

# **Battlecry: Son of Spirit**

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*Battlecry is born under a mixture of mysterious circumstances. When he matures, will he be able to piece together the events that happened on that fateful night? Please R/R!*

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# 1 - Chapter 1

Disclaimer: I do not own Spirit:Stallion of the Cimarron, or any characters developed by Pixar that are featured or mentioned in this story. As a matter of fact, I do not own any characters in the story, they were all developed by the renowned equine artist, pookyns-5 on FAC. She has graciously given me some rights in order to write this story featuring her characters, but just keep in mind I do not own them. This story is actually a type of request, a new type of request I'm doing which features the writing of stories instead of illustration. So I hope you all enjoy it, as we have spent many weeks collaborating and working out details.

~Crazysparkles

## Chapter 1

Deep in the land of the old west, farther than any modern man had ever traveled, a windswept valley shuddered under the rising of the full moon. Surrounding the rich basin of buffalo grass, craggy mountains jutted through the horizon, their snow-capped peaks glistening under the fall of night. The shadows cast by these slumbering giants shaded the entire length of the bubbling stream below their summits, and nearly the entire valley. But far from these shadows, in a thicket hidden by pine trees, the moonlight managed to penetrate where the mountains could not.

The thicket was well hidden amongst the sparse trees outlining the Cimarron valley. Although it was wide and circular, it proved difficult to navigate for brambles had rooted themselves in and between the width of the pine branches. No predator, save the moon, would be able to enter the natural fortress of timber, and that is exactly what the mare had wanted.

Her journey to this illuminated shelter started many months ago, more than a year after her return to the valley. When she had discovered her situation, no one had been more overjoyed than her mate, Spirit. He had sired many foals during his time as the Cimarron stallion, but she knew that he favored her most over any other mare under his leadership. Although it left hard feelings towards her as a domesticated lead mare, she was comforted knowing that her foal, whichever gender, would have a high ranking.

She thought fondly of her mate, even now as her bowels churned and contracted in discomfort. When she first had set eyes on him back at the Lakota village, she remembered with a smile how she thought he was nothing but a bold and stubborn colt. It's funny how things end up. she thought. I never expected to be leaving my homeland with a wild one, and now, I have become one.

A sharp pain ripped through her body, abruptly ending her fond reminiscing. She groaned as she squeezed her crystal eyes closed as the pain worsened, and then slowly subsided. Her contractions had been strong for the past few hours, the next being more intense than the last, but never making any progress. And although the moon shone favorably upon her gleaming, sweaty coat, deep within her heart she knew something was wrong.

With a grunt she rose to her feet and stood splay-legged in order to balance her overweight body. In the

village, she had seen many mares foal, and almost always in times of crisis, a Lakota woman would aid in the birth. But now she was a wild Mustang, and that type of aid was no longer in her reach. She had no other choice, but to weakly whinny for help.

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A way from the shelter of the thicket, the Cimarron herd was facing an ordeal of its own. Indian braves from across the bordering forest had flooded their way into the valley almost immediately after the sun had gone down. Although their approach had been nearly silent, it did not go undetected by the wild Mustangs. Now trapped in their own homeland, Spirit had nowhere to run.

“What is happening Spirit?” a sweet, creamy voice questioned as it approached the lead stallion. He looked at her, his eyes wide with fear. He had seen the two-leggeds rip each other apart when the cavalry attacked Little Creek’s village, and judging by the abundance of bows and arrows, he had no doubt that they were going to do it again.

“There is a settlement in the next valley. A settlement of the whiter people. I think the Lakota mean to take revenge,” his voice was steady, but uncertain. “And mother, Rain is out there now somewhere. What if the battle rages where she is? What if she nearly dies again?”

Esperenza snorted at her sons alarm, her head shaking in protest. “I think Rain is more intelligent than that. She wouldn’t jeopardize the life of your foal, or her own.”

Spirit nodded, somewhat comforted by his mother’s reassurance, but still he feared what might become of her. But now, his main priority was the safety of his mares. “I want you to move the herd, to the farthest end of the valley.”

“Where are you going?” her voice wavered.

He sighed, “I’m going to make sure the two-leggeds don’t pass into our valley. It must be done,” he added before she could protest. “Take them now.”

Spirit turned to watch his small herd disappear into the shadows of the night. His black mane billowed in the cool, mountain breeze, and his nostrils flared with apprehension. Trailing towards the end as always, the lowest ranking mare, Thistle, was the last to leave with her newborn colt. Far behind the others, she trailed just long enough for Spirit to sprint after her without the others noticing.

“Thistle!” he called out of breath. The black paint mare stopped midstep, twisting her head to see who had addressed her. “Thistle,” Spirit panted as he trotted up along side of her. “I need you to do me a favor.”

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Rain gasped as the foal finally slid from her body, and landed softly upon the dew-sprinkled grass. Finally his shoulder had dislodged itself from behind her hipbone, allowing him to enter the world apart from anymore complications. For a few moments she laid completely still, completely exhausted, until a strong instinct made her stand upon her shaking legs. Breathing heavily, she turned to see the first

glimpse of her newborn son, and smiled beside her weariness.

He was a buckskin, splashed with white upon his shoulders, neck, and rump. To her surprise, the markings upon his shoulders resembled wings, much like those belonging to the Eagle. But in every other way, he was the spitting image of his proud and handsome father.

She licked him clean, taking special care to nuzzle his furry little face. He nickered as she did so in a high, baby voice and her heart nearly melted with love for her son. Rain couldn't believe that she could produce something so perfect and beautiful and was completely entranced with the tiny bundle of legs. And deep into the night, after he had stood and drank, she draped her neck over his fragile body, and together, they slept in exhaustion.