

Twisted Purity

Tales they tell of the
great guardian who has fallen.
A warrior not of man but
of beast and forest and earth.

A stallion who was the
mightiest of unicorns brought
low by the tears of a humble queen.

Oh listen to the pleading cries
of a queen who begs while her
child dies.

Watch as the guardian of the forest
refuses to listen and averts his eyes.
For the hearts of men are filled with
nothing but lies.

His eyes would not look upon her
and his ears shut themselves to her
voice.

For the stallion knew her child
was wicked and would grow
to be just as dark as his father.

But on and on the queen made
her plea until the unicorn's heart
was sore.

“Enough! I hear you! Please
stop your tears! My heart can
bear this no more.”

Bowing his head to the desperate
queen the unicorn gave her a chance.

“I will you give my horn, but
only half its length. Until the boy
comes of age. If he is pure in heart
until then I will give him strength
for the rest of his days.”

“But if wickedness grows in his
heart before then he will get
nothing from me. Not strength.

Not wisdom. Not a drop of
mercy will he see.”

So the unicorn vowed and
the queen accepted his terms.

With that a mighty crack echoed
throughout the trees as he split
his great horn in two.

Broken in the middle and
a paltry stump left to remain.

The queen sobbed a thank you
through her tears grateful for
the chance to end her son's pain.

Away the stallion ran. Into the
forest with a heavy heart. For while
he knew he had saved a child's life
there was no telling what danger
it would yet impart.

Years passed by and the queen
ruled in place of the dead king
bringing peace from all of his strife.

Every day she taught her son
reminding him of the great beast
who had spared his life.

But the boy's heart grew ever
blackier with hatred at the foul
creature who left him twisted.

Twisted in a body frail and weak.
The mockery of everyone who speaks.
His mind grew foul and his eyes grew dark.

For he wanted nothing more then to
run a sword through the unicorn's heart.

What was the point of a body that could
hardly bear his weight? Why had the
stallion saved him at all if only to leave
him to this wretched fate?

The queen's urges for patience fell but
on deaf ears. Her promise of a body

strong and able meant less and less
across the years.

The boy had not learned his lesson.
For the unicorn sought to teach him
patience and kindness to those weakest
in life.

Yet as the boy came of age his
evil grew past all bounds. With
the stroke of a sword he seized the
throne and from his mother's dead
fingers the crown.

With a roar of anger he sent out
the command to every soldier and
swordsman in the land.

A lifetime of gold and treasure beyond
imagination. To the first person who
brought him the remaining horn of
the stallion.

Trees fell beneath their relentless
advance. Pure springs fouled without
even a glance.

Great forests burned to send beasts
fleeing. All of the sake of unicorn.
A single innocent being.

Green gave way to red as the
countryside swam with fire.
All for the sake of a man
who had not discerned the unicorn's
desire.

For what the unicorn feared had come
true and with it a terrible price.
For not only had the boy lost his way
but the stallion too had lost his might.

A white coat that sparkled in the sun
is now the deepest black.

Proud eyes that cared for all the forest
now blaze red with rage, ready to attack.

The horn that once glistened like the

finest pearl, now runs through
with cracks that bleed a reddish glow.

For as the boy grew wicked so too his
evil corrupted the stallion. For the unicorn
could feel the burn of his hate and the
suffering he inflicted on others and he
agonized at his mistake.

If only he had given up his strength
in its entirety and not its half. Then
maybe things would have been different
and the boy would have ruled in the
people's behalf.

For by giving up half his horn the
stallion did not give up his power
but shared it. So both of them became
connected in soul and in spirit.

The boy's darkness had infested
the stallion like a disease until it
drove him mad. His purity tainted
by the darkness that lies within man.

His eyes bring the weakest of men
to their knees.

His piercing scream can make the
strongest of warriors beg for mercy.

Where flowers once grew beneath every
step, now his hooves bring nothing more
than relentless pain and death.

Trees wither at his passing.
Water poisoned at his touch.
The fairies silent in fear of being
noticed by the one who once sang
to them with such kindness and grace.

On and on the unicorn traveled.
Relentless in his quest.
For until the wicked boy was slain
he could never have any rest.