

# THE UNICORN'S POTION

A fairy tale

By Carole L. Cooney

Setting: Buttercup Grove at the foot of Sandy Mountain

Characters:

Narrator

Golden, a unicorn

Little Buttercup

King of the Mountain

Skippy, the Court Jester

Sparkle, a fairy

Narrator: Once upon a time, Golden, a little unicorn, was prancing merrily through rows and rows of buttercups that swayed in the gentle breeze at the foot of Sandy Mountain.

Golden: (whiny) Oh! I'm sorry. I've stepped on your lovely petals with my hoof, Little Buttercup. Please forgive me.

Buttercup: Of course I forgive you, Golden. You see, my petals have sprung back quite nicely. You really did no harm.

Narrator: Suddenly a black figure darkened the sun and the buttercups closed their petals and quivered. Golden was frightened, too. In the distance, he heard the loud rumbling voice of the King.

King: (loudly) WHO – stomped – on – Little Buttercup's petals?

Golden: (bowing his head) I am sorry to say, Your Majesty, that I did. I was being careless and not watching where I was going.

King: (slowly) YOU – must – be – punished – at - once!

Narrator: In a flash, Little Buttercup opened her petals wide and shouted.

Buttercup: Oh, no. Please, Your Majesty, Golden did no harm.

Narrator: Suddenly Skippy, the Court Jester, was running and shouting to the King.

Jester: Your Majesty! Your Majesty! Something has happened to Princess Ava. Please come quickly to the castle.

Narrator: The Court Jester led the King through the garden path into the castle.

Narrator: Silently, tiny rainbow-colored fairies peeked their glistening blue eyes through the dark green leaves.

Sparkle: What shall we do to help the little Princess?

Golden: I know. There is a magic potion in my horn that will bring good health to Princess Ava.

Sparkle: But, Golden, how do we get the potion out of your horn?

Golden: You will have to poke a tiny hole in my horn and the potion will pour out.

Sparkle: Oh, Golden, will it hurt?

Golden: What's a little pain when it means Princess Ava's health will return?

Narrator: The fairies gathered a large spider web to catch the potion. Then, very carefully they searched for a friendly honey bee and brought him to Golden. The bee's stinger gently pierced a little hole in Golden's horn. Slowly, the white powdery potion sprinkled out drifted into the web.

Golden: That looks like enough potion, Sparkle. Quickly tie up the web and bring it to the King. Tell him to mix it with fresh, cool water and have Princess Ava drink it at once.

Narrator: The afternoon dragged on as Golden, the fairies and buttercups waited to hear news about Princess Ava. Suddenly, bursting out of the castle doorway, Skippy hopped and skipped and jumped with joy.

Skippy: (shouting) Princess Ava is cured! Princess Ava is cured! Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

All: (shouting) Princess Ava is cured! Princess Ava is cured! Hooray! Hooray! Hooray!

Narrator: BUT... the merriment stopped when the King appeared.

King: Tell me where this potion came from?

Sparkle: Your Majesty, Golden, the little unicorn, allowed us to pierce his horn which contained the magic potion.

King: (amazed) But, didn't this hurt a great deal, little unicorn?

Golden: Your Majesty, what is a little pain when it meant Princess Ava's health would return?

King: I am well pleased with your sacrifice, little unicorn.

Buttercup: Please do not punish the little unicorn for stepping on my petals. He did no harm, Your Majesty.

King: Of course, I shall not punish him. I want to reward him.

Sparkle: Your Majesty, please let Golden live in the meadow by the castle. And - let him be Princess Ava's horse. I'm sure she would love to visit and feed and ride him every day.

King: What a wonderful idea! Would you like that, little unicorn?

Golden: (bowing low) Yes, Your Majesty.

Narrator: Dusk was falling when the Princess walked out of the castle to meet Golden and thank him for helping her get well. Swiftly, she swung onto his back. The King watched with a bright smile on his face. The fairies sang sweet songs and the buttercups swayed to and fro, while Golden and the Princess rode around the meadow as happy as could ever be!