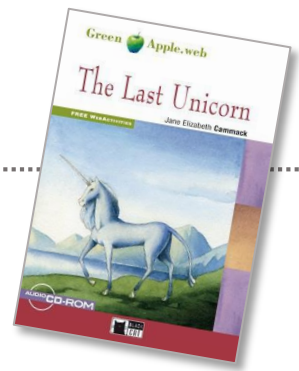


READING



The mist

We turned round, but the mist came down. The white mist swirled all around and we couldn't see the path in front of us. We were lost! 'Walk slowly and hold my hand,' said Ben.

It was very cold and soon our hair was wet. Thank goodness I had my jacket!

Ben had a small torch and whistle tied on his jacket, but we were far from any houses and crofts. No one heard our calls. We walked on until suddenly there was a noise. It came from behind a tall tree.

'What was that?' cried Ben shining his torch, but I knew.

Just in front of us, in the circle of torch light, stood the silvery-white unicorn. It bowed its head and looked at me with its dark eyes. It called softly.

'It's the unicorn,' I said to Ben. 'It wants to show us the way home, but then you don't believe in unicorns.'

Ben smiled, 'I didn't, but I do now. Let's follow it.'

We could see the silvery-white unicorn clearly as we followed it through the wood. Slowly and patiently it led us across the fields to White Heather Cottage. The lights were on and as we walked through the gate the unicorn turned and looked at me. Then it galloped away across the heather.

Uncle Fraser opened the door. His face was pale. 'Thank goodness you're home.'

Taken from «The Last Unicorn», by Jane Elizabeth Cammack

