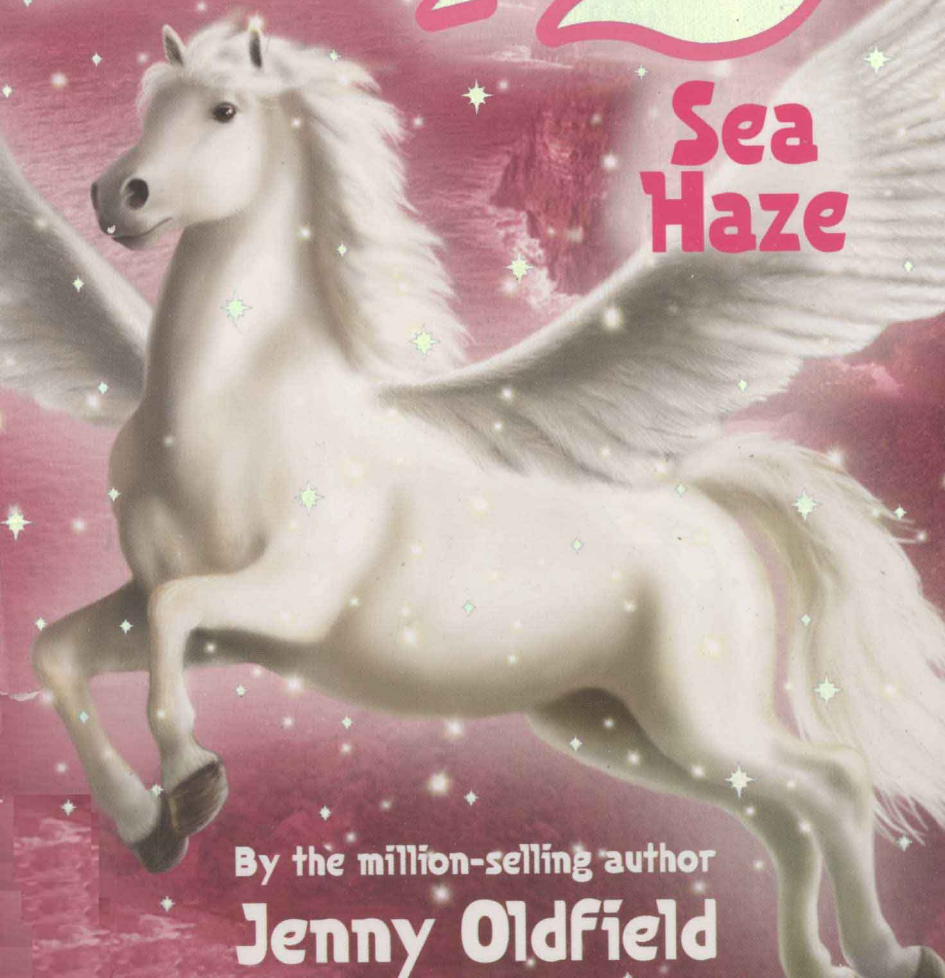


My Magical Pony

Sea
Haze



By the million-selling author

Jenny Oldfield

苏工业学院图书馆
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My Magical Pony

Sea Haze

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My Magical Pony

Sea Haze

By Jenny Oldfield

Illustrated by Gillian Martin



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To the real Molly – every bit as gorgeous!

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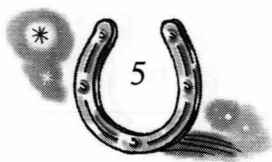
Chapter One

A mist blew in from the sea. Krista could hardly see where they were going, but she trusted Shining Star to get them off the shore on to safe ground.

"Hold tight!" her magical pony told her.

Krista felt him spread his wide, white wings and beat them. Gently they rose from the ground in a silver shining cloud. "Follow us!" she said to the shadowy group of wild ponies half hidden by the mist.

The bedraggled ponies stumbled along the pebble beach. They had almost drowned,



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blocked by the high tide in a narrow inlet and unable to see which way to go until Krista and Shining Star had come to the rescue.

"This way!" Star called out, hovering over the sharp headland of Black Point, watching as the ponies carefully picked their way.

From the safety of his broad back, Krista saw the mighty waves crash and break on to the dark rocks. His beating wings blew her dark hair from her face, the damp mist clung to her cheeks. *Thank heavens he came!* she said to herself. *Without his magic, these ponies would have died!*

Now though they followed Star's glowing light, the high tide pushing them ever on and up on to higher ground along the path that Krista's magical pony had discovered. Soon





they were out of reach of the dangerous waves.

"Thank you, Star, you're brilliant!" Krista waited for him to land then slipped from his back. She reached up and stroked his silky smooth neck and mane.

He lowered his head to nudge her gently with his nose. "You must take some of the praise," he reminded her. "If you had not spotted the ponies at Black Point and called for me, there would have been no happy ending."



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She smiled back at him. "We're a team!"

"And look, the wild ponies know who to thank!" Star went on.

Krista turned to see the stocky little ponies approach her. They were wet and breathing hard, their dark manes tangled.

"Hey, how tame are you!" she murmured, counting six ponies – some grey, some chestnut, all shaggy and unshod. "You're supposed to be wild!"

But they came close, nuzzling at her and Shining Star.

Krista stroked them each in turn. "You're gorgeous!" she told them, sorry when they turned away at last and prepared to head up the long grassy slope towards Hartfell Moor.



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Shining Star spoke briefly to the sturdy chestnut mare who seemed to be the leader of the group. "We wish you well and bid you farewell," he said solemnly.

The mare tossed her head then broke into a trot up the hill. The others followed.

"And I must say goodbye to you too," Shining Star told Krista. "I will fly home to Galishe then rest."

"Me too." Before the rescue, Krista had worked all day at Jo Weston's stables, helping with the ponies and trekking along Whitton Sands. Now she was ready for bed. "Only, I guess I won't be *flying* home!" she laughed.

"Think of me in the night sky," the magical pony said gently.



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"Amongst the stars!" Krista's eyes shone. Then she suddenly remembered a reason why she must hurry on. "Oops, I'm supposed to be meeting Darcy Stevens and Molly at eight o'clock!" she gasped.

"Then goodbye," Star said, spreading his wings. He scattered silver dust as he rose into the air.

Looking up, Krista felt the magic dust land on her face and bare arms, making them glitter.

Shining Star beat his wings more rapidly, rising high into the evening sky where the low sun shone bright red and gold.

"Thank you, Star!" Krista whispered. She waited a few moments to see him fly over the wide bay towards the setting sun. "Goodbye!"



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The perfect end to a perfect day. Though she was tired, Krista ran along the cliff path to make it home before eight. She was glad when High Point Farm came into sight, perched high on the moorside, sheltered by tall trees.



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Her house looked cosy in the golden rays, with its long, sloping roof and tiny windows, a garden to two sides, plus a neat yard where her dad parked his car and her mum grew bright flowers in old stone troughs.

Krista jogged on, watching a car drive up the lane towards the house, knowing that it would be Darcy and her mum, with Molly their gorgeous golden retriever. The visitors would arrive just before her.

Cool day! she thought. First I get to groom Comanche, Misty and Shandy. Then I ride out on Kiki. Finally my magical pony comes to help me lead the wild ponies off Black Point. Now I get to meet Molly. What could be better?

*



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"Hi, Krista!" Darcy stood on the stile at the end of the cliff path. She waved both arms and yelled at the top of her voice.

Krista arrived out of breath. "Sorry I'm late. Where's Molly?"

"In the front garden with Mum. Your mum said you wouldn't be long."

Krista nodded. "Cool. Have you packed your bags?"

"Yeah, we have to be ready to set off before breakfast tomorrow. We fly out at ten."

Darcy was excited by the visit to Disney that the family had in store, but she was sad to leave Molly. "I'm glad you're looking after her," she admitted to Krista.

"I'm glad too!" Together Krista and Darcy



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crossed the lane then skirted round the side of the house into the front garden. There the two mums sat chatting in the late sun.

"Where's Molly?" Darcy called.

"Last seen poking about in the hedge bottom." Mrs Stevens pointed them in the right direction and the girls ran to the spot.

Darcy crouched down by the green hawthorn bushes. "Here, Moll!" she called.

"Uh-oh, I've a feeling she's on Spike's trail," Krista guessed. Spike was her pet hedgehog, and he had lots of sharp bristles that Molly might not like!

There was a rustling on the far side of the hedge, but still no Molly.

"Molly, come here!" Darcy insisted.



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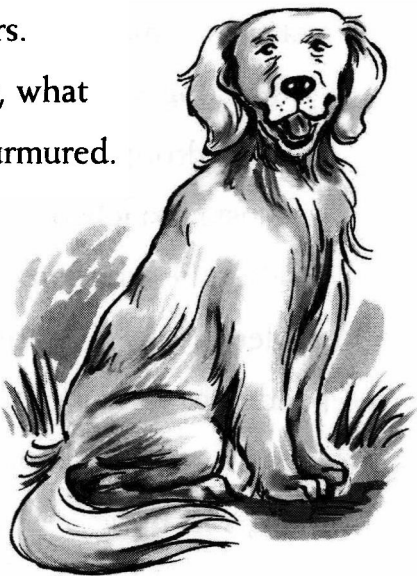
The rustling grew louder then there was a sharp, surprised yelp.

"Whoops!" Krista grimaced. It sounded like Molly had found Spike.

Sure enough, a sad face appeared through the undergrowth. There was a pair of large brown eyes, a lot of creamy fur, a black nose and two floppy ears.

Darcy tutted. "Molly, what have you done?" she murmured.

Hanging her head, Molly crawled further into view, her long tail between her legs. She went up to Darcy and held out a front paw.



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"Aah, did you get a thorn in your foot?"

Krista heard a lighter rustling sound and spotted the culprit trotting rapidly across the lawn. "No, it was probably Spike. Sorry about that," she muttered.

But Darcy shook her head and left Molly to lick her paw. "Not his fault. Anyway, she won't make the same mistake twice. Will you, Moll?"

The dog looked up, her big eyes serious, her ears drooping.

Krista crouched down. "Come here, Molly!" she whispered. She smiled as the golden retriever wearily raised herself and padded towards her, wagging her tail. "I'm Krista – remember me?" she said, stroking the thick, soft fur.

