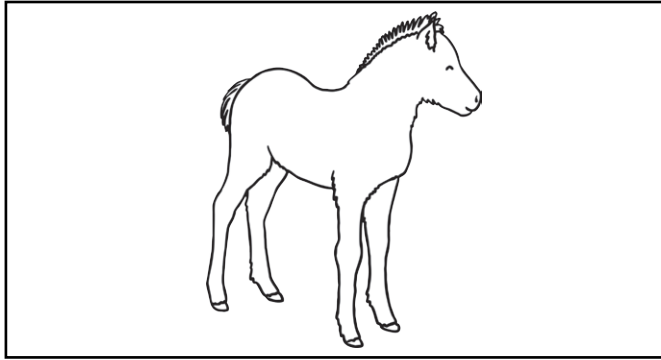
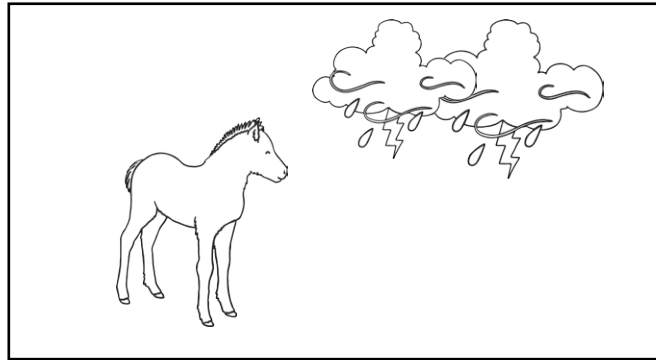


# The Unicorn



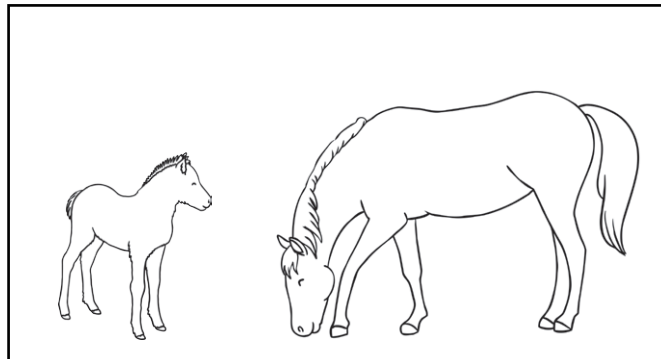
Up in the north, near to York,  
was a foal.



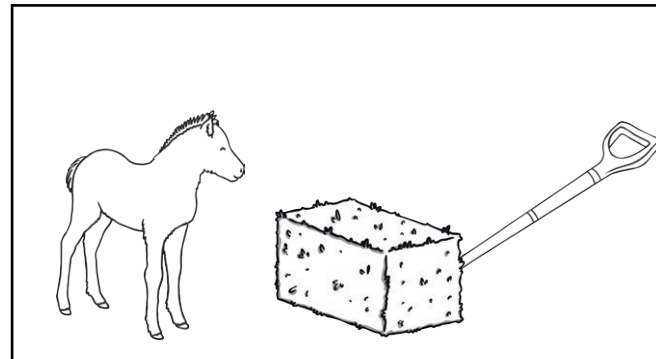
On a wet night, in a storm, the  
foal was born.



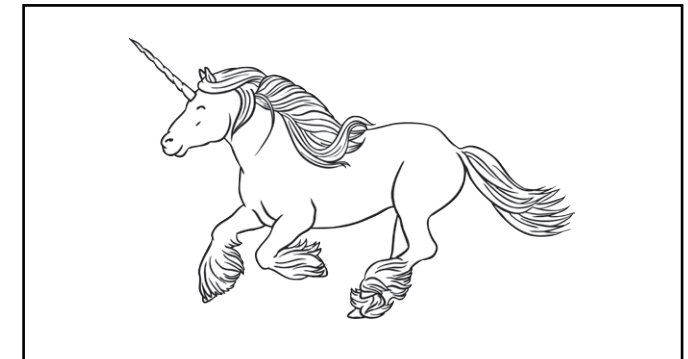
A vet went to help.



The foal was a bit different. He  
was short.



They fed him food with a fork to  
help him get bigger. He did not  
get bigger.



After that, the foal got a horn. He  
had a big horn. In fact, he was not  
a foal, he was a unicorn.