

Flower the Horse

By Marina Cruz

Hello, my name is Flower, I was named that because my marking near my hind quarters looks like a patch of flowers. I woke up one morning and the farmer said, "Wake up, time to do some work." I was not fond of this farmer, he treated me terribly; like I was just some old cloth. He didn't feed me a lot, only an apple and some grain. He gave me little water, too. He's a bad farmer, the worst I should say. The last horse he owned ran away on the first day he arrived. So I should do the same.

That night, I broke out of my stall, and ran for the hills. I saw fresh apple trees and a lake. I couldn't believe my eyes, mother always said there would be a place called paradise. And this was it; water, shelter, and food. I thought there would be other horses here, but it's not like I'm fully alone. There were birds and squirrels around for me to talk to, as well as a few wild cattle. I saw a cave where I would sleep and take shelter. This would be my den. I ate some grass and an apple, drank some water, and talked with the cattle. They said this was America, where animals and people are free.

We were fond of each other, so I invited them to my den where we would rest. They thought we should decorate the den, I told them after we rested, they liked that idea. So, we rested that night and slept peacefully, with the great nature sounds like crickets chirping, water rushing, and owls hooting.

What a great place to find, and I'm free from the farmer, too. I had a dream about finding more animal friends, or bees. They shared honey with me, which was very good, and I found a place closer to the den, where there were many flowers and a cherry tree. We had picnics, too. I enjoyed that dream, and I enjoy my new life.