

WILD, THE WILD HORSE

A long time ago in Kansas there was a horse named Wild. She loved the wind that went through her tangled mane, the open blue sky, the plain she lived on, and most of all her herd. Wild wished she could live there all her life and be happy and die in the place she was born. All of that changed one spring morning. Her life would never be the same.

Wild awoke up to the sound of screams; she thought the colts were playing so she kept sleeping. She woke to the sound of silence. Wild looked around, no horses were there. Wild looked and looked all across the plain she loved. She looked at the river, the big rock, and at the second camp for emergencies only. There were no horses, her tribe was gone.

Wild knew if they were gone it was not safe but it was too late. She saw an Indian girl with a bow and arrow walking towards her. Wild was nervous. Was this the end? Will she die in the land she loved? Or will she be captured and be trained to do as she is told? No, she would not be trained to do as she was told even if it cost her her life. Her name was Wild and she was a wild mustang and would be forever.

The girl was three feet away. She stopped and looked straight into Wild's eyes for a minute. She lowered her bow and said "you are the one I am looking for." Wild wanted to leave the place she loved but she was too slow. The girl ran up to Wild, pulled out a rope and put it on Wild's throat. Wild tried to get free but she was too weak. She had not eaten all day or drunk any water. She had no choice. She followed the girl for two hours and finally they arrived at some sort of village. "Oh no!" thought Wild, it was a camp. An Indian camp!

Everyone was staring at Wild like she was a diamond. The strange girl led her to what looked like a cabin but sounded like her tribe. The girl led Wild into the cabin. Wild stopped and rushed to her tribe. There was lots of kissing and crying of joy. Wild's tribe explained to her that a wildfire was on its way to the camp and the Indians saved them but a lot of fighting had gone on before they knew what had happened. They said they tried to wake up Wild but she was in one of her good dreams that nobody could wake her up from. Luckily, one of the Indians noticed that Wild was missing and went to get her. Then Wild understood why the girl was looking for her. Now Wild was grateful that the Indian girl found her or else she would have been dead.

Wild and her tribe went back to their camp happy as they could be and when Wild died in the place she was born her story traveled on for many future generations. Remember this when you go to Kansas. Go to an open field that has a river. You just might hear Wild, as Wild as she was, a long time ago.

THE END