

The stories say that Icarus was warned not to fly too close to the sun and sea because they would do damage to his wings. They did not lie. But they failed to see that Icarus's father warned him not only for that reason, but because Icarus loved the sea and the sun and he knew, should his son go to them, he would never return.

Icarus's father, Daedalus, had crafted wings as strong and as beautiful as the ones that graced the great Pegasus's back. He made them for himself and his son so that they may fly away and be free. But this is not Daedalus' story; his story is already over. This is the story of his son, and how a certain color came to be.

It is not known what color the coat of Icarus was before his fall; all that is known is that he was beautiful and both the sea and the sun admired him. But when the day came for Icarus to escape, they like his father, warned him not to come to their domain, for he would die. Icarus promised he wouldn't, but as he was flying and felt the warmth of the sun's kiss on his withers and flanks, he couldn't resist so he flew higher and higher into the sky until the wax holding the feathers of his wings melted and he began to fall. The sun knew what would happen, Icarus would crash into the sea and if the fall did not kill him, the water in his lungs would. It was inevitable. No god can undo what the Fate's have woven.

So, she gifted her Icarus a coat of shining gold, such as had never been seen before. It shimmered and shone like the sun itself and served to show anyone who saw him how much the sun loved him. But she also issued a warning. She took the wings from his back and burnt them to ashes and she took those ashes and spread them across his withers and down his shoulders. The ashes darkened his golden coat where they lay, the soot becoming part of it, and it would serve as a warning for all time for those who dared think to fly to the sun.

The sun could only hold on to Icarus for a few moments, long enough to give him her gift and say goodbye, before she let him plummet towards the sea. The sea had been watching Icarus fly, had heard his laughter and whooping, and stilled the sea into a glassy plane of blue to please him further. The sea also saw Icarus begin to fall, saw the sun's gift to him. The sea could not bear to let his love, his now golden lover, crash into his sea and be broken. The sea reached up and caught Icarus and where the waves enveloped him, his coat turned white as the sea foam.

The sea and the sun shared a few whispered words, and the sea carried Icarus towards the shore and placed him gently on the sand. His body lay where the sun could always warm him and the sea could always touch him. As one last parting gift to their beloved, they granted the gift of his coat to all the others horses and their children. Out of the love of the sea, the sun, and a young stallion, came the majesty of the golden palomino, the whiteness of the splash, and the sootiness of winged warning.