

White Winds

The wind and rain bit into her skin and face. Salt and fresh water mixing together to burn her eyes, blurring the ocean waves on her right. Gritting her teeth, she resisted the urge to turn and take shelter, yet something pulled her forward. She tripped over a piece of drift wood barely catching herself from falling face down. A wave crashed into her body, making her gasp, inhaling the icy spray, choking her.

'Okay, I think its time to go back.'

Drea's feet hurt from tripping over the drift wood. The wind stilled for a moment as lightning crashed. Her eye glimpsed something quite large washed up on shore. The dark waves seemed to be trying to drag it into its dark depths. Rushing over Drea gasped,

"Oh, where did you come from? We have to get you out of this."

Drea knelt next to a muddy grey white horse. Both figures fighting against the ocean's seemingly dark intentions. Grabbing his halter she pulled his head into her lap. An inscription glinting off the halter's name plate as lighting crashed across the sky. She whispered into his ear,

"Come on Farouk, I can't carry you. I need a little help."

She could barely hear over the roar of the wind and the waves as a soft groan came from Farouk. 'Help me' Drea pleaded, but not a soul was to be found on the beach. Farouk lifted his head, grunting and trembling with the effort, strength leaving his body.

"You can do it, you have to stand Farouk. I can't move you on my own."

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When Farouk finally stood it took over an hour to get him to the safety of the cave. Fear filled Drea that he would collapse on the beach and never get up again. When they reached the cave Farouk trembled with fever and exhaustion. Drea tended to the fire and covered the horse with large blankets, while her own exhaustion begged her to lie down.

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Drea fell asleep by the fire. In her dreams a woman in the cream dress came to her calling to her.

'Drea, it is time that you see, Farouk is more than he seems. Burn coltsfoot and make butterbur mash. These will help him breathe.'

Turning away from Farouk, the woman faced Drea,

'The choice is yours to look past this world and finally see.'

She woke with a start. It had been many years since the woman in the cream dress came to her in her dreams. The last time the woman came to her in her dreams was when she was a child fearing the dark. This time it was different, the woman had never commanded her to do anything before, just gave her comfort.

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The fire crackled bringing warmth in the middle of the storm. Stone grinding on stone could be heard as Drea created a paste of herbs and grain. Taking some coltsfoots she added it to the fire creating a smoke that filled the cave. In her peripheral she thought she saw feathers next to Farouk. Turning her head, she saw nothing only the dirt floor next to the horse.

'My eyes are playing tricks on me.'

"Don't be afraid, the smoke will help you breathe. It will help your lungs fight infection. The butterbur mash will help your pain and fever." Drea said to Farouk.

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Spring was in full force now, the first week of warm days. Farouk had started walking around the cave but became exhausted very quickly. Drea's mind searched for what the dream meant, but nothing looked special about the horse.

'His coat is whiter than before but it couldn't be, it was just a dream.'

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Grabbing Farouk's halter she encouraged him to go outside. As the sun touched him, he seemed to gain a new strength.

"The sea seems to have a deadly power but also a healing power, whether real or in our minds, who knows."

Farouk nickered a response, as if he was saying, *'thank you for keeping me safe and free.'* She always seemed to be able to read horses' minds, but she could never clearly understand a horse, especially after such a short period.

'I have to get more rest.'

*

This was the third time they walked into the sea, each time Drea felt that she could almost have a conversation with Farouk. Not verbal of course but it was like he was in her head. What a silly thought. The last time they went out of the cave Farouk seemed like he said that he trusted her.

The cold water reached them as a gentle wave hit their feet. She looked at the horse to see how he was doing but Drea noticed Farouk's back seemed blurry. Perhaps the rain had burned her eyes the night she found him, causing her eyes to blur. She had noticed since that night her eyes seemed to blur at times, although it only seemed to happen when she looked at the horse. Farouk picked up his head looking straight at her.

'He's calling, are you ready?'

"D..d..did you just talk to me? Are you doing that?" Drea stepped back as fear filled her.

'I am going crazy. That's it I am going to be locked up.'

'No, not crazy, I know that you can see what I am. I think humans call me a pegasus.'

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He filled her mind with answers to some of the questions she had. She could see now, the light and the dark. Words that her guardians had said made sense now, about a dimension where right and wrong is visible, not hidden.

Taking a deep breath and placing her hand on his neck, she knelt next to him as his nose touched the water. Her path was revealed to her as his wings unfurled against the sea wind.