

The Mythical Golden Stag



A long time ago, in the east, there was a kingdom ruled by King Nimrod. He had two sons called Hunor and Magyar. I was just a young fawn at this time, but when I grew up, the brothers started to hunt deer, foxes and birds. I always tried not to be seen by them.

One hot summer's day, all the animals in the forest were tired and thirsty. I had just finished my drink and was resting in the woods when I heard them. I heard hooves galloping towards me. I knew they were horses, with men riding them. They spotted my branching antlers, which were gleaming in the sun, and my distinctive golden fur, easily.



(Illustration by Jodie Balfour)

I started running. I ran as fast as I could, crossing rivers, mud and water, before disappearing into the swamp. I waited until I could no longer hear the horses' hooves. I quietly left the swamp, following the horse tracks in the mud towards an island covered in trees. Then I saw them.



(Illustration by Jamie Britt)

They were gazing at the girls round the fire. There must have been a hundred of them, all dancing. The brothers and their men tethered their horses and quietly went towards the girls. Suddenly the men each grabbed a girl and placed her in their saddle. Hunor and Magyar took the two beautiful sisters who were dancing in the middle. I was shocked at the scene before my eyes.

They rode off into the distance and I slowly followed them. The girls were wearing white dresses with exotic flowers in their hair. The men and their horses were in their battle gear. They were instantly married before me.

Soon the beautiful island was no longer big enough for all the couples and their children. Before long, the two brothers, with their wives and many of their men, set off to found a new homeland, which later became Hungary.

Story retold by Jodie Balfour