

The Myth of the **Gold Unicorn** and the **Silver Unicorn**

By The Magical Unicorn Society



“.....in the distant, misty past, beside a magical river in the heart of the Himalayas. So many magical beings had sprung from this river that the surroundings hills were crowded with creatures of all shapes and sizes. There were double-winged birds that could fly to the edge of the atmosphere and luminous moths that lit up the night like exploding stars. Not all the magical beings were beautiful or good. The cruellest creatures of all were the Winter Dragons.

These beasts were ten-meters long, with huge, sail-like wings. They were covered in shiny ice-blue scales, had eyes like sapphires and tails like metal whips. They live in caves deep within the mountains, only emerging to hunt. Unlike other dragons, the Winter Dragons didn't breathe fire, but an icy inferno that froze their victims to the spot. The dragons could easily snatch up their defenceless prey and devour it in one gulp.

The Winter Dragons were a deadly menace for all the creatures that lived in the meadows beneath the mountains. They were regularly attacked by the dragons, and lived in fear. Yet, for a pair of horses who grazed there, a chance encounter with a Winter Dragon would change their lives in an unexpected way.

One evening, the two horses were nibbling on the lush grass and berries growing in the meadow. The Sun was beginning to dip towards the horizon and the air glowed purple and gold. Suddenly, out of this beautiful sky, a nightmarish dragon reared into view. The tawny-brown female horse and the silver-grey male turned to run as the Winter Dragon swooped down for the kill.

The scaly monster blasted the landscape with its icy breath, leaving trees and shrubs encased in thick frost. The horses whinnied in fear, kicked up their hooves and galloped desperately towards the mountains. Despite being treacherous terrain for horses, it was their only hope of escape.

As the horses climbed, the air grew bitterly cold and their hooves slipped on the rocks. The tawny-brown horse spotted a rocky outcrop and darted towards it. The silver-grey horse followed, and together they huddled underneath it. Shielded by the rock, they were protected, but completely trapped.

The Winter Dragon blasted the horses, freezing their tails, but its huge claws couldn't get hold of them. The winged beast roared and lurched skywards once more. The horses seized their chance and galloped as fast as they could along a mountain pass, towards a raging waterfall – where the river's magic was strongest.

The roar of the falls was immense and a thick mist swirled and frothed around the cliff side. The horses realised that to get to the other side of the pass they had no option but to plunge through the cascading waters. But they need not have been afraid - the river never harmed an animal with a good heart, or one in need. And no animals had ever been in greater need than they.

As the Sun set and touched the horizon, which is a particularly magical time of day, the horses charged through the waterfall. Inside the thrashing falls, neither horse could see a thing; all they could do was keep going. Then something magical happened. The last ray of sunshine bounced off the waterfall and a transformation occurred. When they stepped out the other side, they were no longer horses. They were unicorns.

The tawny-brown horse had become golden from head to tail. Its new horn shone as brightly as the Sun. The silver-grey horse had become silver, with a

dazzling coat like the reflected moon and a pale silver horn. They had grown bigger and stronger, and they were about to find out they had amazing, special powers.

But the unicorns didn't have time to reflect on their change because the Winter Dragon was upon them. As they rushed away from the magical waterfall and on to a snowy mountain ledge, the dragon attacked. When its ghastly jaws were just a hair's breadth from their necks, the Silver Unicorn stamped its hoof on the ground. In an instant, the silver of its coat grew even brighter, blinding the dragon. Then the Golden Unicorn stamped its hoof and a huge wall of snow surged down the mountain. The avalanche battered into the side of the dragon, sweeping it off the mountainside and into the abyss below.

The two new unicorns were stunned, but discovered they had still more magical powers. They were able to move sure-footedly at great speed across the mountainside and could make themselves invisible at will. Gone were the days of fearing the Winter Dragons.

Over the coming days their magic grew until the unicorns gained complete control of their powers. They became confident enough to leave the enchanted plains and wander the Earth. Each time they found a suitable location, they would bow their heads and touch the ground with their horns. In an instant, a new family of unicorns would spring from the spot. A family of unicorns is called a blessing and each new blessing they created was wonderfully unique. In this way, the seven families of unicorns arrived and established themselves in lands stretching from the icy north to the sweltering desert sands."

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