## strange life to live...

## By Kaoko\_the\_cat\_demon

Submitted: November 1, 2004 Updated: November 1, 2004

story about elves and stuff like that ...

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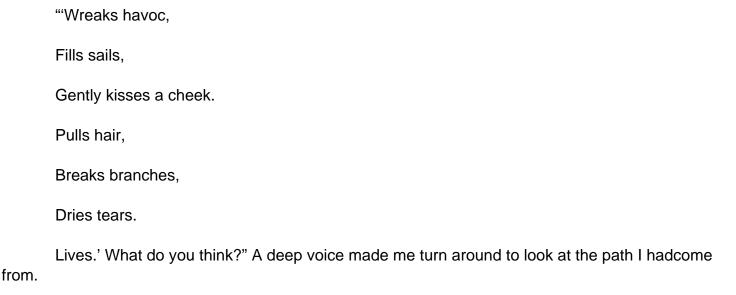
**Chapter 1 - winged horses** 

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## 1 - winged horses

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I sat upon my horse, thinking thoughts too complicated to reveal. The wind tugged at myhair like a living thing. Halting and dismounting, I pulled out of the saddle bags a notebook andpen. Finishing what I was writing, I read it aloud.



"I think you're crazy if you honestly believe that your horse understood a word of that." A man with coppery buzz cut hair sat astride a black mare, quite the opposite of my albinogelding. I stuffed pen and pad back into the brown leather bags.

"I wasn't asking your opinion Dimwit." I replied coldly. Mark Henson annoyed the hellout of me. His blue eyes always seemed to laugh at a secret he hid from me. "Did you get ahaircut?"

He ran a hand through it, smiling shyly. Odd, I didn't think he could be shy. "Yeah. Doyou like it? Or does it look like hell?" He was really giving me an opportunity to make a snidecomment.

"No. It looks great. But you still look devilish. See ya." My horse charged off, givingMark a taste of dust. Hearing hooves and his voice, I turned down a familiar yet ill- used trailthat was covered with grass. I slowed to a walk. Ah, the joys of knowing every inch of thisforest. Hoof beats on grass came from behind. There stood Mark on his mare, panting heavily.

"God----it Seal. How did you find this trail? Lucky for me the grass was trampled. Whatwas that?" A long shrill whistle had pierced the calm air. It came from the woods on my left. Smiling, I whistled back. From the shadows of the trees, a handsome man emerged., Idismounted and embraced him.

"Good to see you again Sean." Sean looked behind me and saw Mark.

"Who is he? Is he bothering you? I can kill him if you want."