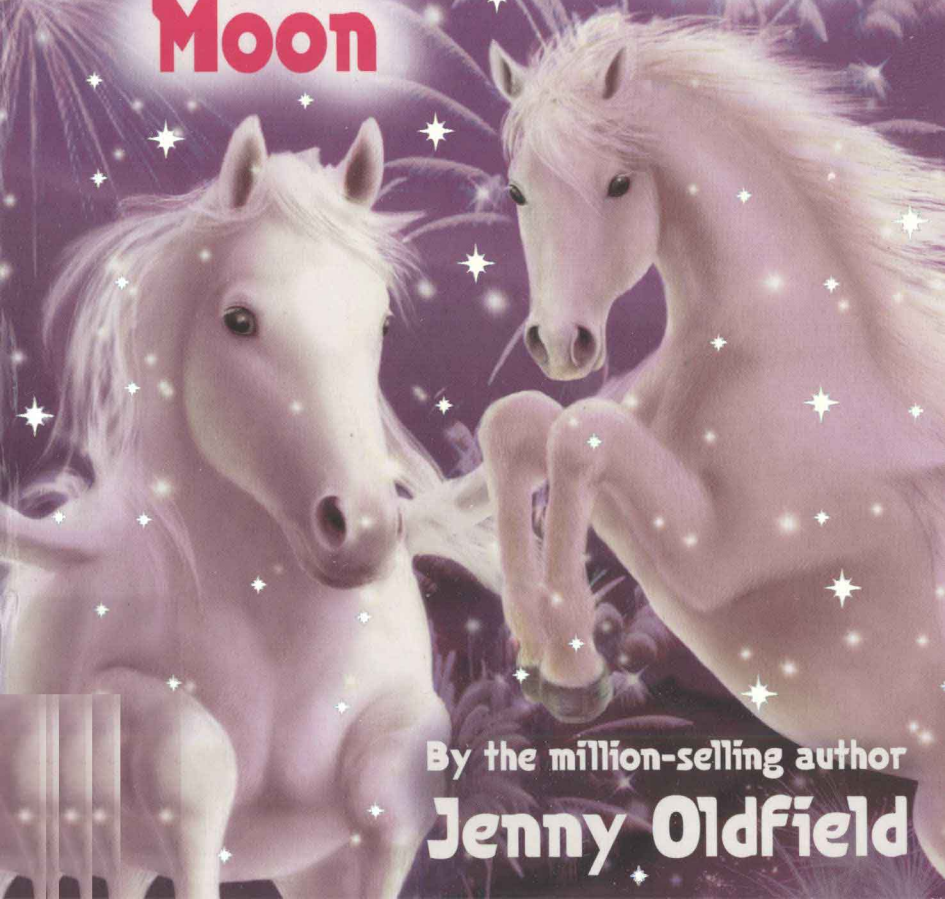


My Magical Pony

**Pale
Moon**



By the million-selling author

Jenny Oldfield

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My Magical Pony

Pale Moon

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- 4: Midnight Snow
- 5: Summer Shadows
- 6: Dawn Light
- 7: Pale Moon
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My Magical Pony

Red Skies

By Jenny Oldfield

Illustrated by Gillian Martin



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Chapter One

"This is wild!" Nathan Steele yelled at Krista as they galloped their ponies along the beach.

Krista crouched low over Drifter's neck like a race jockey. The horse's hooves thundered, his tail streamed behind him. "I'll race you to Black Point!" she cried.

Nathan was riding Shandy, a stocky pony with a big heart. She set her sights on the distant headland and galloped for all she was worth.

Drifter was faster – his long legs covered more ground – so Krista pulled ahead. "Cool!"



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Krista sighed. She felt the spray from the waves, heard them crash against the jagged rocks ahead.

"Yee-hah!" Nathan gave a cowboy yell. He tugged on his right rein and swerved Shandy towards the sea. Soon they were galloping through the shallow water.

"Whoa!" At Black Point Krista pulled up her chestnut pony. She glanced over her shoulder to see Nathan and Shandy charging after them in a haze of sparkling droplets, caught in the pale autumn sunlight like a million diamonds. "Wicked!" she grinned, and turned Drifter to face them.

"You win!" Nathan said breathlessly.

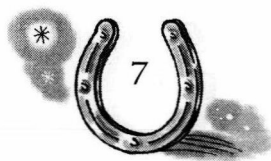
"Let's give the ponies a break," Krista



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decided, taking her feet out of the stirrups to stretch her legs. She watched the foaming white water swirl amongst the dark rocks and breathed in the sea air. "Are you going to the bonfire party on Saturday?" she asked, knowing that Nathan's family didn't go out into town much.



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"Which one?"

"In Whitton, at the football field."

"What time?"

"Seven o'clock. Every year they have a big firework display, plus a guy and everything. It's cool."

"I reckon I might come," Nathan replied, leaning forward to pat Shandy's neck.

The two ponies breathed heavily, their sides heaving in and out. In the chill November air, their warm breath turned into clouds of steam.

"Cool!" Krista nodded, then gently pressed her heels against Drifter's flanks. He eased into a walk back along the beach. "Everyone will be there," she promised.



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"What's your favourite firework?" Nathan asked as he and Shandy came alongside.

Krista thought for a while. "The ones that shoot up different coloured flashes of light that explode into thousands of sparks," she decided, trying to remember the name.

"Roman candles. I like rockets. They go really high."

"I like them too," she agreed. Thinking ahead to Saturday, she knew she would have to do all her chores at Hartfell stables and finish early if she wanted to be in time for the bonfire.

That meant mucking out, cleaning the tack, and putting it away as fast as she could. Then she would have to help Jo Weston,



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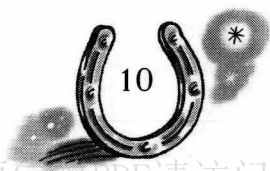
the stable owner, to feed the ponies. With luck she could be away by half-five.

"... Or the ones that whizz round in a circle," Nathan went on. "Catherine wheels."

"Hmmm. I like them all!" Krista squeezed Drifter's sides again and urged him into a trot.

He picked up his feet and high-stepped through the curving wave that had just broken on the shore.

"Look, Spike – blackberries!" Back home at High Point Farm, Krista crouched down to hedgehog level and jiggled a plastic carton under his nose. "They're the last ones of the season. I'm going to collect a few more so Mum can make a crumble."



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Her pet hedgehog snuffled at the berries.

Krista took one out of the box and offered it to him on her palm. "You'll like them – they taste sweet."

Spike gobbled the juicy blackberry then ambled off towards the hedge at the bottom of the garden.



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"Don't go nosing around in any strange bonfires!" Krista called after him anxiously. "They might seem dry and warm to you, but they're dangerous places for a hedgehog to shelter in!"

Spike waddled on without looking back.

Krista sighed. Bonfire Night was good fun, but she did worry about Spike. About all animals, come to think of it. November the fifth was definitely a time for cats and dogs to stay indoors, and for horses to be in their stables, out of harm's way.

"Krista, it's going to rain. Come inside!" her mum shouted from the kitchen doorway.

Krista looked up at the heavy grey sky. She didn't mind getting wet. "Can't I stay



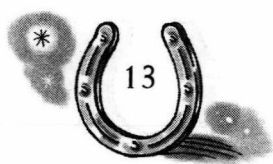
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out and collect more blackberries?"

Her mum tutted then gave in. "Just for a few minutes."

"Great, thanks!" Krista ran and overtook Spike, slipping out of the back gate and sprinting down the lane towards the cliff path. She knew a great place for blackberries.

Quickly she climbed the stile, and, without looking down from the path towards the wide curve of Whitton Bay, she sprinted along the narrow track until she came to a high mound of blackberry bushes that straggled over the barbed wire fence and down the slope towards the cliffs. As she'd thought, there was still plenty of fruit left. She reached out and began to pluck the plump berries from their stalks.



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The box grew full. At this rate there would soon be plenty to make a crumble. "Magic!" Krista murmured. Then she laughed at herself.

Sure, it was cool to be out here picking berries in the drizzling mist, looking down on a windswept bay. But Krista knew something about this place that she shared with nobody, and it was a secret that involved real magic!

Here, on this spot, she had first met Shining Star, her magical pony.

He had appeared in a glittering cloud. Krista had stared in disbelief. A pure white pony had hovered above her, his wings spread wide. He had called her name and said he came from the world of Galishe to help those in trouble.



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That had been the first time and there had been many since.

Shining Star would appear as a low silver cloud drifting in from the sea or down from the horizon of Hartfell Moor. Krista would hear him whisper her name and she would run

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to the magic spot, waiting breathlessly as the cloud broke up into beautiful silver dust which drifted down to the ground to reveal her magical pony.

"Krista, I need you," he would say.
She'd climb on his back and they'd fly high into the sky where no one could see them as they passed through days and nights, between worlds.

Now though, there was no sign of Shining Star on the dull grey horizon and Krista happily picked blackberries until her carton was full.

Soon she wiped her stained hands on the wet grass and then stood up. "Hi, Shining Star!" she murmured to the empty sky, just in

