

Even in Death She Served Us

Three men
Standing beside a fire
Around about them
Puddles, rocks, twigs, fields, trees and
Their horse.

The world was gloomy and dark
The air cold as ice
The men were old, tired
Tradesmen who made their living
Going from town to town selling things.

Today was especially sad
They had to decide what to do
With their horse
It was black with a white stripe down his nose
And he was very very old
Struggling to drag the caravan around.

One man said they should
Sell him. To anyone in the next town
Get a new one
Another said *Just leave him*
Carry the caravan to town and get a new horse

Before the youngest could say anything
The oldest walked up to the horse
Laid it down and
BANG!!!!

Silence.

For about ten minutes no one said a word

The killer got up
Told them to help him with the cart
They were angry
But helped him anyway
They asked him
Why he would do such a thing?
To an animal who had helped them for so many years?

Casually he replied
*The animal was dying
I didn't want it to suffer
So I killed it*

As they walked away the youngest man noticed
The horse's belly was moving.
They quickly ran over and cut open its stomach
Inside was a foal!
They brought the baby into the caravan and wrapped it up
Heading to the town the oldest said
*Even in death she served us. The funny thing is,
I always thought she was a boy!*

Liam Murray

