

The Mystery of the Black Foal

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There once lived a Guardian Herd full of mighty and powerful pegasi. There was one from earth, water, fire, metal, sun, and then there was the black foal either the most powerful or the most treacherous. Whether or not, there was not one living in this century or so they thought.

Quietly, living with his mother was the fire guardian blazing mane, hooves and tail, quietly resting. Then, all of a sudden the leader of the herd, Whitefeather, stormed into their humble home. Immediately, Firefeather the guardian of Fire's mother got up and asked Whitefeather what was going on. Whitefeather responded, "The black foal has been spotted by the snow mountains in a cave. I want you to capture him, and look after him. He is still very young plus starving." "Fine!" exclaimed Firefeather. Firefeather told Blaze, the guardian of fire, to stay put. Then, she flew off in the direction of the snow mountains to begin the search for the black foal. While the sun was setting, Firefather finally arrived with the black foal beside her struggling to run away.

Firefeather told Blaze to go to take the black foal to the willow tree, which by the way was right next to the meadow where Firefighter and Blaze lived. Blaze inched closer to the foal then fiercely grabbed the black foal and strained to get him to the willow. Once they were there, he locked the black foal inside. While he was walking away he could hear the black foal charging at the metal door enclosing him. Blaze grazed on the soft grass and soon fell asleep dreaming of what would happen in the morning.

When the sun barely began to rise, Blaze got up and raced to the lake to fill a cup of water. Then, he raced to the black foal's tree. Then, carefully opening the door, he dropped the water and the grass he collected into the cage. After that, he returned home to his mother. "Blaze come here and have breakfast." Firefeather said calmly. "Yes, mother." Blaze said respectfully. Then, they began to eat

berries freshly picked from their garden. Momentarily, after Firefighter got up and went to check on the black foal. When she returned, she returned with the black foal. "All right, foal, what is your name?" "Shadow" he whispered. "All right, Shadow, my name is Firefeather and this is my son, Blaze." "Do you want to play with Blaze?" "Sure, I guess" responded Shadow. They became best friends after that and lived happily ever after, or did they?

To be continued...