

For all the mummies and anyone who has forgotten,
and all the little ones who need some help
to find their inner unicorn. And for my
worldly piece of magic, Bodhi. HP x

To my little niece Emma,
the girl who loves unicorns. HT x

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THE GET WELL SPELL

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award

In a magic kingdom,
near the towering Dragons' Ridge,
just around the corner
from the secret fairy bridge,
across the land of unicorns,
under crystal clear blue skies,
out beyond the misty fell,
the sun began to rise.

Curled up in the dewy grass,
was a sleepy unicorn.
Morris woke with scruffy hair
and a slightly crooked horn.

He'd spent his days working hard,
on kindness, spells and healing,
but with his magic now used up,
he had the strangest feeling.





His head was feeling foggy, his hooves were dull and scuffed.
His tail was terribly tangled. He really felt quite rough.
He'd truly done his very best, helping creatures far and wide,
but now he felt an empty space, growing deep inside.



Being a unicorn, you see, comes at quite a price –
always looking magical, helping others, being nice.







He thought of times, not long ago,
he'd played carefree on the fell.
He knew then what he needed
was a magic

GET WELL SPELL.

There was a place, so **legend** told,
of caves that hid a book,
with spells upon its pages;
it was there he had to look.



So he set out on a journey,
a path he'd never trod before,

past glistening
silver waterfalls,
with mermen swimming
by the shore.