



January Writing Prompt Winner

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Jordan tiptoed into the feed room. She heard the noise again and shined her flashlight toward the grain bins. There, she saw a tiny unicorn with a mouth full of grain, looking just as surprised as she was. Pellets fell out of the unicorn's mouth as her and Jordan stared at each other in shock.

The unicorn wasn't what Jordan expected it to look like. She was smaller, a lot smaller, and her horn just barely poked out of her long forelock. The unicorns in the movies had giant horns, and they were big, warmblood-like horses. This unicorn almost looks like... a Shetland Pony. She has a thick, pure white tail that barely scrapes the floor of the feed room. Her mane just passes her shoulder, and it has slight waves as if it had just been taken out of braids. Her forelock is pure white as well, but her mane had a streak of a beautiful purple, similar to the color of lavender. Her tail had vines threaded through it with purple flowers that match her mane. And best of all, her coat was a beautiful, clean, shiny white. It leaves Jordan wondering what purple shampoo she uses.

Jordan keeps the flashlight shined on the unicorn. She feels like somebody has pinched her back into reality. Is she really seeing a real unicorn standing right in front of her? She thought it was always a myth, or a legend. But to experience it in real life, is even more cool. The unicorn hasn't dared take another bite out of the grain bin, but when Jordan tries to take a step toward her, she flinches. Jordan freezes in her tracks, a puzzled look crosses her face as she tilts her head, observing the unicorn.



“Hey there— girl...” Jordan pauses, “are you a girl?” The unicorn whinnys. Is that a yes? Can she understand her?

“Do you have a name?” The unicorn stays quiet. Her ears move back a bit, her expression changing. Jordan takes another cautious step towards her, this time she stays calm. The unicorn moves her shoulders so she’s facing Jordan, she's only an arms length away now. In one hand, she keeps the flashlight shining, her other arm slowly raises and reaches out towards the unicorn. She stretches her thin neck out, inching her nose closer to Jordan's hand. Jordan could feel her whiskers tickling her hand before making contact with her soft nose.

“What should I call you, sweet girl?” Jordan ponders, “Amethyst?” She whinnys again, burying her face into her hand. Jordan lets out a laugh, stroking her soft coat. She notices Amethyst's small horn poking out of her head. It was maybe three inches tall, but it was purple and shimmered when the flashlight shined on it. Without realizing what she was doing, Jordan reaches out to touch her horn. It begins to illuminate in the dull light of the feed room. A smile tugs at her lips in awe of what she was seeing. A purple glitter floats above her horn as she trots out of the feed room. Purple hoofprints begin to fade into view where Amethyst had been. Jordan chased her out of the room, following the hoofprints she left. Amethyst had moved fast enough that she was no longer in view, Jordan had to rely on the hoofprints hoping she didn’t lose her.

Jordan ran through the stables and past the horses that were giving each other confused looks. Her hands felt lighter, not realizing she had dropped the flashlight. It’s most likely lying on the floor of the feed room. The cool autumn breeze burned her face as she ran. She left the barn and ran down the dirt paths leading to the pastures...



but the hoof prints are leading into the pasture? The lock on the pasture gate was coated in glitter, lying broken on the ground. Did Amethyst use magic to break it? Jordan began to move her feet again, running after the marks on the ground that were slowly fading as time passed. The back of the pastures were shaded by large oak trees, which she couldn't see behind. She continued to run even though her lungs were beginning to hurt, occasionally she would stumble over her own feet or rocks.

As she reached the largest oak tree in the back of the pasture, the hoof prints ended. She slowed down and approached the tree with caution. Behind it, she could hear the heavy breathing of something... Amethyst? Before Jordan could look, a small unicorn stumbled out from behind. But it wasn't Amethyst. They were much smaller, its legs longer than its body while it struggled to stand up. It's a foal! Amethyst appeared behind the foal, whinnying and stomping her feet.

"Is this your foal?" Jordan asked the unicorn. She let out another quiet whinny. She crouched down to pet the foal. It was a filly! She almost looked exactly like her mom, except her horn was barely peeking out of her head and her mane and tail had much more growing to do. I noticed the dull pink chunk that was growing in her mane, she was beautiful.

"Your name will be Orchid," she smiled, Amethyst laid down beside her. "Orchid and Amethyst, my two perfect unicorns."

Jordan, Amethyst, and Orchid became best friends and they got to witness her growing up. Jordan loved them as if they were her own children.

The End