

LIGHT HORSE DARK HORSE

Book 1

*The Miraculous
Birth*

Written & Illustrated by

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The Miraculous Birth

Book 1 of the Light Horse, Dark Horse series

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Prologue



In the beginning— long before time itself began— , there were the Three Divine Ones: the Great Horse, the Light Horse, and the Cloud Horse. The Three Divine Ones created the universe, including a planet called Equus. On Equus, They brought forth two horses and named them Stallion and Mare, the first ancestors of horses, ponies, donkeys, and zebras; or simply, the equines.

But before Equus was made, the Divine Ones created a glorious heavenly realm called The Paradise, and a multitude of celestial beings called

Winged Horses. Ruling over the Winged Horses were three princes: Uriel, Jehoash, and Azaziah.

Uriel the High Prince of all Wigned Horses and the Divine Ones' second-in-command. He was also the most glorious and powerful of all the Winged Horses. However, he later grew jealous of the Divine Ones, unsatisfied of his rank and splendor. He wanted to rule all and be worshiped by all. Having persuaded a legion of Winged Horses to join him, Uriel rebelled against the Divine Ones to overthrow Them, but was instantly defeated. As a result, he and his followers were stripped from their heavenly powers aand banished from The Paradise, and their dark and twisted ways transformed them into Abaddon the Dark Horse and the Goblins, sinister creatures of darkness.

Furious over his downfall, Abaddon vowed revenge against his Creator. Disguising himself as a Winged Horse, he appeared before Stallion and Mare and their herd, falsely accusing the Divine Ones as selfish and deceiving beings whose' only plan for their creations is to become Their slaves. Using powers of illusion, he persuaded the equines to swear their loyalty to him, enticing them with pleasures and desires beyond their fantasies.

Upon their creation, the Divine Ones had warned Stallion and Mare that if they swear their allegiance to another, a terrible curse will fall upon the entire equine race. Unfortunately, the greedy and naïve equines ignored their Creator's warning and elected the Dark Horse to be their sovereign ruler. As a result of their disobedience, the equines were instantly cursed, and their pure world was now tainted with evil; just as the Divine Ones had cautioned.

A thousand years went by as generations of every horse, zebra, donkey, and pony were doomed to spend eternity in a realm of torment, the Inferno, home of Abaddon and his minions. But there was hope.

A ancient prophecy foretold that a savior will arrive to redeem the equines from their fate, defeat the Dark Horse, and rule as the King of all the Equus. That Savior is the Great Horse's Son, the Light Horse.

Born from an unbred filly, nurtured by a stallion, the Light Horse shall come as a mortal, yet untainted by Evil's curse.

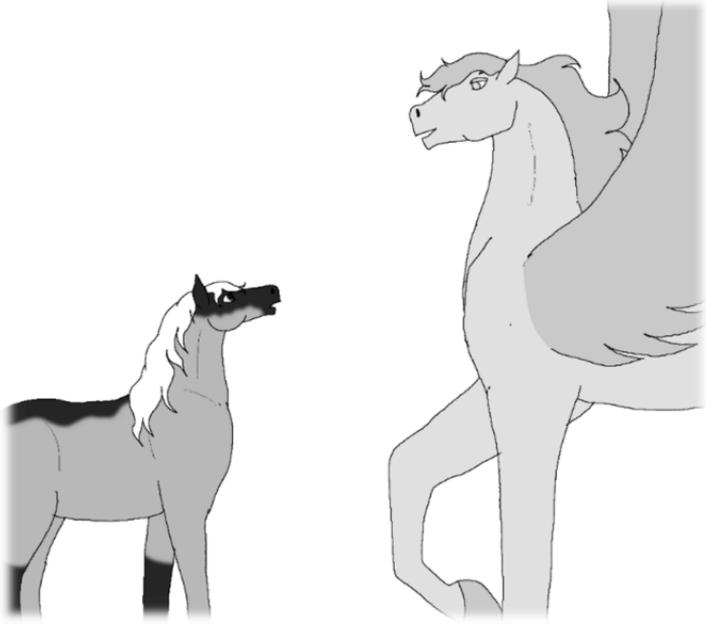
He shall carry the power of restoration and speak the Wisdom of the Divine Ones.

Upon his death, the earth and sky shall tremble; the Curse of Evil shall be broken. He shall free the Sons of Stallion and the Daughters of Mare.

On the third day, the Light Horse shall rise and reign over all.

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The Chosen One



In the glorious realm of The Paradise, the air was filled with heavenly voices of the Winged Horses, the golden sky alive with light, and the emerald grass shimmered like jewels. The Great Horse, the all-powerful, all-knowing, and ever-present Divine One of all creations, soared high in the clouds, his enormous, multicolored wings and surrounding light presenting his radiance and power.

With a mighty flap of his wings, He landed on a tall grassy hill, standing before a massive lake of the clearest crystal water. He lifted a hoof, and the reflection of the lake shimmered and changed into an image of a single planet hovering in the stars, with a large single continent shaped like a galloping horse surrounded by water. The planet Equus.

The Great Horse studied the planet for a moment, then turned his head behind him. “Seraphiel,” he spoke in a soft, but powerful-commanding voice.

At once, a violet Winged Horse with snow white mane, tail, and wings flew in and landed at the hooves of The Great Horse, Who towered above him like a mountain.

Prince Seraphiel of the Winged Horses bowed low, spreading his wings. “Yes, my Lord?”

The Great Horse turned back to the mirror-lake. “The time has come for First Stage of the Prophecy to begin.”

Seraphiel’s eyes grew wide. “The Birth of the Light Horse, Your Majesty?”

“Yes. I have chosen a mare and a stallion to raise My Son. They, and many others, will witness My Son’s Birth as a sign of Our undying love and

the hope for eternal life.” The Great Horse’s eyes glowed, and the mirror changed again.

This time, the mirror revealed a small, dun-pinto mustang filly grazing beside a herd. Her coat was golden and covered in large black patches on her face, neck, back, and legs, while her mane was snow white.

The Great Horse smiled. “This is Sierra, a mustang of The Great Plains. She shall give birth and raise My Son, the Light Horse.”

Seraphiel nodded. “What is Your command, Great One?”

“Send for Azaziah.”

Seraphiel bowed and flew away.



On Equus, in a vast country called Great Plains-- one of the largest of the Eastern Regions---roamed the herds of Mustangs. Among them is Sierra, who live in the largest herd known as the Royal Herd, belonging to the powerful ruler of the mustangs, King Argon. Sierra, daughter of a buckskin stallion name Strider and black-and-white pinto name Cheyene, was born quite small and with a birth-defect that caused her pinto patches to appear black instead of white on her golden coat.

Even though she was somewhat of an “oddball” in her family’s herd, her parents and everyone in her herd still loved her.

Until King Argon, Sierra’s cruel uncle---her father’s older brother---, stole her father’s herd and banished him and Cheyenne. Sierra was only a few weeks old at the time, too early to be weaned from her parents. Though King Argon never cared for her, a kind mare name Raven, who was a part of Strider’s herd before King Argon took over, took Sierra in and raised her. Now, at three years old, almost a young mare, Sierra became independent but still quite lonely.

One warm afternoon, Sierra stood a little ways from the herd near the edge of the territory, grazing quietly. Suddenly a flash of light erupted in front of her. She leaped back with a squeal, but the light faded. Standing before her was a tall, golden Winged Horse, nothing she had ever seen before in her life.

“Greetings, Sierra,” the Winged Horse greeted with a smile, “Daughter of Strider and Cheyenne.”

Sierra’s mouth hung open. *How did he know my name?*

“Do not be afraid, Sierra. I am Azaziah, Prince of the Winged Horses. I have a message for you... from Your Creator.”

Sierra slowly relaxed. She heard stories about Winged Horses, but never thought she'd see one. “My Creator,” she nickered softly, “You mean The Great Horse?”

“Indeed.”

Sierra stared. “Why... would The Great Horse... send *me* a message? I'm... no one special...”

Azaziah lowered his head, blue eyes shining gently. “You are more special than you believe, Sierra. The Great Horse has great plans for you.” He lifted his head and spread open his golden wings, shining almost as bright as the sun. “You will give birth to a Colt and you will name Him Soter. He is the Light Horse, the Son of The Great Horse. He will one day rule all of Equus. All who truly accept Him as their Lord will live forever His Kingdom.”

Sierra stared, stunned. Then she remembered the stories her father had told her when she was little--- of how the first equines turned away from the Divine Ones and brought upon themselves the Curse of Evil. And the Prophecy of the Light Horse:

Born from an unbred filly, nurtured by a stallion, the Light Horse shall come as a mortal, yet untainted by Evil's curse.

He shall carry the power of restoration and speak the Wisdom of the Divine Ones.

Upon his death, the earth and sky shall tremble; the Curse of Evil shall be broken. He shall free the Sons of Stallion and the Daughters of Mare.

On the third day, the Light Horse shall rise and reign over all.

For a moment, Sierra grew ecstatic. *The Prophecy... it's finally happening!* Then she froze. "Did you say... *I'll* give birth to a Colt? The Light Horse?!"

Azaziah nodded.

She stared at the Winged Horse as if he had a hundred heads. "*Me?! I'm* only a filly! How can *I* give birth to a foal? This all seems impossible."

"Nothing is impossible for the Almighty Divine Ones. If You choose to accept, The Cloud Horse--- the Third Divine One--- will come to you, and

through His power, you will conceive with the Light Horse.”

Light exploded from his form. Sierra backed away and shut her eyes. As the light faded, she opened her eyes. Azaziah was gone.



Meanwhile in The Paradise, The Great Horse watched the entire exchange between Azaziah and Sierra through His mirror-lake. Standing beside Him was the third Divine One, the Cloud Horse, surrounded by light blue misty clouds.

“Azaziah has delivered the message,” the Cloud Horse said. “Now Sierra must choose to accept her call.”

The Great Horse nodded. “It will not be an easy task. Abaddon the Dark Horse will soon learn of the coming of the Light Horse. He will stop at nothing to ensure that the Birth will not come to pass. It will be up to Sierra to resist, for she must be strong and faithful for herself... and for Us.”

Hope you enjoyed the sample!

Check out my site to get a copy of:

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