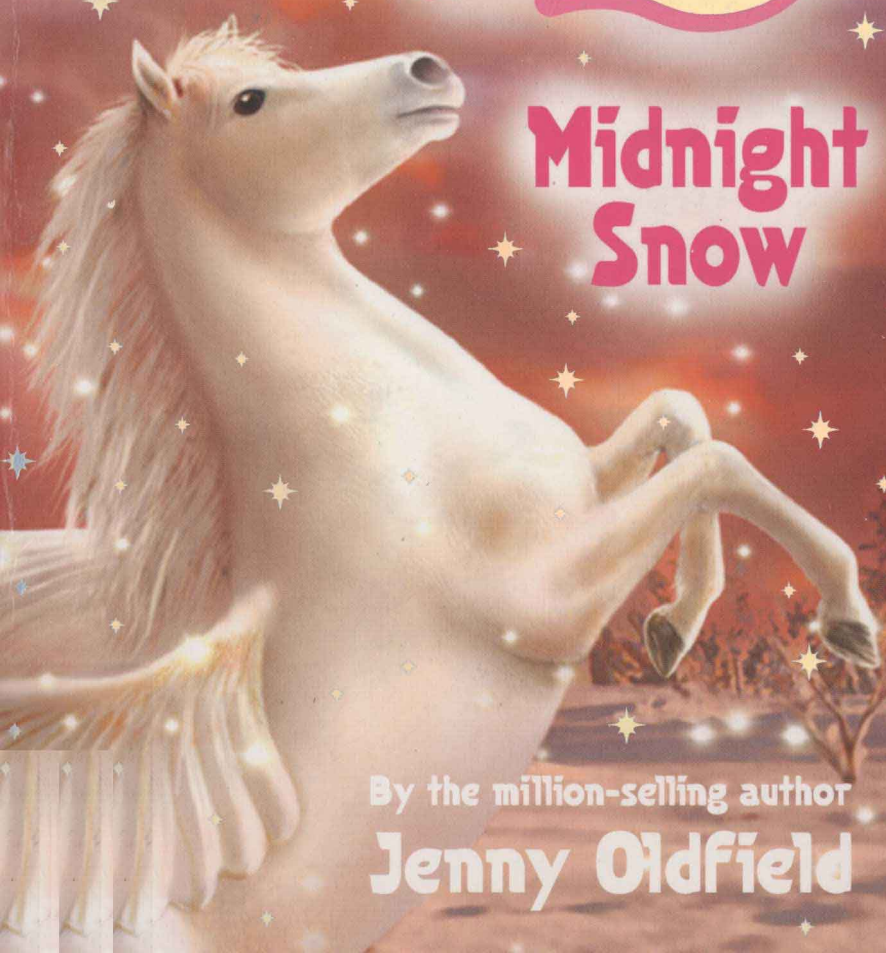


My Magical Pony

Midnight
Snow



By the million-selling author
Jenny Oldfield

苏工业学院图书馆
藏书章

*My
Magical
Pony*

Midnight Snow

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- 4: Midnight Snow
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- 6: Dawn Light
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My Magical Pony

Midnight Snow

By Jenny Oldfield

Illustrated by Alasdair Bright



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Chapter One

"It's snowing!" Krista said softly.

She stood at midnight at her bedroom window watching the white flakes fall.

Her mum poked her head around the door.
"You should be asleep!"

"I was, but something woke me up," Krista said. "Have you seen the snow?"

She thought it was beautiful, the way it floated down and turned the hills white, covering their yard, drifting against the walls, changing the shape of things.

"I have," Krista's mum smiled.

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She came to stand beside her daughter.
"The weather forecast was right for once."

Krista gazed up into the dark sky.
Snowflakes fell softly, twisting and turning,
landing on her window pane, where they
slowly melted. "Cool," she murmured.

"It won't be cool in the morning, when we



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have to dig ourselves out," her mum laughed.
"Come on, get back into bed!"

Sighing, Krista did as she was told. As her mum closed the door behind her, she snuggled under the duvet. She pictured the scene that would greet her tomorrow – the glistening white hills, the blocked lanes, her dad working with a shovel to clear a path across the yard.

What woke me up? she wondered.

She'd been fast asleep and dreaming. What had the dream been about? Something nice, not nasty, because she'd woken up feeling happy and excited. Snug under her covers, Krista drifted back to sleep and dreaming.

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In Krista's dream it was summer. Heather grew on the hills above Whitton Bay, the sun shone.

She stood on the magic spot, looking out to sea. All of a sudden, a warm wind blew and she turned to look at the rocky horizon, where a silver cloud began to form. It floated towards her.

Krista held her breath. Sparkling mist surrounded her, and as she breathed it in, a white shape appeared in the middle of the glittering cloud – a pony with a long, silken mane and dark eyes that gazed intently at her.

At first, though she knew there was magic in the air, she didn't speak.

The pony hovered above the ground.

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The mist cleared, the wind grew stronger.
And now Krista saw that the creature really
was magical – silver-white, with an arched
neck and flowing tail, slowly beating his
enormous wings.

A flying pony! Suddenly Krista felt dizzy.
The pony's mane shone pure silver, his white
coat was dusted with a silver sparkle.



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"I am Shining Star," he said.

Krista turned in her sleep, almost surfacing from the dream.

"Do not be afraid," the pony told her.

And then she was climbing on to his back, surrounded by white feathers as Shining Star beat his wings, and they were high off the ground, flying over Whitton Bay, with the blue sea below them, soaring on the air currents like a seagull, swooping down towards the beach, rising again to clear the sheer cliffs, floating over the moors.

It was summer and the sun was shining ... no, it was winter. The wind blew hard against the window pane.

Krista jolted awake. She sat up in bed.

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Through her half open curtains she saw the snowflakes whirl and fly. She glimpsed the stars twinkling faintly in a black sky. And she thought she saw a mist appear in front of the full moon, scattering silver dust. She imagined she heard the sound of giant wings beating.

Krista held her breath. Quietly she threw back the duvet and tiptoed to the window.

But not quietly enough. A floorboard creaked under her feet. Krista froze.

"Go back to bed!" her mum's voice warned from the room next door.

She scrunched up her eyes and gave a silent groan.

"Krista!" her dad insisted.

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"OK!" she sighed.

And maybe she was mistaken. As she crawled back under the duvet and sneaked a peep out of her window, there was no sparkling cloud or shower of silver glitter, no flowing mane or deep, dark eyes staring down at her. Only snowflakes whirling against the window.

"Goodnight, Krista," her mum called softly.

"Goodnight," she replied.



Chapter Two

By morning the clouds had gone. Krista woke up to a clear blue sky.

"Breakfast is ready!" her dad called from downstairs.

She'd forgotten the snow of the night before, quickly scrambling out of bed and into her jeans and sweater, tempted by the smell of bacon that drifted up the stairs into her room.

"How do you like the weather?" her dad asked as Krista sat down at the kitchen table.

"Huh?" With a mouthful of bacon sandwich,

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Krista glanced out of the window. "Wow!" she gasped.

It was a white, white world. The snow was smooth, crisp and pure. It glistened in the sunlight.

Krista's first thought was, "I'll build a snowman!"

Her dad laughed. "If we can get out of the door! The snow's at least half a metre deep."

Running to the back door, Krista opened it and was caught in a small avalanche of soft snow which slid into the kitchen and across the stone floor.

"Close the door!" her mum cried, appearing from the front hallway dressed in a big padded jacket, jeans and wellies. She was