

¡Arre, unicornio!

(Giddy-up, Unicorn!)

By Dani Gómez

Unicorns were everywhere—unicorn slippers, unicorn dolls, unicorn drawings, unicorn stuffies. Emma loved unicorns.

Emma's bedroom walls were full of unicorn posters, but she always found space to add one more.

Every night before bed, Emma asked her dad to read her a story about unicorns.

And for Halloween Emma and her father dressed up as penguins . . . just kidding! They went as unicorns.

—Giddy up, unicorn!

Since all of Emma's friends knew how much she loved unicorns, her collection grew bigger with every birthday.

But each year, Emma got older and her interests changed.

Now she read books about teenage vampires.

Her walls were covered with posters of singers.

And she spent her time on the computer, rather than playing with her dolls and stuffies.

More birthdays went by. Soon Emma was old enough to leave home and start her own family.

The box where her father kept all the unicorns ended up at the top of a closet, next to the Christmas tree and a single skate.

It was lucky that Emma's father kept everything. Because Emma had a daughter, Elna. And Elna also liked unicorns.

When Elna visited her grandpa, they played with her mother's old toys.

—Giddy up, unicorn!

“Grandpa, can I take this unicorn home?”
Elna asked one afternoon.

“Of course, sweetie! You can take the whole box if you want.”

The following morning, for the first time in a long time, there wasn't a single unicorn in the house. Well . . . except oNe.

—Giddy up, unicorn!

**English translation from the USA publisher (Charlesbridge).*