

## THE PERSISTENT UNICORN

REMY PRETENDED NOT TO SEE THE CREATURE standing regally beside the road, not three feet from his idling car. She always had the same impossibly white coat, large brown eyes, intricately braided mane, and ribbon-twisted horn. If the Sightless could see her, they'd be offering her carrots and sugar cubes, or perhaps money and a TV series.

She could go anywhere and do anything. No one was forcing her to give him that pleading look. She didn't need to be hanging around him, watching him from the sidewalk while he sat in rush hour traffic every morning.

He punched his horn, but the sound only made him feel better for an instant, then left him with a headache. The driver in front of him cursed in her mirror. The driver behind him threw up rude gestures. Not one of the cars moved. It could go on like this for hours. Then he would sit in his

office behind a monitor for several more hours, eventually sitting through gridlock on the way back home. And she would suffer beside him as he tried to convince himself that he cared about this unimaginative, faithless world.

Remy turned off his car. The absence of the engine's vibrations allowed his soul to settle. He unhooked his seat belt and opened his door. He stepped out; she whickered and pawed at the pavement.

When he stroked the softness of her muzzle, she bared her teeth and snorted, prompting him to bow his head. "Will you still have me?" Remy asked.

Average passersby would have seen an everyday businessman convulsing in death throes on the pavement. Only those with the Sight would have seen his fists hardened into hooves. His suit was swallowed by sprouting white fur and his forehead was split by a stubby little horn. The two eldritch beasts broke into a run across the street, passing through cars like shimmering ghosts, leaving behind one abandoned machine, its door hanging open, forgotten.