



So we bashed down the walls.

I yelled, "And we're escaping on our Bad Unicorn Train!"
And Ada yelled, "No! That's not a proper unicorn train!
There's **NO SPARKLES!**"





“Bad unicorns don’t have sparkles!” I said.

“Wait for me!” she shouted. “I can’t run in the twinkle shoes! I’m in charge and I’m The Unicorn Queen!”

So I yelled back, **“BAD UNICORNS DON’T CARE!”**

But then the Unicorn Queen...

