

First Place

Category: Writing - Fiction
Age Division: 15 and Under

A Moment

By: Ellen Cook

Clack, clack, clack, clack, went the bay mare's steel-shod hooves as she strode across the pavement. Her nostrils flared wide, her body was sweat lathered, her ears were pricked, her neck arched proudly.

Her rider let the reins fall loose and patted her neck with a white-gloved hand. "Good girl, Armel." The bay mare glanced up at the gray-haired man smiling out from under his top-hat, and lifted her head higher.

Clack, clack, clack, clack; she knew that she had done well.

Piaffes, passages with high, short steps, half-passes; nicely bent with legs crossing, canter pirouettes, extensions, collections, flying changes, square halts; from cantering into the arena, through the sequence of canter half-pass, flying change, canter half-pass, to the last passage before halting at G, she had done what he asked of her with a flourish.

She loved to dance, she loved the spotlight. This was their moment, hers and the gray-haired man's; they had been working for years to get here.

The red, yellow and blue ribbon hung on the side of her bridle, fluttering proudly in the breeze. She neighed, announcing her triumph to the skies.

Clack, clack, clack, clack; their moment.

Clack, clack, clack, clack; their victory.

Now they were going home.