

A Twist in my Story

by

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Come in, sit down, there's a lot to cover. I wouldn't say that I'm highly interesting, but if you so insist on hearing my life's story, then so be it. Let's see...I was born in a fairly normal way. Grew up with a fairly normal life. I had a sister, two parents, and a herd to complete the community circle. My father was a bit...eh...obsessed with the stars and with the night sky in general. I suppose that should explain my name fairly well...yeah. My mother was a foalsitter; you can say that I was never alone in my foalhood, being constantly surrounded by other foals and all. I can't seem to remember many of their names, they are a fading memory, a dull candle in a dark room. Let's see...there was my sister, of course, her name was Neutron. Figures, another sky-themed name. You can tell how much of a hoof my mother had in choosing our names. Not much. My best friend Strider, of course, he deserves to be mentioned....wonder what happened to him?

I...honestly can't think of any more names right now. They weren't exactly a big part of my life. What? No...I'm not lying at all. Is that what you think...no...

Well, I suppose you have caught me then.

There was another. I guess you'd like the story then? Yes? I'm not quite sure I'm ready...is it too soon? But I suppose I can let the likes of you in on this delicate little twist in my story.

I was about a year and a half old at the time...yes, young and boyish and long-legged. Life was peaceful, normal, stable, until she stumbled into my life like the clumsy and endearingly strange little thing she was. No one knows where she, her mother, and her two brothers came from, they just appeared in our territory out of nowhere and without a story to tell. It seemed they simply just did not want to tell it. Judging by the scared looks on the young twin brothers' faces, it had to be terrible.

She had intrigued me from the start. She was the oldest, and therefore the one with the most privileges, so as soon as they were admitted into the herd she disappeared into the forest until dusk. This strange routine recycled every day. I watched her trot off, she's come trotting back at the same time, every single day. I was too shy, too afraid to confront her and introduce myself, but that would pass eventually.

I was two, and I'm guessing she was around the same age. I woke up early and watched her sneak off into the forest once more, and decided to follow her. My footsteps weren't as light, though, considering I had heavy draft in me. She heard me from a mile away. Startled, she stared back at me with those large, expressive green eyes, and I gave her a reassuring half smile. She must have thought it was attractive...she blushed vigorously. That calmed my nerves a bit. I trotted forward, realizing just how much taller I was than her. An adorably tiny little thing...anyway, I introduced myself and got her talking. She was such a mysterious thing! Every time I tried to pry information out of her about where she came from, she set her jaw stubbornly and became snarky and sarcastic. When it was all said and done...I was still...admittedly attracted to her. But I dared not follow her again, so as not to seem...creepy? Is that the correct word?

So she of course startled me terribly when she woke me up before the sun rose a few weeks later. I opened my eyes up to her blonde mane flying in my face in the breeze, with those invigorating eyes locked into my own. She asked me to follow her into the forest once more, so I stood stiffly and hobbled after her. The sun rose as we were walking, and her shimmering, warm copper coat caught my eyes immediately. I was suddenly very interested in what she was dragging me out there for. She began to slow to a walk and allowed me to walk up beside her. It was late winter, and the snow covering the ground crunched under our every step. She seemed to be chewing over what to say, and I stared ahead quizzically to allow her to catch her thoughts.

Out of nowhere, she swiveled in front of me, causing me to run into her and almost hit the snow. But she didn't back up, instead, and looped her thin neck around mine and stretched to reach my

ear, deliciously close to me. She had the most wonderful earthy smell, but I was too shocked by the closeness to realize it at first. What she said rocked my world.

- "I...kinda like you...?" It was an awkward statement, and it came out like a question, but it sure did make me smile. I looked into her eyes, when a large hunk of snow fell down on my head, and we both ran under a large cedar tree and laughed gut-bustingly.

She was my first love. Sometimes I think she was my only love, and I lost her. My only chance.

How did I lose her, you say? My, isn't it getting late, I should...

Fine.

I turned four, and we were still stuck together like glue. It dawned on me that this was the mare I wanted to be with for the rest of my life. So we left the herd together, leaving it all behind without a second glance. I haven't seen my family since then, I suppose you could call me a terrible son. Anyway, getting off track again, silly me.

We traveled a lot. For months, we were just a couple of twitterpated lovebirds and a planetary sap who wasn't brave enough to pop the question. Yeah, but those were the days I cherish the most. Those big, loving, trusting green eyes and her warm body near mine...the things I remember most clearly.

When I finally asked her to be the lead mare of my new herd, she accepted with open arms. Everything was perfect, my queen beside me and a new life ahead. We were young, capable, and ready for the world.

That all ended one dreary winter's day, a year or two ago.

We must have alerted a nearby herd...or pissed off a couple of rogues...I'm not sure. But they came fast and quick, and my whole world was shattered in a matter of minutes. We were walking through the evergreens when we realized it was going to snow, and bad. The sky was swirling with angry grey-purple clouds, and we were beginning to worry that we would get stranded.

Then they came. Biting, kicking, slashing...and then it was over. I was bruised and beaten pretty badly, but that was only because I was distracted watching them kick the brains out of my lovely copper mate. Once...twice...three times...and she collapsed, there in the snow. There was no blood, but you know the damage was bad. And she never got up. The snow began to fall, as did my tears, when I had to leave her side and accept that nature had taken its way with her. Who could like through such trauma? I ran, fast, furiously, away from the place, never returning.

Her name? I never told you? Oh, my mistake. Her name...Penny. But I always called her Evergreen, after those once gorgeous and vibrant green eyes.