

The prince walked into the little hut. He wondered why people with magical powers always seemed to have humble abodes. If he knew more about magic, the palace would be several times larger and prettier.

"I need something to make me attractive to girls," the prince said.

"You're the crown prince," the little old woman said.

"The right kind of girl. A pure and sweet virgin with a kind heart," the prince said, "I don't know who to trust at Court."

"I see," the little old woman said, "I have a solution to your troubles."

"Oh good," the prince said as he dropped a bag of coins on the table.

"Only the proper girl for you will have eyes for you," the little old woman said as she rummaged through her things.

She handed the prince some sort of exotic plant.

"Soak this in a bucket, dip your hair brush into it and then brush your hair," she said, "You must do it privately, so do not have any servants watching you."

The prince took the plant and went with his entourage back to the castle.

Alone in his room, the prince looked at the plant soaking in water. It had turned the water an iridescent green. He could hear preparations for the party going on and figured he ought to use the spell before he went to meet his guests.

He dipped his brush into the water and started brushing his hair. He shivered from the cold. His damp hair stuck to his face. The little old woman had never said if he was allowed to dry his hair or if he should wait for the air.

Water dripped down the back of his neck and the little tickling feeling began to annoy him so he went to get a cloth to dry himself off.

As his fingers rubbed against the back of his neck, he felt a line of hair and it quickly turned from short hairs standing on end to longer flowing locks.

The prince looked at himself in the mirror, his hair was turning the same green as the water in the bucket.

He supposed that only a princess who was not very shallow would like this strange color, but he was also rather annoyed because he could have dyed his hair for much cheaper.

The hair on his forehead started growing until it completely covered his eyes. The prince pulled his hair out of the way and began to get the strange feeling his eyes were farther apart than they were before.

His nose and mouth began to jut out farther in front of him. The prince groaned. His mouth was sore as his teeth began to shift around. His nostrils were positively too large now. His eyes whirled in their sockets as he tried to adjust to a changing view of the world. He could see the wall behind him as well as the mirror in front of him.

And he didn't like what he saw at all. He was beginning to look like his prized horse. He was quite certain that his horse was not the woman for him even if she was the most fearless horse he had ever taken to battle.

His ears turned and twitched as they grew larger and moved towards the top of his head. The background noise of the castle grew louder. The prince grew anxious.

His breath hitched as his neck began to bulge and change. The prince rubbed his neck in a vain attempt to relieve the pressure and pulled the collar of his tunic looser. The prince gasped

and wheezed after he grew several inches taller. He flexed his longer thick muscular equine neck. He supposed it would help him in battle to be taller and see all the way around, though he wouldn't be fond of his men laughing at him. The hair on the back of his neck was growing into a fine mane. If he wasn't so distressed, he might have appreciated how soft it was. Pale seafoam green hairs began to cover his face and neck, save for the pink spots around his nose and mouth.

The prince let out a distressed squeal as the back of his tunic lifted up. A green tail matching his mane stuck out. He swished it nervously. He couldn't think of any good use for this, but before he could try to think more on the subject, his whole body gave a sudden twitch and he was on the floor with an unprincely thud.

His thighs began to press against the seams of his hose. The prince kicked off his shoes and screamed as the shape of the ends of his feet looked nothing like his feet ought to. He fumbled to loosen his clothes. His toes had been replaced with hard black hooves. The same green fur began to cover his legs as the bones creaked and muscles twitched until he was left with the back legs of a horse.

He pulled at his tunic to try to lift himself back up. His whole body itched as green fur pressed out from under his skin.

A discolored horse. That was the spell. The prince was glad he was left with his fingers and the rest of his human torso. He certainly didn't want to live in the stables and eat standing on all fours. But he certainly wasn't going to fit in at court now.

The prince mumbled nervously to himself as he stood on shaky legs.

Something pricked at his forehead. The prince shuddered as a horn spiraled out longer and longer.

He wasn't sure how much consolation he was supposed to find in being a unicorn. Surely now someone would think to assassinate him for his crown and his horn. He angrily kicked the bucket of water. He should have just trusted himself to be a good judge of character, not that he was or he wouldn't be trusting little old women for spells.

The prince stumbled, hopped, and crawled his way to his bed and pulled the curtains shut.

His horn dimly lit the darkness. He tried to hide his face in his pillow, but it was too blasted long to do so comfortably in the way he was used to. He hid under his blankets.

"Your highness, it's time to get ready," a servant said.

"I'm not going out," the prince said.

"I could have sworn I saw him go in here," the servant mumbled, "What a mess."

He yanked the curtains of the prince's bed. The prince stared straight at him.

"I'm not going," the prince said again, "I look stupid."

The servant turned around and said nothing.

The prince stared as his servant left.

The prince rolled back under his covers and tried to hope it was all a weird dream.

His attempts to sleep it away were in vain as he jolted up to the sound of someone hitting the door and he could still see his big head.

"You can't be so rude to everyone who has come to see you!" the queen shouted as she hit the door again.

The prince remained quite stubborn in his resolve to not see her.

"He's being such a child," the king grumbled as he opened the door, "Hiding!"

"I'm not being a child! I've had a spell cast on myself! Well-I... I put it on myself, but I can't go out like this!" the prince shouted.

"He's not here," the queen said.

"What? I'm right here!" the prince shouted.

"We've searched the whole castle, where do you think he is?" the king asked.

"I'm right here!" the prince shouted again, "I'm a big green uni-"

The prince groaned as he watched his parents leave.

Unicorns are only visible to virgins, of course his parents couldn't see him.

The prince rubbed his too-big green face.

Only the proper girl would have eyes for him.

The prince got out of bed. He'd have to find her.

He looked through his wardrobe for the tunic he wanted his perfect princess to see. He settled for a loose blue tunic with golden thread. Leaving his legs bare felt strange, but he certainly didn't know enough about sewing to fix the problem. He tied his mane into a loose plait, it looked much easier than the servants did it for his horse. He precariously balanced his crown between his horn and ears. He ought to make sure his princess knew he was a prince, but at least he made a better appearance than a frog. He was even a more pleasant shade of green.

He slowly trudged downstairs, he certainly wasn't steady enough to go much faster, to see everyone. The king and queen were distracted, barking at servants to look for him. The partygoers mingled about politics and romance and entertainment.

No one saw him.