

# Warhorse

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## **Riding through life.**

I breathed in hard my chest about to explode as I pounded through the battlefield human remains strewn everywhere my rider one of them. My legs burned sticky with the mix of blood and mud which weighed them down making it just the more difficult to heave through dodging the explosions. My ears hurt from the sheer force of the sound that exploded to my right making me trip and land on a fallen horse of the enemy. It was a mare and I could my skin quiver in rage. Quickly heaving myself off the ground the stirrups from the saddle beating hard into my side I bolted even harder now in the enemies camp. I could feel the wound on my back stinging with incredible force which I numbed out. I scanned the faces and worked through the smells over my blood and mud clotted nose searching for the human that had shot my rider. I finally caught it on a drift and ran screaming into the tent. The man was hiding inside guards posted outside like a coward. I quickly trampled him in triumph and then bolted back across the field knocking down the enemy as I went and supporting their rebelling horses. I ran all the way back to the tent with only a bullet graze to the ear. Every part of me hurt as I walked quietly into the medical tent amidst the racing nurses and damaged troops. I hurriedly pointed him out lying on a bed his chest the color red and that sickening metallic smell emanating from him. I walked over slowly and nuzzled him softly leaving a slight smear of blood and mud on his blanket. He slowly opened his eyes and smiled, "Hey there Joey." he said his voice edged with pain. Hearing my name spoken like that made me worried and I began to shift back and forth despite my pain when he reached up and grabbed my bridle a stern look in his yes. "Listen to me Joey. I'll be fine but I promised your brother there," he said pointing to a picture of my human kin who I had always protected and loved, "That you'd be home safe and sound alright. I know the enemy is blocking our way home, but you have to get home safe. Get home to him yah hear." he said now yelling at me and then his grip loosened and he fell back into his bed his eyes closing. I nuzzled his face and noticed his breathing had stopped. Screaming I got the nurses attention that shores was in the tent and they rushed over to lead me out when one of the ones I liked realized why I had walked in and hurriedly began to work on getting him breathing as I was lead outside. Breaking free I quickly bolted for home, for him that had ridden me, my friend, and for the brother that loves me and who I love as well.

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