

Excerpt from Mindamoon® by Michelle Terrill Heath

“My goodness I must be dreaming.” Anne whispered as she watched the perfect creature paw her palm with its tiny hoof.

“In sooth, my lady, I am not a dream.” The unicorn spoke in tinkling musical words.

“Pray tell who are you and in what way did you come to be living?” Anne asked.

“So many questions my lady has.” The unicorn spoke merrily. “I became a living being through magic. The three essential keys to allow magic to happen all came together when you opened your present and wished I was alive. Who I am is a matter only you can reveal. RECOGNITION is one of the keys and only you know my name.”

“Truly I do not know your name gentle unicorn, although I shall be honored to think up a name for thee.” Anne offered

“Oh no, by my troth, you know my name and bye and bye it shall come forth.”

“Then let us be of good cheer my sweet Mindamoon.....Mindamoon!” Anne cried. “How did this word fly from my lips?”

“You have hit the mark.” Mindamoon smiled as he spoke. “May I call you Anne?”

“Please do Mindamoon.” Anne replied, still dazzled by her revelation.

“I thank you for my name. Now that we are acquainted, I must say how parched and hungered I feel.”