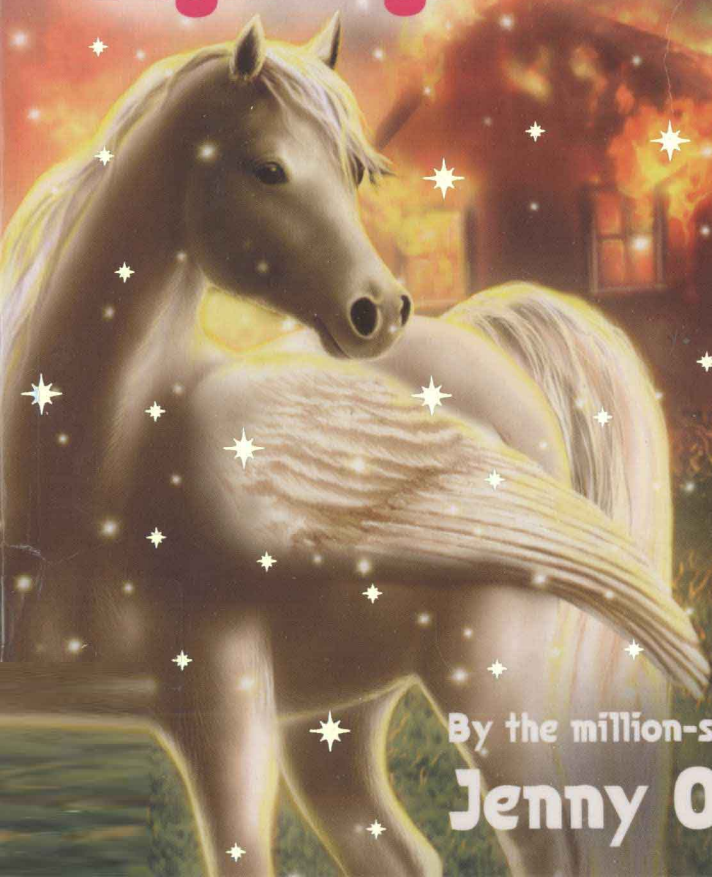


# My Magical Pony

New  
Beginnings



By the million-selling author  
**Jenny Oldfield**

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# My Magical Pony

**New Beginnings**

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# *My Magical Pony*

## **New Beginnings**

**By Jenny Oldfield**

**Illustrated by Gillian Martin**



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## Chapter One

"Hey, Krista, where's Woody's bridle?" Holly Owen yelled from the tack room.

Krista was busy mucking out Comanche's stable. "Where it should be – hanging on its hook!" she called back.

"Oops, yeah!" Holly reappeared in the stable yard with the bridle. "Sorry, didn't see it!"

"She should try using her eyes," Alice Henderson popped her head over Comanche's stable door and grinned at Krista.

"When did Holly ever do anything for



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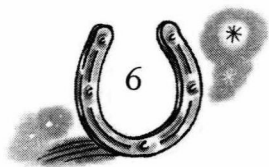
herself?" Krista laughed. She forked manure on to the barrow, wheeled it out into the yard then paused for breath. "Phew, there's so much to do before next Saturday – I don't know how we'll fit it all in!"

"OK, what would you like me to do?" Alice asked. "Shall I clean tack?"

"Maybe brush the tack room floor first," Krista suggested. "Look, there's Jo. Let's ask her."

Together Krista and Alice approached the owner of Hartfell Stables. Jo was leading her thoroughbred, Apollo, into his stable for the night. She waved goodbye to Nathan Steele as his dad drove him out of the yard.

"Jo, Alice wants to help us get ready for



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our Open Day," Krista explained. "She'd like to know what she can do."

Jo grinned and counted off a list of jobs. "Rake the surface of the arena, collect winners' rosettes from the horse shop in town, re-paint the striped show-jumping poles, print out the programme for the day ..."





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"Whoa!" Alice held up both hands and laughed. "Give me something simple!"

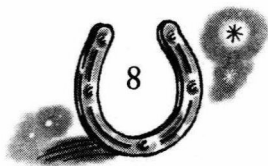
"OK, help Krista with tonight's mucking out," Jo decided, disappearing with Apollo into his stable.

"Cool!" Handing Alice a broom, Krista went back to work. "As soon as we've finished this, we can lead the ponies in from the fields."

The two girls chatted as they scooped and brushed. "One week to go!" Krista sighed. *One week to Hartfell's first ever Open Day.*

"I know, I can't wait." Alice brushed the stable floor clean. "I'm entering Nessie into the Best Groomed Pony competition."

"And I'm putting Shandy in for the Fun Races." Whistling as she wheeled the barrow



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down the row of stables, Krista looked ahead. "Shandy loves games of musical saddles and all that kind of stuff."

"Let's hope we get lots of new people coming to see the stables – after all, that's the whole idea." Alice reminded Krista. If visitors came and liked the place, it meant that Jo would get lots of new riders to make the money she needed to keep Hartfell going.

"Yeah, let's hope," Krista agreed. Thinking back, she realised that Jo had been looking worried a lot recently, until the Open Day idea had come up during a discussion with Jo's friend, Rob Buckley.

"Without extra money coming in, it's going

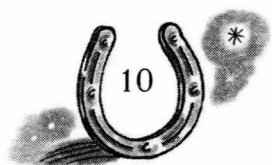


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to be very hard to keep the stables going through the winter," Jo had confessed. "The feed for the ponies is getting more and more expensive, not to mention vets' bills and money to pay the farrier."

"What you need is extra publicity," Rob had advised. "You need more people in Whitton to know that this place exists. After all, you're way up here on the moors and people don't even realise you're here."

And that's when the Open Day idea had hit them – barely a week earlier. Plans had gone full steam ahead: Rob had designed and printed leaflets advertising the event, Jo had made up a programme for the day, everyone had pitched in with all the help they could give.



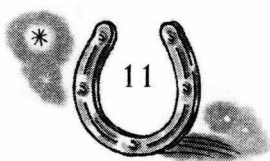
## New Beginnings

And now the Open Day was only seven days away and Hartfell was alive with activity.

"Krista, you deserve a break," Jo told her when she arrived at the stables early the next morning. "Why don't you take Misty out on a quick hack before the others arrive?"

"No, I couldn't ..." Krista began, though she would've loved to say yes. The morning was bright and frosty, and there was a whole world out there: moors, cliffs and the wide open sea.

"Yes, you could!" Jo insisted, getting Misty's saddle and bridle. She brought the strawberry roan pony out of her stable and tacked her up. "Now go!" she ordered Krista.



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A big grin broke out on Krista's face. "Hey, thanks!" she murmured, quickly stepping up into the saddle. "I'll only be gone for an hour."

"Chill," Jo told her. "Give Misty some exercise. Don't hurry back."

Krista and Misty took the cliff path. It was still early and there was no one else around.



## New Beginnings

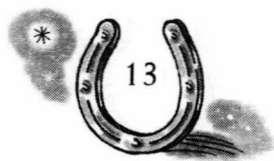
"Sometimes I wish I was a seagull," Krista confided. She watched the grey and white birds soar over the blue sea. "Wouldn't it be great to be able to fly?"

Misty snorted, shook her head and walked steadily on.

"OK, so you're happy being a pony," Krista grinned.

Misty's hooves clipped along the rough sandy track. To either side the long grass was white with frost which sparkled in the sunlight. Ahead, the path wound around a bend and out of sight.

"Shall I tell you a secret?" Krista went on. Her spirits soared as she and her pony took time out. "Sometimes I *can* actually fly!"



## My Magical Pony

Misty gave another short snort and this time a quick toss of her head.

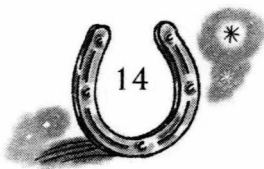
"Well, not me exactly. And yeah, I know, it sounds crazy and I've never told this to anyone else," Krista went on in a soft voice, safe in the knowledge that they were alone on the cliff path. "But around this bend we'll come to a tall rock, and this is my very own magic spot."

Raising her head and flicking her ears forward, Misty picked up speed.

"Shall I tell you why it's magic?" Krista whispered.

The pony ducked her head as if to say, *Yeah, OK, if you must!*

"It's because it's the spot where I always stand when I need to call Shining Star,"



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Krista explained. "Star is a secret, so you mustn't tell anyone!"

As if! Misty gave another toss of her head.

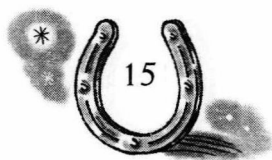
"He's a magical pony who comes to help people in trouble. He lives in Galishe, which is a place way beyond the moon and stars. It's all white and glittery – a bit like this world when it's covered in frost, like now."

Misty trotted round the bend then stopped at a tall rock beside the track.

"This is it!" Krista leaned forward in the saddle and whispered in her pony's ear. "The thing is, Shining Star has wings and he can fly!"

*Stamp-stamp* went Misty's hooves on the frosty ground.

"He flies me everywhere we need to go,"





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Krista murmured. "We fly over the sea, across mountains – all over the place!"

Misty took a deep breath and gazed up the moor towards the rocky horizon.

For a while Krista was silent. "Did I mention that Star is pure

white?" she added at last. "He breathes out clouds of glittering silver dust and trails it

