

It was not a dark and stormy night

by Norah

It was not a dark and stormy night when my new life began; it was a glorious orange sunset with hints of purple, the sunset on my old life.

The beach stretched out in front of us, mountains hanging in the background and I trotted carefully carrying my owner Hannah. My hooves hit the sand softly and the sound of the sea fell in time with my four limbs. Hannah was tired and pulled on my reins to tell me to stop. She slid off me gracefully and tied me to a palm tree. She stroked my mane and gave me some oats to eat and some water to drink.

While I rested, Hannah started a fire with driftwood and laid down for a nap. I watched her sleeping and hoped she was dreaming about us galloping across open fields. That's when I heard a strange sound. It was muffled at first but got louder. It was the sound of hooves but it didn't sound like mine. It was the sound of neighing but it didn't sound like mine.

Out of the palm trees, a horse appeared. His legs were dirty, his hair was long and straggly, but he had a way of walking that was very beautiful because it was not a man who had taught him to move that way. He was a wild horse, unlike me. Then, another appeared. She was strong and had dappled skin. Then, another... and another... and soon there were fifteen of them, a mighty troupe of friends. Horses with no owners, wild horses.

I was amazed by the sight. I was a little afraid at first. There were so many of them and they were so beautiful and dazzling. From behind me, I heard a gasp. I turned around. Hannah had woken up and was watching the wild horses too. She moved towards me and as if in a dream, untied my rope and climbed onto my back.

She recognised my shyness. She stroked my mane and whispered to me: "Shall we join them? I'll be with you. I'll always be with you in your heart, Sunshine." My heart sang and I neighed in agreement. We moved away from the camp, moving in perfect unison. We followed the horses for about two hours. It was heaven. When they settled down for the night Hannah came down off me and I sat on the ground and she rested her head on me. She slept and I protected her.

When she woke up, she began to take off the reins, the saddle, she took everything off. A car came to pick her up and I watched as she moved away, gone forever but still in my heart.

I run with the wild horses still. My hair is long and straggly. My legs are dirty but I can move freely, my own way, without a rider, just me and my friends. Wild and free.