

Fern: Filly of the Cimarron

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The gentle signs of the morning appeared slowly, a small ray of light illuminating the area with a soft glow, the land not awake yet. An ear flicked forward, followed by another, as the filly woke. Casting a glance towards the paint mare who stood by the tree, still asleep, the filly walked slowly down the hill where she was, only a few steps, however. Awakened by the sound of the filly's tiny hooves thudding gently upon the soft earth beneath, the paint mare's eyes opened, gaze landing on the buckskin filly that stood a few yards away. Careful not to wake the other equine who rested nearby, Rain let out a soft nicker, and the filly turned and pranced to her mother, and began to nurse noisily. A few others woke as the filly suddenly took off galloping around, disturbing the peace and quiet of the meadow. Rain flattened her ears against her head momentarily, before whinnying to her foal, walking briskly towards the now-perfectly still filly that was looking at her mother, clearly unfazed at the fact she had woken the whole herd up in her mad dash around the meadow. Rain sniffed Fern carefully, checking for injuries. There was none. She then nipped Fern's muzzle gently, but enough for discipline. Fern squealed and sprang backwards, her own little ears flat against her head as she seemed to huff and she stood, her little black tail raised as was her little muzzle, her top lip pushed out exaggeratedly, as though pouting. Rain shook her head, clearly unfazed at her daughter's actions. Spirit cantered towards Rain, ears perked up as he wondered what the issue was. A mere glance at Fern and he understood. He silently crept up behind Fern, before suddenly snorting, causing a loud shriek-like sound from the filly as she bolted, before realizing it was merely the herd leader. She blew air out of her nostrils and seemed to roll her eyes, but seemed to be smiling anyway.