

Jewel Martinez – Champion 13 & Under Creative Writing

The Ghost Horse

I went to the barn to feed my horse, Sheetan, and noticed something different. It was a shadow. A very dark, large shadow. It was moving closer to me. It was just inches away.

Scared of what might happen next, I moved closer to Sheetan, whose coat was an amazing golden color, creamy flaxen mane and tail, and he was shimmering in the moonlight.

My shoulder touched Sheetan's shoulder, as he did a little spook. I jumped back as he did, and all of a sudden felt a hot breath on my neck. My eyes widened, wondering what it was that had just touched me. I felt another hot breath on me. Only this time, I felt something prickly on my neck. I flinched, not sure of what it was.

Sheetan turned, and looked at me, and then nickered gleefully. As I turned around, I noticed it wasn't a shadow. It was a new horse. My parents got it for me as a birthday present. She and Sheetan neighed excitedly, as I pet both of them simultaneously. I named her shadow because of her grey hair, and the shadow which I thought was a ghost! "Shadow," I said as I continued to pet the two.

The End!