



A Unicorn's Deeds

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Lord Pharion, a comparatively calm, young man, approached the unicorn. It was known that unicorns had a strength and speed overtaking any existing animal in the land of Ertodomes. He had heard these stories, but he believed in the unbelievable, and on this grey, stormy day, he intended to catch one.

The white wild horse with its magical, transparent horn between its two eyes, and above its brow, stopped chewing and listened carefully. The lord knew that the animal sensed his presence. He assumed the unicorn still wasn't sure of the fact, and making a quick gesture with his face and his right hand, he transformed himself into an invisible shape. If somebody had been watching him, she would have seen him standing there for one moment, and in-between the blink of her eyes, Lord Pharion would have disappeared. Only the half bare, thick forest, would have stayed in the background; an empty scene.

The lord was one of those rare people, who knew how to make things appear from nowhere, though he was thoughtful enough to practice his skills of sorcery in secret. None of the lord's family or friends, had ever accused him of crafting evil magic.

He started walking slowly towards the "powerful beast", as he later described it. He did not take a straight route towards the animal, but he walked to the other side and closed up from behind - from a completely different angle, than the one, he was originally hiding at. The moment, he got close enough, reaching his hand

out he cast a spell to catch the beast's neck from a certain distance. His plan was diminished, when the animal, feeling the air pressing against its neck, aggressively shaking its head and powerfully jumping away at the same time, shook the magic off itself. It ran a few metres towards the middle of the green field, and then stopped, waiting carefully for its attacker.

This was the perfect chance to create a fire circle around it; Lord Pharion thought. Strongly concentrating, he created an image of a burning, controlled circle of great flames in his mind, and with another spell, using his imagination, he lit a fire around the unicorn in a circle, about three times as high as the creature was.

"I've got you, long horned, stubborn beast!" he shouted in his excitement. Just as he said these words, he heard a flat but heavy sound of thunder from above. As the lord looked up, he saw huge coal-black clouds covering the horizon. He realized, how dark it had turned. The next moment, it started to rain, heavily.

The lord tried to hold up the spell against the pouring water, but since he had already cast one magical spell, he did not have enough energy to keep the circle of fire burning. He dropped his other spell, and took up his visible form again, but it was too late. The clever unicorn had used the opportunity, while the fire was low, to simply skip over it. But still, it did not run away. This was very unusual for an animal of its kind.

The lord was irritated, and angry. He knew, his best friend was lying in her mortal bed. Her life was depending on him, to bring her a unicorn's horn. Using the magical horn to drink a few drops of pure water from it, like from a narrow vessel, could be the one and only solution to heal her from her deadly illness; as they heard. Only miracle could help her; Lord Pharion knew.

And yet he had wasted nearly a week, chasing this unicorn. His anger towards the creature rose up inside him. He took control of his feelings, so that he would not scare the beast away. In his immense rage, he cast a spell stronger than any of his old ones. In fact, this had more energy put into it, than any spell, he had ever given life to, during his own existence. The lord was ready to fight to death, to save his maid friend.

He cast a gross spell, controlling his thoughts. The grassy ground under the unicorn turned into mud, and all plants died, in a vast area around the creature. The unicorn's legs were swallowed by the moving earth beneath them. The magical beast started to move anxiously, and tried to lift itself by its special powers; but before it could manage to escape, the lord mumbled a word-spell, unified with the strongest feelings, he had ever joined with magic.

The heavy rain above the unicorn's body turned into huge, sharp, ice splinters. The creature was horrified, as hundreds of acute, heavy objects, sliced its skin and drew blood on its body. The unicorn gave a voice never heard before. It awoke feelings of the creature's unnatural strength; and yet, the lord began to feel sorry, as he watched the stubborn beast dying.

At once, almost out of nowhere, an enormous, very irritated bear ran out of the nearby bushes, and headed straight towards the lord. Its anger was probably awoken by flames of the fire, or the loud voice of the unicorn; Lord Pharion's frightened, swift thoughts came. He stopped the spell of dropping ice, and faced the broad animal, that charged him with such fury.

Lord Pharion lit fire again with his thoughts. This time, it was not as tall, but very long, in a straight line, between himself and the angry animal. But the bear did not stop. It ran straight through the fire, and it neared very close. The bear reached him, before he could cast another spell, and rose to its hind legs, in front of his face. The lord's blood froze, in his veins. He could see the horrible animal's sharp teeth, as it opened its mouth wide, with a war cry like roar.

The bear lifted its paw, to attack. Lord Pharion saw pictures of his life, running through his mind. He knew; he had failed to save his friend, and now he was going to die. He raised his arms in useless defense, and with a

natural reaction, he closed his eyes.

He was waiting, but the mortal hit did not come. As the lord opened his eyes, he saw the bear standing on four legs again. The bear was not facing him anymore. Looking over its shoulder, it was watching the unicorn.

At once, the bear turned around, and just as it came, just like nothing had happened, it walked back into the bushy scenery. The lord was amazed. He stood there, for a few moments, stunned by what he had just seen.

Remembering the maid, he started in the direction where he had left the unicorn. The creature was lying still, in the mud, its white body covered in blood. It had just lowered its tired head down, ready to face death as he approached it. Lord Pharion knew, he had to kill it, so that the transparent magical object turned into a solid horn; and then he had to cut that horn off the creature's head.

He pulled out the dagger from his belt. The lord knelt down by the unicorn and lifted his weapon, to slice its throat. His eyes met with the unicorn's larger, azure, crystal-clear eyes. They were clear blue, but not cold. So close, he felt warmth in the gaze of the unicorn. It was a living creature; the thought touched his feelings. The lord realized, he did not wish to kill the unicorn. It seemed, however, he did not have a choice.

As he watched, lamely, the poor animal lying there, hopelessly - its life completely depending on his decision - he raced his mind to find another path to walk. It was too brutal to act this way. After all, it was not the creature's fault.

It was then, that Lord Pharion realized, that it was not the horn, he needed, but its power. Maybe he did not have to take the animal's life. Perhaps he could communicate with the creature; and maybe the unicorn would help him. After all, unicorns were said to be intelligent creatures. He remembered the bear. How suddenly it turned away, like it had been calmed down by someone's words, somebody's presence. And it was looking straight at the unicorn...

After observing the beast's not too deep wounds, the lord decided to heal it, when he returns. He locked the unicorn into an invisible, closed area; a magical cage, and ran breathlessly, for the ill maid.

By the break on noon, he was back; walking, as he held the maid carefully, in his arms. She was a beautiful lady of youth. Her face was kind, her figure attractively curved; and she had soft, smooth, rather light brown coloured skin. She was lost deeply, in her torturous dreams; completely exhausted.

The lord suddenly stopped, as he reached the clearing, on which he had fought with the powerful beast. He was stunned. The animal was waiting, still, in the middle of the green field; about fifteen feet away from where he had left it. It was standing, on its legs, with no sign of any pain, or wound. The unicorn looked at him, steadily, waiting. It showed no sign of fear, and it did not feel uneasy.

Lord Pharion stood there for a while, considering the peculiar situation. Finally, when the young maid started to speak softly in her feverish sleep, he returned to the task at hand. He undressed the maid gently, as he was told to do by the wise men, who educated him about the unicorn. He was not sure if she was still a true maiden, as the magical animal felt attraction only towards young and pretty maidens; but as he looked up at the unicorn, he found trust in its calm and warm look.

As he revealed more and more of the innocent, graceful, sensitive body; he started to feel an attraction of more than just friendly love towards her. His heart was beating in a rapid pulse, and he felt his excited blood run through his whole body. He wanted to touch her skin, to see if she feels what he feels; but then she coughed, and he remembered in just how much danger, she was.

He promptly took the rest of the clothes off her; then lifting her up from the ground and slowly, silently

walking with her, he put the maid a few steps before the unicorn's eyes. The last deed, he would have wanted to do, would be to scare the beast away. He backed away, and watched from the distance, behind a few thick tree branches, as the animal slowly approached his maid friend.

The unicorn took its steps surely towards her. Right in front of her, it stopped, and seemingly amazed with her beauty, the unicorn stared at her gently. Then it moved closer, and with its white nose it began to rub softly, the maid's stomach. These fine gestures awoke deep feelings in our young lord. He said, the unicorn did not simply feel attracted to the maid, admiring her look; but it was more, beyond common physical, intellectual, or emotional attraction. The unicorn did what he, or any other human being could never do. He felt, the unicorn saw the maid's pure soul, her beautiful heart to admire. It felt attraction towards her whole being. It wanted to take care of her, to save her.

The unicorn lifted its head up, and looked at her again. Then, Lord Pharion saw a bright light, blue and glistening silver, in the form of the pure sunshine taking shape at the top of the animal's head. He watched it, amused. A short time later, the light slowly faded, and in its place, he spotted a solid, but elegant, long horn; like the ones they show on book illustrations, but much more wonderful, in real life.

The unicorn touched the maid gently in the midst of her breast, right where her heart lay. The maid slowly started to move; she opened her eyes and sat up. Our lord wanted to run to her, in his sudden delight, that floated with the skies; but he did not wish to disturb this brilliant moment, and afraid, that the maid might think it inappropriate, to see him watch her unclothed, he stayed put. He did not wish to offend, or hurt her, in any way. He kept watching the maid, and the beautiful animal, that he was so grateful to, now.

At last she was able to see the animal in front of her. It surprised her, but made her feel joy. The maid caressed the unicorn with gentle love. Then, sensing the animal's care for her, she embraced its neck. The unicorn slowly offered goodbye to her, in its own way, and left; disappeared in the thickness of the forest. She watched it go, amazed.

She then realized her complete lack of clothing, and shocked at the inappropriate fact, she started looking around swiftly. She found her clothes where Lord Pharion had left them, and when she had finally dressed up, he approached her.

"Good day, Lord Pharion," she said excited, "You won't believe what I had just seen..."

The lord replied, as he brushed her cheek softly, with love. The lady was surprised, and confusion struck her mind.

"I'm happy to know you're cured... I've seen it too, and I met the gentle animal that made my vision clear, just how much your presence fills my heart with joy, my lady," he said now, full of experience and emotion; still under the influence of the wonderful incident, that just happened! She looked at him, with a question in her look.

A few silent moments passed until she thought his words through, and her face turned brighter. The maid's vision was clear now. She looked at his face. When their eyes met, she looked away; then at him again, and smiled back shyly.