



To Jodie, Dylan, Harriet, Frankie,
Naoise, and all the other kids who
cheered when I told them my new book
had unicorns and doughnuts in it



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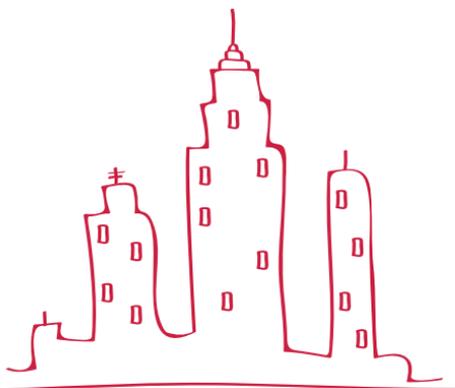
UNICORN IN NEW YORK

**LOUIE
LETS
LOOSE!**

RACHEL HAMILTON

Illustrated by Oscar Armelles

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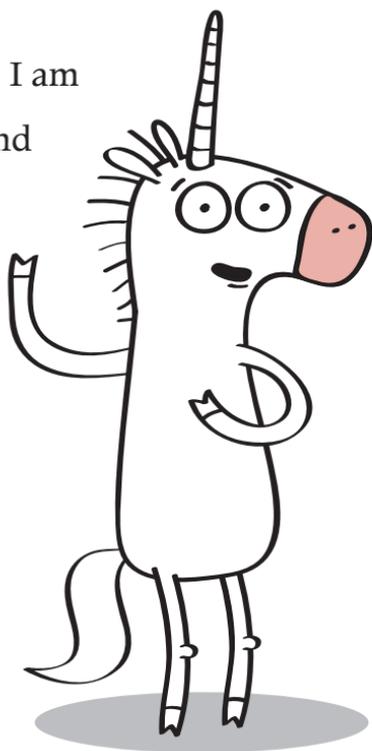


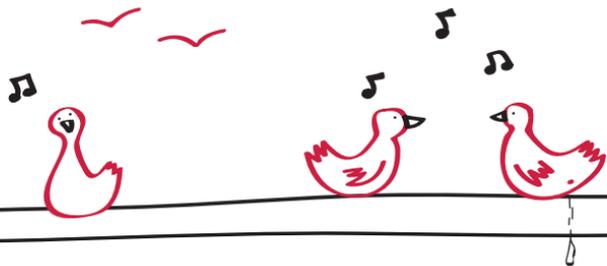
Chapter One

Story Land

Greetings, humans. I am Louie the Unicorn, and this is my tale. That's *ta*le with a **T-A-L-E**. I can't give you my **T-A-I-L** because I need it for swatting flies and swishing around handsomely.

Anyway, my tale that





is not a tail began with a yawn on yet another perfect day in **Story Land**. The sun had his shiniest hat on, the birds were belting out their greatest hits, and the mermaids, goblins, and fairy folk were living in perfect harmony somewhere over the rainbow.

I know what you're thinking. **Snooze fest!**

But then . . .

W H O O S H ! !

Excitement arrived with the wind.

I'm talking about the breezy kind of *wind* here, not the bottom-explosion kind. Mom

STORY LAND

says unicorns shouldn't talk about bottom-explosions because we have our sparkly reputations to protect.

So, there I was, with my non-exploding bottom, trotting through the magical forest, when a scrap of paper floated into view.



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