

THE UNICORN HUNT

Here is a poem about following some magical footprints.

HUNTING THE UNICORN



Down in the forest where the stinkwort grows,
Rosalind the Elf is holding her nose.
She's following footprints left in the snow
That glimmer and shimmer with a silver glow.

They wind round trees and pass through stone,
Taking the elf to a place unknown.
Here, buttercups melt and dragonflies sing,
And toadstools laugh at the silliest thing.

This is no place for you and me,
With its spells and magic and dark mystery.
But the elf seeks to touch the golden horn
Of the fabulous beast called the unicorn.

She tracks and searches for a year and a day
Till all trace of the creature fades right away.
But Rosalind turns when the evergreens stir
To find the unicorn following her.

1. What is the name of the plant that makes Rosalind hold her nose?

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2. What do you notice about the words **glimmer** and **shimmer**?

3. Look at verse 1. What is magical about the footprints?

4. Look at verse 2. What else is strange about the footprints?

5. Write down **two** of the things in verse 2 that can't really happen.

6. Why is Rosalind the Elf trying to find the unicorn?

7. Something happens to Rosalind at the end that she doesn't expect.
What is it?
