

# LIGHT HORSE DARK HORSE

BOOK TWO

## The Light Horse



LAVAY BYRD

## ***The Light Horse***

Book 2 of the Light Horse, Dark Horse series

Lavay Byrd

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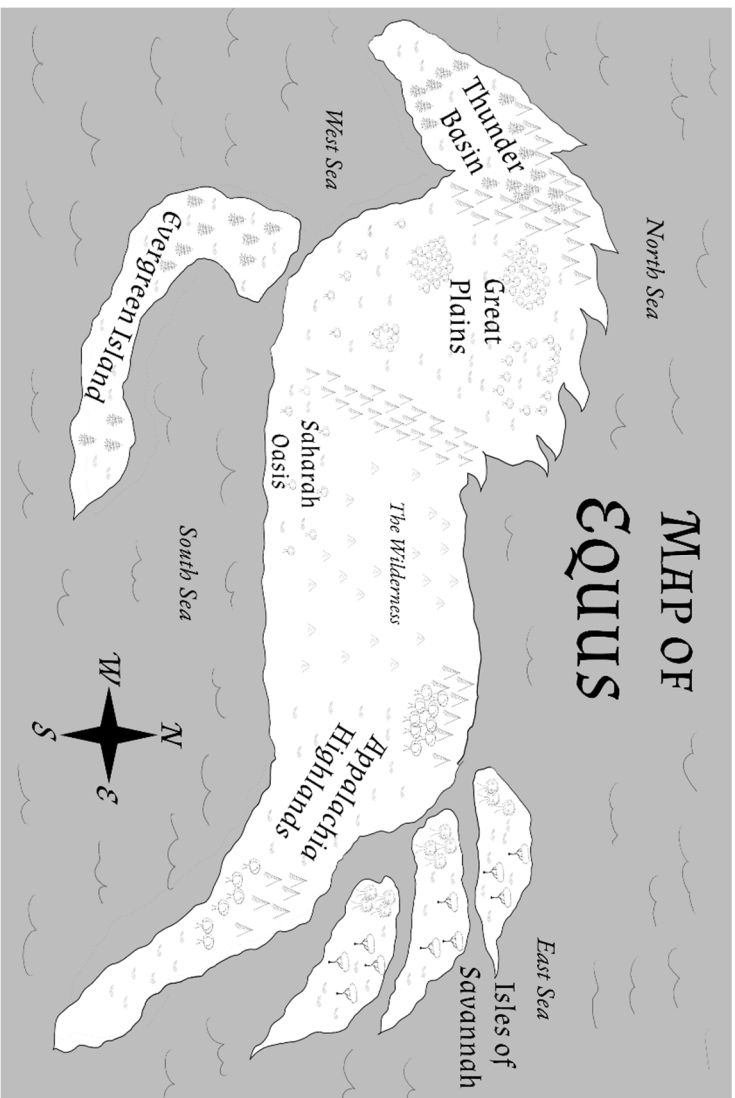
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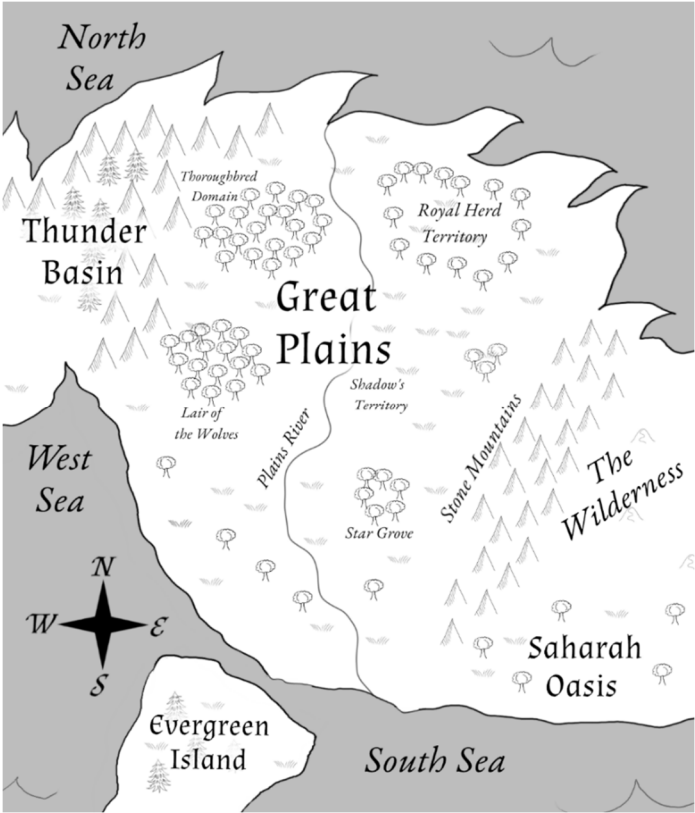
## Dedication & Acknowledgements

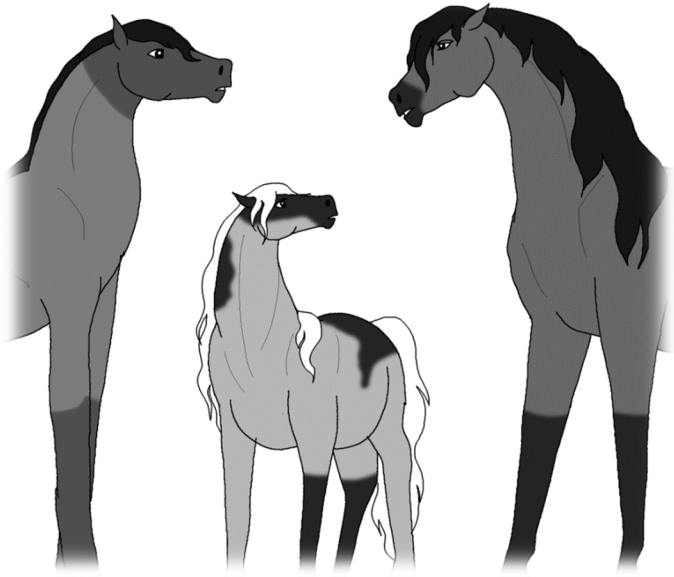
In memory of my spiritual teachers of Grace Christian  
Center in Killeen, TX:  
Pastor Terry and Jan Whitely  
&  
Pastor Steve Timmerman

To my Savior and King, Jesus, Who encouraged me to  
keep writing and move forward

# MAP OF EQUUS







## Chapter One

# THE MISSION

One warm, sunny morning in the region of Great Plains, home of the Mustang horses; a great herd was grazing near a river. Shadow, the grullo lead stallion, stood on a hill, watching for danger with his team of guard stallions. He scanned his herd, spying his mate Sierra standing near a group of mares. Sierra could be easily spotted within miles away, for no one else in the herd

possesses her rare golden coat with black patches, and white mane and tail. She was unusually small, and most would mistake her for a pony if she hadn't grown a few inches in the past year.

Standing next to the mare, nursing, was their two-month-old daughter Aurora. She is almost similar to Sierra, only her golden coat is covered in white patches instead of black, and she inherited her father's dark mane, tail, and legs. Like her mother, she was born small, but her long legs indicated that she would grow as tall as her father.

Shadow approached his family and gave his daughter a playful nip on the rump. Startled, the foal peeked at her father, licked the milk from her lips, and then went back to her feeding. Shadow then attempted to nuzzle Sierra, but when he noticed that her face was wet with tears, he paused in concern.

“Sierra?” he nickered. “What’s wrong?”

In response, Sierra glanced at her mate with a very troubled look on her face.

Then Shadow knew. “You had the dream again, didn’t you?”

Sierra turned away as she nodded. For the past few nights, she had been experiencing the same nightmare: of a glowing horse being surrounded by an angry mob.

“Don’t worry, my love,” Shadow said, resting his muzzle on his mate’s head. “It was just a dream... just like the last time.”

She abruptly looked up at him. “But this one was even worse than before! I dreamt of the same glowing horse, only this time, it was... fighting this... dark misty horse. Then the glowing horse laid on the ground... just as the dark horse reared above it!”

Drawing a shuddering breath, she came close and rested her head on her mate’s chest. “Shadow, I’m scared. What do these dreams mean?”

Shadow nuzzled her for a moment. “I wish I knew.” Pausing, he lifted his head, gazing behind him. “But... maybe Soter would know....”

Sierra turned to see a tall stallion standing on another hill nearby. She couldn’t take her eyes off Him, for He looked so magnificent. With His head held high, His long dark mane and tail flowing in the breeze, and his rich, blood-bay coat gleaming in the sun, Soter’s majesty clearly revealed His true identity: the Light Horse, Son of the Creator, The Great Horse.



Sierra smiled a little, recalling the words of an ancient prophecy that very few horses actually remember. It was known as the Prophecy of the Light Horse:

*Born from a filly, raised by a stallion, the Light Horse will come.*

*By his light, the lost will be found, and the broken will be healed.*

*By his voice, truth will be spoken, and wisdom will be taught.*

*By his life, the guilty will be forgiven, and the enslaved will be freed.*

*By his cost, the Curse will end, and the enemy will be defeated.*

Four years ago, the first part of the Prophecy was fulfilled. The Great Horse had chosen Sierra— a young, “dwarf” mustang filly— to give birth to His Son, the very One Who will one day defeat the evil Dark Horse and rule as the King of Equus!

“... is He doing?” Shadow’s voice broke Sierra’s thoughts.

She glanced at her mate. “What did you say, Shadow?”

“I was wondering what Soter is doing,” Shadow replied. “He’s been standing there all night. I wonder if He got any sleep.”

Sierra turned her gaze to the stallion. At first, she thought that He was asleep, for His eyes were closed. But when she noticed His ears slowly rotating back and forth, and His head nodding every few seconds or so; she stood corrected.

“Maybe...” she nickered indirectly. “... the Great Horse is speaking to Him.”

Shadow nodded thoughtfully. “Maybe He is.”

They stood quietly for a moment, and then Shadow returned to his post, while Sierra continued grazing. But Sierra’s mind was still swirling over her nightmares. She didn’t even notice her daughter Aurora finished nursing, and the little foal laid down for a nap.

“Mother.”

The gentle, deep nicker broke Sierra’s thoughts. She looked up to see Soter walking towards her. When her gentle brown eyes met His brilliant blue ones, she couldn’t look away, feeling as if she was staring into the Celestial Realm, the celestial realm of the Divine Ones.

With an ever-loving smile on his dark muzzle, the young Stallion lowered his head and nuzzled her.

“I need to speak with you,” He whispered gently. “... and Father.”

She looked up at him with a puzzled frown at his handsome face. “Of course.”

Soter lifted His head, catching the attention of Shadow, who was standing on another knoll. “Father, may I speak with you?”

Shadow heeded the call and trotted towards the young stallion. “Is everything all right, Son?”

Soter paused for a moment, sadness on his face. “I will not be staying with you for much longer. This will be my last day.”

“You’re leaving?” Sierra nickered in confusion.

“Why so soon?” Shadow added.

“It is the command of My Father of The Celestial Realm,” Soter replied. “It is time for Me to begin My mission... to fulfill the prophecy.”

Neither Shadow nor Sierra said anything else. On one side, they weren’t extremely surprised by their son’s news, for it wasn’t uncommon for young stallions to leave their herd to find a mate and begin their own herd. On most occasions, they were forced out by the lead stallions

in the attempt to eliminate the possibility of a fight for the herd. Fortunately, Soter never challenged his father for leadership out of his deepest respect and love for him. And Shadow never wished to banish the Son of The Great Horse.

And yet, at the same time, both Shadow and Sierra almost dreaded this moment, especially Sierra.



Later that night, Shadow's herd had fallen asleep. The guard stallions surrounded the mares, foals, young horses, facing away from the herd, while Shadow took his position on his lookout knoll, watching for danger. Soter slept on His side near the knoll, while His mother and sister lay next to Him.

Several minutes later, Soter opened his eyes to notice that Sierra was still awake, having a faraway gaze on her face. "Mother?"

Sierra turned her head to Him in response. "Yes, Soter?"

"Something is weighing your heart." He paused, gazing deeply into the little mare's eyes. "What is it?"

Sierra lowered her gaze with a smile. "I was thinking about the time when You were born," she answered, then

chuckled. “You were so beautiful when the moon shone its rays upon You. I remember how the night became so peaceful...and so bright with the stars and the moon.”

Soter smiled in remembrance, urging her to continue.

Now solemn, she looked down at the grass. “Somehow, I’ve always felt that You won’t be an ordinary stallion, but...” She paused, trying to keep herself from crying.

Soter gently brushed His muzzle against the little mare’s cheek. “I know, Mother. I know of the nightmares that are haunting you. Your heart is deeply troubled, for you do not understand what will happen in the days to come...”

Sierra could only stare, still surprised by Soter’s ability to read the hearts and minds and souls of all horses. Just like His Father, the Great Horse.

Soter lowered His head to look directly into her eyes. “Mother, I must do what My Father commands. It is His will that I should redeem all equines back to Us as a father to his foals, a leader to his herd. This mission— this *destiny*— was bestowed upon Me ever since the beginning of time. It must be done.” Then He added with

a smile: “Do not be afraid, My beautiful mother. Everything will be all right.”

She returned the smile, her heart and soul suddenly filled with great peace. As Soter nuzzled her once more, she laid her head on His shoulder and fell into a deep sleep.



The next morning, the herd was preparing to say good-bye to Soter. One by one, Soter touched each of the horses’ muzzles in farewell, spending extra minutes with the foals, whom He had always loved to play with and tell stories ever since He was a yearling. Afterward, He approached his family. First, He nuzzled his little sister, the one foal of his herd He cherished the most, and then He playfully nibbled her short mane. Then, He nuzzled His beloved mother.

“I love you,” He whispered in her ear.

“I love You, too,” Sierra replied as she pressed her muzzle against His cheek.

Shadow tried to remain strong, but Soter nuzzled his face so lovingly that he had to let a tear escape his eye.

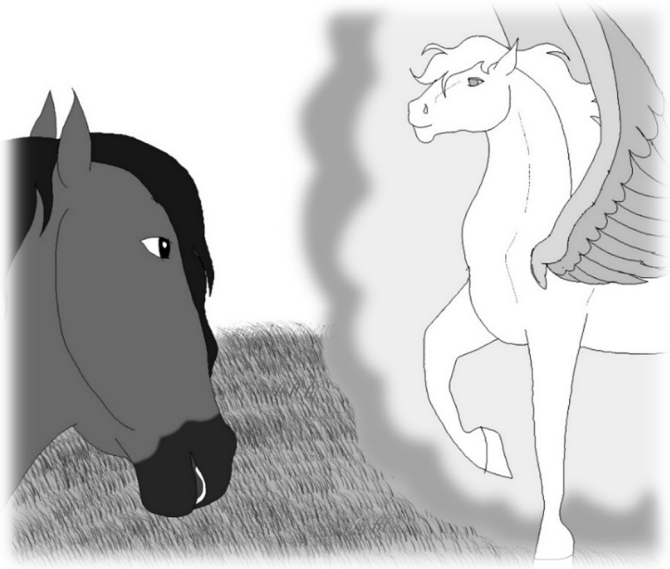
“May Your... *real* Father be with You,” Shadow said, smiling.

“He is,” Soter replied with a smile. “and He is with you.”

“Come back and visit,” Sierra added.

“I will.”

Soter then trotted a short distance away, and then stopped to look back towards the herd. After a long moment of gazing at his family, he reared on his hind legs and neighed in a final farewell. The horses whinnied in return as they watched their beloved Friend gallop away.



## Chapter Three

# **DIVINE VISITATION**

Soter traveled across the meadows for almost several days, resting only at night. Before He left His herd (while He was standing on the knoll), His Father was telling Him the many things He will accomplish. When it was time for Him to leave, He was instructed to go to a grove near the Stone Mountains.



This particular grove was the very same one where Strider and Cheyenne, Sierra's parents, once lived. It was also there when a mysterious, Great Star appeared above, when Soter was just two days old, before it disappeared. Since then, the grove was given the name Star Grove. Now, after Strider and Cheyene died of old age over a year ago, the grove remained deserted.

Soter finally arrived at the grove and approached the lake for a quick drink. He lifted his head, ears pricked forward and nostrils flared, sensing a very powerfully divine but familiar scent. At once, a light blue mist swirled from the sky and slowly settled on the ground in front of Soter, forming into a thick cloud. A tall, pure-white Horse with silver wings appeared, surrounded within the misty cloud.

Soter smiled warmly, bowed His head, and greeted the Cloud Horse not through sounds, but a language only spoken in the Celestial Realm. "Ruach."

(Only the names of the Divine Ones are ever known and spoken in the Celestial Realm— until Soter.)

Ruach the Cloud Horse bowed in return. "Soter."

They nuzzled each other in a brotherly/friendly manner.

“It is good to see You again, My Friend,” Soter said, “It has been four years.”

Ruach chuckled. “It has, but time has no meaning to Us, for Your Father is the Keeper of time itself.”

Soter nodded in agreement. “As I have a short time in this mortal world, I will use it to free the equines from the Curse of Evil.” He lifted His head a little after a pause. “I am ready to receive Your power.”

The Cloud Horse nodded, shook His mane, causing the mists to swirl around Him, and stretched out His wings. “By the authority of the Creator and Ruler of the all; I bestow upon You Our Wisdom and Power to mend the broken, to seek the lost, and to overcome the darkness.”

Soter bowed in response, tucking His foreleg beneath Him. “Let it be done.”

The Cloud Horse gave a single flap of His silver wings, causing His clouds to surround Soter. He took a deep breath and blew out pale mist-like flames, which engulfed the red-bay stallion, swirling around His body until Soter inhaled them into His nostrils.

Instantly, loud crashes of thunder shattered the stillness of the air, and a booming voice shouted: “You are

my beloved Son! In You, I am forever pleased!” And the voice faded away.

Soter lifted his eyes towards the sky and neighed in exultation, “Thank You, Father!” Then He turned to The Cloud Horse. “Tell Me, what must I do before I begin My mission?”

Ruach replied, “You must go to the Wilderness. Remain there for one month. When that time has expired, you will then be tested by the enemy.”

Soter nodded in response and galloped towards the Stone Mountains.



## Chapter Three

# THE DARK HORSE

It had taken Soter a week of travelling across the Stone Mountains before finally arriving at the Wilderness— the vast and only desert in the planet. As instructed, he stayed there for an entire month. Without a single food or water in sight, he became so weak with hunger and thirst that his body trembled each time He took a step.

He ambled across the sand, breathing in the hot dry air that only made His quenching thirst damaging His parched throat. He abruptly collapsed on his side in exhaustion, His muzzle buried in the sand. He lay still for what seemed like hours, the sun scorching his thin body. Just then, a shadow loomed over him. Feeling the coolness— and great evil— from the shadow, Soter stirred.

“Well, well, well,” a sinister voice spoke. “What have we here?” An evil chuckle sounded.

Knowing that his nemesis was watching Him close by, Soter slowly rolled over until his legs were folded beneath Him. He lifted his head to see Abaddon the Dark Horse— a dark, hideous horse-headed dragon— perched on a large, flat-topped rock a few inches away, unaffected by the blistering heat.

The Dark Horse stretched his neck forward, his wicked grin revealing his huge fangs. “Do You really believe that You are the Light Horse, Son of the Great Horse and King of all equines?”

Soter lowered His muzzle, as if he was nodding.

“If you are who you say you are,” Abaddon continued as he glanced down at the sand. “Command this wasteland to bring forth luscious green grass, trees

filled with fruits, and springs of cool water.” He paused to slowly draw in the sand with his long, talon-tipped tail. “Surely a land of full of refreshments will satisfy your hunger and thirst.”



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