

**This heart-warming evacuee story from classic creator Shirley Hughes is a timeless tale of friendship, bravery and a little bit of magic.**

When Lenny's father goes to fight in the Second World War, he gives his son a brass badge with two animals engraved on it: a lion for bravery and a unicorn for courage.

Then Lenny is evacuated from his home in London to the country. Staying in a strange new place, Lenny must gather all his lion bravery and all his unicorn courage, discovering that magic can happen even in the most desperate of times.

**This special edition includes stories from real-life evacuees, taken from the Imperial War Museums.**

*'Shirley Hughes is a national treasure'*

*Philip Pullman*



# THE Lion AND THE Unicorn



*Shirley Hughes*

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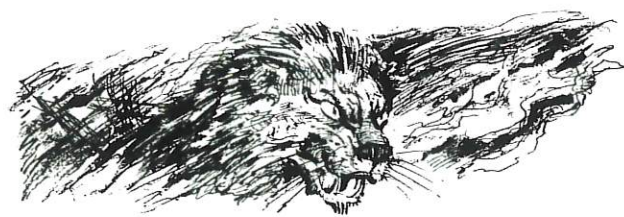


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THE LION AND THE UNICORN

SHIRLEY HUGHES





'London's burning,  
London's burning!  
Fetch the engines,  
fetch the engines!  
Fire, fire! Fire, fire!  
Pour on water,  
pour on water!'

Every evening, soon after dark, the warning sirens wailed. Then came the awful droning of enemy aircraft overhead, and firebombs and explosives whined and whistled out of the sky.



Lenny Levi and his mum huddled together under the stairs. Lenny clutched the badge that his dad had given him before he went away. It was made of solid brass; a lion and a unicorn up on their hind legs, fighting each other. Lenny kept it in his pocket always where he could feel it.

Dad was fighting too. He was in the army far away while Lenny and Mum clung to one another and longed for daylight.

A unicorn was a mythical beast, Dad had told him. A mysterious, gentle creature. But lions were real, all right.



Lions stood for being brave. Everybody had to be brave in wartime, not only soldiers but other people too. Children even. 'Be a brave boy, Lenny,' Dad had told him when they said goodbye.

Sometimes they got letters from Dad. They came in batches, two or three at a time. Those were the best days. Mum read bits out to Lenny while he was having his tea. Dad always put in a drawing for him. Sometimes it was a funny picture like the one of Sergéant. Once he did a beautiful picture of a unicorn with flowers around its neck.



One night the bangs shook the house so badly that they thought the roof would fall in. 'We should have gone to the shelter,' muttered Mum.

Next morning, when they went out, the Robinsons' house wasn't there any more. Their things were lying all over the street amongst the rubble and broken glass. The neighbours said that the Robinsons had gone to the Rest Centre in the night, wearing blankets.

'That's it!' said Mum. 'We've got to get you out of here, Lenny.'

