

Unicorn to the Seaside



By

Mrs Sproule and Mr Sproule

The unicorn was brushing his silvery wings and dusting off his pointed, spiralling horn and wondering where he should travel next.

His friend, Jack, had to go back to school and couldn't come with him so he decided to ask Jack's brother, Timmy.

"How about a visit to the seaside?" asked the unicorn. "Then we can paddle in the sea and sail over the waves. You can sit on my back and hold on to my horn."

"But how will we get there?" asked Timmy. "We can't fly all the way there and back in a day."

The unicorn thought a moment, then had a great idea. "Why don't we get a caravan? Then we can spend the night and stop whenever we want and explore a lot further."

Timmy asked his mother if he could go and since the unicorn had rescued his brother, Jack, from the wolves, she said yes.

"But no staying overnight. And no caravans. And be sure to be home for dinner."

"Of course we will, Mummy," replied Timmy. But the unicorn wondered whether they would.

The very next day they set off. Soon they had reached the seaside. It wasn't very far and with the unicorn flapping his wings really fast and Timmy holding on to the unicorn's horn really hard, they got there in no time.

Soon they were splashing in the waves and building sandcastles. The unicorn used his spiralling horn to dig up the sand and Timmy, who had brought his bucket and spade, turned the sand into

castles. But then the waves rushed in and washed them all away! So, that wasn't much fun.

"I know" said the unicorn. "You can climb on my back and we'll sail over the waves."

That did sound like fun so Timmy climbed up and soon they were diving through the waves, through the curls and the crests.

After awhile they were getting pretty wet and the unicorn flew back to shore to dry off. Timmy had also been splashed all over so he lay on the beach to let the warm sun absorb all the cold water. Before he knew it, he had fallen asleep.

The unicorn fluffed up his wings and decided to explore the coast further along. He flew past cliffs, sheep grazing on the meadows up above and people swimming and playing down below. Nobody noticed him because they didn't believe in unicorns so he remained invisible.

Meanwhile Timmy woke up and wondered where his friend was. He also wondered what those dark, fast-moving clouds were doing scurrying ever faster towards him.

"Hurry!" came a squeaky voice from out of the gloom. "Before the storm comes!" The unicorn swooped down and scooped Timmy onto his back with his horn. "I've found a shepherd's hut where we can shelter."

They flew up to the meadow on top of the cliff. The sheep had scattered and were already taking shelter.

"I checked," said the unicorn. "The shepherd has gone home." They landed and hurried into the hut on wheels.

"We were supposed to be home for dinner," said Timmy. "What shall we do for food and water?"

“Have you forgotten? I have magical powers and with my horn I can purify water. I just touch it into the rainwater and we can drink it. And usually shepherds keep some sandwiches in their huts.”

Soon the rain started falling heavily. Timmy gathered the water in his bucket and the unicorn dipped his horn into it and hey, presto! They had clean, purified water to drink! The shepherd had also left some cheese and tomato sandwiches in his hut and those sandwiches were very tasty.

But the storm was getting fiercer and the lightning brighter and the thunder louder. Soon the shepherd’s hut was shaking back and forth and the unicorn and Timmy back and forth with it.

“This is scary,” said Timmy. “How are we ever going to get home?”

“Hmmm,” wondered the unicorn. “It’s impossible to fly in this wind, we’ll get blown into the sea. But,” he thought some more, “it’s just possible that I could pull this shepherd’s hut - since it has wheels - with my horn. Then we could get home slowly but surely. You could sit on the seat and steer.”

They had no choice. Timmy put the unicorn’s horn in the harness where previously a horse had been and the unicorn pretended to be a horse and pull the shepherd’s hut along. From his high perch above the unicorn Timmy could see the track and the holes and the road ahead. So he could steer the unicorn and help to avoid any dangers as they traveled along.

Soon they got through the wet and soggy meadow and rutted tracks and out onto the highway. Cars were whizzing past left and right but because those drivers didn’t believe in unicorns, they only saw a little boy sitting on top of a shepherd’s hut clanking along. Horns were honking and the drivers were shouting and the unicorn was getting very annoyed. Occasionally some children would wave because they, of course, believed in unicorns. But this wasn’t enough for the unicorn.

“Thank goodness the rain has finally stopped,” he shouted to Timmy. “I’m going to try to fly this hut. Hang on tight!”

Timmy did as he was told and grabbed the reins around the unicorn’s horn tightly. Up, up and away they soared into the slowly clearing sky. You can imagine how amazed the people in the cars were to see that same little boy flying with his shepherd’s hut!

“Wave to the nice people down below!” instructed the unicorn, which Timmy did - especially to the children. They flew slowly because the shepherd’s hut was very heavy and the unicorn had never flown one before.

But they arrived home safely and although Timmy’s mother was upset that they were late for dinner, she forgave them. And made them promise never, ever to fly a shepherd’s hut home again.