

was a terrible cry and the unicorn was on the forest floor.

Merlin put his hand on the unicorn's head. 'I'm so sorry,' he said.

The unicorn looked at him with sad eyes. Merlin watched as the unicorn moved for the last time.

Arthur laughed. 'Fantastic – a unicorn! You don't see them very often!'



'Why did you do this? It isn't right,' said Merlin sadly.

'Don't be a girl, Merlin!' Arthur took the long horn from the dead unicorn's head. Behind him, Merlin saw someone in the trees. It was an old man in white clothes. His face was both angry and sad.

'What are you looking at?' Arthur said. He turned, but there was no one there.

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Arthur and Merlin took the unicorn's horn to Uther Pendragon. The King was pleased with his son. He looked

at the unicorn's horn and smiled.

'This is good, Arthur!' he said. He gave it to his old friend and doctor, Gaius. 'What do you think, Gaius?'

Gaius wasn't happy. 'My Lord*, unicorns are magical animals. There is an old story. Bad things can happen when a unicorn dies.'



But Uther didn't believe him. 'You're wrong, Gaius! This horn is going to be lucky for Camelot!' He and Arthur left the room.

Merlin turned to Gaius. 'The unicorn was so beautiful,' he told the old man.

Gaius smiled at him. 'You were lucky, Merlin. Not many people see a unicorn.'

'But it died in front of me,' Merlin said sadly.

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Merlin looked out of the window of Arthur's room. He was very quiet.

Arthur looked over at him. 'What's the problem, Merlin? Are you still thinking about that unicorn?'

'It was wrong, Arthur. I know it!'

* People used *My Lord* when they spoke to the King or his son.