

THE SAVIOR HORSE

On a peaceful morning, as usual, I nibbled on the grass in the stables. I watched the morning sun peek out from behind the brilliant clouds. Daylight poured into the stables, turning my fur a shade of golden brown. My owner, Jack, stumbled into the room, rubbing his sleepy eyes as he laid the bucket full of water on the ground. I whinnied gratefully and lapped at the water.

A sudden scream pierced through the quiet morning as more shouts followed. "They're attacking!" someone shouted. A metallic smell drifted through the air. Blood. I watched as fear slowly consumed Jack's features. "We need to get out of here quickly," he muttered, his breathing shallow as he unlocked the gate of my stable. He hastily climbed onto my back. The second he was seated, I took off.

I galloped out of the house. It was chaotic outside. Arrows flew, hitting innocent people trying to escape. Bodies were scattered all over the ground. Blood was everywhere. Red blurred my vision, making me stumble. I tried to suck in the air, trying to calm down. I blinked away the red, forcing myself to gallop faster towards the forest's edge. The ringing in my ears tuned out the deafening screams. I eyed the forest edge twenty yards away, determined to protect my owner. Jack's arms tightly wrapped around my neck, reminding me of my mission.

I was almost there now. Only a few yards away—an arrow sailed through the air, and before I could react, it struck my leg. The sharp point tore into my flesh, sinking deep into it. I whinnied in pain, stumbling onto the ground. The blinding pain in my leg was unbearable. Arms tightened around my neck, pulling me back to consciousness. "No," Jack whispered. In a flash, I remembered the reason I was here in the first place. I needed to get Jack to safety. I could not fail. I felt him on my back. I could already imagine his face, the hope disappearing from it. My gaze hardened on the trees in front of me.

In a second, I was up and running. I ran as fast as I could. The limp in my leg could do nothing to stop me as I kept galloping into the woods. We made it. I collapsed onto the ground. Jack struggled to his feet, looking at me with thankful eyes. "Thank you, my friend," he said softly, gently stroking my mane. Even though I was injured, I felt no pain at all. All I felt was love for Jack, leaving me numb to everything else.

