Special

by Nathalie Baker

There was a unicorn named Fred,
who had a horn on his head,
And was different from the other horses,
Through whose blood magic had not taken its courses.

Since the day he could walk,
and the day he could talk,
he never felt included,
so in the stable,
alone, he brooded.

Until one day he met a horse,
through whose blood magic had not taken its course,
But claimed she was a unicorn,
And that she had lost her horn.

And so he decided to go on a quest,
And that he would do his best,
To find the other unicorns,
And help her regain her horn.

When they set off on their journey,
They met an animal who called himself Merney,
who challenged them to a challenge of wit,
But while they were trying, they fell into a pit.

They were in the dark,
when they heard a knock,
and a voice saying,
"Think outside of the box!"

"Or else," the voice said,
"You'll get chicken pox!"

And from behind them came a squawk,
and then hundreds of chickens came in a flock,
picked them up,
and carried them to a lock.

They had never seen one like this before,
the lock that was guarding a humongous door.

The lock was shaped in a cone,
and there were imprints in the stone,
They were pictures of horses with horns,
"They were here!" Fred said,
"The unicorns!"

"The shape of the lock and your horn look the same,"
Said Holly, for that was her name.

As Fred
looked again, he saw she was right,
then wondered, "Why isn't it dark as the night?"

Then he looked up and saw the stars,
"But why are they moving?" he thought,
then he realized, stars they were not.

They looked like flames floating through the skies,
"Look!" he said, "Fireflies!"

Suddenly, in animation,
The fireflies shifted into formation,
and formed a cone like the one on Fred's head,
but connected to no body instead.

The lit-up horn moved to the lock,
spun left,
and left.

Holly's eyes moved to the lock,
Then Fred's horn.
She said, "That's why there is the picture of the unicorn."

Fred lowered his head,
And his horn filled the lock in the fireflies stead.

Though they tried, nothing happened,
And now, to the lock, Fred's horn was fastened!

Trying to free himself,
He twisted his head right, then left.
The lock popped off,
And the door opened,
As if sensing a theft.

The light was so bright,
they closed their eyes,
then opened them to see a statue,
Looking at them as if they were spies.

They stepped out into the open,
and saw a small coven of three horses,
with rainbow hair and horns,
"My family!" Fred said, "The unicorns!

Come on," he said, motioning, "Lets go get you your horn,
then you can be a *real* unicorn!"

"I would love to be a unicorn," said Holly,
"But I've never *had* a horn!"
"what's that you say? How could it be that way?"

"I'm sorry, but what I've said is true. I lied, I was feeling bad
for you!"

"Oh," said Fred, then thought, "Even if a unicorn you are
not, with a heart so pure, your friendship will not be forgot.
For helping me be here today,
becoming a unicorn might come your way!"

"Now hurry!" Fred said, running down the hill,
"If you would still like to be a unicorn, you will."

"Really?" she said, looking surprised,
And the three unicorns turned, noticing they were being eyed.

As Fred and Holly cantered along,
both of their hearts were filled with song.

The other unicorns watched, after being eyed,
"wait! Is that Fred?!" one cried.

"Really? He's back? After so long?"
Another said, "Could it be? My eyes must be wrong!"

"He is?!" the third said, "what a scare!"
and very soon after, Fred was right there.

"You are back Fred! After so long!
How much you have grown while you've been gone!"

"Yes," said Fred, "I am back! I'm happy to see you.
This is my friend Holly,
she is why I am so jolly!"

"She helped me get here,
and though she might look queer,
she is a unicorn at heart, not a deer!"

Fred talked to the unicorns about why she should get a horn,
and they agreed she should be a unicorn.

The unicorns asked, "Are you sure?"
"Yes," Holly said, "I would want to stay a unicorn,
even if there was a way to turn back, or a cure."

The lead unicorn dipped her horn in a nearby pond,
while the others made their horns glow.
"Positive? Because there isn't a cure, you know."

"Yes." And so, the unicorns made a rainbow,
the water and light combining,
and the rainbow touched Holly's forehead,
and soon, she was shining.

When the light disappeared,
there was a horn just in front of her ears!

"I'm a unicorn!" Holly whinnied, delighted,
"It worked!"
"Settle down, you'll wake the dead with that racket." Fred chided.

And so, from that day,
they were happy in every way.

The unicorns were much fun,
and their home never rained,
and was always filled with sun.

Fred and Holly were best friends,
from then on,
and 'till the end.

The End

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