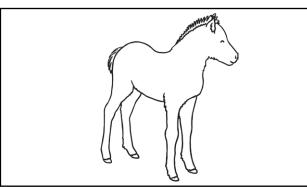
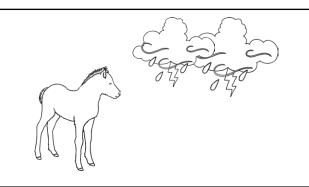
## The Unicorn



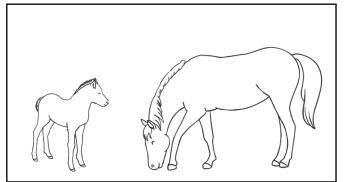
Up in the north, near to York, was a foal.



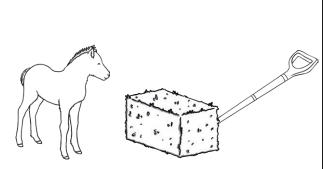
On a wet night, in a storm, the foal was born.



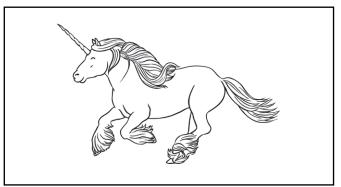
A vet went to help.



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.



