

Lenny was crying now, but he felt safe. The garden was completely quiet. The rosebush was frozen in the moonlight. Underneath, in its dense shadow, something glowed softly. It moved gently.

Lenny wasn't frightened. He went towards it. And at that moment he saw the unicorn.

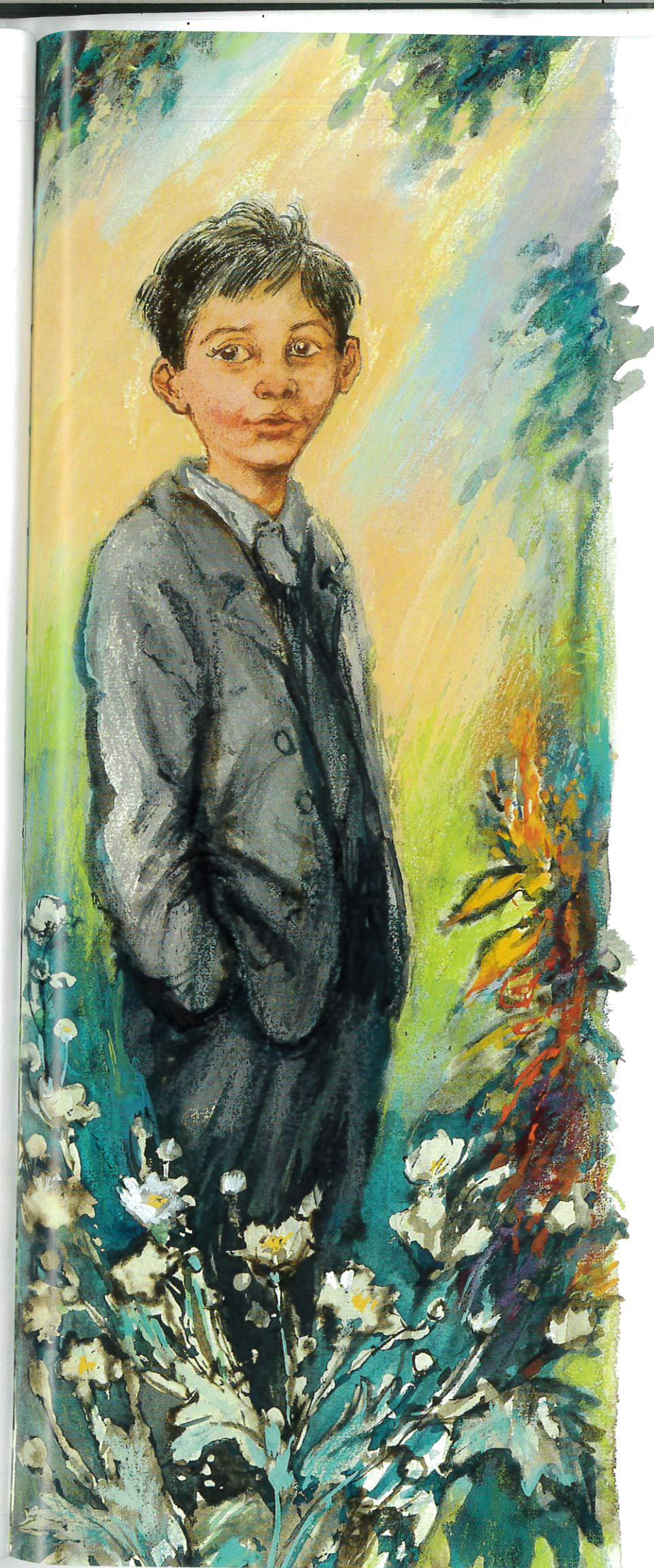
It was alive, glimmering under the rosebush, sitting on its haunches with its one spiralling horn and its long, white, silky mane. It turned its beautiful neck and looked at him.

Lenny knelt down. He laid his head between its hooves with his face in the grass. He was very tired. Almost at once he fell, as though from a great height, into a deep sleep.



He woke with the sun hot on his neck. It was morning and the unicorn had gone. The statue was in its usual place, watching over the garden.

Lenny got up and looked around. He knew that something had changed inside him. It seemed now that it was his own night fears which had been chasing him. He went out of the garden, closing the door softly behind him, and began to walk back to the house.



The lion and the unicorn were back inside Lenny's head; and on his badge. But one important thing was real, and that was what the unicorn stood for.

'Different kinds of courage,' Mick had said. Now, after last night, Lenny thought he really knew what that meant. Perhaps with his new unicorn courage, he would try to stick things out for a bit and see if they got better. Anyway, he didn't seem to care much what Joyce and the rest of them said or did any more. They were only a load of mean, mangy old cats after all.



Lenny came to where the garden met the back drive. As he turned the bend he saw a figure coming towards the house from the opposite direction. A smallish person in a brown coat. A familiar walk. There was a good distance between them. Lenny quickened his pace. Then he broke into a run. Now, as he got closer, the outline of that person was blurred with tears.



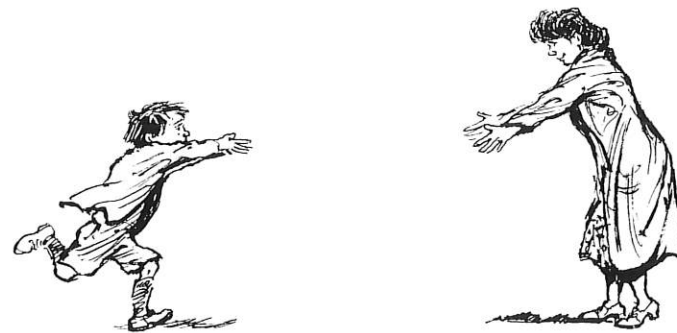
Lenny tore the last few yards. 'Mum – oh Mum!' he shouted. And he threw himself into her arms.

'Didn't you get my letter?' said Mum after a while. 'Bombed out. A direct hit – the whole house gone. Lucky I was working at the canteen that night.'

'I never got no letter,' sobbed Lenny.

'The letterbox must have got it,' said Mum.

'I was running away.' Lenny tried to tell her. 'But then . . .'. His voice choked. It was too difficult to explain.



‘Lucky you didn’t,’ said Mum, ‘or we might have missed each other. You’re a brave boy, Lenny, a proper hero you are. After you left it seemed like even bombs would have been better than us being separated. But now I’ve come to take you away. We’re going to your Auntie Rachel’s in Wales. It’s by the sea, Lenny. And guess what – your dad’s coming home on leave! We’d better go and tell them.’

Lenny felt in his pocket to check that his badge was safe. So he, Lenny Levi, was brave after all. He knew that didn’t mean he would never be scared again. But at that moment he felt he could face anything.

Jaunty now, and hand in hand with Mum, he walked towards the house.



