



On night five of Gran's visit, the group met for tea.

They'd happily gathered for a birthday party.

The cousins brought brightly wrapped presents for Jake, and tucked into yummy iced sponge birthday cake.

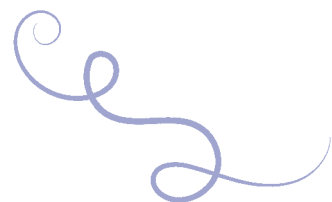
Granny excitedly finished her tea, then asked, "Children, have you heard about the kelpie?"

The children fell silent, eyes fixed on their gran, and the story of Kevin the Kelpie began.



# Kevin the Kelpie





When the harvest moon  
is heavy and bright,  
and the crops start to glow  
golden red in the light . . .

When the natterjack toad  
rasps his last summer call,  
then it's time to prepare  
for the Blackthorn Bush Ball.



The post had arrived and the first to receive  
her ball invite, was a wood nymph called Neave.

She leapt in the air with a shriek and a twirl.

(Though three hundred and two,  
she still looked like a girl.)



She skipped to the pond to admire her reflection.

“Not a wrinkle or blemish, I’m close to perfection!

I must find a dress – maybe Trixie could help me?

And the horse I must ride there is Kevin the Kelpie.”