Roman Horse in Battle

By Luke Adair, Year 3, West Park Primary School

Beyond the beautiful birch tree, was a long marathon stretch of road. The emerald green grass bothered my strong hooves. Howling, the wind whistled through the small gaps in the trees and the gushing filled my ears. The air seemed thick and choking but I still plodded forward a few inches. Roaring, the noise on the horizon was dreadful and the brutal battle was horrifying. With a pat and a good word, we ran, charging to the ferocious fires.

Proudly and cautiously, I cantered to the drastic landscape. Burning into me with a rope, my rider dictated wild curses urging me to go faster. The rider’s attitude had definitely changed. With a stumble and a great fall, I caught my leg on a jagged, charcoal rock. Because of my achy legs, I fell with a great force and my thigh started to gush with gory blood. Frightened, pained and ill-treated, I limped out of sight but my rider wasn’t so lucky as he hit the floor motionless with his bloodshot eyes closed.