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The Unicorn From The Stars

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Once upon a time, in a small village in Ireland, there lived a boy named Martin Hearne. Martin was a bright and imaginative lad who lived with his two uncles, Thomas and Andrew. Thomas was a hardworking coach builder, and Andrew helped him in the workshop.

One sunny morning, Martin was in the workshop, polishing a magnificent golden coach that his uncle Thomas was building. The coach was the most splendid thing Martin had ever seen, with shining wheels and beautiful carvings of a lion and a unicorn on top.

As Martin worked, he began to daydream. He imagined the lion and the unicorn coming to life, galloping through fields of golden wheat and vineyards full of sweet grapes.

Just then, Father John, the kindly village priest, walked into the workshop. "Good morning, Martin," he said with a warm smile.

Martin didn't respond. He had drifted into a deep dream, his eyes closed as he leaned against the coach.

Father John gently shook his shoulder. "Wake up, Martin," he said softly.

Martin slowly opened his eyes. "Oh, Father John," he whispered, "I had the most amazing dream!"

"What did you dream about?" Father John asked, his eyes twinkling with interest.

"I saw white horses with shining riders," Martin began excitedly. "They were unicorns! They took me to a beautiful garden with golden wheat and sweet grapes. But then, the unicorns started to trample the grapes and the wheat. I heard a voice giving me a command, but I can't remember what it was!"

Father John nodded thoughtfully. "Dreams can be mysterious," he said. "Perhaps in time, you'll understand what it means."

Just then, Uncle Thomas entered the workshop. He was a serious man who believed in hard work. "Martin, there's no time for daydreaming," he said sternly. "We have a lot of work to do. This coach must be finished soon!"

"Yes, Uncle Thomas," Martin replied, picking up his polishing cloth. But as Martin

tried to focus on his work, his mind kept wandering back to his dream. He couldn't shake the feeling that it was important.

Later that day, as Martin was taking a break outside, a group of travelers passed by. There was Johnny Bacach, Paudeen, Biddy Lally, and Nanny. They looked tired and hungry.

"Hello," Martin called out. "Would you like some food and water?"

The travelers smiled gratefully. "Oh, yes, please," said Nanny. "We've been walking all day."

Martin led them into the workshop and shared some bread and cheese with them. They sat together, chatting and laughing. Uncle Thomas walked in and was surprised to see the strangers. "Martin, who are these people?" he asked.

"They're travelers, Uncle," Martin explained. "I thought they could use some food and rest."

Thomas frowned. "This is a workshop, not an inn," he said sharply. "We have work to do."

"But Uncle, they were hungry," Martin said.

"No excuses," Thomas replied. "They need to leave, and you need to get back to work."

Feeling disappointed, Martin watched as the travelers thanked him and continued on their way. Uncle Thomas returned to his workbench, muttering about lost time.

That evening, Martin sat outside, watching the stars. Uncle Andrew joined him. "What's on your mind, Martin?" he asked gently.

"I keep thinking about my dream," Martin said. "I feel like I'm supposed to do something important."

Uncle Andrew smiled. "Dreams can tell us a lot," he said. "Maybe you're meant to help others."

"But Uncle Thomas doesn't understand," Martin sighed. "He only cares about work."

"Your Uncle Thomas believes in hard work because he thinks it's the best way to live," Andrew explained. "But there's more to life than just work."

The next day, Martin saw the travelers again. They were sitting by the side of the road, looking weary. He decided to bring them some food.

"Thank you, kind boy," said Johnny Bacach. "Not many people stop to help us."

Martin sat with them. "I want to make a difference," he said. "I want to help people who need it."

"That's a wonderful idea," said Biddy Lally. "The world needs more kindness."

Inspired, Martin began spending his free time helping others. He brought food to the hungry, visited the sick, and played with children who had no one to play with. When Uncle Thomas found out, he was not pleased. "Martin, you're neglecting your duties!" he scolded. "The coach is not finished, and you're off playing charity!"

"Uncle, helping people is important," Martin insisted. "The golden coach can wait."

Thomas shook his head. "You have responsibilities," he said firmly. "This coach is for the Lord Lieutenant himself!" But Martin couldn't ignore the tug in his heart. He continued his mission to spread kindness, and soon, others in the village joined him.

Father John was proud of Martin. "You're doing good work," he told him. "But remember to be careful and not neglect your own needs."

One night, Martin had another dream. He saw the unicorns again, but this time, they were peaceful, and the garden was whole and beautiful. A gentle voice whispered, "Keep spreading kindness, and the world will become brighter."

The next day, Martin shared his dream with his friends. "I think it means that if we keep helping others, the world will be a better place," he said.



They all agreed and worked even harder to help those in need. However, not everyone was happy with the changes. Some villagers grumbled that Martin was causing too much fuss and that the travelers didn't belong.

One afternoon, as Martin and his friends were planting flowers in the village square, a group of stern-looking men approached them. They were the constables.

"Martin Hearne," one of them called out. "We've heard complaints that you're stirring up trouble."

"Trouble?" Martin asked, surprised. "We're just trying to make the village nicer."

"Some folks don't like these changes," the constable said. "You need to stop."

Uncle Thomas arrived, looking worried. "Martin, come home now," he urged. "This has gone too far."

"But we're only helping," Martin insisted.

"Listen to your uncle," the constable said.

Just then, Johnny Bacach stepped forward. "Leave the boy alone," he said. "He's doing good."

"Stay out of this," the constable warned.

A crowd began to gather. Some people sided with Martin, while others agreed with the constables. Voices were raised, and the situation grew tense.

"Everyone, please calm down," Father John called out, trying to ease the tension. But in the confusion, someone stumbled, and Martin was pushed. He fell to the ground and hit his head.

"Martin!" Uncle Thomas shouted, rushing to his side.

Father John knelt beside him. "He's unconscious," he said worriedly.

They carried Martin to his home and laid him on his bed. The village doctor was called, and everyone waited anxiously. After a while, the doctor came out. "He needs rest," he said. "He'll wake up when he's ready."

Days passed, and Martin remained asleep. The villagers began to realize how much he had done for them. They missed his cheerful smile and kind deeds. Uncle Thomas sat by Martin's bedside every day. "I'm sorry, Martin," he whispered. "I should have understood."

One morning, as the sun peeked over the hills, Martin's eyes fluttered open. "Uncle Thomas?" he said weakly.

"Martin! You're awake!" Thomas exclaimed, tears in his eyes.

"How do you feel?" Father John asked gently.

"Tired, but I'm okay," Martin replied.

The news spread quickly, and soon, the whole village gathered outside his house, cheering and celebrating. When Martin was strong enough, he stepped outside to greet them. "Thank you all," he said with a smile.

"Martin," Uncle Thomas said, placing a hand on his shoulder, "I've decided to help you with your mission. We can finish the golden coach and use it to bring joy to others."

"Really, Uncle?" Martin asked, his eyes shining.

"Yes," Thomas replied. "You were right. There's more to life than just work."

The villagers cheered, and together, they finished the golden coach. But instead of sending it away, they used it to bring food and supplies to those in need.

From that day on, the village became a place of kindness and generosity. The travelers were welcomed, and everyone worked together to make their home a better place.

One evening, as the sun set in a blaze of colors, Martin sat with Uncle Thomas and Uncle Andrew outside their house.

"You know, Martin," Uncle Andrew said, "your dreams have changed us all."

Martin smiled. "I think the unicorns were showing me the way," he said.

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