

Slapping a Unicorn

I quietly sat down on a log in the woods that evening, simply enjoying the sound of the breeze through the trees. The Sun had not yet finished setting, and was an awesome fiery orange color in the sky. I looked down to the burning embers of my campfire over which I had cooked some hot dogs. I was filled enough to have a decent night's sleep.

I stood up to go dump some dirt over the embers to put it out completely, when I heard something rustling through the trees and bushes before me. I tensed up, reached into my pocket, and gripped my pocket knife, ready for anything.

However, what stepped out of the forest completely caught me off guard. What came out and stood before me was none other than a real life unicorn.

As I stood staring with a dropped jaw, the creature approached me, and towered over me. This was no toy or child's sketch, this was a true majestic unicorn. It looked to be about 6 feet tall from its silver cloven hooves to the top of the head, not including the silver horn, which looked to be about 1 foot long. Its legs were very slender and just slightly thinner than that of a normal horse, making it seem nearly impossibly delicate and light. Its body was very smooth and in no way pudgy, not an ounce of spare flesh on it, yet it looked completely healthy. Its head and snout were that of a normal horse, and the tail and thick mane, which fell over and hung off of its right side of its head, was vibrant autumn-brown color, which stuck out against its pure white coat.

The creature stood over me, its breaths long and deep and heavy. I could see the nostrils flare with every breath, and the mouth was closed perfectly shut. The snout was a grayish color that differed from the rest of his white body, and I looked up from the snout and nose to the warm brown eyes and stared unblinkingly.

Our breathing was kind of in sync in reverse. That is, whenever the unicorn would breathe in, I would breathe out, and vice versa. I could feel the creature's breath upon my face, proving its existence to me, as it bent down towards me slightly, moving its head close to my face.

We stood eye to eye, the only thing I could concentrate on was its slow, heavy breathing through its equine nostrils. I could feel each breath brush against my nose and cheeks. I knew what I had to do. I slowly lifted my right arm, opening up my palm. I held it high and to my right, about one or two feet away from the unicorn's head. Then, gathering up my nerve, I went for it.

SLAP!

The force of my palm knocked the unicorn's head to one side, turning it completely to my left, or its right. Its jaw fell open and its eyes were wide, it looked entirely in shock, to say the least.

I pulled my right arm back and put it at my side, just like my left arm, and watched as the unicorn just simply stared dumbly to its right, or my left. Then, it slowly turned to look at me, still wearing that shocked expression on its face. I folded my arms as it did this, and stared back at it with what I was sure was an unreadable expression.

It stared me in my Poker Face for a second, then it shot me a look of disbelief and said in a male, Northern accent, "Did you just slap a unicorn?"

"Yes. Yes I did," I stated plainly.

The unicorn's mouth hung open a moment, his tongue neatly fixed in his perfectly pearly white chomping horse teeth. Then he finally said, "Why? Why would you slap a unicorn?! A unicorn! I mean, look at me!"

The unicorn raised a silver hoof and said, "I'm a silver hooved, pure white, autumnal haired, soulful brown eyed, magical horned unicorn!"

He put his hoof back down and started to prance in place. "Look at this delightful prance I can do! Hear that little clippity-clop of my hooves made of precious metal!"

He stopped prancing and leaned down to me, looking at me questioningly with his brows raised, his brown eyes searching deep into mine.

"A unicorn is a precious, wondrous thing! It captivates the imagination of mankind! Surely you were in awe when I appeared to you! I chose to appear to you, a lone human, to give you the gift of seeing something that the majority of humans can only ever *dream* of seeing. You should be awestruck and filled with the most incredible of feelings at such an astronomically rare sight that is less than once in a lifeti-"

SLAP!

I gave the unicorn a second slap, sending his head to my left, or his right, once again. His eyes were wide and his jaw was hanging open again. His head then snapped back

to look at me again and he shouted in an irate demand, "*Why are you slapping a unicorn!?*"

I put my arm back down, and with an impatient frown I said, "The first time was because you wouldn't quit breathing and breathing on me, and I got sick of it. The second time was because you kept talking and talking on and on and it was getting on my nerves."

The unicorn brayed and said, "But who does that? Who slaps unicorns?!"

"I do," I replied coolly.

"But why!?" he cried out incredulously.

"Tell me why not," I challenged calmly.

"Well, because it's rude," he said to me as if it were the most obvious thing.

"That's why you shouldn't slap others *in general*, " I said in disdain for the creature before me, "Is there a reason why you shouldn't slap a unicorn in particular?"

"Because if you slap a unicorn hard enough, it causes their face to get stuck in a weird expression!" he shouted.

SLAP!

I gave the unicorn a third slap, and rather than his head turning to one side, I could feel the unicorn's face deform like a cornstarch slurry as my hand collided with the unicorn's head and slid off of it.

The unicorn's snout snapped back, and his lips were pursed together in a fish-face.

"Doo-doo-doo-doo-doo!" the unicorn said from his squeezed lips, his brown eyes wide and staring straight ahead.

SLAP!

I slapped him again, and his mouth popped wide open and his tongue hung out, draped over his teeth and dripping saliva onto the ground.

“Ahhyaaaah? Ahyahh? Ah-hahh-hahh?” the unicorn vocalized desperately, unable to close his mouth or pull his tongue back in.

SLAP!

After another slap, the unicorn’s tongue was slurped back in, and his lips seemed to peel up off of his teeth, which were clenched tightly closed.

“Eeeeeeeee!” the unicorn squeaked out, his eyes darting back and forth as he was stuck in a perpetual smile.

SLAP!

I gave this slap some extra force, and the unicorn’s snout fell like an empty rubber balloon and hung limply off of his head.

I smirked and asked, “Why the long face?”

The unicorn glared at me and said with limply flapping lips and a flailing tongue, “Lookf wharf your didth! Myf snouth isth deflathed! Shee?”

The unicorn shook his head back and forth forcefully, and his nose and mouth wobbled around wildly, sending more unicorn drool flying.

“Whath awre your gonna doth ahbou thif?!” the unicorn demanded in a slurred rage.

I stared at the unicorn with the melting snout for a moment, then I reached out with my left hand and stuck my fingers into the unicorn’s big nostrils.

“Dohnt piihck myh nothe!” the unicorn shouted angrily.

I held on tight and pulled the unicorn snout towards me. The unicorn’s snout stretched back like rubber as I pulled as far back as I could, and then I released.

SNAP!

The unicorn’s snout snapped back into its head, jiggled a little, then returned to normal. His eyes brightened up and he said, “Oh, my snout is back to normal! Thank you! Thank

you, thank you, thank-!" Then his eyes widened and he said, "Wait, what am I saying, this was all your fault in the first place! You're a freak! A unicorn slapping freak!"

"Why is slapping a unicorn so wrong? Besides the weird snout face thing?" I demanded, "I defy you to think of one other reason why slapping a unicorn is worse than slapping any other creature!"

The unicorn opened his mouth to say something, but he simply stood there, his eyes darting around as he thought. He closed his mouth and started scratching at the ground with his right forehoof. Then he brayed softly in frustration and muttered, "I don't believe it, I can't think of any solid reason why you shouldn't slap a unicorn, or why it's worse than slapping any other creature."

I sighed in disappointment and said, "Well then, I rest my case. This is why I really hate unicorns! The worst creatures in the world! The only thing worse than being around one would be *being one*, I guess. Goodbye."

I turned to leave, when the unicorn suddenly cried out, "Wait! I got one! I got a reason!"

I turned and said in mock interest, "Well?"

He grinned at me and said, "Magic!"

I humphed at that and said, "Show me!"

Neighing fiercely at me, he reared up on his hind legs and shot an arc of what looked like electricity out of his silver horn. The lighting struck me square in the chest and caused me to spin front ways in mid air. The whole world seemed to turn inside out for a moment. As quick as it happened, the world turned back to normal, and I landed down on all fours. I stared down at my platinum forehooves and long forelegs with eyes wide and emotional. I then turned my head to look at my pure white coat of fur and flowing midnight black and red streaked tail. I looked forward and gave my head a toss, letting my deep, dark mane fly, staring at its amazing volume as it contrasted nicely with my platinum horn.

"And now..." the white, autumn-brown haired unicorn announced with a look of solemn pride and triumph, "... for the finishing touch..."

I was hardly aware that he had raised his right forehoof until it happened.

SLAP!

The force of the hoof against my snout turned my head to my right and sent my spit flying out that way. It was a blunt forceful hit, but I endured it without sustaining any serious injuries, although I would probably have a bruise there before long.

He looked smugly at me as he leaned slightly in my direction, smirking as he said, "How do *you* like getting slapped as a unicorn?"

I finally let out the smile I was holding in and started happily prancing in place, saying, "This is stellar! You have no idea how annoying it was to have to be a human for all that time! I'm finally back to normal! Thanks for changing me back!"

His left eye twitched dangerously and his jaw dropped down lower than ever. "Change... you..." he began slowly, then a look of recognition and utter disbelief overcame his face as he cried out in dismay, "Berry Snowy Lord!"

I gave a nod and said, "Hello, Acorn Velvet Bridle. Still mad about me spitting on your hoof? Turning me into a human 500 years ago was quite the punishment. I suppose I looked a lot different than how I looked after you first changed me. I was hoping I'd find another unicorn to trick into changing me back. Just make it seem like I hated unicorns, and they'd change me into one as punishment. Pretty clever, huh? And the fact that it was you makes it so much sweeter. Or should I say. . .*berry sweet?*"

Acorn seemed to choke on his words as he said, "But I - I turned you - I thought I - You - And I just-!" His voice suddenly broke off completely, and he focused his eyes right at me and his horn began to spark again.

"Uh-oh, none of that," I said with a shake of my head, and I quickly lifted myself up on my front legs and swung my hind legs around and kicked Acorn soundly in the face. The blow knocked him senseless, and he fell down on the ground like a sack of potatoes.

I took several deep breaths, breathing deeper than I've breathed for quite a while. As I looked over Acorn Velvet Bridle, I noticed that his violet-purple tail had fallen upon the embers of the fire I had built, and was starting to smolder and burn. I gazed at his tail in deep thought for a moment, then I looked down at the ground around me at the torn human clothes that were destroyed by the spell. A few of my objects were scattered around me as well. I scarcely gave a glance to my knife and wrist watch, but then something caught my attention. It was a book of matches.

Sniffing loudly, I kicked the matches on top of Acorn's smoldering tail. I then kicked and dragged the remains of my clothing on top of everything. When the matches finally caught light and the autumn-brown fur was enveloped in flame, I turned away and started walking, saying to myself, "He had better not complain when he comes too. At least he'll still be a unicorn! A unicorn without a tail, granted, but still a unicorn!"

The End