

MORGAN and YEW

written by
Stephen Cosgrove

illustrated by
Robin James





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**Dedicated to my best friend and my eyes, so
that others may see Robin James.**

Stephen

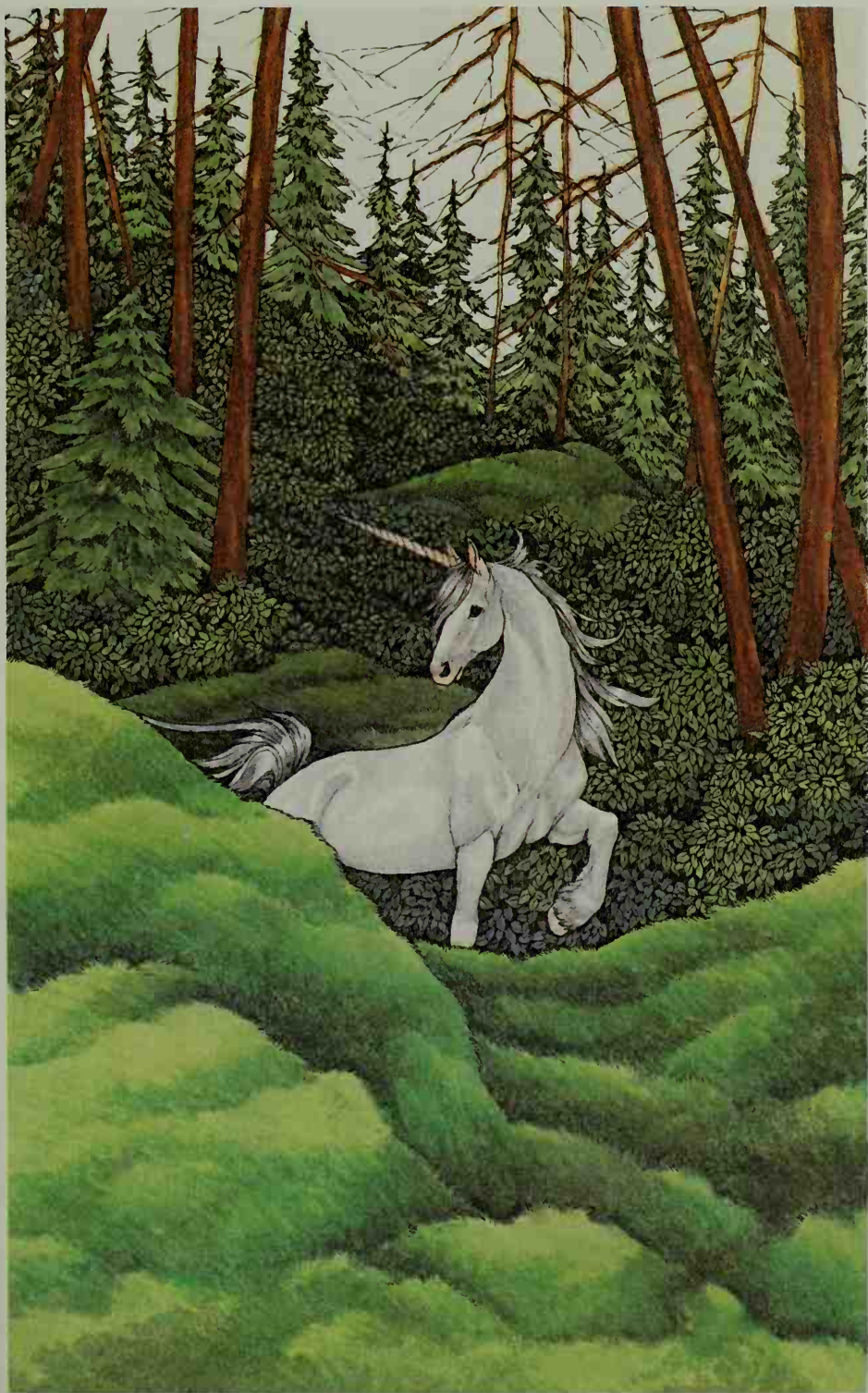
Far beyond the horizon, where the sun is always a little warmer, lies an emerald island — an island where all things magical and real live together in perfect harmony.

It is here that you might find a magical, mythical dragon frolicking with common field mice in the meadows . . . an island where the sun and the moon come together to paint the sky the most amazing colors and hues.



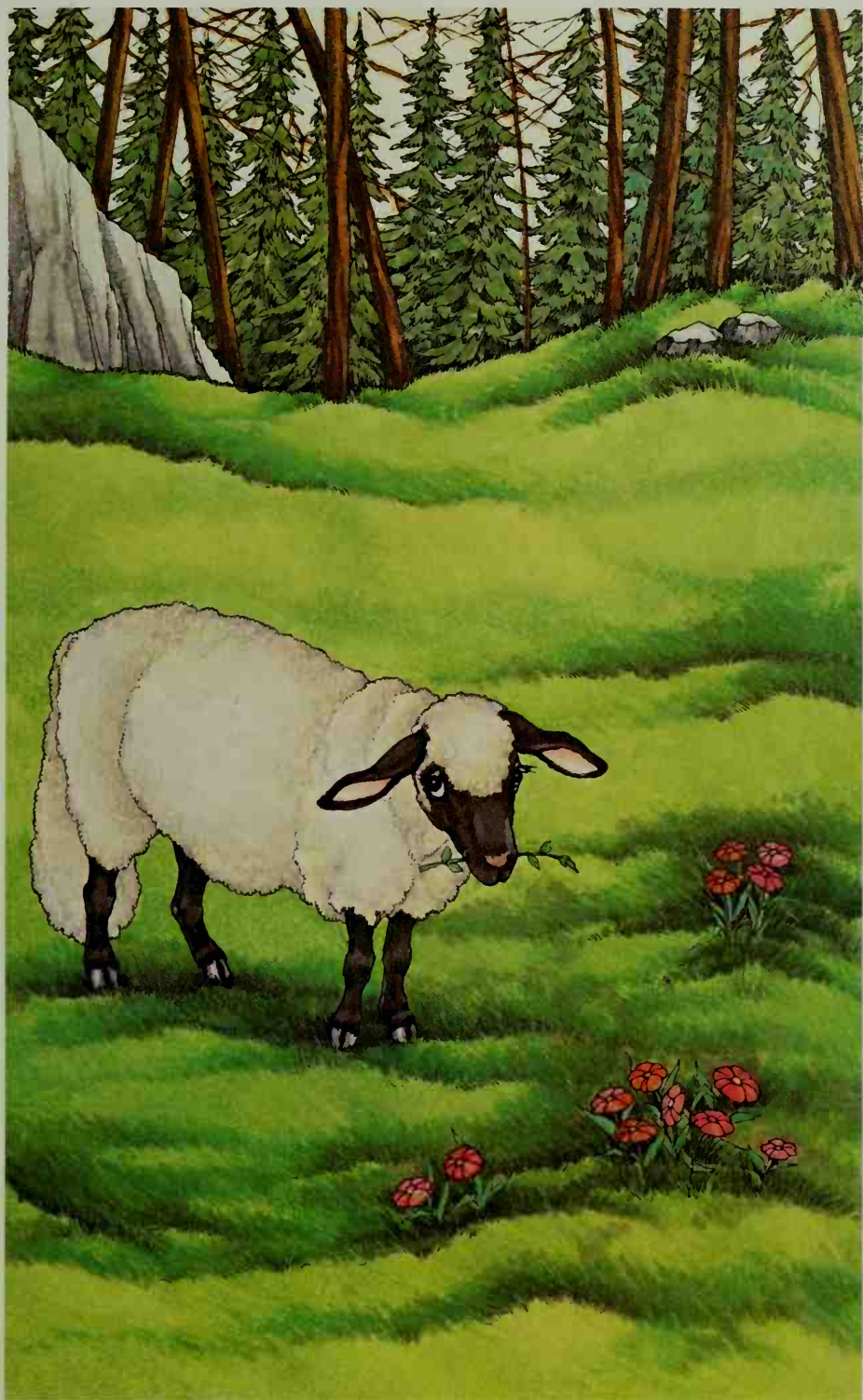
It is in this place of myth and magic that the most magnificent unicorn that was ever born lives and kicks his heels to the sun. His silvery coat reflects the golden sunshine and sends it flashing high into the crystal blue sky.

His mighty horn is twisted in the most gentle fashion, like taffy that has been turned and turned. As he tosses his head, the horn points, always, to the top of magical Morgan Mountain. It points to the exact spot where, many years before, Morgan was given his magical horn when, by chance, he happened to be touched by the Morning Star.

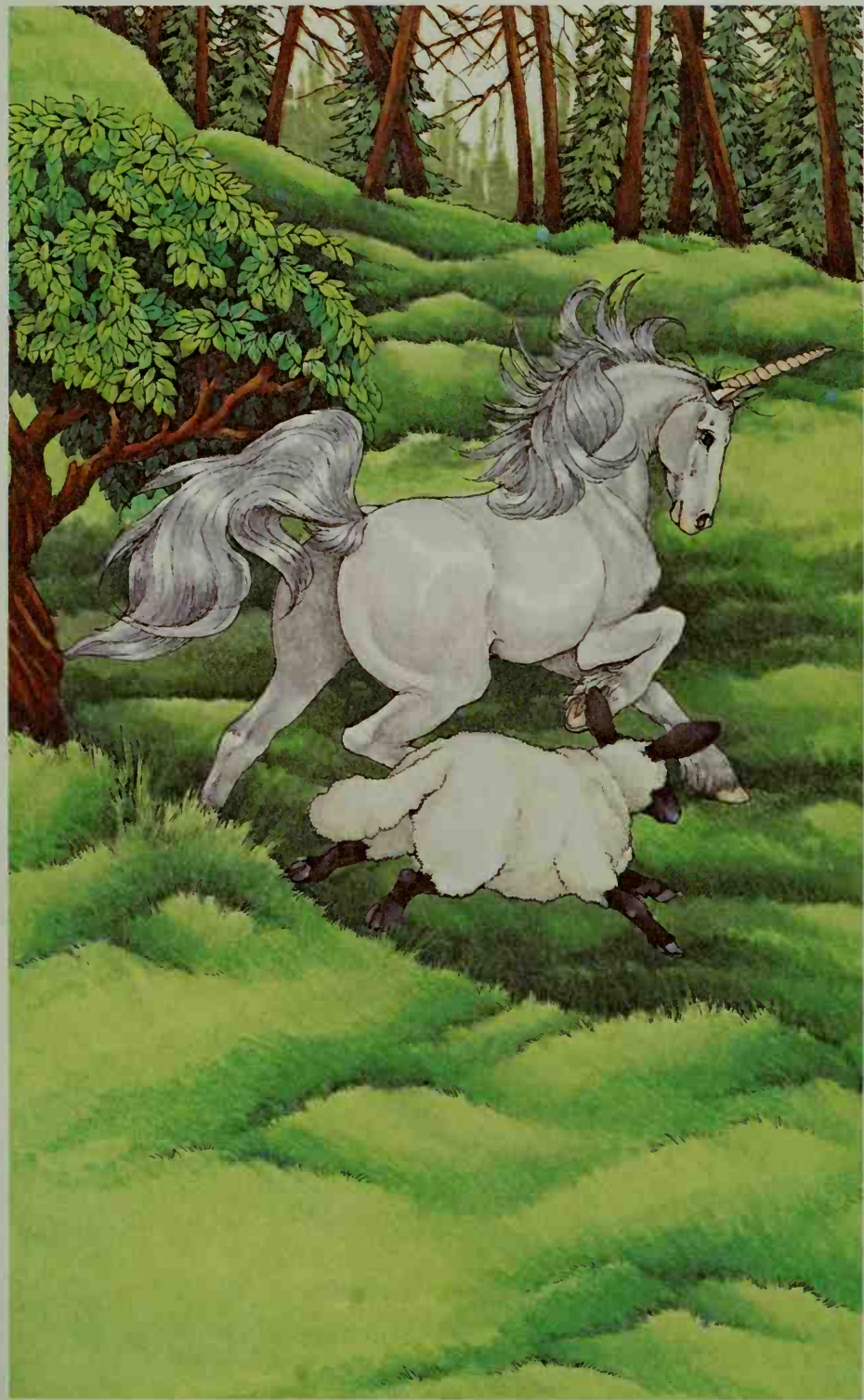


Morgan's best friend in the whole world was a short, dumpy sheep simply called Yew. His fur was dirty white and curlier than the tail of a newborn pig.

There was nothing magical about Yew except for the fact that he loved Morgan and had a heart cast of the purest gold.



Day in and day out Morgan and Yew would romp in the meadow and the forest of the magical island. They would graze on the lush green grasses that grew at the base of the spreading Umbrella Trees and then suddenly, as if both were bitten by a bee, they would gallop off, Morgan with his head and tail held high and Yew bounding alongside.

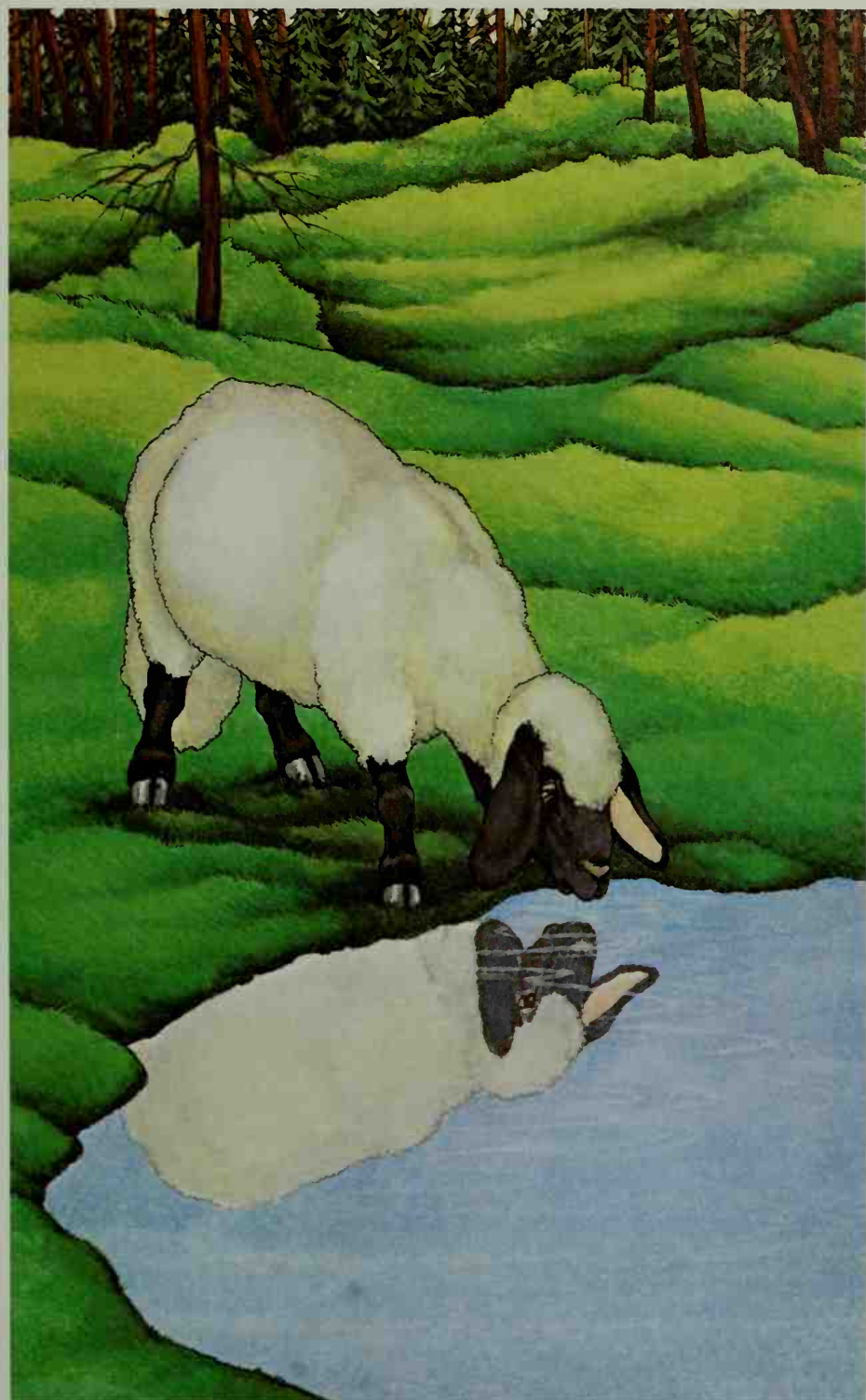


All would have been happiness and light were it not for the little sheep feeling that he wasn't Morgan's equal.

"Morgan is so beautiful," he would say to himself. "I wonder what he sees in ugly me?"

Early one morning as Morgan lay sleeping, Yew slipped away and wandered down to the lily pond at the far end of the meadow. He looked at his own reflection in the early morning light and shuddered in total despair.

"What I need," Yew said, "is something to make me really special." So he thought and he thought and he finally knew what it was: a magnificent horn just like Morgan's! So he set about to make one.



With twigs and leaves and a little bit of mud he fashioned a horn and stuck it on his head. Then, oh so very carefully, he walked back to where Morgan was sleeping.

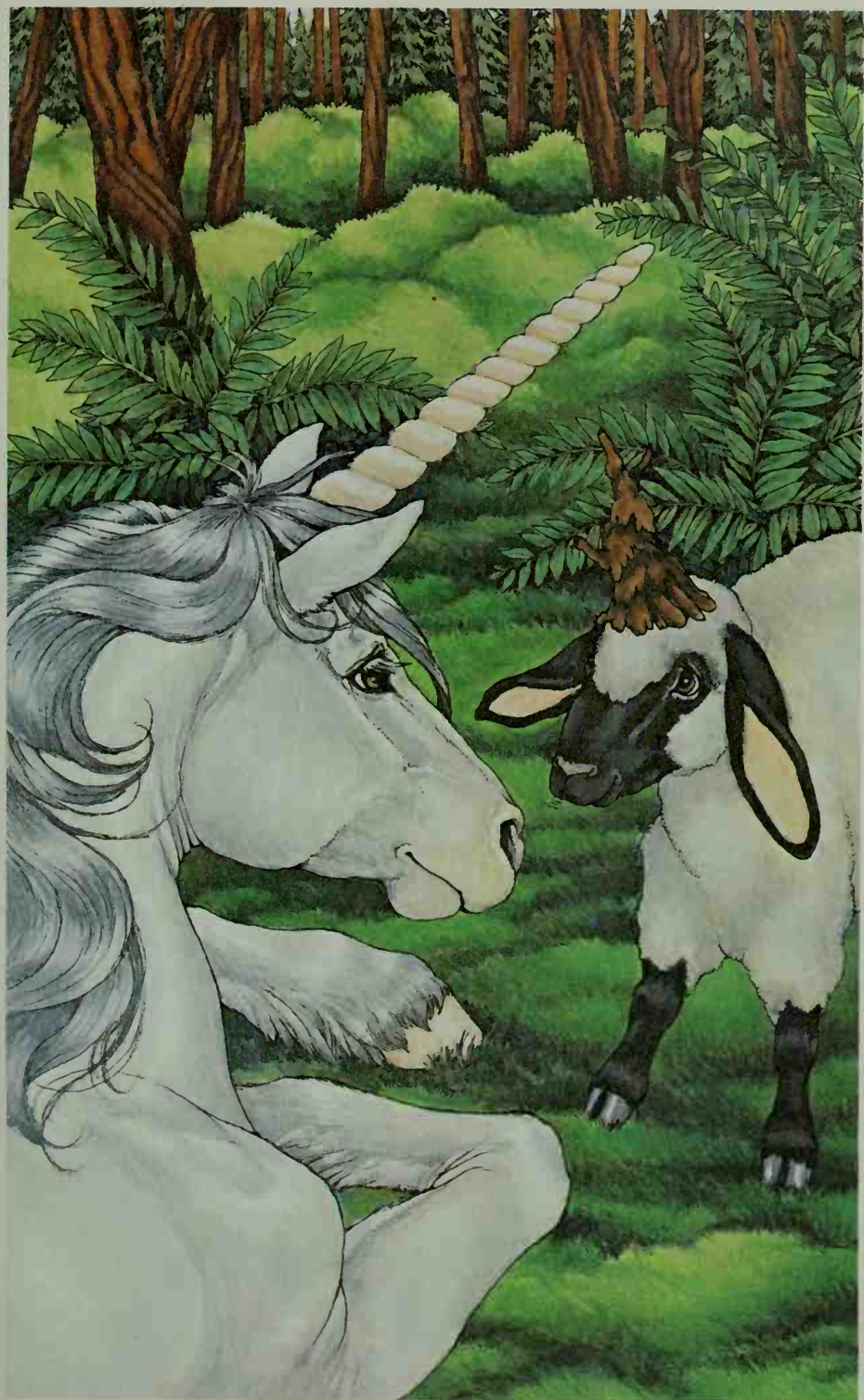
“Ahem!” he said to the sleeping unicorn. “Do you notice anything different about me?”

Morgan woke with a start and saw his favorite friend standing before him with a glob of mud, shaped kind-of-like a horn, stuck on his head. He couldn’t help himself and burst out laughing.

Yew began to cry large tears, causing some of the mud to drip down his cheeks. “Well, you don’t have to laugh!” he cried. “I was only trying to look like you.”

“But why would you want to look like me?” asked Morgan.

So, Yew told Morgan how he really felt about himself.



Morgan listened, and when Yew's tears had dried he said, "I like you just the way you are. But if having a horn would make you feel better about yourself, I'll take you to magical Morgan Mountain. There we will see if you can be touched by the Morning Star!"

"You would really do that for me?" cried the sheep.

"Of course!" said Morgan. "For you are my best friend in all the world." And with that they set off for the magical mountain.

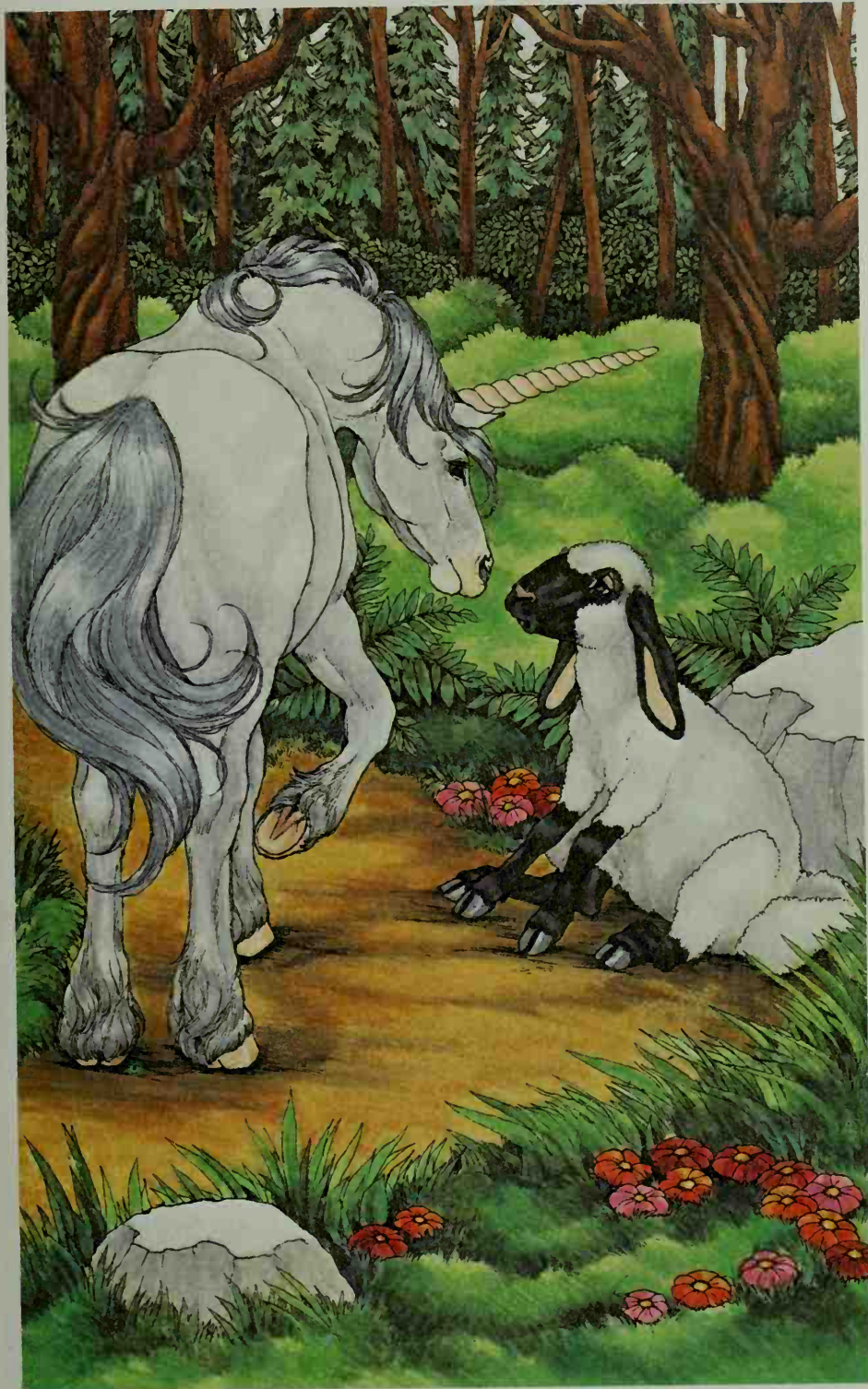


They traveled the whole day, across the meadow and down the narrow, twisting path that led through the forest. They crossed the bubbling brook and swam the raging river, stopping only once to let Yew rest his tired little legs.

Finally, as the sun was setting, they arrived at the base of Morgan Mountain. "Surely we will rest the night here," puffed the tired little sheep.

"No," said Morgan, "we must be at the very top of the mountain before dawn or all is lost."

They set off again on the trail and climbed high onto the mountain itself.



They climbed and they climbed in the evening twilight as the stars glittered about them. At long last, with dawn fast approaching, they reached the summit.

“What will happen at dawn?” Yew asked nervously.

“A bright star will lift from the edge of the earth,” said Morgan. “And if we’re really lucky it will come near us and you will have your horn.”

With the darkness of night settled around them, they sat down and waited for dawn.

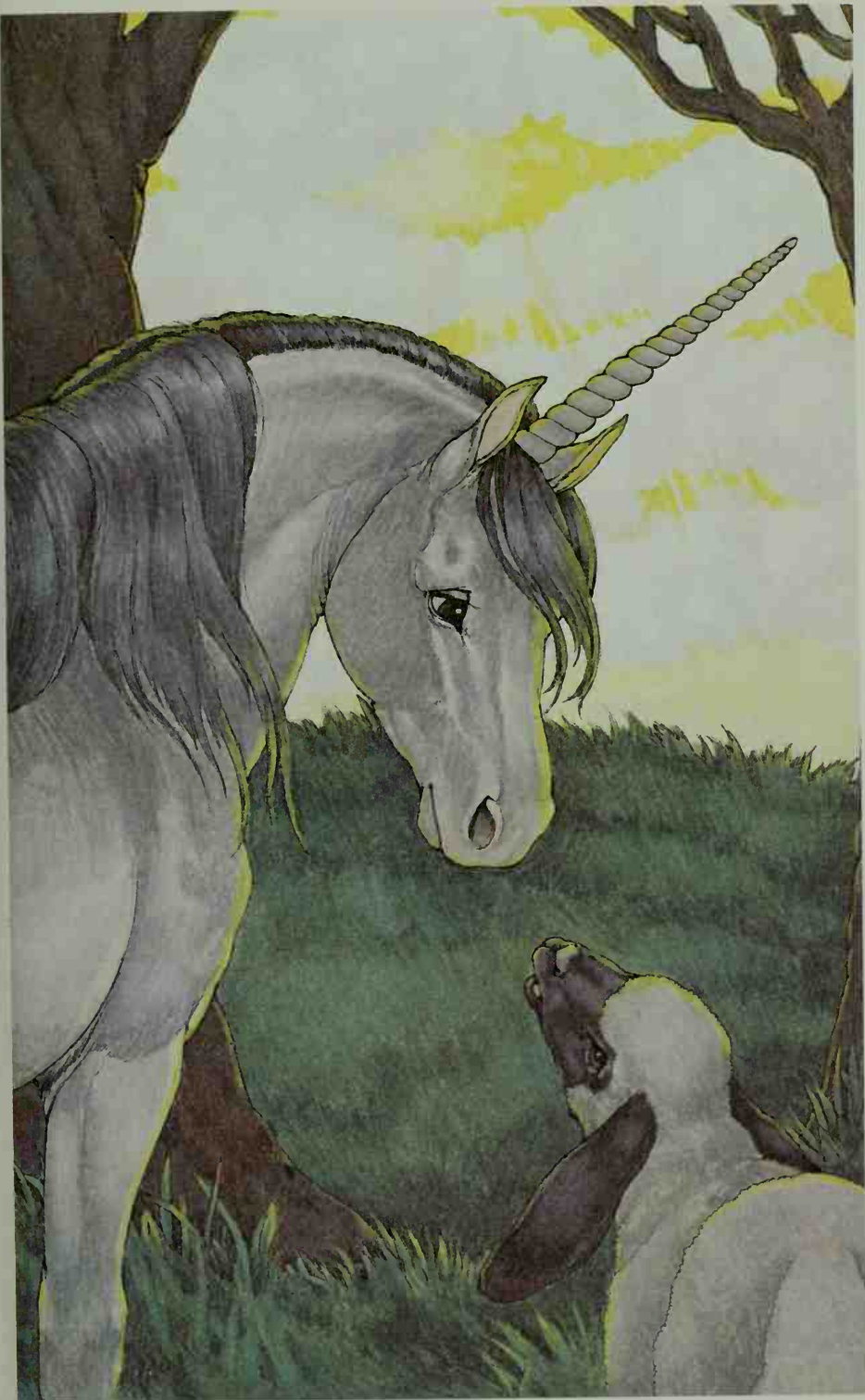


Slowly the sky began to lighten. Just as Morgan had said, a large star lifted itself from the edge of the earth and began to rise. Yew stomped his feet in anticipation as the Morning Star rose higher and higher into the sky.

Suddenly it stopped in mid-flight, and a loud booming voice echoed out into the night: "Little Yew. We know that, more than anything else in the world, you wish to have the magical horn of a unicorn. But there is to be only one unicorn on the island at any one time. The only way for you to have your wish is for Morgan to give you his horn. But in doing so, he can never live on the island again and must come with us and ride the Morning Star forever."

Morgan looked down at his little friend and said, "If you wish my horn I will gladly give it to you."

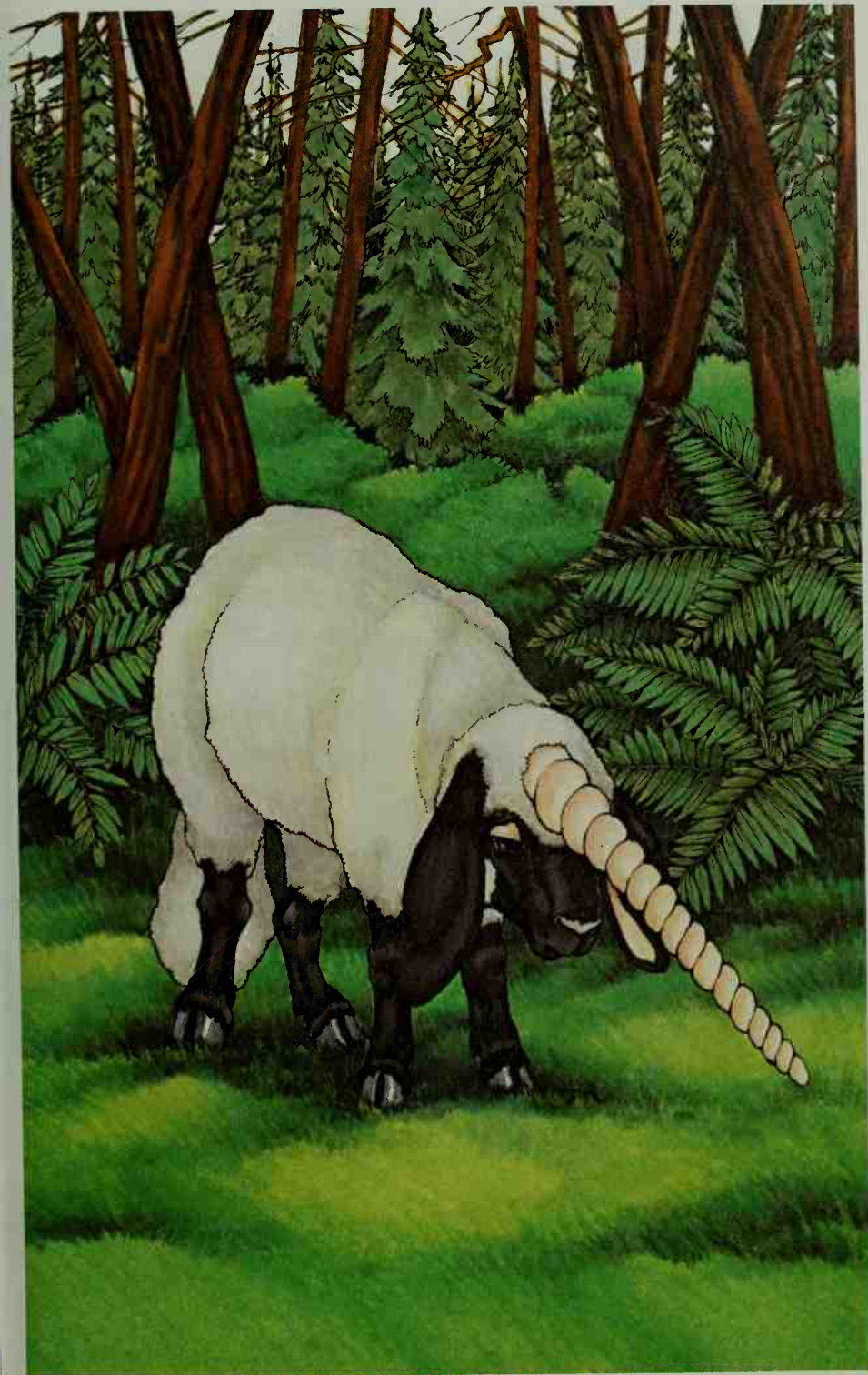
Without thinking at all Yew shouted, "Yes, I want the horn more than anything!"



Before little Yew could blink an eye, Morgan had disappeared and the beautiful horn was on Yew's head. Yew was so excited about receiving the horn that he shook his head from side to side. But he suddenly realized his new found gift was not without its price. His friend was gone forever.

Tears began to cascade like falling rain as he looked in the sky and followed the rise of the Morning Star. "No!" he shouted. "Without my friend Morgan, I am nothing."

Yew's cries were to no avail as dawn brought the crystal sunlight and the Morning Star disappeared. Throughout the day he stood on the mountain, weighted down by the guilt of having the horn of the unicorn. He cried all through the night, wishing he had never wanted to be other than he was.



In that brief moment of silence before the dawn, he wished with all his might for the Morning Star to appear. He wished and wished and suddenly, just as it had the day before, the star appeared.

“Please, please!” he shouted to the star. “I must have my friend back. For without him here, I would surely die of loneliness.”

For a moment it looked as though the star was not going to come near. But then it slowed in the sky and Yew once again heard the voice.

“You wish to give up your horn so soon, little one?” it asked. “But you wanted to wear the horn to be special.”

“No,” said the small sheep, “the love I feel for my friend is more than enough to make me special.”

The star paused as if deep in thought and then said, “Your wish shall be granted, but the horn must be given back to Morgan for he must always be a unicorn.” And so it was done. With that, the star disappeared.

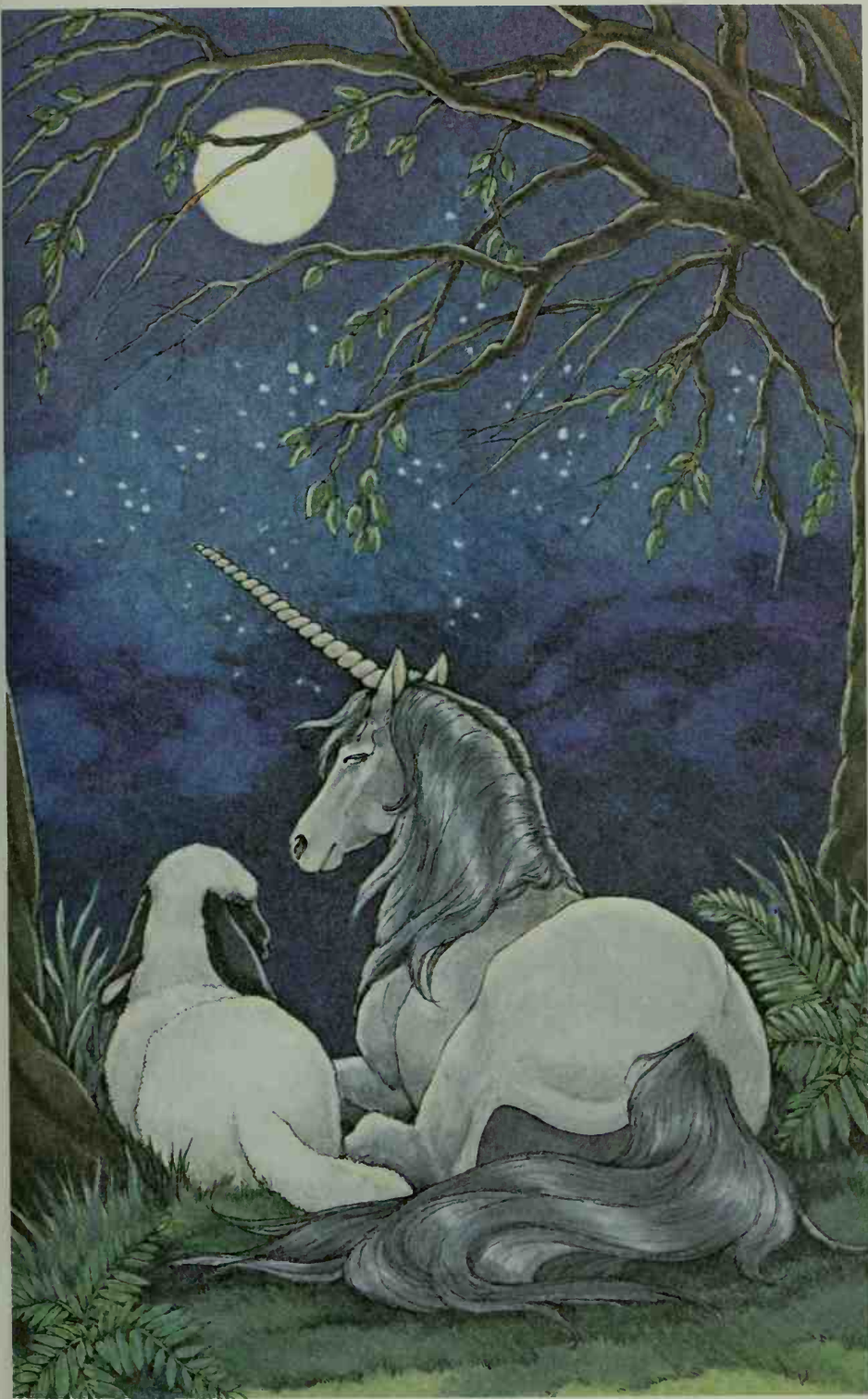


From that day on and until forever, Morgan and Yew played in the meadows and fields on the emerald island.

In those rare times when he didn't feel special, Yew would look up at his friend, Morgan, and quite magically a small crystal horn would appear on his head, built entirely from love.



**WHEN YOU LOOK WITH ENVY
ON FRIENDS THAT YOU HAVE FOUND
THINK OF THE HORN OF MORGAN
AND THE LOVE OF YEW ABOUND.**



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Written by Stephen Cosgrove

Illustrated by Robin James

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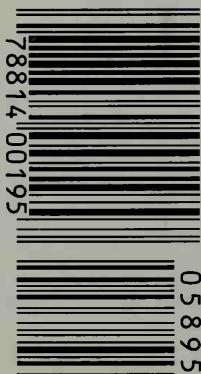


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