

# My Magical Pony

A white winged unicorn is the central focus, rearing up on its hind legs. The background is a warm, autumnal forest with trees in shades of orange, red, and yellow. Numerous small, five-pointed white stars are scattered throughout the scene, along with several falling red and orange leaves. The overall atmosphere is magical and whimsical.

Falling  
Leaves

the million-selling author

Jenny Oldfield

# My Magical Pony

苏工业学院图书馆  
藏书章

## Falling Leaves

The **My Magical Pony** series:

- 1: Shining Star
- 2: Silver Mist
- 3: Bright Eyes
- 4: Midnight Snow
- 5: Summer Shadows
- 6: Dawn Light
- 7: Pale Moon
- 8: Summertime Blues
- 9: North Star
- 10: Sea Haze
- 11: Falling Leaves
- 12: Red Skies
- 13: Starlight Dream
- 14: Secret Whispers
- 15: New Beginnings

Other series by Jenny Oldfield:

Definitely Daisy  
Totally Tom  
The Wilde Family  
Horses of Half Moon Ranch  
My Little Life  
Home Farm Twins

# *My Magical Pony*

## **Falling Leaves**

**By Jenny Oldfield**

**Illustrated by Gillian Martin**



A division of Hachette Children's Books

Text copyright © 2006 Jenny Oldfield  
Illustrations copyright © 2006 Gillian Martin

First published in Great Britain in 2006  
by Hodder Children's Books

The rights of Jenny Oldfield and Gillian Martin to be identified as the Author and Illustrator of the Work respectively have been asserted by them in accordance with the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.

3

All rights reserved. Apart from any use permitted under UK copyright law, this publication may only be reproduced, stored or transmitted, in any form, or by any means with prior permission in writing from the publishers or in the case of reprographic production in accordance with the terms of licences issued by the Copyright Licensing Agency and may not be otherwise circulated in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

All characters in this publication are fictitious and any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

A Catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library

ISBN-13: 9780340918432

Printed in the UK by CPI Bookmarque, Croydon, CR0 4TD

The paper and board used in this paperback by Hodder Children's Books are natural recyclable products made from wood grown in sustainable forests. The manufacturing processes conform to the environmental regulations of the country of origin.

Hodder Children's Books  
a division of Hachette Children's Books  
338 Euston Road, London NW1 3BH



## Chapter One

Krista leaned on the fence watching Duchess and her foal, Frankie. The chestnut mare nudged the foal away from a muddy patch by the gate, but naughty Frankie took it into his head to have a good roll in the mud. Down he went on to his knees, rolling on his back and covering himself in muck from head to toe.

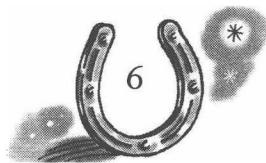
Krista laughed. OK, so she would be the one who would have to take Frankie in later and brush him clean, but she couldn't help smiling at the way he'd disobeyed his mum and had fun.



## My Magical Pony

Duchess and Frankie trotted towards her. She met them at the gate, first making a fuss of the mother then stroking little Frankie's face.

"You're filthy!" she told him. "You've only been at Hartfell for a few days, and already you're getting way too cheeky!"



## Falling Leaves

Frankie nudged her hand with his nose.

*More strokes, please!*

"See!" Krista laughed.

She'd been thrilled when Jo Weston, the owner of Hartfell stables, had bought the mare and foal at a local horse sale.

"The mother is a Connemara cross," Jo had told Krista as they'd unloaded the new arrivals from the trailer. "And look at the foal. How sweet is he?"

A gawky chestnut foal had appeared at the top of the ramp. He had a big head and long legs, with a white star on his forehead and four gorgeous white socks.

Krista had adored Frankie right from the start.





## My Magical Pony

Now, as she stood petting him before she went to begin a day's work at the yard, she chanted an old rhyme Jo had taught her.

*"One white sock, send him right away  
Two white socks, have him but a day  
Three white socks, give him to a friend  
Four white socks, keep him to the end!"*

"You have four white socks, so you're going to stay here for ever," Krista murmured to Frankie.

The foal stretched his neck and took a nibble at the zip on her pocket.

"Hey!" she protested, pulling free and stooping to pick up her bike. "Anyway, I've got to go."

Frankie raised his head and gave a shrill



## Falling Leaves

whinny. He trotted alongside the fence as Krista pedalled on up the lane.

"I'll see you later, you little monkey!" Laughing and looking forward to the day ahead, Krista cycled towards the stables.

"That's odd!" Krista looked round the deserted yard. To one side the barn was stacked with bales of hay. A row of empty stables linked the barn to the tack room. Krista tried the tack room door and found that it was locked.

"Where's Jo?" she said to herself, peering into each stable then turning to look at the house which stood on the far side of the yard. All the curtains were closed and there was no sign of life.



## My Magical Pony

Checking her watch, Krista saw that it was eight o'clock – way past the time when Jo was normally up and about. And today, Saturday, was her busiest day.

*Weird!* Krista thought. *Well, I can't do anything if the tack room's locked, she decided. So I'd better go and wake Jo up.*

She was about to cross the yard and knock on Jo's door when she heard a car coming up the lane. Soon Jo's friend Rob Buckley arrived in his rusty old Land Rover.

"Hey, Krista!" Rob called. "Jo's sick. Did you know?"

Shaking her head, Krista hurried across. "What's wrong with her?"

Rob shrugged. "I don't know exactly. I just



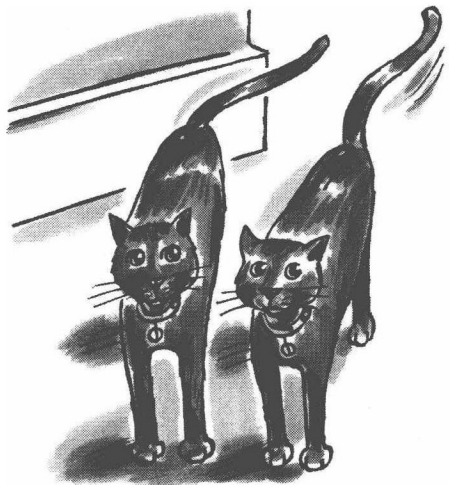
## Falling Leaves

got a call. She said she felt so lousy she couldn't even get out of bed. I said I'd drop in and see if I could help."

Waiting for Rob to use his key to unlock Jo's front door, Krista went into the house with him.

"Hi, cats!" Rob said, as Holly and Lucy, Jo's two black cats, rushed across the hallway to greet them.

Krista bent to stroke them and went to check in the kitchen to see that they had milk to drink. Meanwhile Rob went upstairs.



## My Magical Pony

He quickly came down to use the phone. "Jo's pretty bad," he reported. "She says she aches all over and hasn't got the energy to get up. I'm going to call the doctor."

"Wow!" Krista knew this was serious. Jo was the sort who never got sick. So while Rob rung the surgery, she went upstairs to Jo's room.

"Hi," Krista said, poking her head around the door.

"Oh Krista, hi," Jo's voice was weak. She lay flat on her back, unable to sit up. "Sorry about this," she sighed. "But it looks like I'll have to cancel today's lessons. Do you think you could make a few phone calls for me?"

"Sure." Krista found out which pupils were due to have lessons and promised to



## Falling Leaves

phone them. "Is Rob sticking around?"

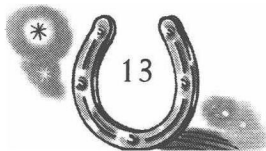
Jo nodded. "He says he'll stay for the whole day and supervise the treks. So at least people will still be able to ride out."

"Cool. I'll start bringing the ponies in."

Krista was glad to spring into action.

Sickrooms weren't her thing – she never knew what to say. Soon she was downstairs and out of the house, heading for the tack room with the key. *Head collars and lead ropes. First things first!*

Krista knew they would need six ponies for today's riders. She chose Shandy and Drifter, Comanche of course, Woody for Holly Owen, Misty for Alice and finally Kiki for herself. It took her almost half an hour to bring them all in.



## My Magical Pony

"I thought Nathan could ride Drifter," she told Rob, who by this time had begun to groom the ponies. "And Comanche and Shandy will be good for the two new kids."

"Good thinking," Rob replied. Dust and loose hair flew from Shandy's dark brown coat as he brushed hard. "Can you bring Scottie for me? I'd better lead the trek and keep an eye on things."

Nodding, Krista went back for the big chestnut gelding, an ex-racehorse who Jo had bought from a flat-race trainer. He was in a field with Jo's own horse, Apollo.

"Sorry, 'Pollo, I didn't come for you," Krista told the big grey thoroughbred, who stuck his nose in her face. "Jo's not feeling too good."



## Falling Leaves

She won't be riding today."

Instead she led Scottie out through the gate, passing close to Duchess and young Frankie's field. The two chestnuts were excited and trotted along on the other side of the fence.





## My Magical Pony

"Look at Frankie!" Krista said to Scottie as she led him along the lane. "He's covered in mud. Isn't he a disgrace!"

Scottie ignored his admirers, stepping out with his head held high, his sleek neck arched.

Krista led him into the yard and tied him next to Shandy. "I have to make a few phone calls," she told Rob. "Then I'll help you tack up."

From the tack room she rang the numbers Jo had given her then dashed back outside. People were already arriving and cars were dropping off young riders for the morning trek.

"Hi, Alice. Hi, Nathan!" Krista greeted her friends with the news that Jo was sick, and the two early birds gladly lent Rob a hand with the grooming.

