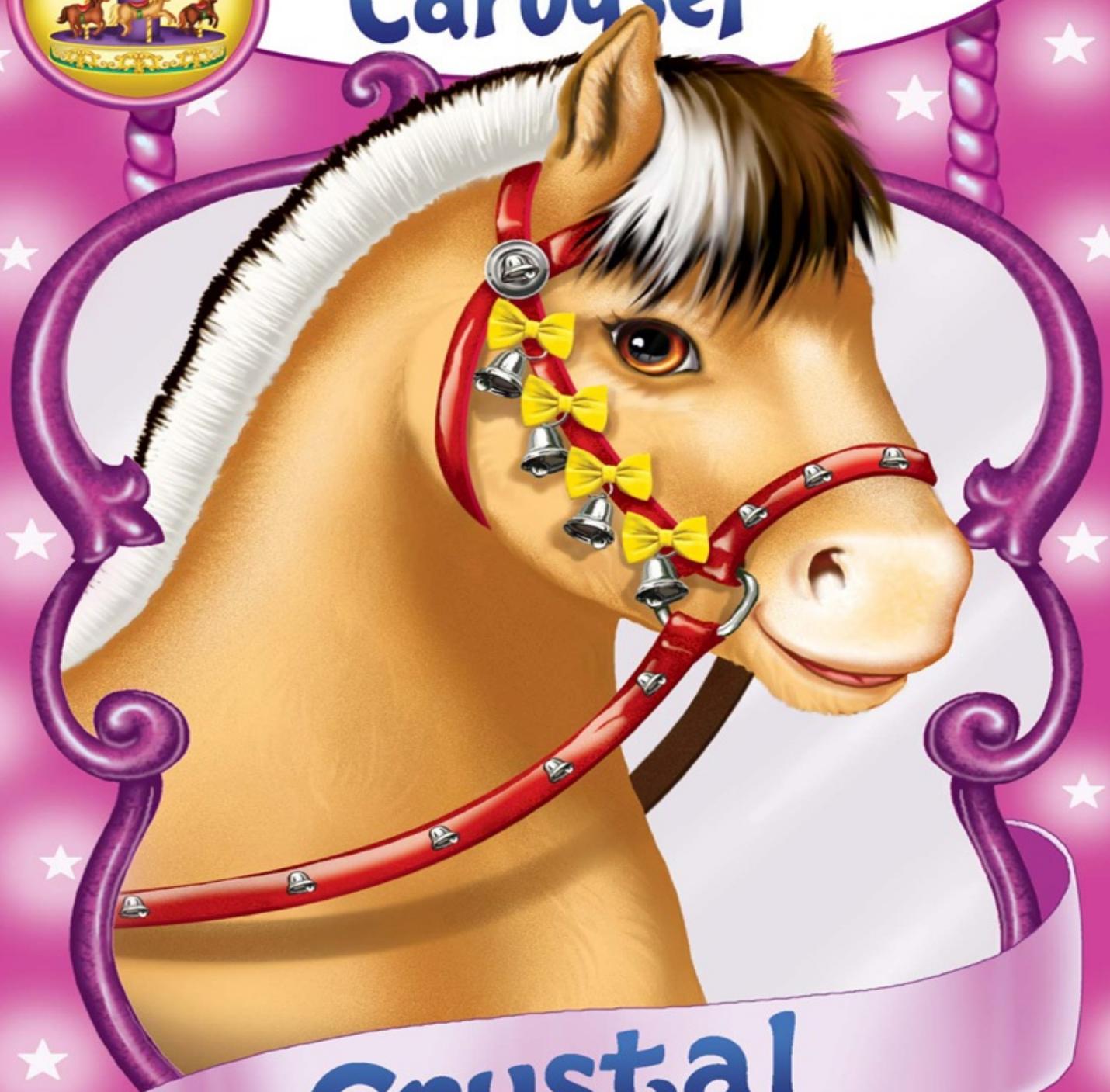


Magic Pony Carousel



Crystal

6

**THE
SNOW
PONY**

Crystal the Snow Pony

Poppy Shire
Illustrations by Ron Berg

 HarperCollins e-books

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Chapter One

Emily was so excited, she could hardly breathe. The fairground was filled with colors and sounds, and she couldn't wait to try some of the fantastic rides. She turned slowly on the spot, wondering which ride to go on first.

"Come on, Emily! Max has spotted an airplane ride." Emily's big sister, Jane, was calling her. Jane had brought Emily and Max to the fair as a treat. They'd been looking forward to it for ages.

"Coming!" Emily called back, running after her sister. The airplanes didn't look very exciting to her, but maybe that was because she was eight and Max was only five. Jane helped Max into one of the blue and yellow planes. As the ride swooped around he made "neeeoow" noises and pretended to talk to the control tower. He was very disappointed when it stopped, so Emily suggested getting some cotton candy.

"I don't want any cotton candy!" Max wailed. "I want to go on the airplanes again!"

"But this is the only ride we've seen! The others will be fun, too," Emily promised.

"Noooo! This one, this one, this one!" Max's face turned bright red as he got ready to have one of his tantrums.

"Okay!" Jane said. "You can have one more ride on the plane. Just one, remember!"

Max beamed, and Emily sighed. Max always got his own way because he was the youngest. She had a feeling that just one more ride wouldn't be enough for her little brother.

Luckily Max felt so dizzy after his second spin on the airplane that he didn't protest when Emily and Jane said they wanted to find some different rides.

Emily led the way through the fairground, holding one of Max's sticky hands. What should she go on? The superslide? The bumper cars?

Suddenly she heard a lovely tune playing in the distance. It was almost as if the music was calling her! She pulled Max and Jane along behind her as she followed the tinkling notes.

"Oh look!" Emily gasped.

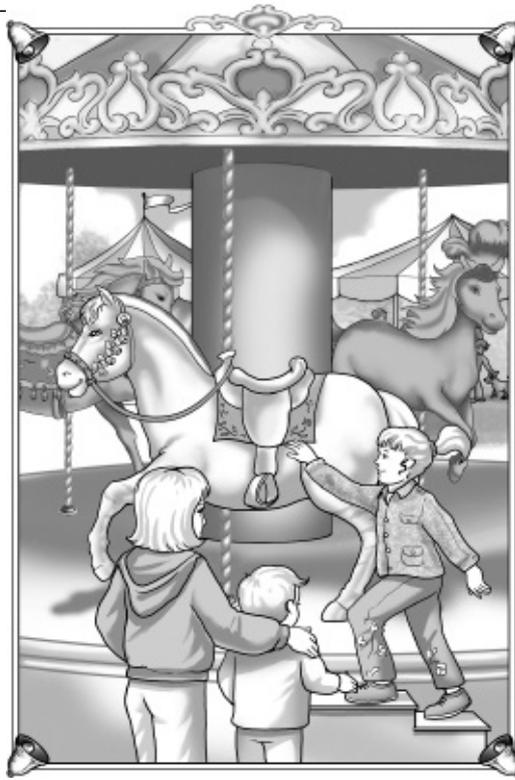
The music was coming from an old-fashioned carousel, painted in sparkling red and gold. The colors flashed as it twirled merrily around. Emily thought she'd never seen anything so beautiful.

All three of them stopped. "It's so pretty!" said Emily. "Jane, please may I have a ride on that?"

Jane laughed. "Of course you can."

The carousel slowed down and the music faded away. Emily ran over to look at the ponies. She admired a lovely dapple-gray circus pony with twinkling eyes and a dashing Arabian with a flowing mane. Then she spotted a gorgeous pony the color of caramel ice cream that she recognized from her pony magazines. It was a snow rescue pony! Snow rescue ponies were used in mountain countries for traveling in deep snow. They were Emily's favorite kind of pony! They looked different from other ponies, with their small bodies. She loved the way they had a cute black stripe running from the top of their head all the way down their back.

The wooden pony had a kind face. Emily climbed the steps to the carousel and stroked the pony's neck. His leather bridle had little silver bells jingling on it, tied with bunches of yellow ribbon. His coat looked soft and furry—Emily knew it had to be very thick to keep him warm through snowy winters. She ran her hand down the pony's mane. It stood straight up, just like a zebra's. She noticed he had faint zebra stripes on his legs, too.



A booming voice behind Emily startled her. “Hello there! Are you admiring my mountain pony?”

Emily turned around to find a sparkly-eyed gentleman in a green velvet suit standing beside the carousel. “He’s beautiful!” Emily said, running down the steps to stand beside him.

The carousel owner raised his green-striped top hat to Emily and bowed low. “I’m Mr. Barker and this is my Magic Pony Carousel. Would you like to have a ride on one of my ponies?” he asked.

Emily nodded. “Yes, please!”

Mr. Barker rubbed his hands together, then blew on them hard. “Brrrr! It’s chilly today, don’t you think? Winter’s on its way.” He opened his hands again, revealing a little pile of pink tickets cupped in his palms.

Emily stared in astonishment. Where had all those pink tickets come from?

“Take a ticket, my dear!” said Mr. Barker. “The name of your pony will be written on it.”

Emily reached for the corner of a pink ticket that was poking out from the pile. She really wanted to ride the snow rescue pony! She unfolded the ticket with trembling fingers. In swirly black writing she read *Crystal*.

She looked hopefully up at Mr. Barker, and he nodded at the carousel. “Take a look!” he said.

Emily climbed up onto the carousel again. All the ponies had a little name plate attached to the pole in front of their saddles. She peered up to read the caramel-colored pony’s name. *Crystal!* It was the perfect name for a snow pony!

“Thank you!” she said to Mr. Barker. “He’s exactly the pony I wanted to ride!”

Mr. Barker smiled, and Emily scrambled onto *Crystal*’s back. His saddle was made of heavy leather. Underneath it was a beautiful dark red saddlecloth, embroidered with tiny flowers and leaves in twinkling gold thread. Emily felt so safe on *Crystal*’s back.

Mr. Barker stood in the middle of the carousel and twirled a golden handle. The tinkling tune played once more, and Emily laughed out loud as she felt *Crystal* swoop into the air. She waved to Jane and Max, who were watching her, and they waved back.

The carousel began to spin faster, and the fairground became a blur of laughing faces. Everything started to disappear in a rainbow mist. Emily blinked. She wanted to rub her eyes, but they were going

so fast, she didn't dare let go of Crystal's reins. Silvery sparkles whirled around her, and the rainbow colors of the fairground changed to dazzling white. Everything shone and glittered with light, and Emily gasped out loud.

This wasn't the fairground anymore. She and Crystal were in the middle of a snowstorm!

Chapter Two

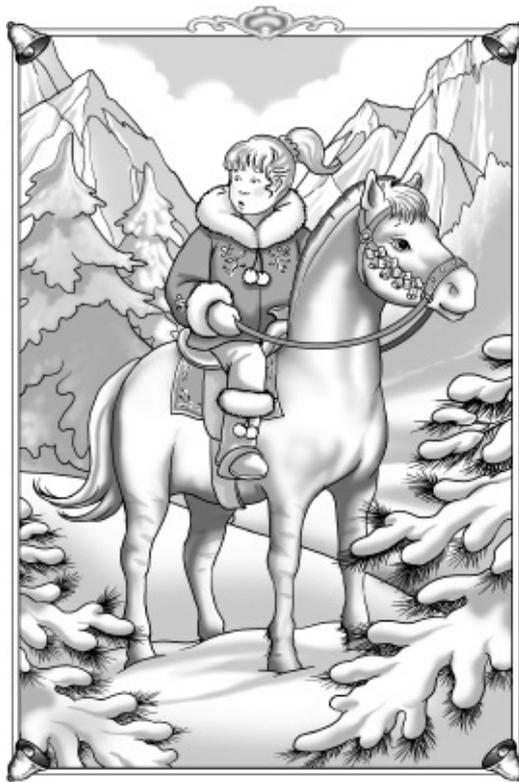
The snowflakes faded away and Emily gazed around, utterly confused. What had happened to Jane and Max and the fair? Now she was in a valley, surrounded by glistening fields of pure white snow. Huge craggy mountains rose up sharply on either side, their peaks topped with even more snow. It was just getting dark, and the sky was a beautiful deep velvety blue.

Crystal tossed his head, making the bells on his reins jingle loudly. The sound echoed around the valley: *jingle, jangle, ting, ting*.

Emily stared down at her pony in astonishment. He wasn't made of wood anymore. He was real.

"What's going on?" Emily asked in wonder. She ran her hand down Crystal's black-and-cream mane. Stiff bristly hairs tickled her fingers. When she touched his neck, it felt warm and furry.

Emily shivered. It was *really* cold. Her favorite embroidered jeans and pink denim jacket weren't much use here. But when Emily looked down at what she was wearing, she saw that her clothes had changed! Now she was dressed in thick, warm slacks of cherry-red corduroy. They were tucked into cozy sheepskin boots, tied with strings with gorgeous little bobbles. She also wore a green felt coat, embroidered with cherry-red flowers around the collar and cuffs. Beautiful sheepskin gloves dangled on strings from each sleeve. Emily pulled them on and wriggled her fingers in the cozy fleece. This was a perfect outfit for the snowy weather.



But they couldn't stay out here forever. It was getting dark. Emily nudged Crystal's sides with her heels, and he trotted forward. Once Emily was used to rising up and down to his bouncy trot, she looked around to see where they were going.

The road led to a little mountain village. Warm yellow lights twinkled in the windows of the sturdy log cabins. Smoke puffed from the chimneys, filling the air with a sharp woody tang.

“It’s just like a Christmas card!” Emily said in delight.

The thick carpet of snow made everything very quiet. No one seemed to be around, and Emily wondered where all the people could be. “What should I do?” she said, thinking out loud.

“I think we should head for the village square,” a voice replied.

Emily nearly fell out of the saddle in surprise. Who said that? She stood up in her stirrups and stared around, but there was no one in sight. Crystal’s ears flicked back at her. Was someone playing a trick?

“I must have imagined it,” Emily decided, sitting back down.

“No, you didn’t!” said the voice.

Crystal snorted and turned his head to look at Emily. His brown eyes shone merrily.

Emily leaned forward to whisper in his ear. “Did you say that?” she asked. She felt a bit silly talking to a pony.

“Of course I did!” replied Crystal. His breath billowed out in a steamy cloud. “Come on. It’s much too cold to stay outside. I’ve got my extra thick coat to keep me warm, but even your winter clothes won’t be enough in this weather.” He set off again at a brisk trot.

“But, Crystal, you have to tell me what’s happening! Where are we? Why have you turned into a real pony? How can you *talk*?”

“All ponies can talk,” Crystal explained. “But you can understand me, because you were given the magic ticket for the carousel. It sent us here for a special reason. We found each other through the magic and now we’ve got a task to do. But don’t worry, you’ll be back before anyone notices you’re gone. That’s part of the magic, too!”

Emily patted Crystal’s neck. This was so exciting! “What sort of task is it?”

“I’m not sure yet. We’ve come to help someone, but I don’t know who. We’ll know when we find the right person, don’t worry!”

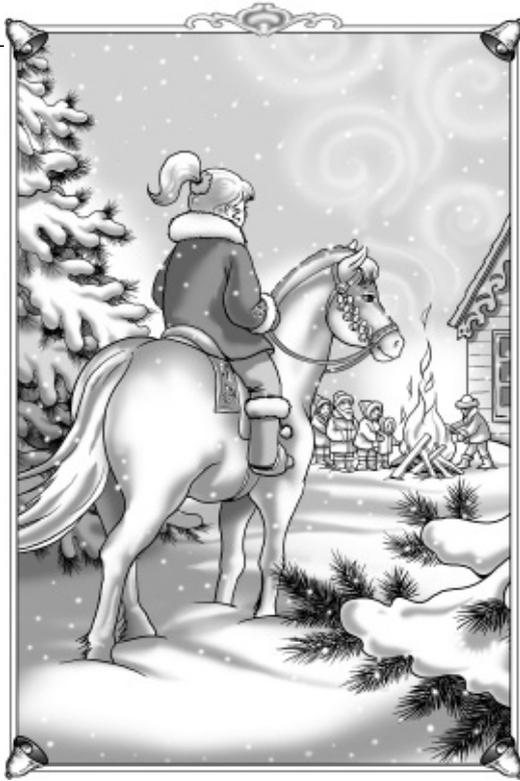
There was a crackling noise ahead, and Emily could see showers of orange sparks shooting into the dark sky. They rounded a corner to see a big bonfire in the middle of the village square. There were lots of people standing around it, talking and laughing.

Emily smiled. “Well, we’ve certainly got plenty of people to choose from!”

She took her feet out of the stirrups and slithered down from Crystal’s back. “We’d better not talk anymore,” she whispered in his ear, “or they’ll hear us.”

“It’s all right,” Crystal murmured back. “No one else can understand me. Only you have the carousel magic. Everyone else will just hear me whinnying or see me twitching my nose.”

It was just as well that no one else could hear Crystal, because at that very moment, someone close behind Emily called out, “Hello!”



Emily turned to see a girl of her own age smiling at her. She was wearing a blue corduroy coat covered in embroidered flowers and curling tendrils of leaves. Her white-blond hair was twisted into two long braids, tied with bright blue ribbon. A little boy with the same fine blond hair was holding her hand.

“Hi there,” said the girl. “I’m Sasha, and this is my brother, Arin.”

“I’m Emily,” said Emily. “And this is Crystal, my pony.”

“He’s gorgeous! But you look cold.” Sasha sounded concerned. “Why don’t you come near the fire and warm up?” She led the way through the crowd toward the bonfire. Suddenly the little boy slipped his hand out of his sister’s. He dashed off, weaving between people’s legs.

Sasha gasped a quick “Sorry!” and shot after him.

Emily shook her head. “Arin’s just like Max! That’s my brother,” she explained to Crystal. “He’s always running off, getting me and Jane in trouble.”

Emily stepped a little closer to the flames to warm her hands while she waited for Sasha to come back. On the other side of the fire, several children were dancing in a circle. They were holding birch twigs with feathers tied on them.

“Why are they carrying twigs?” Emily whispered to Crystal.

“It must be Spring Festival,” Crystal replied. “This is how the villagers say good-bye to winter. The birch twigs have green buds on them to show that spring is coming. And feathers are used to represent flowers because there aren’t many real flowers out yet.”

“They’re so pretty. Oh look, there’s Sasha!” said Emily.

Sasha was stomping toward them, dragging Arin.

“I want to go and play with my friends,” Arin whined.

“Well, you can’t! Mother told me to look after you.”

Arin stopped pulling at his sister’s arm and looked as if he was going to follow her quietly. But as soon as she turned around, he snatched his hand away and made a run for it.

Sasha dived after him. “Arin, come back!”

Crystal swung his head around into Arin’s path and gently brought the little boy to a stop.

Sasha looked very annoyed. “Arin! Why do you have to keep running off? You know Mother said

you were to stay with me!”

~~Arin shrugged, kicking his boot in the snow. Crystal snuffled his hair, and the little boy's face~~ broke into a smile. “I like your pony,” he told Emily. “What are you doing in our village? Have you come to visit someone?”

Emily gulped. What on earth was she going to say?

Chapter Three

Emily shot a panicked glance at Crystal. She couldn't ask him out loud what she should tell them. Sasha and Arin would think she was crazy! She thought quickly, and the children dancing around with their birch twigs gave her an idea.

"I've come to visit for the Spring Festival," she said. She changed the subject before Arin asked any more difficult questions. "Would you like to stroke Crystal, Arin? He's very friendly."

Arin nodded. He dug a hand into his pocket and pulled out an apple. He held it on the flat of his palm, and Crystal crunched it up. "I could get used to this," Crystal murmured happily, putting his head down so that Arin could scratch behind his ears.

"It's getting quite late," said Sasha. "We should be going home soon before the snow starts again." She turned to Emily. "Do you have somewhere to stay?"

Emily shook her head, suddenly feeling worried. It was getting very dark. Would she and Crystal have to stay outside all night?

"Would you like to stay with us?" asked Sasha. "I'm sure my parents wouldn't mind. There's room for Crystal in our stable, and you could sleep in the top bunk of my bed."

Emily beamed. "Thank you! We'd love to."

"Let's go," said Sasha. Still firmly holding Arin's hand, she started to walk out of the village square. "Look, it's starting to snow," she said a little anxiously.

Emily looked up. The sky had clouded over, and heavy flakes were drifting to the ground. They drifted onto Crystal's thick coat and melted away almost at once, leaving him covered in sparkling drops.

Emily blinked as a snowflake landed on her eyelashes. She'd never seen snow fall so thickly before. "I'm glad we're staying with Sasha tonight," she whispered to Crystal. The pony nodded and tossed his head, scattering snowflakes from his mane.

Sasha and Arin's house was on the side of the village farthest away from the mountains. "My parents are cattle herders," Sasha explained, "so we live close to the meadows where the cows stay." As they walked through the village, Sasha pointed out different buildings to Emily—the school, the church, and the village hall, which was being rebuilt and looked more like a wooden skeleton than a hall.

Emily could hardly take everything in. She just kept staring at the mountains towering above them.

Sasha laughed. "Haven't you ever seen a mountain before?"

"The mountains aren't so big where I live," Emily said, thinking fast. "But I wasn't really looking at the mountain—I was watching all that snow. It's falling so thickly!"

Sasha nodded. "Yes, we should get home—this is turning into a real blizzard. We're nearly there...."

Emily was starting to feel cold again, and the snow was falling so thickly she could hardly see where they were going. Now that they were out of the shelter of the town square, the wind was stronger. Icy snowflakes stung her cheeks and clung to her eyelashes.

"Shelter behind me," said Crystal. He was trudging along with his head down and his eyes half closed. His face was almost white from snowflakes, and the saddle was hidden under a crisp, frosty

blanket. “I think we’re going in circles, Emily.” He sniffed at the wind. “Sasha must have lost her way in the snow.”

Just then Sasha stopped, a frightened look on her face. She whispered to Emily so Arin wouldn’t hear. “Emily, I think we’ve gone wrong! It’s such a short distance, but the snow—I can’t see....”

“I think Crystal might be able to guide us,” Emily said, trying to sound brave and gazing hopefully into Crystal’s face. He stood still for a moment, feeling the wind and tasting the air. Then he nudged Emily gently with his chin. “Put your arm around my neck. Tell Sasha, too. I can follow the scent of the cattle. But this is a bad storm and I can’t risk losing any of you. Arin had better ride—he’s too little to trek through this.”

Emily explained all this to Sasha, and together they lifted Arin up. He was delighted to ride. Then they set off again, the two girls leaning close to Crystal as they plowed on.

Suddenly a dark shape loomed ahead of them, with squares of yellow light shining through the snow. As they drew nearer, Emily realized it was a log cabin, with smaller wooden buildings at one side.



“We’re home!” cried Arin.

“You star, Crystal!” Emily murmured in his ear. “I can’t believe you did it!”

Crystal snorted. “Nothing to it,” he murmured, but he sounded proud of himself.

“Emily, thank you! I was so scared! Come on, the stable is this way.” Sasha took Emily’s arm to guide her. “My pony, Clover, will keep Crystal company tonight.”

Sasha pushed open the door to a barn. Inside, a pretty chestnut pony with a white splash on her nose stood knee-deep in a bed of thick straw. She whinnied happily when she saw Crystal.

Emily took off Crystal’s saddle and bridle, shook the snow off, and placed them on hooks beside the door. Crystal went over to Clover, and they touched noses. Emily looked around the stable. It seemed very cozy, but she was still worried that Crystal would be cold in the night.

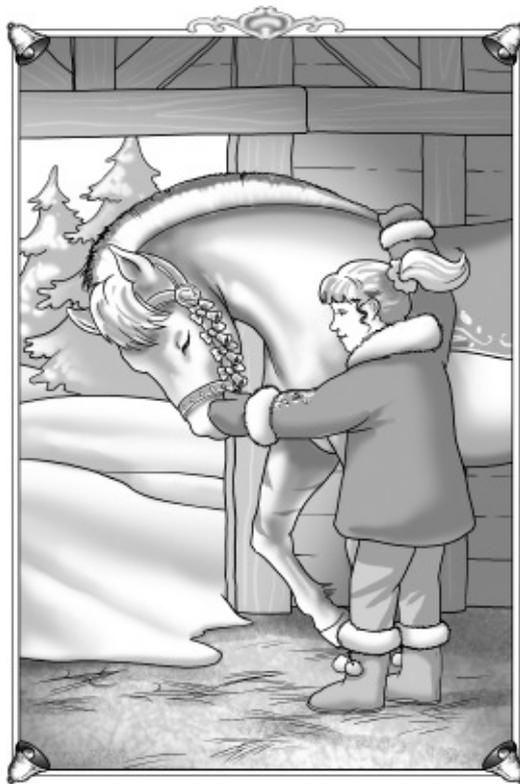
Sasha noticed her worried face. “It’s all right, Emily. Crystal will be fine. He’s got lots of hay to eat, so he can keep himself warm. But we’ll put a blanket over him, too.”

Arin fetched a heavy dark blue blanket from a chest by the wall, and the two girls unfolded it

over Crystal's back, buckling it under his tummy.

~~“Have you brought guests back from the bonfire, Sasha?” asked a friendly voice. A kind-looking man with twinkly eyes was leaning against the door.~~

“Emily, this is Gregor,” said Sasha. “He helps my father with the farm. Emily's visiting for Spring Festival, Gregor. I was just telling her that her pony will be warm enough. He'll be fine, won't he?”



“Definitely. You're a beautiful boy, aren't you?” Gregor stroked Crystal's neck. He smiled at Emily.

Emily couldn't help thinking she knew him from somewhere—his smile seemed very familiar. In fact, he looked a lot like Mr. Barker from the fair! Surely those were the same twinkling eyes? Gregor winked at her.

Before Emily could say anything, the door to the stable opened, and the most enormous dog she had ever seen slid through the gap. He was almost as big as Crystal, with shaggy dark gray fur. Emily gasped.

“Ivar!” cried Arin in delight. He stood on tiptoe and flung his arms around the dog's neck. The dog licked Arin's ear with a long pink tongue.

“Ivar sleeps in the stable, too. He's too big to sleep in the house!” Sasha explained. “Oh! Did you hear that? Mother's calling us for dinner. Come on, Arin.”

“No! I'm playing with Ivar. Go away, Sasha!” Arin dodged around his sister and ran to the corner of the stable, where he disappeared on a path that sloped down under the floor.

Emily stared in surprise. Where had Arin gone? Crystal looked puzzled, too, with his head held up and his ears pricked.

Gregor chuckled. “He's hiding in the apple cellar again. Well, I've got to be off. Nice to meet you, Emily—and you, Crystal.” He winked once more, then let himself out of the barn.

With a sigh, Sasha ran down the slope after her brother. Emily followed her, stopping halfway down the path. At the bottom, she could see a dark little room that stretched away under the floor. It was full of apples, and the air was filled with a sweet, fruity scent.

Sasha came back, pulling Arin behind her. "Sorry about that, Emily. Let's go and have dinner."

~~Emily gave Crystal one more hug. "Sleep well," he whispered to her. "Remember, we've got to find our special task in the morning!"~~

The farmhouse was as warm and cozy as the stable, and the smell of the wooden walls reminded Emily of Christmas trees. She'd never stayed in a log cabin before!

Sasha's mother bustled around the kitchen. She seemed very pleased to meet Emily. "Sit down, sit down! Make yourself at home. You look frozen," she scolded gently as she fetched a plate to lay an extra place at the table. Then she went over to the stove to stir a steaming pot of stew.

The stew was delicious, and it warmed Emily right down to her toes. As she finished off the bowl, she could feel her eyelids drooping.

"Do you want to come and see where you'll be sleeping?" Sasha asked.

"Yes, please." Emily stood up, trying not to yawn. "Thank you for the lovely meal, and for letting me stay," she said to Sasha's parents.

As she followed Sasha to the stairs that led out of the kitchen, she peeked through the shutters at the window. There was a tiny window in the stable wall next to the farmhouse, and Emily could see Crystal and Clover munching their hay together. They looked very comfortable.

Sasha led Emily into her parents' room, which had a big double bed in the middle, covered with blue knitted blankets. A narrow wooden ladder was fixed to the wall on the far side of the bed. Sasha went over and started to scramble up the ladder. "Come on," she called over her shoulder, and Emily followed her, popping her head up through a trapdoor into the sweetest little attic bedroom.

There were red and white quilts on the bunk beds and a warm furry rug on the floor. Sasha lent Emily a thick cotton nightgown, and she pulled it over her head before clambering sleepily into the top bunk.

"Good night, Emily," Sasha called from the bottom bunk.

"Sleep tight," Emily replied. As she burrowed her cheek into the soft pillow, she glanced out of the window. Through a chink in the curtains she could see the dark sky, patterned with snowflakes. The wind had died down, and the air was filled with fluffy flakes drifting gently to the ground.

Emily sighed happily. This was the best adventure she had ever had. She couldn't wait for tomorrow!

Chapter Four

“Wake up! Wake up!”

Someone was shaking Emily’s shoulder. “Go away, Max!” she muttered.

“Who’s Max? I’m not Max, I’m Arin! Come on, it’s time to get up!” Arin was standing on the steps of the bunk bed and had reached across to shake Emily awake.

“Arin! You know you’re not allowed up here.” Sasha shooed her little brother back down the ladder.

Emily scrambled out of bed and stretched her arms. Tiny specks of dust danced in the sunbeams that slanted through the window. It had stopped snowing, and the sky was clear and blue.

Sasha smiled at Emily. “Do you want to come for a pony ride today? I’d like to show you one of my favorite places.”

Emily nodded. “That sounds lovely,” she said.

“I want to come, too!” Arin shouted up the ladder.

“No, Arin! You’re too little. You have to stay with Mother today.”

Emily could hear Arin stomping downstairs, complaining. Sasha started to get dressed. “Come on! Let’s go while the sun is shining. We’ll grab some bread and cheese on our way out.”

The two girls shot downstairs, wrapped up some bread in a handkerchief, and said good-bye to Sasha’s mother. Then they ran out to the stable, leaving Arin wailing behind them. “Please let me come! I’ll be good, I promise!”

“No, you have to stay here, Arin!” Sasha called. She rolled her eyes at Emily. “Little brothers can be such a nuisance!”

“I know,” Emily agreed.

Crystal seemed very pleased to see her when she went into the stable. He tossed his head and blew gently into her hair. Emily gave him a hug, then took off his blanket and put on his heavy leather saddle over the red saddlecloth. Clover had a saddle like Crystal’s, but her saddlecloth was green. She didn’t have bells on her bridle, either.

Soon the ponies were trotting through the town toward the mountain. As they left the meadows, the path grew steeper and rockier, and the ponies slowed down to pick their way carefully over the stones.



Emily let Sasha and Clover get a little way in front. Then she leaned forward and whispered in Crystal's ear. "Do you think it's all right to go riding like this?" she asked. "Shouldn't we concentrate on finding who the magic carousel wants us to help?"

"Don't worry." Crystal gave a cheerful whinny. "The magic will make sure we find out what we're supposed to do."

"Oh look!" Sasha gave a shout from up ahead.

"What is it?" Emily asked, craning her neck to see. Sasha was pointing at something on the ground by a ring of tall silver birch trees.

"Do you see that patch of blue? They're gentians—spring flowers, Emily!"

The gentians looked like little scraps of deepest blue paper peeping through the melting snow. They were beautiful, but Emily was a bit puzzled that Sasha was so excited.

Sasha scrambled out of Clover's saddle to kneel by the flowers for a closer look. "These are the first ones I've seen this year! That means spring is nearly here. I'll have to tell everyone we've seen the gentians when we get back."

She got back on Clover, and the girls carried on up the path, spotting more flowers. Some were blue, like the gentians, while others were pale yellow and creamy white, a bit like snowdrops. As they rode deeper among the trees, the air filled with the sound of dripping water. *Drip, drip, drip.*

Emily looked up. The snow was melting off the branches. Emily yelped as a cold droplet went down the back of her neck. Drops splashed onto Crystal's mane, resting on the black hair like gleaming jewels.

"Come on!" Sasha called, pushing Clover into a brisk trot. "There's the cat rock! It's not far to my secret place now." She pointed to a rock by the path that really did look like a cat, with two pointed ears and a lump on its back that could have been a tail curled up.

The path grew narrower and more overgrown. Although she wasn't cold inside her thick clothes, Emily shivered. It looked as if no one had been this way for ages!

Finally they stopped at a wall of gleaming gray stone that sloped steeply up the side of the mountain. Sasha slid out of the saddle and tied Clover's reins to a tree branch. She turned to face Emily, one hand resting on the shining stone.

“I found this a few weeks ago,” Sasha explained. “Isn’t it beautiful? It’s a frozen waterfall!”

~~Emily looked closer at the cliff. It wasn’t made of stone at all. It was a giant sheet of ice! She jumped off Crystal’s back and tied his reins to the same branch as Clover’s.~~

But when she turned around, Sasha had vanished!

Emily’s heart started to pound. Where was Sasha? She stared into the trees, noticing how quiet and lonely this place was. “Sasha? Sasha, where are you?” she called.

Suddenly she caught a movement out of the corner of her eye. She spun around and gasped in shock. There in the waterfall—*inside the ice*—was Sasha!

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