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## **Emmi & Einschwein 1: Einhorn kann jeder!**

### ***Emmi & Unipig 1: Unicorns Are Far Too Common!***

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English translation by David Henry Wilson and Howard Hunt

### ***A pig with a horn and a heart in the right place!***

In Pixietown, every child gets a magical creature for their tenth birthday. Emmi will turn ten next week, and she is absolutely sure that her creature will be a graceful, lovely unicorn. But when the day arrives, what does she see rolling towards her through the magical mist? A smiling pig — with a unicorn's golden horn! Emmi cannot imagine a magical creature less special than the cheerful pink unipig who will be her magical creature for the rest of her life. As luck would have it, she has already told half the school that she will be getting a unicorn, so a unipig is the last thing she needs right now. But Emmi has no idea how unique her unipig will turn out to be!

- More than 55,000 copies sold of the Unipig series! (January 2020)
- A heartwarming story of friendship and identity.
- Emmi and Unipig are simply adorable. Author Anna Böhm's little heroes convey the wise message 'Be true to yourself!' with great humour and charm.
- "A turbulent, beautiful, true-to-life story, bursting with curious, clever, creative ideas, and the most wonderful illustrations – just the way a children's book should be." - Gelnhäuser Neue Zeitung

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## CHAPTER ONE – A Chapter with a Secret

That evening, Emmi and her brother and sister were about to do something completely forbidden. They were sitting at the kitchen table, preparing to do something they knew they shouldn't do. Emmi was cutting cucumbers into slices. Her sister, Maddie, was stirring the family's special sauce while playing with her smartphone. And between them sat little Freddie, who was carefully stuffing a mushroom into each ear.

All three were giggling with excitement. This was going to be so great!

Only Professor Henry Brix, generally known as Dad, was not giggling. He was a specialist in the art of flying, had written five books on flight technology, and worked at the university. But none of this was of any help to him right now. He kept glancing nervously at the door, because he was afraid that Mum might walk in and catch them red-handed. Because it was Mum who had forbidden what they were going to do. But since it was Monday, and since Mum always came home late from work on Mondays, the children had persuaded Dad to break one of Mum's strictest rules.

They were going to grill their sandwiches. Or, to be more precise, they were going to have their sandwiches grilled. By Dad's dragon.

Mum's rule? Absolutely, totally, utterly, one hundred percently no fire-breathing at mealtimes. Dad's dragon was sitting on one side of the kitchen, trying to make himself thin. This was very considerate of him, and was actually quite hopeless. His name was Henk, and he belonged to the species of blue dragon which everybody knows are rather large. And so Henk took up a rather large amount of kitchen space. He was as long as two sofas, and as fat as one sofa. This always led to arguments between Dad and his matchling. Dad thought that a dragon of Henk's size should at least try to watch his weight, while Henk, on the other hand, thought there was nothing quite so delicious as cookies.

The dragon's skin was a shiny blue, and on his head were two little horns and two green ears. He rubbed his front paws together and exclaimed: "Let's get to work!"

There was great excitement. The three Brix children piled their plates high with food. Emmi made a mountain of bread, cheese, ham, tomato and, right on the top, a raw egg. Maddie helped herself to some vegetables, three eggs, and a lot of the family's special sauce. Little Freddie's sandwich was so high, it almost fell off the plate. Dad told him to be sensible, but as Freddie still had mushrooms in his ears, he didn't hear him.

The three children put their plates in front of Henk. Very skilfully, the dragon breathed a series of small flames, and in no time had produced the most sizzling sandwiches in the history of sandwich-making. Everybody applauded wildly.

As they tucked into their feast, Dad asked, "So, Emmi, are you excited?"

"What about?" replied Emmi, although she knew perfectly well what he meant.

"Your Matchling Day, of course."

Emmi bit into her sandwich and looked at Dad with her big blue eyes. She had tied her hair into a ponytail and was wearing her favourite purple sweater with black stripes. Nobody could have looked more innocent.

"No," she said. "Not at all."

This was a complete lie. Emmi was *hugely* excited. In fact, for weeks, she'd been thinking of nothing else. But in regards to her Matchling Day, she had a secret that she was not going to share with anyone.

Dad ruffled her hair. "Just two more days," he said. "Unbelievable! My little baby's about to get a matchling of her own!"

Emmi's heart pounded with excitement whenever she thought about it. In two days, she would be ten years old. And, like everyone else in Pixietown, on her tenth birthday, she would get to watch very own magical creature - her matchling - appear in front of her.

"May I make another sandwich?" she asked, hoping to change the subject. She didn't want to talk about her Matchling Day just yet.

“What kind of matchling are you wishing for?” asked Maddie. She was sprawled in her chair, still playing with her smartphone. Emmi loved her sister, but unfortunately, Maddie had turned fourteen a few months ago, and Emmi had noticed that her sister had only three ways of behaving now: weird, fairly weird, and completely weird. She couldn’t play with Maddie any more, because Maddie thought that playing games was silly. “No idea,” said Emmi.

This was another lie. She really did know what she was wishing for. And what a wish it was! It was as big as a hundred Christmas wishes and fifty birthday wishes put together. And it was crazy! Emmi didn’t even dare to say it out loud, because she was afraid that everyone in the room would laugh at her.

“Of course you know. Come on, tell us!” insisted Maddie.

Maddie was the only one of the Brix children who already had a matchling of her own. Her matchling was a musical wildcat, whose name was Mexi. Mexi had funny ears that stood out like brushes, and two small, neon-green wings on her back – the same colour as her tail. Her lilac-coloured eyes surveyed the world with a irrepressible sense of mischief, and her fur was beautifully striped. Whenever Emmi would try to cuddle her, she would generally scratch, but whenever Emmi was busy and didn’t have time, Mexi would always want to be cuddled. Here is some useful information: you should never confuse a musical wildcat with a wild wildcat. Although a musical wildcat can sometimes go wild, it is completely harmless. A wild wildcat, however, may seem friendly, but its bite is poisonous and can make your hair fall out. Mexi could play all sorts of musical instruments, but she was equally at home with household utensils. At this moment, she was doing a dramatic drum roll on the table with two spoons, while everyone was watching Emmi. But Emmi still insisted that she really didn’t mind what kind of matchling she was given.

There now followed a heated family discussion concerning the best kind of magical creature that appeared on Matchling Day. Each member of the family had different ideas.

“There’s nothing better than a dragon,” Henk proudly announced.

Freddie wanted a gnome. “A gnome is the best thing you could possibly have,” he declared.

“Even a baby knows that!”

Freddie Brix was just six years old, which meant it would be four more years until he got his own matchling. This annoyed him, and so he always carried his cuddly plush gnome around with him. The gnome’s name was Fipps, and he had baggy sleeves, a red cap and a big nose. Freddie pretended that Fipps was a real person, and used a special voice whenever Fipps talked back to him. This made Maddie cringe, but Emmi understood her little brother’s impatience. She wanted her own matchling as much as he did.

“I repeat,” said Henk, “there is nothing better than a dragon.”

“A musical wildcat!” said Maddie. “This is the coolest matchling anyone could possibly have.”

“Your turn, Emmi,” said Mexi. “Come on, what do you think is the best?”

“I think they’re all great,” said Emmi quietly.

“But what do you *want*?” insisted Mexi, leaping up onto the table.

“Do you want a gnome?” asked Freddie.

Dad picked Mexi up off the table and put her down on the floor. “You’re not allowed to wish for any particular matchling, as you very well know,” he said sternly. “You have to take whatever you are given.”

“But that doesn’t stop you from wishing,” Maddie said cheekily.

“I will wish for a gnome,” said Freddie. “I want a gnome!”

“Enough now, all of you,” Dad said. “What will come, will come, and Emmi will love her matchling, no matter what it is.”

The children looked at their father as if he was a midsummer snowman. It was one of those rare moments when all three Brix kids were united.

“Do you think she’d love it if it was a spitworm?” asked Maddie.

“Ugh, yuck, a spitworm!” giggled Freddie.

Emmi looked at her father, eager to hear what he would say. Professor Brix hesitated and scratched his head. There were lots of jokes about spitworms, because they were regarded as the worst kind of matchlings in existence. But no one would ever say such a thing out loud – especially not a university professor. And so Dad declared, very seriously, that if Emmi was given a spitworm, she would certainly love it very much. *A spitworm?* Emmi thought. That was absolutely not what she wanted, and she was very pleased that she wouldn't be getting one. No, her magical creature was going to be supremely superb. It was going to be so supremely superb, she could scarcely imagine it herself.

She happily put a sausage on her fork, held it up to Henk, and Henk grilled it with a few flickers of flame. Everybody clapped, and Dad proudly slapped his dragon on the back. Then Freddie cut his sausage in half, and asked the dragon if he could grill half a sausage. Henk said it would be child's play. Then Maddie took her knife and cut her sausage into slices, which seemed to give the dragon a bit of trouble. She put a slice of sausage on the tip of her fork, and held it up in front of Henk.

Dad looked nervously at the door and said this might be going too far, but Henk loved the new challenge – one might say it fired him up! He wanted to show the family how versatile he was, and so he breathed out the teeny-weeniest of flames.

The sausage grilling went perfectly. Until the chopping board caught fire. Quickly followed by the tablecloth. Dad poured apple juice over the table and extinguished the flames, but it meant saying goodbye to the chopping board, and the tablecloth now had a big hole in it.

"Lucky your mother wasn't here to see this," sighed Dad. The chopping board and the tablecloth swiftly disappeared into the rubbish bin, and the kitchen window was thrown open to let in some fresh air.

Then they heard the front door slam.

Emmi clapped her hand over her mouth, and Dad turned pale.

## CHAPTER FIVE

### A chapter with a big surprise

The following day was a Saturday. Emmi woke up early and was especially excited. Today was her Matchling Day! It had finally arrived! She pulled the curtain to the side, and looked up at a beautiful pink spring cloud floating across the most lovely blue sky. The cheerful weather was perfectly suited to her cheerful mood.

Unfortunately, it was only six o'clock in the morning. It wasn't polite for the birthday girl to be the first one out of bed, so Emmi had to spend many hours pretending to be asleep. Many hours? Well, that's what it seemed like. In reality, it was probably more like half an hour before she heard someone clattering around in the kitchen. Just before seven o'clock, her bedroom door was thrown open, and in marched Freddie, carrying a cake with ten candles. Henk squeezed himself through the door behind him, and very carefully lit the candles with small flames, giving Emmi a fond wink with his big dragon's eye. Pieps, Mum's double antenna flowersparrow, did a loop the loop around the bedroom, dropping cornflowers as she flew. Finally, Mexi, Maddie's musical wildcat, brought in her acoustic guitar, and the Brix family stood around Emmi's bed and serenaded the birthday girl.

Freddie sang extra loudly into the candles to make the flames flicker, but Mum gave him a stop-it poke in the ribs. Freddie grinned and kept singing.

Emmi rubbed her eyes as though she had only just woken up. When the song ended, she blew out the candles. Then everyone sat on her bed, eating cake. Mum and Dad said they couldn't believe that their little Emmi was now ten. Freddie wanted to unwrap all her presents, but Emmi wouldn't let him. Maddie ate three huge pieces of cake, then she didn't feel well and fell asleep on the bed. Mexi continued to play the guitar in the background.

After breakfast, Emmi put on the lovely sailor's dress Mum had worn on her own Matchling Day. It fit her perfectly. Maddie tied Emmi's hair into braids, and then did the same for herself, while

Freddie nagged and nagged until Dad lent him one of his zip-up cardigans. Fipps the gnome also had to have a cardigan, and Freddie ran around the flat shouting, "Fipps with zips!"

Then the family went out into the courtyard at the back of the apartment block, where Henk was already waiting with his riding saddle on his plump, scaly back. The dragon would have much preferred to live in a dragon-sized flight house, with a long runway for take-offs and landings, but this was out of the question because the rent for flight houses was sky-high, and was why the Brix family lived in a perfectly normal flat at No. 7 Elfin Margaret Drive.

The blue dragon was a brilliant flier. Nevertheless, because the courtyard was so narrow, he sometimes knocked over the flowerpots that belonged to the neighbours, which caused trouble with Mrs Smuggle on the third floor. So once a month, Dad had to go to the market and buy new pots for her. And also big light bulbs, because Henk occasionally knocked over the street lamps. And wood glue, because, every now and then, he would accidentally land on the neighbours' outdoor furniture, which would have to be glued back together again.

When everyone was seated on his back, Henk did a vertical take-off. All the flowerpots rattled, but didn't break, and Dad let out a nervous sigh of relief.

On Saturdays, the sky over Pixietown was less crowded than it was during the week, and so the flight path over the city was clear. Emmi wanted her Dad's dragon to fly faster, and Henk needed no further encouragement. The family whizzed through the air at high speed.

"If the unicorn is there," shouted Henk through the wind, "I'll certainly need to have a new saddle."

Mum said a new saddle would be too expensive.

"Mama!" cried Henk. Ever since Maddie had been born, he had called Priscilla Brix, 'Mama'.

"Mama, all these years I've carried this whole family on my back. I think I've earned a new saddle."

Then Dad and his dragon had a discussion about how old Henk's saddle was, and how nobody in their street had a saddle older than Henk's, and that what Henk really, really wanted was the latest saddle in light metal, with a roof and Internet and a coffee machine.

The closer they flew to the forest glade that lay to the north of Pixietown, the faster Emmi's heart was beating. Henk had scarcely completed his soft and skilful landing, when she jumped down off his back.

Grandma Lily and Grandpa Billy were sitting on a bench waiting for them. As they didn't have a flying matchling, they had driven to the glade by car. Grandma Lily, who was always as pretty as a picture, was looking especially pretty today. She had done up her grey hair in curls, and was wearing a flowery dress with a red sash. Sitting on her lap was her own matchling, the cake rabbit, Lola, who had white fur and one purple ear. Hanging from her belt was an assortment of spoons, together with a large red mixing bowl. Lola baked biscuits and muffins and, most importantly, truly magnificent cakes. She was also a black belt in knitting needle jujitsu, and sometimes gave demonstrations of this interesting, but deadly, martial art.

Sitting on the bench next to Grandma Lily, in his suit, waistcoat and bow tie, was Grandpa Billy, puffing on his pipe and looking fondly at Emmi. His tousled hair was standing up as usual, and in the midst of the tangle sat his sitting frog, Benjamin. Benjamin was also wearing a waistcoat and bow tie, and had a pipe in his mouth – just like Grandpa.

It's true what people say: sitting frogs like to sit. But it is a common mistake to believe that sitting frogs do nothing *but* sit. While they are sitting, they think extremely clever thoughts.

Benjamin, who was extremely clever, felt that far too few humans appreciated this fact. He liked to deliver long lectures about life and spirituality and philosophy, although it must be said, regrettably, that his lectures were usually interrupted.

Emmi climbed up onto her Grandpa's broad shoulders, and he stood and carried her towards the forest glade. Emmi squealed with delight. Grandpa smiled with his pipe clenched between his teeth. Poor Benjamin was being jolted around on Grandpa's head. "I wish," he croaked forlornly, "I wish that just *once*, this family would sit still and behave itself. Just *once!*"

“But I *am* sitting still and behaving myself!” Emmi laughed.

Grandpa stopped at the edge of the glade and lowered her to the ground. In the middle of the glade stood a very old apple tree with knotted branches. It had been planted hundreds of years ago by one of the Brix family’s ancestors, and ever since then, it had always been the family’s matchling tree. Whenever a Brix child reached the age of ten, his or her birthday was celebrated under this tree, accompanied by the arrival of their magical creature. Sometimes the tree would be covered with snow, sometimes by green leaves, or even with apples. Today, it was crowned with blossoms. Emmi was overcome with joy, and did half a dozen excited cartwheels.

“At last!” she cried. “My Matchling Day has finally arrived!”

Mum and Grandma were approaching very slowly. When they finally joined the rest of the family at the side of the glade, Mum gently put her hand on Emmi’s shoulder.

“Are you ready?” she asked.

Emmi nodded.

They had discussed this ritual again and again. In any case, Emmi had already witnessed the arrival of Mexi, Maddie’s musical wild cat, on her sister’s Matchling Day. Still, the excitement became unbearable. With astonishment, Emmi watched as a white mist slowly rose above the grass. A gentle breeze sent blossoms from the apple tree whirling through the air. It really was incredibly magical. Only a unicorn could possibly walk out of such a perfectly white mist. Everyone stood still — even Freddie.

Benjamin, the sitting frog, had been given the honour of making a speech. He climbed onto Henk’s head, which made a good lectern, and cleared his throat.

“We are gathered here this morning to celebrate the Matchling Day of our beloved Emmi,” he said.

“How long is Benjamin going to go on for?” whispered Freddie.

“Shhh!” said Mum.

“To begin with, I would like make a few general observations about the bond between humans and their magical creatures. As we all know...”

“Benjamin, will you *please* hurry up!” said Emmi.

But the frog was not so easily put off. “Ahem...as we all know, matchlings are always faithful to their humans, in good times and in bad times...”

“Grandpa, when’s he going to finish?” asked Emmi.

“Probably now,” Grandpa smiled.

“Oh, all right then!” said Benjamin. Rather offended, he sulked all the way down the dragon’s long neck.

Dad gave Emmi a kiss, and Mum presented her with the matchling sash the whole family had made together. It was said to bring good luck if the birthday children wove their sashes with help from their family members, and if this was the case, Emmi would have had lots of luck, because everyone in the Brix family had helped weave the brightly coloured wool – Mum and Dad, Maddie and Freddie, Grandma and Grandpa.

Then Mum indicated that Emmi should walk into the glade. With a thumping heart, she left her family at the edge of the glade, and walked into the mist until she was standing directly beneath the apple tree. Then she recited the poem she had written herself:

*“My very own matchling, I’ve read about you,  
And now I cannot live without you.  
Today, in this tenth year since my birth,  
I’ll have the loveliest creature on Earth.  
You horn is magical, and you  
Can do things no one else can do.  
I am as happy as I can be,  
So unicorn, come now to me.”*

In her excitement, she had forgotten what she was supposed to do next. But then she remembered. She bundled up her matching sash and threw it high into the air. The sash unfolded and slowly floated down to earth.

But still nothing happened. Emmi reached out and nervously touched the matching tree.

“Hello?” she said. “Unicorn? Are you there?” Nothing. She held her breath in suspense. Not a sound or movement anywhere. Her matching sash had almost floated to the ground.

And then...a soft grunt. It echoed gently through the mist, and suddenly, it was as though every blade of grass was rustling throughout the glade. A ball of pink flesh appeared from behind the matching tree, and was rolling towards her. ‘Rolled’ is not exactly the right word. What it was doing was more of an excited bounce. As soon as it saw Emmi, its eyes and mouth opened wide, and it started to bounce higher and higher. Towards Emmi. Each jump made a funny noise, which reminded Emmi of the sound Grandpa made whenever he opened a bottle of wine. *Plop!* *Plop!* *Plop!* *Plop!*

And with one final *plop!*, the pink ball jumped into Emmi’s arms, knocking her over backwards into the wet grass. The brightly-coloured matching sash wrapped itself around them, tying them together as if by magic, and then gently exploded into a cloud of tiny stars. These formed a glittering shower which the breeze scattered in every direction.

The invisible bond between Emmi and her matching had been tied. From now on, they belonged to each other. Forever.

A horrified Emmi lay on her back, staring up at the roly-poly pink creature that was sitting on her chest.

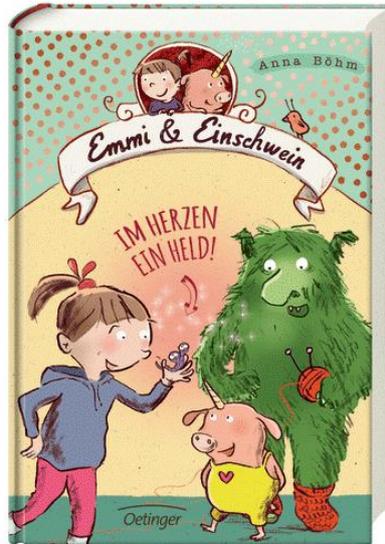
“Hi there! It’s me! Your matching!” the creature exclaimed.

“Aaaargh!” screamed Emmi. “Mum! Dad! Help! It’s a blubberblob!”

“A blubberblob?” asked the little creature, looking around. “Where? I can’t see any blubberblobs.”

“You!” shrieked Emmi. “You’re the blubberblob!”

But it wasn’t a blubberblob at all. And it wasn’t a unicorn either – definitely not. It was a small, fat and very sweet pink pig. It had a round snout and a curly tail and floppy little ears. But that was not all. Right in the middle of its forehead, the pig had a truly magnificent horn. It was made of gold and was twisted in a spiral, just like the horn of a unicorn.



Anna Böhm (Author), Susanne Göhlich (Illustrator)

## **Emmi & Einschwein 2: Im Herzen ein Held!**

### ***Emmi & Unipig 2: A Hero at Heart!***

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### ***Heroes sometimes emerge from the most unlikely places!***

The two magical creatures of Emmi's bossy schoolmate, Antonia, and the grumpy Mr Bockel were accidentally switched, and now everyone is miserable. Which is why Unipig and Emmi volunteer to reverse the unfortunate exchange. Easier said than done! For Antonia to reclaim her beloved matchling, Mr Bockel must agree to take back his own magical creature, the dreaded spitworm. Which is how Unipig and Emmi discover the Bockel family's long-kept secret ... and the spitworm reveals some unexpected abilities.

## CHAPTER ONE – A slippery wobbly chapter

Emmi was wearing a white apron and feeling very nervous. Hopefully, everything would go exactly as planned! At least this one time.

Unipig stood beside her. Like always, the little unicorn pig was wearing his favourite yellow overalls, and Emmi had carefully placed a white chef's hat on his head. She had also prepared the dining table with a lovely white tablecloth and the family's best china.

Sitting eagerly at the table were the three guests: Freddie, Maddie, and Moritz. Freddie and Moritz had put on colourful ties they had taken from Dad's tie drawer, and Maddie was wearing one of Mum's big sun hats.

"A very warm welcome to The Enchanted Restaurant," Emmi said proudly.

"The most marvellous restaurant in the world," Unipig added. "Where you can eat anything you wish for!" The little pig's magical specialty was culinary magic, which actually didn't mean anything more impressive than that he could conjure up food with his golden horn.

For several days now, Emmi and Unipig had been preparing for the launch of The Enchanted Restaurant. Admittedly, their preparation hadn't always worked out. Actually, never. Because of this, Emmi had made a point of stressing to Unipig that today, he needed to try even harder than usual. And Unipig had become very fidgety as a result.

Hungrily, Freddie banged on the table with his knife and fork. Moritz rocked excitedly backwards and forwards in his in his chair, almost knocking over a vase of flowers in the process.

The kids had the apartment to themselves. It was Monday afternoon and they had run straight home from school, because Dad and his dragon were playing fable football with the local Pixietown team. Henk, the dragon, belonged to the famous race of blue dragons, which are the biggest dragons in existence. This made him a the best goalkeeper in the league, but sometimes, in his eagerness, he would occasionally scorch the ball with his fiery breath.

Mum wasn't there either. She worked as a policewoman, and often came home late on Mondays. Her matchling, Pieps, a double antenna flowersparrow, could see through walls, which was a useful skill in the police department. Pieps also scattered colourful flowers while he flew, but he could rarely use this skill with the police.

"I'm hungry," Maddie said. Which was true. Her stomach was rumbling. She was fourteen and always hungry, even immediately after she had eaten. Her magical creature, the musical wildcat, Mexi, was lounging on the couch and playing guitar.

"The youngest gets to order first!" said Unipig, looking over at Freddie.

"Semolina pudding!" cried little Freddie.

He was the only member of the Brix family who wasn't old enough to have a matchling of his own. Instead, he carried around a plush toy gnome he called Fipps. "Fipps wants semolina as well! With lots of sugar!"

"Semolina pudding, coming right up," Unipig smiled, winking at Emmi.

"Concentrate!" Emmi ordered.

"I am. You see Emmikins? I'm concentrating really hard." The pig was still smiling.

"Well, maybe you should shut your eyes," Emmi suggested. "This might help you concentrate even better."

"Great idea!" Unipig said. He closed his eyes. And opened one eye again.

"What kind of pudding?" he asked.

"Semolina!" laughed Freddie.

Unipig's golden horn began to glow. It became very quiet at the table. Everyone was staring at Freddie's empty plate. Emmi kept her fingers crossed behind her back.

Semolina pudding — yes, that's what Unipig really conjured up, and on top of the pudding,

there was even a raspberry. However, the pudding was not in Freddie's plate, but on his head. Freddie giggled with delight and started to spoon the pudding off his head, but Maddie grabbed him by the shoulders and carried him into the bathroom. Emma could hear her little brother protesting as his sister held him under the shower.

Unipig looked very pleased with himself. "Semolina pudding," he said.

"But not on Freddie's *head*," Emmi sighed. "On his *plate*."

"Emmikins, I can't remember so many things. Semolina. Freddie. Plate. That's all rather tricky."

"That's three things," Emmi said.

"You're right," Unipig admitted. "Now it's Moritz's turn!" he said brightly.

Moritz and Emmi were in the same class, and had recently become friends. They had both eaten the usual overcooked pasta in the school cafeteria for lunch, and now Moritz was looking forward to having something really tasty to eat. He had made his wish for a plate of perfectly-cooked French fries.

"Ketchup or mayo?" Unipig asked.

"Ketchup," Moritz replied.

"This time, you really have to focus," Emmi said. "Close your eyes and only think about the fries. On Moritz's plate."

Unipig nodded and closed his eyes. His horn lit up. And immediately, a pile of perfectly-cooked French fries appeared on Moritz's plate.

Moritz clapped his hands delightedly. Mexi stopped playing and wandered over from the couch. More fries were appearing on Moritz's plate. The pile quickly became bigger. It grew and grew. Then a mountain of fries covered the entire table, and ketchup was splattering down on the tablecloth.

"You can stop! You can stop now!" Emmi cried urgently.

But Unipig wasn't listening. His eyes were closed and he was focussing with all his might.

The mountain of fries kept growing until they were falling from every side of the table. Freddie ran into the room with his wet hair, threw himself enthusiastically on the ground, and let himself be rained upon by French fries and ketchup. Maddie, annoyed and still hungry, picked up her little brother and carried him back into the bathroom. Emmi could hear Freddie protesting as he was held under the shower a second time.

Meanwhile, Moritz and Emmi shook Unipig by the shoulders until the little pig opened his eyes and his golden horn stopped glowing.

"That was some pretty impressive focussing," Unipig said. "Even if do I say so myself."

Emmi tried to hide her frustration. This was not what she had wanted for the grand opening of The Enchanted Restaurant. Deep down, she was annoyed with her magical pig, but she didn't show it, because he had a good heart and she could see that he was very proud of himself.

Instead, she picked up a broom and swept the fries behind the couch. When dad and Henk came home from football, she would show Henk the fries, and Henk would be very happy because he was a big dragon with a hearty appetite. One thing was very clear. If she and Unipig were going to do anything that involved culinary magic in the future, Unipig would need to do a lot more practice.

Maddie returned from the bathroom and sat sullenly at the table. She announced that it was her turn, and she was hungry, and that Unipig should conjure up some decent food, without mistakes, immediately.

"Any requests?" Unipig asked.

"Nope. All I care about is that there is lots, and that it's yummy."

"And healthy," Mexi added.

Maddie shrugged her shoulders. "Fine. A lot. Yummy. And healthy."

"Ha!" Unipig said triumphantly. "I can do that, easy as pie!"

Emmi had her doubts. "What are you planning?" she asked.

But Unipig indicated that she should be quiet.

"Please sit down. I must concentrate." He made a little bow and straightened his chef's hat.

Everyone sat down at the table once again.

Unipig horn was glowing.

*Bam!* An enormous cube of rainbow-coloured jelly appeared on the table. It seemed very wobbly. And very slippery.

Unipig was pleased with himself. "Here you go, Maddie," he said. "Just for you. The marvellous Slippery-Wobbly, a delicious and healthy jelly I have invented just for you, my friends. You're welcome."

The kids looked up in amazement at the huge cube of jelly Unipig had called the Slippery-Wobbly. A loud plopping noise interrupted their stunned silence. The jelly had started to fall off the table in huge quivering chunks. Very quickly, the shape was no longer a cube, but rather a slowly-dissolving blob that completely covered the table and was oozing on the floor.

"You can eat it and drink it," Unipig continued. "It is delicious." To demonstrate, he slurped a bit of the Slippery-Wobbly that had fallen on the floor.

Freddie was spooning the jelly into his mouth. "This is really yummy!" he declared. "The colours taste different! Red must be strawberry, yellow is banana, or maybe mango!" He reached for his plate and shovelled it full with his spoon.

Just as Unipig was about to demonstrate that you could slide across the room in the very slippery Slippery-Wobbly, the doorbell rang. Emmi actually jumped in fright. One could justifiably say that this was not the best time to have a visitor.

"Get the jelly off the table," Maddie ordered.

Emmi and Moritz tried to grab the wobbly jelly with their hands, but they couldn't get a proper grip. In a panic, Emmi took two corners of the tablecloth and held them up, indicating that Moritz should do the same. Together, they managed to trap the jelly in the tablecloth, and started to carry it to the bathroom.

Unipig saw what they were doing, and ran over to help.

Emmi tripped over Unipig, and accidentally let her end of the tablecloth go. Slippery wobbly Slippery-Wobbly everywhere! On the floor. On the pig. On Emmi. On the ketchup-covered fries behind the couch. Maddie groaned in frustration and went to get the mop.

"Dinner with the Brix family is always a pleasure," Mexi said cheekily. With Maddie's phone, she took a selfie with her embarrassing family in the background.

Emmi licked her hand. Freddie was right. The colourful jelly tasted yummy.

The doorbell rang a second time.

"Don't open the door! We can't have any visitors!" Maddie exclaimed.

But Freddie had already run into the hallway and thrown the front door open. "We can't have any visitors!" he repeated. "You're not invited in!"

Emmi heard a familiar girl's voice in the hallway, saying she totally didn't care whether she was invited in or not.

"We're having Slippery Wobbly for dinner," Freddie tried to explain. "It's a bit of a mess."

"I totally don't care what you're having for dinner. I'm coming in to see Emmi!"

Around the corner marched Antonia, one of the popular girls from Emmi and Moritz's class. She was blonde, pretty and well-dressed as always, which made Emmi feel silly in her jelly-covered apron. She looked over at Unipig, whose impressive chef's hat was also dripping with jelly, and had a strong feeling that this visit wasn't going to end well.

"Emmi, you listen to me," hissed Antonia, as she stormed into the room.

“Careful,” Moritz advised.

“Don’t you ‘careful’ me!” Antonia snapped. She marched towards Emmi—

—And slipped in the Slippery-Wobbly, squeaking like a yellow toy duck as she slid across the room.

## **CHAPTER TWO – A chapter with just a hint of blackmail**

Moritz and Emmi ran to Antonia and tried to help her up. But, as Unipig had demonstrated, the Slippery-Wobbly was marvellously slippery. It took quite a while to get Antonia back on her feet, by which time all the kids were covered in jelly.

Pausing only to glare at Unipig, and then at Emmi, and then at Unipig again, Maddie filled a bowl with Slippery-Wobbly and quietly left the room.

Freddie took a second helping to the front of the telly and switched it on in time for his favourite show, ‘Little Dragon Ricky.’

Emmi would have liked to have joined him. Little Dragon Ricky was very cute, and always had the funniest adventures. But she had just been paid a visit by Antonia. If ‘visit’ was the right word.

With a fierce face, Antonia reached into her pocket and placed a little toy pram on the dining table. “Enough!” she said, and pointed at the pram.

Emmi looked inside. Beneath the embroidered lace sheet lay a double-headed spitworm. Both heads were festooned with tiny little pink ribbons, which didn’t make either of them look prettier at all. All in all, it was a pitiful sight, the way the worm heads were glaring out of the pram.

“Spuckizucki!” Moritz exclaimed. “How are you?”

“That’s very cute with the little ribbons,” Emmi said. Which was a total lie.

Antonia looked at her in amazement. “Cute? Do you have no taste? Or what?”

Unipig curiously climbed up on the table, squeezing himself between the three kids, and looked into the doll’s pram. “Right. That does look silly,” he said. “Take off the ribbons, Spuckizucki.”

“The ribbons stay on!” Antonia insisted. “Otherwise, the worm will look even worse.” Furiously, she picked up the pram and thrust it in front of Emmi’s face. “You have to change things back to the way they were!”

“I don’t have to do anything!” said Emmi, her cheeks flushing with anger.

Unipig grabbed her by the elbow. “Emmikins! There’s no need to raise your voice.”

“Yes there is! Don’t you remember what happened in the Dragon Hall?”

Unipig thought for a moment. “Nope. I don’t,” he said.

Emmi did remember, and it didn’t make her happy. She whispered in Unipig’s ear that they went to the Dragon Hall because Antonia had invited them. Unipig opened his eyes wide, and nodded. The invitation had quickly turned out to be a trap. The nasty Mr Bockel had thought that Unipig was a unicorn and wanted to kidnap him, going so far as to lock the little pig in a box and remove the invisible matchling sash that connected him and Emmi. Fortunately, Moritz had been able to help them, and everything had turned out all right at the last minute. From that day onwards, Moritz and Emmi had become friends.

Unipig widened his eyes and nodded at the memory. “Right! And after this, Antonia and Mr Bockel’s matchlings were swapped by accident.”

Emmi nodded. Since the day in the Dragon Hall, the spitworm now belonged to Antonia, while her magical creature, the lovely river maid, Alva, belonged to Mr Bockel.

“I can’t stand this terrible worm!” Antonia wailed.

“We can’t stand you either,” said the left worm-head, Spucki, whom Emmi thought was a bit nicer than the right one.

"Talking is forbidden!" Antonia snapped. "Otherwise you will spit!"

"That seems rather mean," Unipig said.

"Yeah, I think so too! *Mean!*" exclaimed Zucki, the right worm-head. A little lump of spit flew through the air.

"Quiet!" Antonia snapped again. This reminded Emmi of Mr Bockel shouting at the poor spitworm when it had been his matchling.

"I want my pretty Alva back! And you had better make it happen, because this is your fault!" Antonia said accusingly.

Emmi looked at Antonia with outrage.

"But it's not her fault," Moritz pointed out. "If you hadn't invited Mr Bockel to the Dragon Hall, none of this would have happened."

"Oh really?" Antonia stepped carefully across the jelly-covered floor. "And if Emmi hadn't thrown the worm on my head, I still would be with my Alva. Instead of this ... creature!" She pointed at the doll's pram. Both worm heads poked their tongues out. They didn't like Antonia either.

"You can't swap matchlings," Emmi said. "Once they are with you, they are with your forever."

"Bockel did," Antonia said.

"But it took him thirty years to prepare the special magic," Moritz said. "Do you want to wait thirty years?"

"No! I want it changed *now!*" Antonia insisted. "I can't stand this worm for one more day!" She put her hands on her hips. "Isn't your grandad supposed to be this big time matchling expert? Get him to work it out."

'Ah, so that's what she wants,' Emmi thought. Her grandad really was an expert on magical creatures, but Emmi was in no hurry to help Antonia. Not after everything that had happened between them.

Which was why Emmi thrust her hands on her hips the same way as Antonia, and said clearly and loudly that she would not, under any circumstances, never in a million years, help her.

Antonia, who was used to everyone following her orders, stared at Emmi in astonishment. Then she looked down at Unipig's Slippery-Wobbly which, by now, had covered the entire dining room floor. "If you don't, I will tell everyone at school that you eat disgusting wobbly jelly directly off the ground," she threatened.

"We absolutely don't mind," Unipig said cheerfully. He dived off the table, straight into the Slippery-Wobbly, and started to wallow in it.

"Ew! You're such a pig!" Antonia said disgustedly.

"I am!" Unipig said. And went on wallowing. Colourful blobs of Slippery-Wobbly flew through the air.

Antonia crossed her arms. "As long as I have this worm, I won't go to school anymore! So there!" Her face was red. "I will not go one single day more. And then I will have to repeat, and I won't repeat, and then I won't finish school and then I won't be able to find a job and then I will be poor and hungry and homeless, and this will all be your fault."

"Ooh!" Unipig said.

"Do you really want to have this guilt on your shoulders, Emmi Brix?" Antonia asked.

Of course Emmi didn't want Antonia to become poor and hungry and homeless. But she wasn't about to be blackmailed, either. "I'm not going to help you," she said firmly.

Unexpectedly, the spitworm sat up in the little doll pram.

"Please help us!" Spucki spat sadly. "We want to go back to our old master, the grumpy Mumblebockel."

“We miss our grumpy Mumblebockel,” Zucki agreed.

“This is no life for a worm,” Spucki said. With the end of his tail, he pointed at the ribbons wrapped around their two heads.

“Stop spitting! It’s disgusting!” Antonia rudely dabbed at the spitworm’s faces with her handkerchief.

Unipig caught Emmi’s eye and smiled his good-hearted smile. “Now Emmikins,” he said. “It really does seem like this little fellow could use our help.”

Emmi looked at Spuckizucki, and sighed. The poor little spitworm certainly did look quite pitiful with the brightly-coloured ribbons wrapped around its two heads.

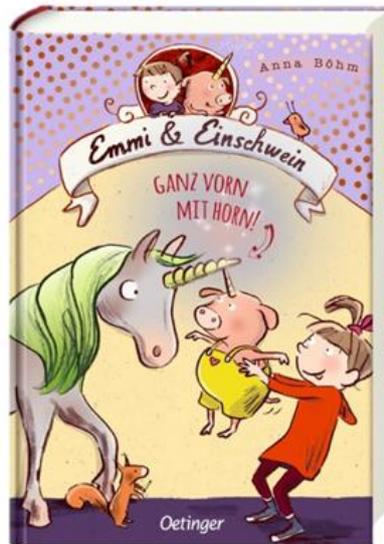
“Very well,” she said. “We will ask Grandpa. But only because of Spuckizucki.”

“Thank you,” spat the spitworm. And smiled a little bit.

“Mmph,” Antonia muttered through gritted teeth.

Maybe this was supposed to sound like ‘thank you.’ But Emmi wasn’t sure.

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## **Emmi & Einschwein 3: Ganz vorn mit Horn!**

### ***Emmi & Unipig 3: Horn to the Fore!***

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#### ***Horn of Fame: Celebrity hype in Pixietown with an actual unicorn***

Unipig has once again behaved unmagically, so Emmi decides that he needs some lessons from a real unicorn on magic horn. But she has no idea how stressful the life of a celebrity unicorn can be. Holly, the only unicorn in Pixietown, is constantly surrounded by fans, and her owner, Henry, a quiet little boy, is finding it all a bit too much. Emmi and Unipig try to help them, but find themselves in deep trouble when a big company tries to force the unicorn to help sell lemonade. There's only one thing for it, Emmi's magical pig will have to help a real unicorn.

*Before ... Emmi and Unipig are in the best mood, because they have prepared a birthday surprise for their headmistress. But after a little incident with the giant that belongs to the school's superintendent, Emmi has a feeling that the surprise may not turn out as well as expected. When they meet two friends from class, they are ready to visit the headmistress in the staff room, but everything unexpectedly turns into a disaster.*

## Chapter 2 – Best not to sneeze in this chapter

Moritz didn't have a matchling of his own yet, because he was only nine years old. And in Pixietown, children received their matchlings on their tenth birthday. Antonia was ten, and her matchling was the tiny river maid Alva, who floated on a small and lovely cloud. On this particular day, Alva and Antonia were wearing glittery ribbons in their matching blonde hair. Alva floated down on her cloud and looked at Unipig. "A Unicorn?! Are you kidding?" She giggled in her sweet voice.

"He doesn't have to look fancy," said Moritz, taking a step forward and preparing to knock on the staff room door. He couldn't wait to show Mrs Walter, the school's headmistress, the birthday surprise they had prepared for her.

"Hello?!" Antonia cried. "Unicorns are supposed to look awesome! Everyone knows that!"

Emmi and Unipig looked at each other. *Oh great!*

Actually, the unicorn birthday surprise had been Emmi's idea. She had told Moritz, and he had wanted to join in. But then Antonia had caught wind of their plan, and had announced that she would be a part of it as well. From that moment, she had started to boss everyone around. Now, she took a pink ballet skirt out of her backpack and pulled it up over Unipig's yellow overalls.

It looked rather silly, Emmi thought. She frowned at Moritz, who was tapping his head with his finger. But Antonia didn't care. She was the unicorn specialist, and as they watched, she produced a white lace tablecloth from her backpack, and draped the tablecloth around the little pig's shoulders. Then she tied a couple of ribbons in the wool-thread wig that Unipig was wearing. She clapped her hands excitedly. "This is *exactly* what a unicorn looks like!" she exclaimed.

Unipig was almost unrecognisable beneath Antonia's decorations. Emmi looked unhappily at her matchling. Everything was so ... unmagical. Then she remembered what the school superintendent had said. "Now Unipig looks like a mop that wants get married," she muttered.

Antonia wasn't listening. "Whatever," she said, dismissing Emmi with a casual wave of her hand. And then she insisted on sprinkling glitter dust everywhere. She removed a big bottle of glitter from her backpack.

Moritz glared at her indignantly. "What do unicorns have to do with glitter?" he asked.

"Hello?!" Antonia said again. "Sprinkling glitter is what they do! Glitter makes everyone happy, and unicorns are all about making people happy!"

Unipig nodded and marvelled at this, and asked Antonia how she came to know so much about unicorns. Antonia reached into her backpack and pulled out the big, pink unicorn book that she carried with her everywhere. "Everything you need to know is in this book," she said.

Moritz thought the book was kitschy. To annoy Antonia, he suggested that they sprinkle magic chip dust instead, as he had a big bag of onion-flavoured potato chips in his backpack.

Emmi didn't want to sprinkle anything. She rather wanted to start with the surprise.

"It has to be glitter!" Antonia insisted. And right then, her river maid, Alva, reached into the bottle and started throwing handfuls of glitter dust over the children's heads.

Unipig wrinkled his snout. "Your glitter is tickling my nose," he sniffed, and looked worriedly at Emmi. "Emmikins, I might have to sneeze!"

*Oh no!*

Emmi quickly explained to Antonia that under no circumstances should Unipig sneeze. The pig's special skill was culinary magic, the ability to conjure up food with his horn. In normal circumstances, this kind of magic was unbelievably useful, but whenever he sneezed, Unipig had no control over whatever he created. During his last sneezing attack, Emmi had been at the supermarket with her older sister, Maddie, and her younger brother, Freddie, buying ingredients for pancakes. But a bag of wheat had accidentally broken, and Unipig had sneezed because of the wheat, and incredibly a lot of pancakes had fallen from the ceiling. The pancakes had landed on the heads of the customers. And everywhere else.

There had been a lot of grown-up trouble because of this.

After the incident in the supermarket, Emmi's family tried very hard to make sure that Unipig never ever sneezed ever again. But even then, it had still happened a few times. And every time, it had ended in disaster. Pancakes. Apple puree. One time, even Unipig's world-famous slippery wobbly jelly. All kinds of things had rained down from above whenever the pig had suffered a sneezing attack.

"And this is why Mrs Walter's surprise has to work without glitter," Emmi explained.

"No glitter, no unicorn," sulked Antonia.

"You can't tell us what to do! I would rather sprinkle magic chip dust!" Moritz said angrily. And to prove his point, he produced the bag of potato chips from his schoolbag. He crushed the bag with his hands until the chips became a crumbly powder, and then he tore the bag open. A strong smell of onions spread throughout the hall.

"Here you go! Magical chip dust!" he said gleefully, throwing a handful of crushed chips in Antonia's direction.

Alva let out a little squeal.

Antonia let out a big squeal.

With the fierce glare of a cowboy with an itchy trigger finger, she quickly reached into her bottle and flung a handful of glitter dust at Moritz. The glitter shimmered and sparkled in the air, and actually looked quite lovely as it floated across the hallway.

"Take that! Unicorn confetti!" cried Moritz, throwing a fine cloud of chip dust at Antonia and Alva. "With the bonus smell of onions!"

Antonia shrieked and threw more glitter at Moritz.

Emmi stood between her squabbling friends. "Stop! Cut it out!" she cried, but no one was listening.

Unipig was covered in glitter. His snout was twitching. He took a couple of shuddering breaths, like he was just about to sneeze. Then his golden horn started to glow.

“No! Unipig! Please don’t!” Emmi pleaded.

Realising what was about to happen, Moritz stopped throwing chip dust. Antonia was at the point of throwing another handful, but managed to stop herself in time.

Everybody stared at the pig. His little face became red and his eyes became wide, and his snout was twitching ... and he was sniffing ... and snuffling ... and trying not to sneeze ...

And right at this very moment, the door of the staff room opened, and the school’s headmistress, Mrs Walter, stepped out into the hallway. She was wearing a lovely floral dress, and, since it was her birthday, appeared to be in an excellent mood.

She smiled at the children. Then she abruptly stopped smiling.

“Ooh! What kind of smell is this?” she asked in astonishment, waving her hand in front of her nose. “Is that ... onions?”

And right at this moment, it happened.

“Achoo!”

Unipig sneezed across the hallway. Once. Twice. Three times. A fine, colourful powder floated down from the ceiling. Like snow on a winter’s day, it gently covered the floor, and the children, and the headmistress. Actually, it looked rather nice.

“What is this?” demanded Mrs Walter.

“This is Unipig’s glitter,” Emmi said in the toneless voice that Mama used whenever she was too tired to yell.

Right now, all the unicorn fans can calm down. Unipig cannot actually conjure up real glitter, and never could. It only looked like glitter. In reality, it was something delicious he had created with his culinary magic.

Moritz poked out his tongue to catch some of the colourful powder floating down from the ceiling. “Yummy! Sherbet!” he cried.

Mrs Walter looked shocked. “Please tell me this is not true,” she said to Emmi.

“It is true,” Emmi said quietly.

Yes, really. It was sherbet, in all known flavours. The smell of raspberry and woodruff filled the hallway.

From inside the staff room, Emmi could hear outraged voices. “Whatever you are doing, stop it now!” This was the voice of Mr Silvermann, the sports teacher. “The books are covered in sugar and the pages are sticking together!”

Emmi peered through the doorway. She could see that sherbet had covered everything in the staff room as well. Mrs Walter threw her arms in the air. “Oh no! The math tests!” she exclaimed. “I still have to correct them!” She glared at Emmi and dashed back inside the staff room.

Unipig looked at Emmi. “That was a lot of glitter, wasn’t it Emmikins?” he said cheerfully.

“Yep.” Emmi agreed. “A lot of glitter.”

***And then ...** After the accident with the sherbet, the headmistress and her sphinx have a stern talk with Emmi and her parents. All the grown-ups are annoyed that Unipig can't control his magic. So Emmi and Unipig decide to find Pixietown's only unicorn, and ask if she will teach Unipig to conjure correctly with his magical horn. They go to the Matchling Park, only to realise that the whole town is waiting to see the unicorn. Excited unicorn fans, a journalist, even a horse who is pretending to be a unicorn are there. Only the unicorn herself seems to be hiding. But Unipig has an idea where the magical creature might be.*

## **Chapter 5 – In this chapter, Unipig asserts himself**

Emmi and Unipig were standing behind the shed, and tried to peep into the little window.

„What makes you think the unicorn might be hiding in here?“ Emmi asked.

Unipig's nostrils flared. “It's very easy. I imagined myself being shy. And thought about what I would do if everyone wanted to watch me while I was eating my ice cream.”

Emmi looked at her pig and tried to imagine him being shy. Until now, this had never happened.

“And then, if I was so shy, where I would go to eat my mirabelle ice cream, especially if I had really been looking forward to eating it. So my idea would be to hide in the shed at the back of Miranda and Mirabella's snack bar. And then I could eat my ice cream in peace and quiet.”

Emmi rolled her eyes. “Well, I can see you doing that. But a unicorn would not,” she said.

At that moment, the little door of the shed was pushed open just a crack, enough for the very tip of a marvellous golden horn to be visible.

“Actually, that was exactly what happened,” said a silvery female voice.

Unipig looked at Emmi and grinned. “You see?” he said.

Emmi's heart was pounding wildly.

Was this really what she thought it was?

Very slowly, as slowly as a snail, or, to be precise, as slow as a particularly slow snail, she peered around the door and looked into the shadows of the shed. The horn belonged to a big white horse-like head that emerged from the shadows. Emmi saw a thick, curly mane. And two big green eyes that were focussed on her. Immediately, she had a feeling in her heart that everything was going to be fine.

Problems? Nothing she couldn't handle! Trouble in school? Certainly not! Argument with Mrs Walter? Sherbet in the staff room? Not a big deal. It was a lovely summer day in the park. Emmi would have loved to stare longer into those big green eyes, but then she looked deeper into the shadows and two dark brown eyes appeared. They were smaller. And fiercer.

“What do you want?” It was the voice of a boy. “My unicorn isn’t giving autographs. It doesn’t take selfies. And it doesn’t throw glitter dust around.”

“We would like to help you!” said Unipig.

Emmi looked at her pig. It was very unlikely that a unicorn would ever need their help. In fact, it was the other way around. She and her pig needed the help of a unicorn.

The boy seemed to consider this. “Well, fine,” he said. “But you had better not tell anyone that we’re in here.”

“No, of course not!” Emmi said quickly.

The boy pushed the door open with his foot. Unipig took Emmi’s hand, and they stepped into the shed.

And there, sitting on the floor, in the middle of the shelves stacked with food for the snack bar ... was a unicorn.

She was licking a mirabelle ice cream on the stick the boy was holding beneath her mouth.

Emmi was amazed at how big the unicorn was. It almost filled the entire shed. The boy was sitting in the space between the magical creature’s legs and belly, and to be honest, both the matchling and her human had yellow moustaches around their mouths from licking mirabelle ice cream.

The little pig stood in front of the unicorn and stared up at her. The unicorn stared back.

“Your horn is much longer than mine,” Unipig observed.

“Well, I’m much bigger than you,” the unicorn pointed out.

“Good point.” Unipig agreed. “That makes perfect sense.”

Shyly, Emmi looked up at the unicorn. She could hardly believe what was happening right now. She was standing in a cramped shed with Unipig, a strange boy, and Pixietown’s one and only unicorn. And her pig was chattering away with the unicorn as though they were old friends.

Miranda, the shop’s owner, poked her curly head through the little door that led to the snack bar. “How was the ice cream? Was it yummy?” she asked. Obviously she was aware that a unicorn and a boy were hiding in her storeroom.

“Very yummy, thanks,” said the boy.

“Would you like an ice cream as well?” Miranda asked Emmi and Unipig.

Unipig nodded excitedly. Emmi shook her head politely. Still, Miranda presented them both with ice creams.

Emmi licked hers. It was as delicious as usual. She dared to take another step closer to the unicorn. She smelled like horse. And like forest. And like mirabelle ice cream.

“I’ve never seen a creature who has a golden horn like me,” the unicorn said to Unipig. “What are you?”

“I’m a unipig! Very nice to meet you!” said Unipig. “And what are you?”

Emmi didn't think that unicorns were capable of frowning. They are. They furrow their bushy brows directly beneath their golden horn. So now the big majestic white unicorn was frowning.

"You don't know what I am?" She said disbelievingly.

Quickly, Emmi moved between them. "Both of us know! Absolutely!" she said.

Unipig giggled. "Everybody knows. I was just making a joke with you."

The unicorn stared at Emmi's matchling in astonishment. "With me? A joke? Nobody has dared to make a joke with me before."

Emmi blushed with embarrassment. They had managed to have an audience with an actual unicorn, and Unipig had nothing better to do than tease her.

"Why are you hiding here?" she asked hurriedly.

With her lovely silvery voice, the unicorn explained that she and her human only wanted an ice cream. mirabelle ice cream, to be precise, because this was the best ice cream in the world. But then ...

At this point, the boy interrupted. As though the unicorn was just a normal matchling that could be interrupted mid-sentence. Amazingly, the unicorn stopped speaking. And didn't seem to mind.

"But then suddenly this huge crowd turned up," the boy said. His voice was not silvery or lovely, but a bit rough. Almost a bit sharp, Emmi thought.

The unicorn nodded gently. "After this, it happened exactly as your pig said. When a lot of people start to stare at me, I become a bit shy," she explained. "But I really wanted to have my mirabelle ice cream, because I had been looking forward to having it all week. And for these two reasons, we ended up hiding here."

"Unicorns love peace and quiet. And they tend to hide when things become too noisy and loud," the boy explained. "But people don't understand this. Is it still crowded outside?"

"Yes," Emmi nodded.

The unicorn sighed and looked at the boy. "What shall we do?" she asked.

"You could conjure up the idea that everyone is really hungry and needs to go home," Unipig suggested.

The unicorn looked at him in astonishment. "That's not something I can do," she said.

"Well, perhaps you conjure up enormous hats that slide over their faces, so they can't see you!" Unipig said.

But the unicorn couldn't do this either.

Unipig was a little bit surprised. "But surely you can conjure up something?" he asked.

"Of course. What I can conjure up is ...

The boy interrupted again. "They don't need to know this," he said sharply.

The little pig patted the unicorn's shoulder. "Don't worry about a thing, my friend. We'll help you! I can do some really great conjuring. Right, Emmikins?"

To Emmi's astonishment, the unicorn smiled and nodded, and said that she and the boy would really appreciate Unipig's help.

Unipig beamed up at the unicorn like a ... well, like a very happy unipig. "I will use my magic to distract the crowd," he said. "And when the crowd is distracted, you can run away quickly. How about that?"

"That sounds like a very good idea," said the boy. "How about we meet in a few minutes behind the statue of Edda Giant-Hair?"

Emmi knew where the statue was. It stood beside the rose garden near the park entrance. "Okay," she said, and nodded at the boy. The boy nodded back without a smile.

With a sudden, elegant movement, the unicorn stood up. For the first time, Emmi realised exactly how big and majestic this magical creature was. By comparison, Unipig looked like a little pink mouse with a golden horn.

The unicorn bowed. "Thank you very much for your help," she said in her silvery voice.

"We hornlings must stick together," Unipig smiled.

*What? Hornling?* Emmi stared at Unipig, but he was already striding purposefully towards the door of the shed. She followed, really hoping her matchling had a plan.