

Cara and her find

I breathe in the crisp morning air. The sun is only a pale yellow dot on the horizon, and dew covers the lush grass on the side of the walking track. I can hear the occasional chirp of a bird in the trees around me, as I start to let go of my worries.

I'm not very good at school work, and I'm quite shy around people, especially meeting new people. I couldn't make any friends, so Mum moved me to a new school, thinking that would solve the problem. It didn't.

The girls at my new school whisper to each other whenever I come near. When I walk past, trying not to be seen, one of the especially mean girls asks "What's wrong, Cara? Why don't you come talk it out with us, your 'friends'?" While everyone else (apart from me) laughs.

Right now it's the holidays, and I'm enjoying them as much as possible. I look around and see the dandelions in the grass, which I've always liked for their happy, bright colour. And that's when I see it. The sunlight is reflecting off something shiny and moving. Whatever animal or thing it is, has pure white covering, that looks like it would feel smooth, like satin. I can only see parts of it, as it surefootedly winds around trees and jumps over logs and bare tree roots. It comes to a stop, and I strain my eyes to see its face, so I can determine what it is. But I am too far away. I hesitate, as plunging myself into the unknown isn't something I usually do, although in the end, curiosity overpowers any other worry, and I tiptoe off the path and into the trees. I use the damp leaves to cushion my footsteps, to eradicate any noise I might make.

Soon I see that the it has stopped in a small clearing. I also see there is more than one, in fact, about two dozen of these strange creatures. I creep a little closer, and peering through some leaves, see something that makes my jaw drop, something I never could have anticipated. There, in the clearing, standing tall, are strong animals with four long legs, that can obviously take the animals great speeds.

Everyone of them is pure white, and each has the tail, mane neck and body of a horse, yet somehow more elegant. But the one thing I cannot believe, is that sitting atop their forehead, is a dazzling white and gold horn. "Unicorns!" I gasped, covering my mouth a second too late. The entire herd turned to look at me, and some of the younger ones fled to hide behind their mothers for protection.

"Please, I don't want to hurt you" I assure them. Assuming that they can understand me. One of the unicorns gallops forward and stands directly on front of me. She looks at me intensely, studying me for a few moments, and then turns back to face the herd. I found myself overwhelmed hearing the unicorn announce "The human girl means us no harm!" The leader of the unicorns is only too aware that some humans can be unkind and do things of great selfishness. The Unicorns have lived in the world for far longer than humans. Now the world is being neglected by humans, which in the

unicorns' eyes, is an act of utter and pure evil! The earth is warming up and humans are calling this "global warming" The unicorns are decreasing in size and numbers affecting their abilities to see deeply inside other forms of life. Global warming is making life dangerous.

The herd relaxes a bit, and one of them asks "what is your name?" I reply "Cara." All the unicorns look at me, as if I'm strangest thing they've ever seen. Then I realise that none of them have probably ever seen a human before, or not this close anyway. I realise that I must seem as strange to them, as they are to me. The herd starts to disperse from the clearing, until there is only one unicorn left. This unicorn has eyes the colour of the sky on a bright summers day.

"Cara is a nice name," she tells me. "My name is Luna. My mother is the one that told everyone you wouldn't hurt them". Then I ask "How could she tell? I mean, that I'm not going to hurt you?" Luna smiles, and replies "Let's catch up with the others, and then I'll tell you."

She canters out of the clearing, while I run behind as fast as I can to keep up, until we're with the rest of the unicorns again. I look at her expectantly, rather out of breath, and she continues. "Well, you see Cara, mother can tell whether or not a unicorn or person is lying, just by looking at them. It's almost as if she can see right into them, and see who they are on the inside." Luna is expertly weaving around the trees, while I rather clumsily follow her. "Wow", I say "That's amazing."

Luna and I talk for a long time, and I tell her about how I'm no good at making friends.

"You can't be all that bad, because you just made one!" she tells me, and I feel myself smile, because Luna is right. "You just have to do what you've done today, and be yourself." Luna suggests.

I look up at the sky, and realise that we have been walking for hours. I feel out of breath and really exhausted. "Oh no, I have to go now," I exclaim in disappointment. "It was so wonderful to meet you, Luna!"

Luna smiles sadly. I start to walk back the way we came, but turn around and say "Maybe we could meet again?" Luna grins and replies "You just never know."

You can't be worrying about what other people think about you if you are trying to make a friend - I know that now. When you are making new friends, you have to be yourself and nothing more, because a true friend likes you for who you are on the inside.