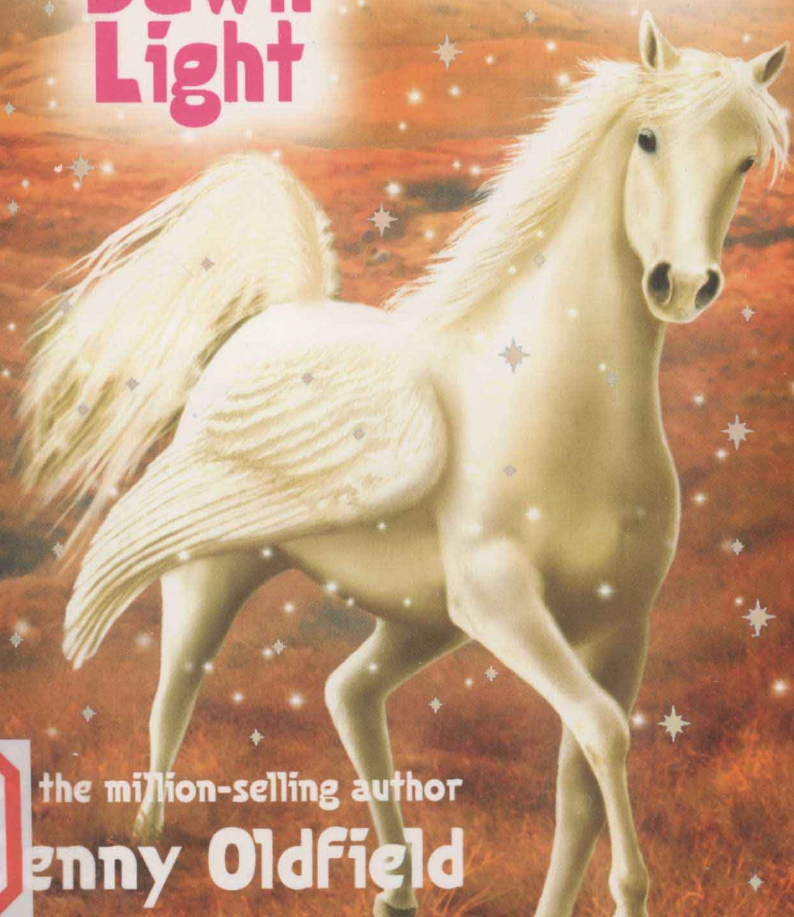


My Magical Pony

**Dawn
Light**



the million-selling author

Jenny Oldfield

苏工业学院图书馆
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My Magical Pony

Dawn Light

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My Magical Pony

Dawn Light

By Jenny Oldfield

Illustrated by Alasdair Bright



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Chapter One

A swallow flew swift as an arrow past Krista's window. She watched it speed on over the rooftop, across the wide moors.

"Breakfast!" her mum called.

Already up and dressed in jeans and sweatshirt, Krista dashed downstairs, gobbled her cereal then headed for the door.

"Brush teeth!" her mum reminded her.

Rats! Up to the bathroom, squeeze toothpaste, brush-brush up and down, side to side and back downstairs.

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"Bye, Krista!" her mum called. "Have a good day!"

"Ready?" her dad asked. He was waiting in the car.

Krista jumped in. "Oops, no!" Just in time she remembered Spike. Her pet hedgehog needed his morning saucer of milk.

"Hurry up," her dad sighed, tapping the steering-wheel. "I'm going to be late for work."

She jumped out of the car and sped round the back of the house.

"It's OK, I'll look after Spike," her mum said through the kitchen window.

Phew! Krista raced back to the car. "Thanks for waiting," she told her dad.

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As they drove off from High Point down the narrow lane towards town, Krista turned on the radio.

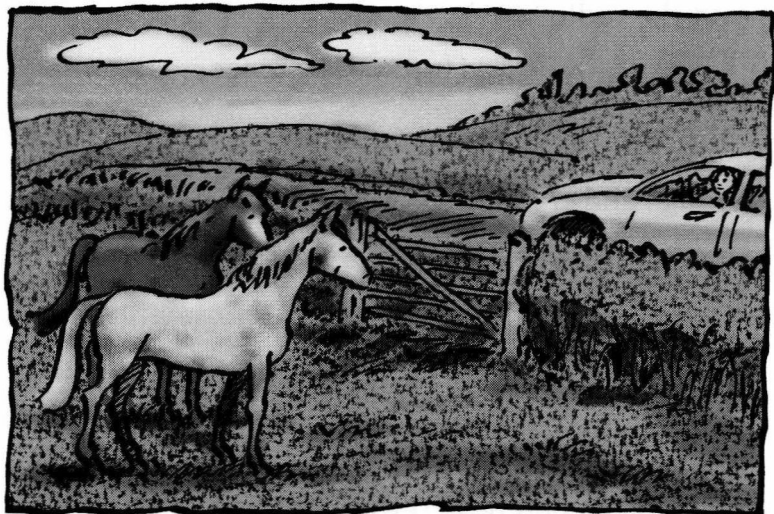
"Sunshine and showers over the coast," the local weather man told them, in between songs and traffic news.

Sure enough, there were clouds over the sea, but big patches of blue sky overhead. There was white blossom in the hedges, and pink flowers grew on the grass verges.

Krista's dad turned the car up the lane leading to Hartfell. Krista looked out of the window and saw Apollo in his field with Scottie. The two horses raised their heads and watched the car pass. In the next field, Drifter, Misty and Kiki came trotting to the gate.

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Krista sighed with happiness. She couldn't ask for a better place to be.



It was spring bank-holiday and Krista had a whole week off school. If she got her way she would spend every second of it at Hartfell stables.

"Hi Krista!" Jo Weston, the owner, called

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as her dad dropped her off in the yard and drove away. "I might have guessed you'd be the first one here!"

Krista hummed a tune as she went to collect head collars from the tack room.

"Can you bring in Kiki and Drifter?" Jo asked, passing by with a wheelbarrow loaded with straw. "And when you've done that, we have to get Apollo ready for the show in Whitton this afternoon."

"Cool!" Krista grinned. She looked forward to grooming the grey thoroughbred then plaiting his mane and tail ready for the trailer. "Do you think he's going to win the show-jumping?" she asked before she went to collect the ponies.

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"You bet!" Jo nodded and smiled.

"Can I come to watch?"

"Sure."

"Wow, thanks!" With an extra spring in her step, Krista went out to the field.

The ponies were brushed and saddled, the yard was full of excited riders in their jodhpurs and hard hats when Krista finally found time to fetch Apollo and begin work on him. She tied him up outside his stable and began to brush the dust out of his dappled grey coat.

"Hey Krista, aren't you riding this morning?" Janey Bellwood asked, looking down from her saddle. She held Drifter on a

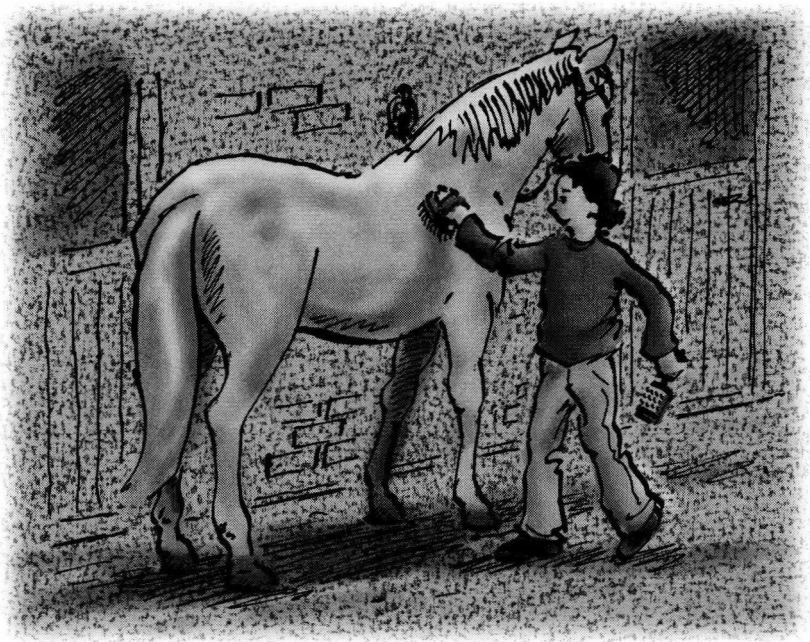
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tight rein to stop him from prancing sideways.

"Nope, too much to do!" Krista answered.

"We're taking Apollo to Whitton Show!"

"Lucky you," Janey sighed. Then she thought ahead. "Hey, maybe I'll ask Mum to take me!"



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"See you there," Krista nodded, changing brushes and working hard on Apollo's coat. Jo's prize-winning horse stood patiently amidst the hustle and bustle.

"Who's riding Misty?" Nathan Steele wanted to know.

"Carrie," Krista answered. She glanced up at Nathan. "You're on Comanche."

"Cool," he nodded, running off to find his pony.

As Jo finished tacking up, she reminded Krista about Apollo's show saddle. "It's in the house, in the cupboard in the back hallway. Can you dig it out for me?"

"No problem!" Krista would wax and polish the saddle until it shone. Then she would

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make sure that 'Pollo's bridle and bit were spotless too. "See you later!" she called to the group as they set off on their ponies.

"Busy, busy, busy," she sang into the silence after they'd left. Apollo ducked his big grey head and nuzzled her arm.

"I haven't got any treats!" she smiled. "You look really smart, 'Pollo – you know that?"

He nuzzled her again.

"No treats!" she insisted, laughing because she knew the wily horse could smell the packet of Polos in her pocket. At last she gave in, took out the mints and gave him one.

He snaffled it and crunched it between his teeth.

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"I'm too soft!" she murmured, standing back and taking a rest.

Yes, the weather forecast had been right, she noticed.

Clouds were gathering, a slight drizzle was falling.

For a few moments

Krista paused to study the sky, hoping for a

faint glimmer of silver light which would

mean that Shining Star was on his way.

Star was Krista's very own magical pony who flew to find her whenever someone needed help. But today there was no