

# **strange life to live...**

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*story about elves and stuff like that...*

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**Chapter 1 - winged horses**

**2**

# 1 - winged horses

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

“Wreaks havoc,

Fills sails,

Gently kisses a cheek.

Pulls hair,

Breaks branches,

Dries tears.

Lives.’ What do you think?” A deep voice made me turn around to look at the path I had come from.

“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 hell out of me. His blue eyes always seemed to laugh at a secret he hid from me. “Did you get a haircut?”

He ran a hand through it, smiling shyly. Odd, I didn’t think he could be shy. “Yeah. Do you like it? Or does it look like hell?” He was really giving me an opportunity to make a snide comment.

“No. It looks great. But you still look devilish. See ya.” My horse charged off, giving Mark a taste of dust. Hearing hooves and his voice, I turned down a familiar yet ill-used trail that was covered with grass. I slowed to a walk. Ah, the joys of knowing every inch of this forest. 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. What was 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., I dismounted 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.”