

Purest Heart

Behold the mighty unicorn fair.
With hooves of iron and a
mane of hair.

Look into its gentle eyes.
A gaze that that pierces
through the most well
woven of lies.

Approach the mighty stallion
if you believe you have the heart.
Be kind and pure and perhaps
some knowledge it will impart.

Behold the fierce spirit of the
forest. For it runs like the wind
and fights like the fiercest of lions.

It's dazzling horn can rid the darkest
waters of poison and the make the
most foul of sicknesses flee with
but a glance.

It carries the wisdom of centuries
and the cunning of a serpent.

The guardian of the forest who
never falters and never ages.
So many have had it within their
sights. Only to come away sounding
as nothing but fools and charlatans.

Nothing can trap a unicorn.
Not even the purest and most
gentle of heart.

For the unicorn knows that while
they may never wish it harm, the
rest of mankind is not so innocent.

There is but one way to trap a
unicorn. To rid it of it's power
and take its mighty horn away.

You must trap them in their
own cunning and use their

great and merciful hearts
against them.

For unlike the tales men
spin unicorns can resist
all temptation. All temptation
but one.

A unicorn no matter how
strong, how old, or how
wise will never leave a man
to die.

No matter how wicked, how
evil, or how greedy he might
one day become.

A unicorn may never allow itself
to be bound by chains or held
behind walls but it also will never
fail to use its power to help restore
the life of another.

And in giving up their power
for the life of mortal man.

The purest spirit of the earth
risks becoming the darkest of
nightmares.