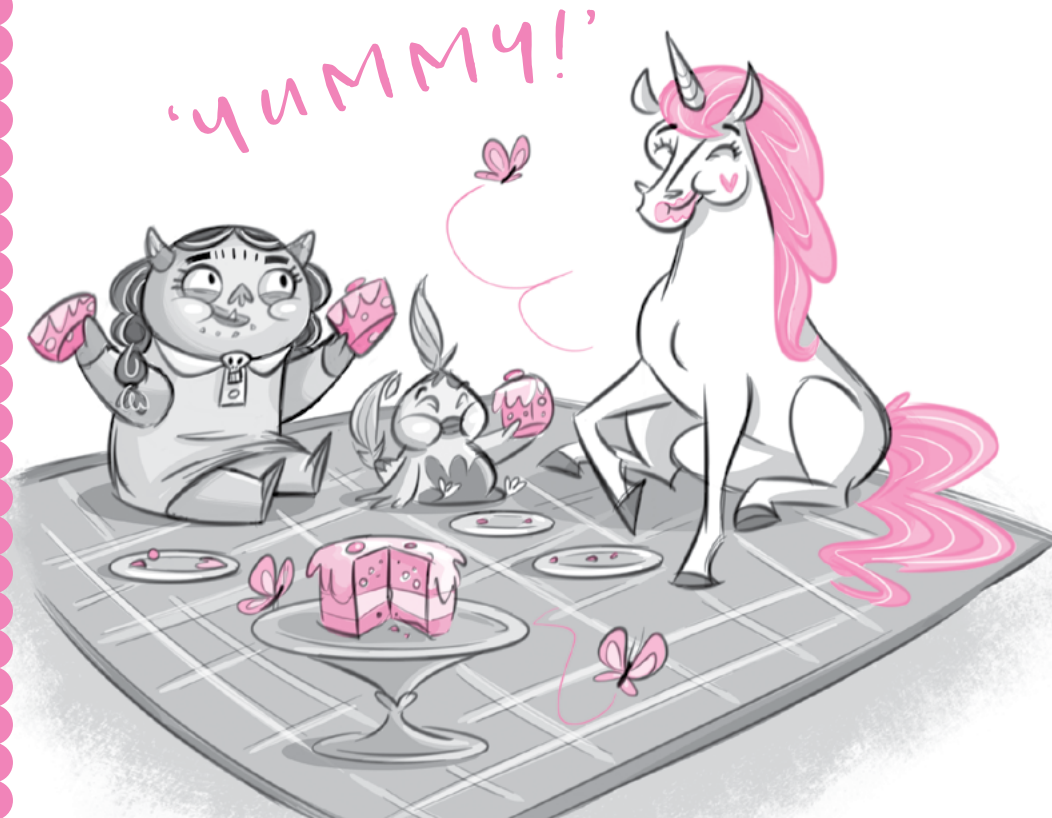


Chapter One

It was a **sunny** morning in the Kingdom and Pearl was **practising** her **magic**.



Making **magic** was easy for Pearl.
But making the *right* **magic** was not
so easy. Still, she was the **only** magical
unicorn in the Kingdom and her
friends, Olive and Tweet, **loved** it when
she made **treats** for them to share.



Olive was an **ogre**. She **laughed** a lot
and she **ate** a lot, and if there was a
problem, Olive knew how to **fix** it.

Tweet was a **firebird**.
She was **small**, but she
could fly very **fast**.



Together, the three friends could do just about anything.

‘I’ll make pink strawberry pops today,’
Pearl said aloud. ‘I’ll try hoppity-toss.
Then I’ll add stamp-stamp.’

Hoppity-toss-stamp-stamp went Pearl.

Nothing happened.



‘Popping parsnips!’ Pearl
said. She **wiggled** her head twice and
stamped her hoof.

Wiggle-wiggle-stamp.

Oops. A **shower** of pink roses **tumbled**
out of the sky and **hooked** themselves
in Pearl’s mane. How had she made
roses? She’d been trying to make
strawberry pops!

At least they were **pink** and **sweet**.



Pearl **shook** her mane and **swished** her tail to get rid of the roses. Their sharp **prickles** kept them in place.

‘Bumpy balloons!’ Pearl **stamped** and **wiggled** her head as she **swished** her tail again. **Stamp-wiggle-swish!**

She looked up. No **strawberry** pops.
No **roses** either.

She was about to **try** again when someone called her name.

‘Pearl! Quick!’

It was Tweet. She **zipped** over the low trees and into the meadow.



Tweet **dived** and landed on Pearl's horn.
Then she **lost** her balance and **dangled**
upside down from her claws.

Pearl **squinted** at her upside-down
friend. 'What's the matter, Tweet?'



'Come quick!' the firebird said.

'**Sizzling soup!** Is something
wrong?' Pearl asked.

Tweet **flipped** into the air and **zipped** off
like an arrow.

Pearl forgot all about **strawberry** pops
and **galloped** after her tiny friend.



Pearl caught up with Tweet on top of a hill. 'Where's Olive?' she asked, **peering** about.

Olive **popped** out from behind a **big** tree. 'Pearl, you're **not** going to believe this! Just look!' She **pointed** down at the path **winding** through Big Rock Valley.

'Hiccupping hippos!'

Pearl said.

It was another unicorn.



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