

Writing 14-17 Reserve Champion
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The Arabian Spirit

When you think of the Arabian horse, you think of a horse rich in history with a legend written of strength and stamina. However, when you are a child you think of her as your friend. When you walk out to the barn you throw your arms around her swan-like neck and tell her how much you love her. You pick up a brush and gently go across her gray hair until it shines. You brush her dished face with greatest care not to hit her large kind eyes. You brush down her chest and get to a small mark where her hair parts. Legend holds that it is the thumbprint given to her by the Prophet Mohammed, but as a child you think not of the legend but only to brush with the way the hair falls as you have been taught. You grab her saddle and carefully place it upon her back. You warm the cold steel between your hands and gently place it in her mouth. When you walk out to the 100-acre forest you come to an open field. She starts to dance a little and you give her her head. She runs with all her heart, taking in all the air. As a child you think not of her as the drinker of the wind, but as a friend that can fly! You near a creek that is crystal clear and glistening in the sun. You unsaddle and unbridle her. She follows you to the creek and drinks of the pure water. There, you share with her all your memories and when she has finished you ride her bareback to the barn. As you grow up you reveal to her all your soul and see her everyday. You never forget to tell her just how much you love her.

The years have passed and you are now an adult. You get a call that her final hours are nearing. You leave work without saying good-bye and get into your car with the gas pressed all the way down. You think nothing of the speed at which you travel for she is the only thing in the world. You arrive at the barn where you have been a thousand times before. You walk to the field where she lays and for the first time you notice that her hair is no longer gray, but as white as angel's wings. She is no longer your friend now; she is your best friend. You kneel beside her and place her head upon your lap. She knickers at you one last time reassuring you that everything is going to be fine. She takes one last breath and closes her eyes, but you do not see her laying there, you see her soul flying to heaven with wings as white as an angel's smile. At that moment you realize that the spirit of the Arabian horse lives on forever.