

A Unicorn Rescued

(by Mrs Sproule and Mr Sproule)

A little boy named Samuel was walking through the woods one day, whistling to himself, when he came across a unicorn. It was light blue, had wings and on his forehead a large, pointed horn which spiralled clockwise.

Samuel was amazed. He had heard about unicorns, of course, but didn't really think they existed. And yet here was a unicorn and he was caught in a fence.

Oh no! The unicorn was caught in a fence! It was struggling and looked very frightened. Samuel had to free him and quickly!

"Don't worry, little unicorn," he said in a calm, soothing voice. "I'm here to help you. Stay very still and I'll get you out."

It seemed to do the trick. The unicorn relaxed and Samuel managed to free him.

"Are you alright now?" Samuel asked the unicorn and was very surprised when the unicorn answered, "Yes, thank you."

"You can talk?"

"Well, I am a unicorn. Didn't you know unicorns have magical powers?"

"I didn't even know unicorns existed," replied Samuel, more surprised than ever. "Where do you live?"

"Well, I did live in a stable with the horses but they made fun of my horn and called me 'Spiky'. So, I left. Now I have no place to go. And no home."

"Oh, I love your horn! Especially the way it curls round and round."

"Really?"

"Yes, that's what makes you so special. It was very mean of those horses to make fun of you."

The unicorn liked this little boy who was so friendly and had been so kind to him. He thought he should offer to fly him home.

Samuel climbed on the unicorn's back, took hold of his horn and held on tight. Soon they were swooping over the woods, the fields, the stables and up into the sky.

When they landed in front of Samuel's house, he dismounted and ran to the front door to ask his mother if he could invite his new friend in.

“Of course, dear,” said his mother and she came to see who this new friend was.

When she saw it was a flying horse with a pointed horn, she let out such a scream that the poor unicorn took fright and flew off.

“Mummy!” shouted Samuel. “How could you! You’ve scared away my friend!”

“But, but, but,” stammered his mother, “it was a unicorn! What were you doing with a unicorn?”

“I rescued him,” answered Samuel, “and I must find him and make sure he’s alright.”

With that the little boy ran back towards the wood. Before he reached the spot where he had first seen the unicorn, a big pack of wolves leapt out from behind the trees and ran towards Samuel, snarling and looking very fierce.

“Help!” cried Samuel as he ran in the opposite direction. Before he knew what was happening the unicorn had swooped down and scooped Samuel onto his back.

“Hold on tight,” the unicorn called out and swirled round and headed directly towards the pack of wolves.

Samuel had never seen wolves looking so scared. They had probably never seen a unicorn with a pointed horn aimed directly at them. The wolves screeched to a halt and ran away in all directions, hiding among the trees.

The unicorn flew Samuel to his house and set him down. His mother ran out and hugged Samuel and thanked the unicorn for saving her son from those frightening wolves. From then on the unicorn was allowed to stay in Samuel’s garden and live in their garden shed. And he had a home at last.