

# Freedom

---

Two pairs of eyes stared down upon one another, rarely pausing to blink or see what caused occasional noises. One armed with deadly and powerful kicks, the other armed with a deadly whip. Both creatures barely noticed the whispered giggles from two onlookers, as the stare down continued. The breathing pattern from both contestants were normal and steady as the moments passed on by. As the bright sunrays burst through the trees and warmed the backs of the two, faint noises of four legged animals reached their ears. The Man; tall, dark haired, with a stern and straight face, looked down upon his opponent, always wondering who would make the first move. The door to freedom stood inches away, wide open, with a breeze carrying the scent of flowing hills and meadows.

Another burst of whispered giggles came from the two children as they watched with anticipation. Neither the two enemies made a move. The creature, with blood-stained white color coat, eyes as cold as steel, and a hunger for the world outside the prison bars sent a burning sensation to his soul, yet, he would make no move. The man was armed with that bristled rope the creature called 'Pain'. The man wouldn't make a move either, knowing full well that the creature knew how to aim and could aim well.

But alas, the creature could not hold on to the little patience he had left and darted for the opening. Ignoring the commands and whipping of his master, he knocked the man down and shot out the gate, running as fast as his four legs could carry him. The man shouted orders to his assistants who watched the tragedy unfold. They rushed down the porch, and followed their boss as he raced after the fleeing animal. The creature ran faster and faster, till finally his feet no longer ran upon the ground. Though as best as he tried to stop and turn the other way, the animal

could not stop gravity nor the heavy pull that guided him to the cliffs edge. He fell over, down deep into the ravine which ended with a flowing river with no end.

As he fell the horse met freedom, seconds before his fate. The clean fresh air, the view, and the thoughts that he could not be caught ever again brought peace to his soul as he went crashing down onto the raging river. The man, stopped at the edge and watched his most prized stallion fall. Cursing the ground from which he came, he looked once more, then turned and walked away. The stallion met the freezing water, and hoped it would end quickly. He had suffered enough from the cruel man's treatment. The water engulfed him, and washed him down stream. As he did his best to stay above, the river seemed only to taunt him by pulling him under ever so slightly till he was run clean through of energy. He took his last look at the sun, the bright light that he had not seen since he was a free foal, and went under. It seemed like hours under the water, which was truly only seconds, but it was as if the river had spit him out. His body crashed against rocks, which woke his conscious with a start. He opened his eyes, and saw that he lay upon a rocky beach of some sort. The river had led down to a small and shallow lake.

He did his best to stand up, and with much effort and time was able to accomplish this simple task. His eyes filled with tears as he looked around. Meadows and hills with a hedge of forests met his eyes. The sunrays painted the fields golden, while the trees swayed back and forth to the breeze. Meadowlarks flew above him, singing the same song that they had sung the moment before, as the distant rumbling of thunder was heard. He rushed forward, his mane flying in the wind and for the first time in years, breathed freedom. He was never seen again, the pure white stallion, who once dreamed of seeing what he saw now, for he was, Free.