

stopped and before Daisy could wonder what was happening, it had happened. She was sitting in a dark, damp tunnel. It was too dark to see anything, but she could hear the faint breathing of a horse beside her.

Daisy knew she must be in the pyramid. She strained to accustom her eyes to the enveloping darkness.

Gradually, as her eyes adjusted she could make out the shape of the horse, lying limp beside her. Daisy knew time was running out. Why hadn't she thought to bring some oats and water?

She moved closer to peer at the horse and tripped over something. Bending to see what it was, she smelt fresh oats.

She touched them with her nostrils, and sure enough they were fresh oats!

“Wow, that ball thinks of everything!” she thought.

What Daisy didn't know was that the ball was there to provide everything she need to save this horse and all she had to do was say what was needed and it would be produced. Beside the sack of fresh oats was a bowl of clean fresh water.

Daisy bent over the horse and gently rubbed her nostrils