

Escaping the Calvary

by

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Chapter 1

The sound of booted footsteps came closer. Aabaglye sat forward, eager and anxious to meet her new client, and to learn of the horse that she had to help.

The knob turned and the door swung open to reveal a man that she had never seen before. He had thick hair, deep brown. The contours of his face were cut at strong, chiseled angles, with a slight mustache.

He couldn't be older by her than 2 years. Making him 20, yet she herself was 18.

Aabaglye crossed her legs, as she sat in the wooded chair; Looking back at the man that was looking back at her. He wore a blue uniform. Similar to the men in the Calvary wear, with golden buttons, a white trimmed collar, light tan pants with black riding boots. Yes, she was dealing with someone high in rank.

Before she could speak, he cut her off. With a voice that was deep, strong and demanding. Right off she could tell that he was going to be a difficult case.

- "Forgive me for the extreme measures that it took to find you," he said, resting his hands behind his back.

- "But I was told by a consistent source, that you are very experienced with horses."

The golden brown skinned girl smiled.

- "Why thank you. That's quite a nice compliment."

The man shifted his feet,

- "Yet, they had failed to mention to me that you are a woman, and that your-

- "

- "Black?" she finished, arching her eyebrow. True, she had made a name for herself and had become quite accomplished, yet it could never get through some men's and women's simple minds that anyone is capable at anything.

- "Is that going to be a problem?" she asked.

The man shook his head,

- "It could, yet to me it wouldn't be."

Abagayle stood up, straightening her white dress. The blue corset at the top filled with white lace.

- "Well then, let me get something straight Sir. I'm not here to please people. To make people like me. I'm here for the matter of horses. If you or someone can't accept, I'll just pack my things and go, and then you'll have to find someone to replace me."

The man stood shocked and a little satisfied. For what, Aabagyle couldn't say.

- "That is quite satisfying news, Ms-

- "

- "Aabagyle. Yet, I'm quite serious Mister. This isn't news, this is quite real. Also, I like to keep my word. Why promise something if you don't mean it? I'm a woman of my word. When I say something, I mean it. "

- "Yes, Ms. Aabagyle."

She nodded as she picked up her back pack.

- "Now, where's the horse?"

~

Not only had he know that the horse trainer was a woman, yet he didn't know how beautiful she was.

He watched her as she practiced with the troubled Quarter horse. He at first doubted that she could in fact, train the troubled stallion. Yet, he felt as if he was underestimating Aabagyle.

Maybe there was more to this lovely emerald-eyed girl than he thought.

The colonel sat back, watching the raven-haired girl as she tried to train the Quarter horse that had

trouble with halting on command.

He leaned against the coral, watching with intense eyes.

- "She's really good with that horse sir, if I may say sir."

The colonel looked beside him to see, one of his officers...Officer Ryan. He was older than the Colonel but had little sense. His hair was short cropped and a dirty muddy brown. He wore tan pants and a blue shirt with golden buttons, the only difference was his blue cap on his head.

The Colonel shrugged,

- "She...seems like she's doing what she's supposed to. I'm quite impressed." He said, looking back at her.

Officer Ryan shrugged,

- "She's the best in the entire west sir. That's the word around."

The Colonel nodded,

- "So it seems. Fetch me my crop and spurs."

~

Aabagyle leaned against the fence, watching with cautious eyes. It has only been 2 days and already the Colonel wanted to try out his stallion.

Of course, she protested and put up a big fight, yet in the end...he got what he wanted.

Ugh...Men, she thought to herself.

The Colonel sat, walking around on the chestnut stallion as she requested.

- "Keep him calm, the only reason he wasn't cooperating is because he's filled with anxiety. You have to be calm and gentle with him."

The Colonel rolled his eyes,

- "I have no time to be gentle, and we need strong and sturdy horses to help us with the railroad."

Aabaygle rested her hands on her hips, arching her left eyebrow.

- "That is not my concern, my only concern is-

- "

The Colonel rolled his eyes,

- "The horse. I know, I know. But horses are nothing but dumb animals, Miss. They are not humans."

Warmth spread through her cheeks, and she clenched her fists.

- "Don't talk about horses that way, they are-

- "

- "You didn't even cure him; he still walks like he's pulling a load, not with pride. Just as I should've known, maybe I shouldn't have hired you after all."

Aabaygle watched as he continued to circle the horse around the corral. Insulting her intelligence, and then calling the horse stupid? That'll never do.

- "Fine then, you want to see what he learned?"

She raised her fingers to her lips and blew a shrill whistle.

Automatically, the stallion's ears perked up, and quickly broke out into a gallop.

The Colonel's face that was once consumed with pride and cockiness was now consumed with fear and uncertainty. Quickly, he fumbled with the reins in his hands; however, the stallion kept circling around the corral at break-neck speed.

He pulled back on the reins, but the stallion didn't seem to notice; he just kept circling around the ring. The Colonel's face became distorted and anxious.

- "Stop!" he yelled at the horse.

- "Stop it right now!" Angrily, he raised a whip to the horse's flanks, lashing violently.

Aabaygle's eyes narrowed when the Colonel whipped the horse. Quickly, she raised her fingers to lips and blew another shrill whistle.

At the last possible moment, the horse stopped so abruptly, that the unsuspecting Colonel was thrown. He landed flatly on his stomach, his eyes wide in shock.

This was the first time that he was thrown from a horse. (And it wouldn't be the last.)

Pairs of hands eagerly went over to help the Colonel to his feet. As they dusted him off, he looked over to see Aabaygle tending to the horse.

- "Are you alright?" she asked. Not once did she turn to look in his direction.

- "Yes," he replied quickly.

- "I just lost my footing."

Suddenly, her green eyes found his, and coldness crept into them.

- "That was unnecessary. You didn't have to whip him, and also, you didn't have to push him so hard."

The Colonel slowly ran his fingers through his hair as he watched the fiery, crinkly raven-haired girl lead the horse away to the stables.

Right on point, Ryan appeared right next to the Colonel.

- "It seems she likes her horses very much sir."

- "Perhaps too much," he retorted as he walked away.