

A Serendipity Book



Morgan Mine

written by
Stephen Cosgrove

illustrated by
Robin James

THE MORAL OF THIS STORY IS:

To have a friend,
you must be a friend.

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PRICE STERN SLOAN

The Serendipity™ Series was created by Stephen Cosgrove.

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Dedicated to Laurie Plenge, whose mother told
her, "In order to have a friend you must be a
friend," to which Laurie replied, "Then, does
that mean that in order to have a gerbil,
you must be a gerbil?"

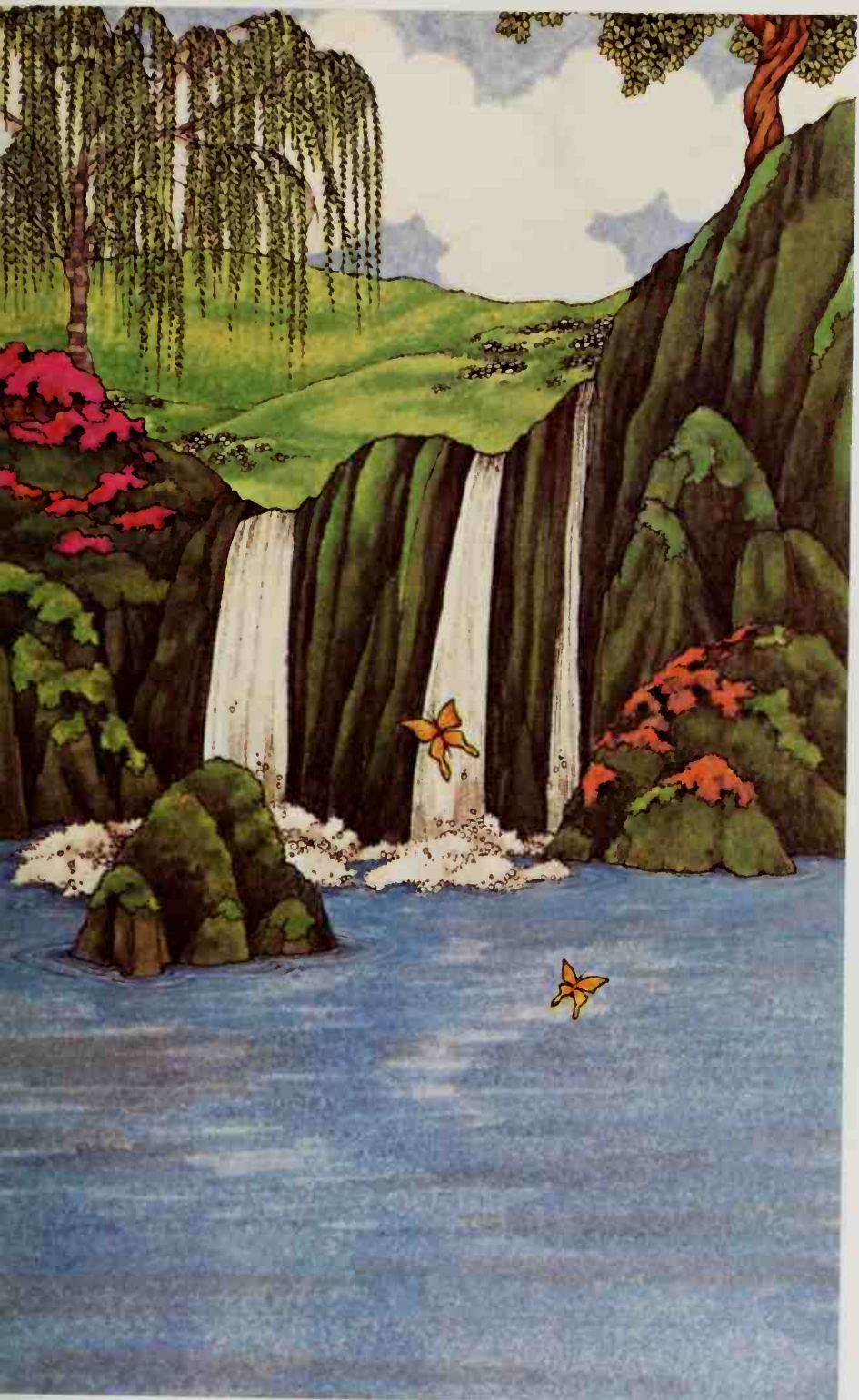
Laurie is still my favorite gerbil.
What a mind then. What a mind now!

—Stephen



beyond the horizon, farther than far, in the middle of the Crystal Sea, is a beautiful island called Serendipity. On the northern slope of the island, where gentle rolling hills turn to mountain splendor, was a small, wonderful kingdom called the Land of Later.

The Land of Later was a kingdom filled with a variety of wonders and beauty beyond belief. It was here that you could find fluttering butterflies flying above the frothy waters of Waterfall Pool. It was here that you would find Riddle-Rope Trees and clumps of flowers called Fiddle-Dee-Dees.



Above the falls, in the middle of the Land of Later was the castle of a baker, who was also the king. Long ago and in another story, the moat was filled with water and beneath the drawbridge lived a monstrous dragon. But this is not a story about dragons or kings who were also bakers.

Now the moat was filled with ferns and flowers and the castle was at peace with all that surrounded it.



The daughter of the baker, who was also the king, was named Princess Robin Irene but everyone called her Princess. She was as pretty as pretty could be, but had little to do on the Island of Serendipity.

Most of her days were spent sitting in the window of the castle moping and sighing, "Oh, poof! Oh, piffle! There's nothing to do and no one to do it with. I wish I had a friend."



When she did find something to do it usually wasn't a good thing to do.

Once, against the wishes of her father, she climbed the old oak tree chasing the butterflies that fluttered in the limbs and branches. She had almost caught one when it lifted it's wings and simply flew away.

"Oh, poof! Oh, piffle!" she said as she stomped her foot in anger.

Now stomping your foot in anger is not a good thing to do when you are standing on a slippery branch, high in a tree.

She would have tumbled all the way to the ground, save for her dress catching on a lower limb.

Her father, the baker and king, helped her down. "Whatever were you doing?" he asked.

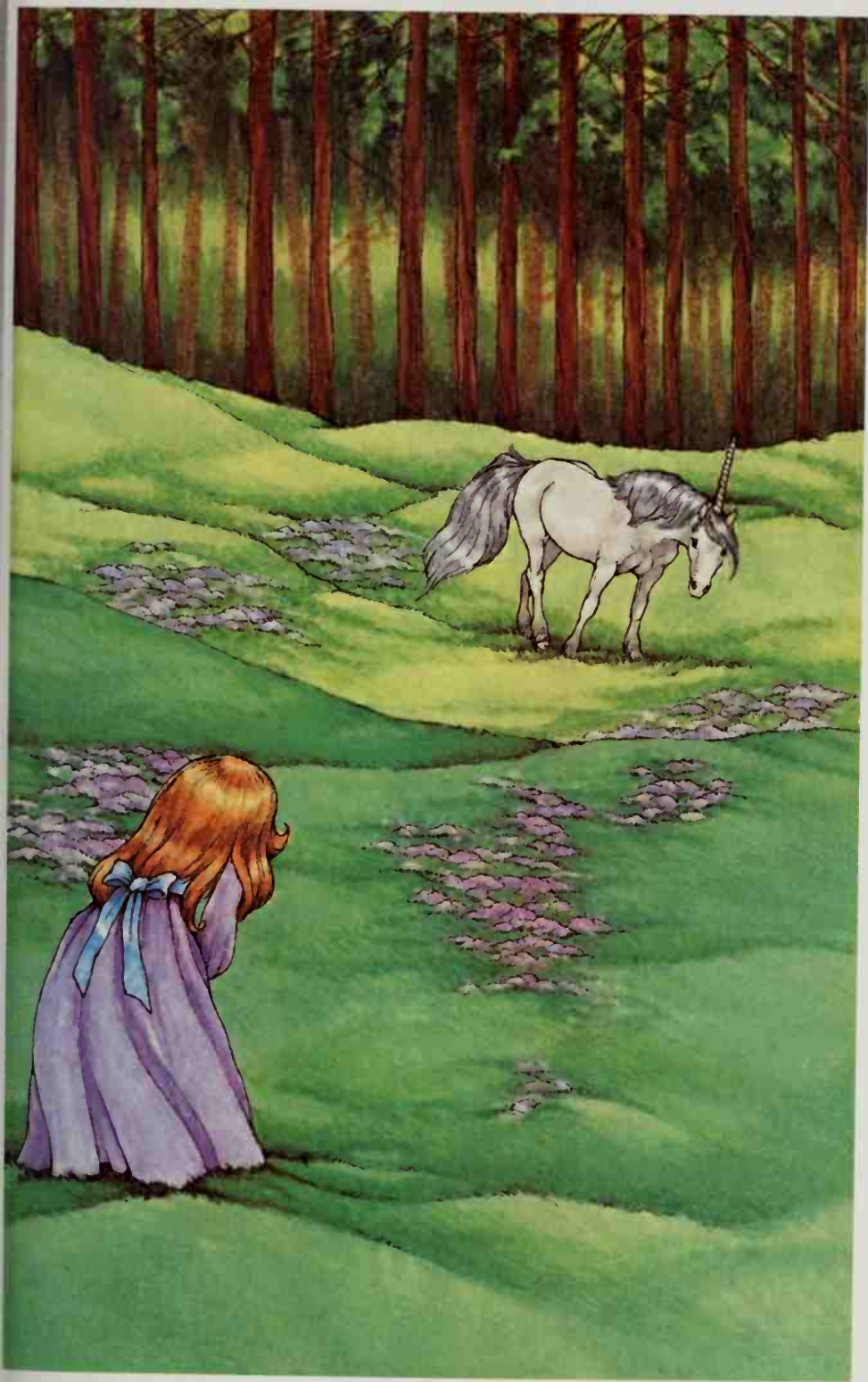
"I was trying to make the butterfly my friend, but it flew away."

"Well," said her father, "to have a friend, you must be a friend."



The next day as she chased yet another butterfly through the forest she came upon a unicorn in the middle of Morning Meadow. Now this was no run-of-the-mill unicorn. This was a unicorn that Princess knew well. His name was Morgan and she had an adventure with him before.

“Maybe,” she thought as she watched him from afar, “Morgan will be my friend. But, I must catch him first!”



Now, catching a unicorn is not an easy task. They are fun-loving creatures that really don't want to be caught. Unicorns would much rather chase a butterfly or kick at the sun.

Princess followed Morgan for days and days watching his every move and soon she devised a marvelous plan, a marvelous plan indeed.

This plan would surely capture the unicorn and then Morgan would have to be her friend.



. . . he ran away!

“Oh, poof! Oh, piffle!” grumbled Princess as she watched him gallop to the other end of the meadow. “I will never have a friend.”

It was as she sat there, tears streaming down her cheeks, that she remembered the words of her father, the baker, who was also the king, “In order to have a friend you must be a friend.”

Even Princess had to admit that trapping a friend would make no lasting friendship. There must be another way.



"I truly want Morgan for a friend, but what can I do to be a friend?"

She thought and thought and finally came up with a wonderful idea.

"If Morgan was my friend already, I would bring him armloads of sweet purple clover. In order to have him as a friend I will be his friend."

With that she picked all the lush, purple clover she could find. She carried it to a safe, open place on the meadow and stacked it on the ground.



She quietly waited and soon enough, Morgan came to her gift in the meadow.

As he leaned down to grab a mouthful of the sweet tasty clover, Princess thought maybe she should get a rope or vine to tie him up. But again she heard the words of her father, "To have a friend, you must be a friend."

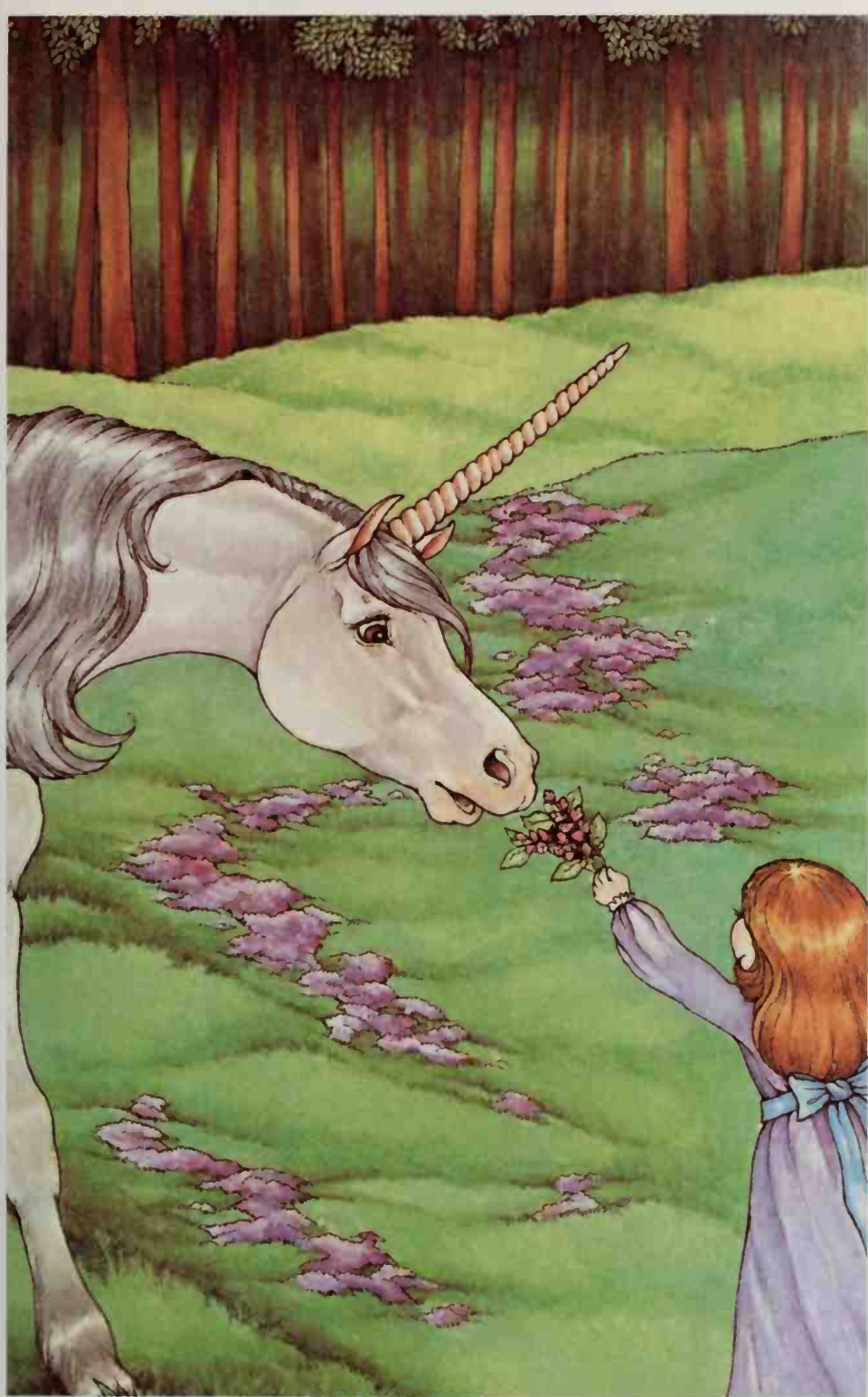
"I can't capture a friend. That's not right. If Morgan was my friend, I would never tie him up," she whispered to herself. "So poof and piffle aside, I will just have to be a friend and wait for Morgan to come to me."



Day after day she brought clover to the meadow and every day Morgan came.

One very special day, she held a clump of clover in her hand and slowly reached out as far as she could, offering her gift as a friend would offer a gift.

Morgan was a bit skitterish, but Princess had brought him clover every day. He stretched his neck and she stretched her arm and the gift was given and taken.



Trusting now, Morgan waited every day as Princess brought him clover and sweet honeysuckle vine. As she fed him, Princess told him of all her likes and dislikes, just as she would tell her best friend.

And like all friends do, Morgan listened to all that she had to say as he nibbled on clover, honeysuckle and hay.

Friendship given has never been so sweet.

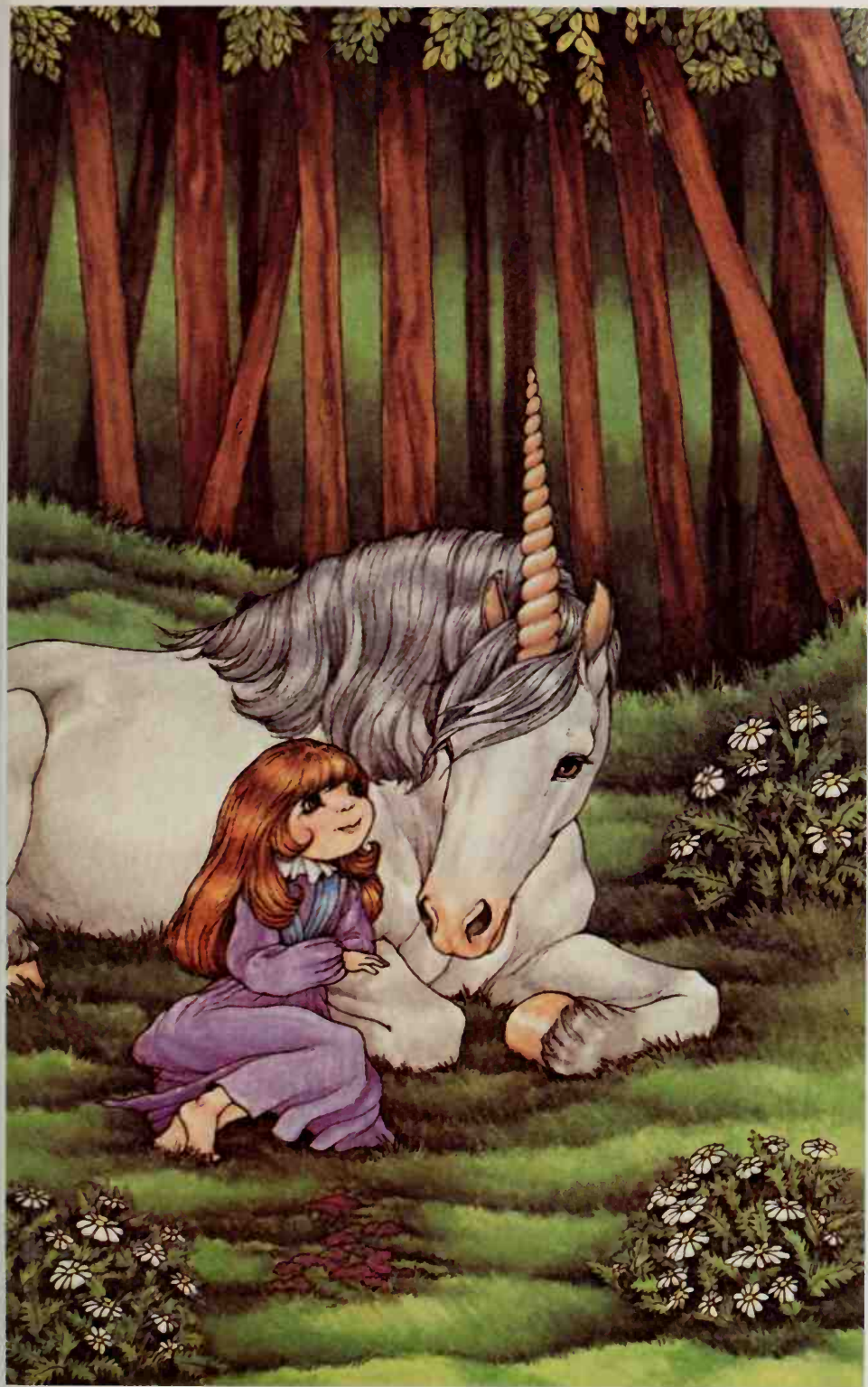


As you could well imagine, they became the best of friends.

On special days, Morgan would lean down and Princess would scramble up on his back. Then, with the breeze blowing through horse's mane and Princess' hair alike, they would race across the meadow chasing after butterflies and dreams come true.



FRIENDSHIP IS SO BEAUTIFUL
PRINCESS DID TRULY FIND
ON THAT DAY THE UNICORN
BECAME HER MORGAN MINE



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Stephen Cosgrove and Robin James

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