

The End of the Line

Clip clop!

Hooves clattered along the cobblestones, lulling him into a sleepy trance. He swayed slightly, ever drowsier with the motion. A voice in his head urged him to stay awake. Louder silence drowned it out. Until...

Stay with me! Her voice cut through the fog, desperate and ringing. He needed to help her. She needed him. He forced his eyes open wide, his best effort barely a squint. Flashing lights and her face, framed by dirty hair. Tears, and pain.

Where were the horses? The steady cobblestones? Her face blurred as his eyes closed, darkness falling. Clip clop. Peace.

