

Writing 14-17 Champion
Morgan Millner

His shrill, powerful scream pierced the air with such magnitude that I froze in awe of the gallant creature. His hooves flew wildly about as he raced along the barriers of his enclosure, testing them with his every step which hit the ground with such vigor that the earth seemed to tremble at his approach. His eyes were large and sultry, dark and loving, intelligent and unforgettable. His muscles strained as he slid to a stop and he stood tall and proud, examining me. He drew in a large, deep breath and snorted loudly. His warm breath tickled my face and made my knees tremble with excitement. To simply be in his presence made me proud, yet his remarkable exquisiteness humbled me quickly. His ears pricked forward, and his flagged tail whipped wildly around in the breeze and suddenly the world disappeared and all that remained was the majestic fantasy and myself. Never in my wildest dreams had I imagined a moment so full of enchantment, and wonder. I thought it foolish to try and halter the regal equine, yet as I timidly reached up to slip the nylon contraption around his head, he stood still. His head dropped and he gently placed his nose in the halter. Leading him was a reverie, but I was to ride him, never in even my most fantastic fantasy had I imagined such an instant in which I would be able to step onto the back of a king. He pranced lightly along my side, I feared at any moment he would sprout wings and fly into the clouds as surely he was not an earthly being, surely he was an ebony myth or legend, taunting my childish dreams with decadent fantasies of an onyx Arabian stallion. As I placed the paltry strips of leather that I dubbed a saddle on to his regal back he stood patiently, staring in to the wind, drawing it in deep contemplative breaths. His eyes lit up with the scents of the cool breeze and it seemed as if I stared not into the eyes of an equine, but rather deep within his soul, where dreams soar and magic runs rampant. When I finally crawled up onto his back, he looked at me with an intense stare, sizing me up, gazing at my pathetic girlish stature with such reverence that I felt safe and even loved, despite the fact that I was riding a feared and dangerous creature. I will never forget that first ride, that first flight around the small enclosure, that brought me to a higher and deeper understanding of the magical creature we call Arabian. Never will I be able to grasp why such a being would accept me willingly on his back, or why he would allow me to ride with him to my glory for a few blue pieces of cloth, or even why he would permit me to scratch him and love him, and even more surprising why he would love me in return. He is proud and majestic, loving and kind, intelligent and respected, graceful and powerful, and now I am his. How I pray that everyone should share a bond as deep and mythical as that which I have partaken in with the Arabian horse. A being I thought only dreams could harness the affections of and only imaginations could craft.