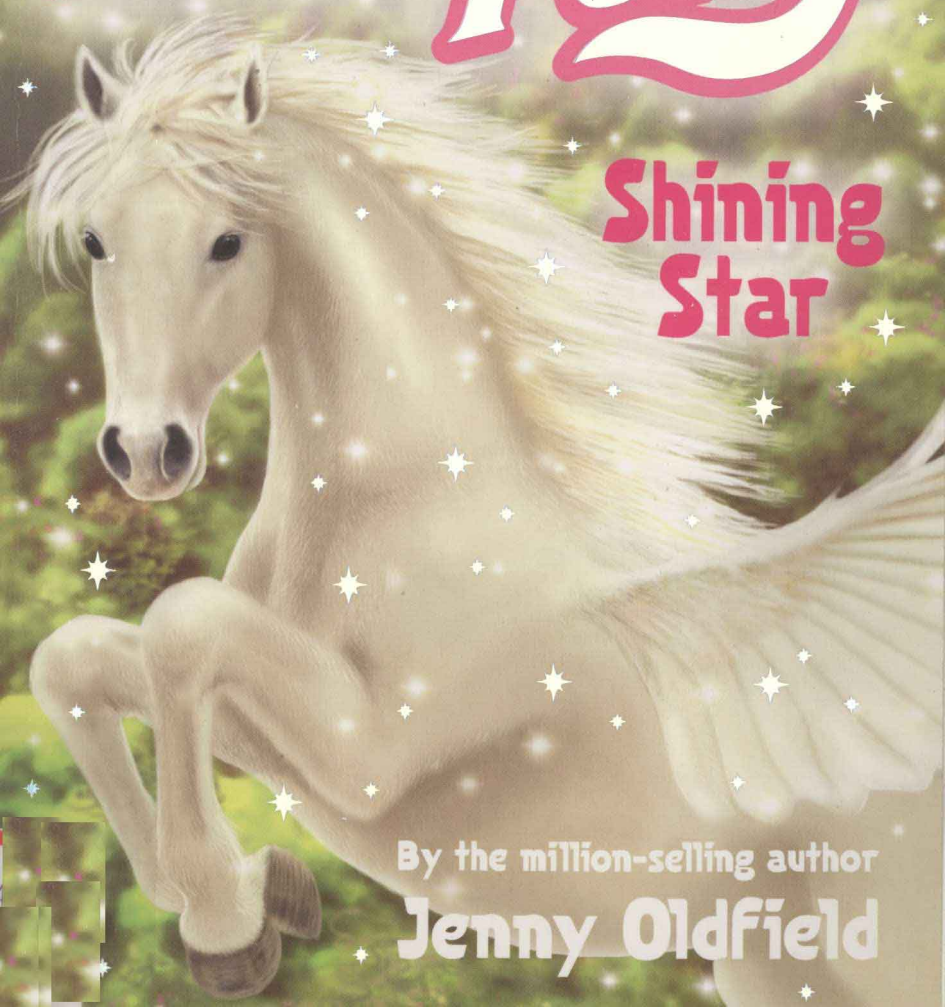


My Magical Pony

Shining
Star



By the million-selling author

Jenny Oldfield

苏工业学院图书馆
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My
Magical
Pony

Shining Star

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My Magical Pony

Shining Star

By Jenny Oldfield

Illustrated by Alasdair Bright



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5

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For Rachel Wade – a star in her own right



Chapter One

Krista stood on the magic spot.

She hadn't known it was magic until the day that it happened, and Shining Star appeared.

"Don't go far," her mum had said. "Supper's almost ready."

Krista had dashed out of the house, on to the cliff path, to stand on the highest point, looking down on Whitton Bay.

She could feel the wind whirling around her, tugging at her jacket. She watched the gulls soar overhead then dip down towards the beach, and the white waves crashing on to the shore.

My Magical Pony

At first she thought it was birds' wings beating hard against the wind. But the sound was louder, heavier, and it drew close to where Krista stood.

Better get back, she said to herself, before Mum gets worried.

But somehow the magic in the air held her.

She gazed up at the swirl of grey clouds overhead.

There was a sparkle of silver amongst the grey, like glitter falling from the sky, and the wings beat even louder. The clouds seemed to part.

Krista gasped. She felt dizzy and in danger of falling over the edge of the cliff, way down into the waves.

Shining Star

Through the clouds a ghostly silver shape appeared. The glittering mist drifted towards Krista, there were dark eyes watching her, a pony with a long, silvery mane and wonderful white wings, hovering close by. "Don't be afraid," he said.

Krista had always believed in magic.

"You live in a dream world," her dad would say with a laugh.

"She's animal-mad," her mum would tell everyone. "Especially horses."

"Ponies!" Krista would insist. She couldn't have one of her own yet, not until she was a year or two older, so she helped out at Hartfell stable yard instead. She spent all her

My Magical Pony

spare time there, living and breathing beautiful, proud, wonderful ponies.

"Don't be afraid," the flying pony said.

He hovered above the ground in a glittering mist, the wind ruffling his wing feathers, his dark eyes gazing into Krista's. His mane shone pure silver, his white coat was dusted with a soft sparkle.

"I am Shining Star."

"My name is Krista," she replied.

The pony bent his head closer. "I know. I know everything about you," he whispered.

"Everything?"

He nodded. "I chose you."

"You did?"





My Magical Pony

"Yes, to help children in trouble."

"But I have to go now," she explained, feeling a bit scared and thinking of home.

Shining Star tossed his head. Silver dust rose in a cloud above him. "I said, don't be afraid."

"I'm not!" Krista replied. Her head buzzed with questions. *Who has chosen me? Who needs help? Where did you come from?*

"Then climb on my back," the pony insisted, alighting on the ground, his wings outstretched. "Come with me."

Come where? she wanted to ask. But instead she took hold of Shining Star's mane and sat astride his broad back. She breathed in a soft, shimmering mist of silver.

Shining Star

"Hold tight," the pony warned.

Then the wind grew even stronger.

Shining Star beat his wings and leaped from the cliff path into mid air. Krista's head spun as the rock fell away and they entered what seemed to be a tunnel of whirling grass, sea and sky. They went spinning into darkness as she threw herself forward to clasp the pony's strong neck, then out into a dawn of glittering, silvery blue light.

"We're flying!" she breathed.

High over her world. Below was Whitton Bay – a giant U-shape of rock and golden sand – and the moorlands of Hartfell, and beyond that a thin finger of land called Black Point, where the rock ran into the sea.

My Magical Pony



His wings beating the air, Shining Star took them higher and higher. Then he turned away from Black Point and soared back towards the bay.

"There's my house!" Krista cried. High Point Farm looked like a tiny grey box on a pale purple slope.

Shining Star

Shining Star swooped low until she could make out their car in the yard and the track leading down the heather hillside to the road. There was someone in the yard, walking from the car into the house.

"There's Dad!" she gasped. "Dad, look up!"

But he didn't hear, and the pony swept on.

He took Krista back to the magic spot.

"Well?" he asked, as she let go of his neck and slid to the ground at the highest point on the cliff path.

"Oh!" was all Krista could say. Her eyes glistened with wonder. "Oh! I mean, wow!"

Shining Star raised a front hoof and pawed the ground. "Flying is fun, but it is our job to help," he reminded her.

My Magical Pony

Still dizzy from flying, Krista nodded. And now the questions came tumbling out.

"When? Who? What do you want me to do?"

But the magical pony was getting ready to leave. The silver mist was swirling around him, hiding his face. "Be patient, and the time will soon come," was all he said.

And then he rose into the air, trailing a cloud of glitter.

Krista cried after him. "Tell me what to do!"

But Shining Star was gone. Wings beat steadily, the mist thickened and grey clouds swallowed him.