

First Place

Category: Writing - Fiction

Age Division: 16-21

Horse Whispers

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From the moment she saw him she could hear him speak.

It was not an audible sound to be heard, but a connection. It was a language unspoken all of its own. The girl had no idea how beautiful it would be, nor how painful. For now, all that mattered was that here, that very moment, a creature ten times her weight, with more muscular power than she herself could ever achieve, wanted to be her friend.

She dared not touch him, but instead simply opened her hand at her side, wishing with her whole heart that he would come to her. He obeyed. She looked into his bright, intelligent eyes as he sniffed her open hand, then rested his head against it. He would allow her to touch him. Gently she cupped his heavy head in her hands, gliding her fingers ever so lightly over his smooth coat.

She moved to his side, brushing off dust and mud with her bare hand. The copper hair underneath the grime glowed in the sun. He stood motionless, watching her, waiting. The muscle underneath his skin was taut with anticipation. She whispered to him as she slid the bridle off her shoulder. He accepted it expectantly, knowing what was to come.

Moments later she was on his great back. The muscles in his body rippled beneath her. She laid a hand on his neck, marveling as always in the power beneath her. He raised his head to look at a deer in the distance. With a light stroke he turned his attention back to his rider, listening for what would be asked of him.

Their movements progressed one by one with simple ease. She asked and he gave. He asked, and she whispered back a yes or no. Together they ran across the fields as if they were flying with the wind. It would have seemed to an onlooker as if they were led by the thought of one mind. It was a calm picture. A pretty picture. It was a memory and a lifestyle the girl would never forget.