SHARING THE SAME SKY

The breeze zig zagged through the tall yellow grass, the pine needles swayed back and forth on the trees. The sound of water being overrode by quick light feet. It was quiet, the only thing heard was the light breathing of a man. The grass continued to be blown, the dirt under his feet thudded every step he took.

Until the silence was split by the whistle of an arrow. It flew through the air and arcked like a rainbow, the black tip caught the man right between the shoulder blades. He screamed and dropped to the ground, the arrow was deep. He struggled to get back to his feet and staggered away. Another arrow zipped through the sky this time landing on his right calf, he fell to the ground once more, wincing.

He gathered what strength he had left to crawl away. All around him arrows touched down. They were Comanche arrows, he could tell because the wood was of Dogwood, extremely shock resistant and the wood itself was ridiculously durable. He continued crawling, with each motion the pain grew immensely. He saw a valley up ahead and decided to hide behind the boulders.

 He found a spot and wedged himself into a little crack. He hears war cries in the distant approaching. He looks from side to side, he sees nothing but the antelope grazing happily on the yellow grass and birds chirping away. He looks up and sees Mount Tantaka, its rounded snow domed peak. He could now hear the footsteps of the Comanches. They were on top of him, he could hear his heart beating violently. He thought to himself “this is it.”

 The suspense was building. He could not take it, he stood up and hopped away on one foot. Multiple arrows were shot into the air, all landing inches from his flesh. He turned his head, the world seemed to go into slow motion, the arrow slowly rotating, the Comanches yelling. The arrow hit him in the tricep. The arrow had enough force to spin him around and land him on the floor.

His blurred vision saw only the angry mass of people, they had their spears helding above their heads, hate in their eyes. Then the earth began to shake. Trees started to topple over, rocks fell from nearby cliffs. The ground started to fall away, great chasms split open up. He held tightly to the rocks, his eyes sealed shut. He was still in a lot of pain.Then everything went still. There was a field of debris surrounding him.

He cautiously staggered up. He saw spears and arrows laying about but there were no Comanches in sight. The snow on the great mountain of Tatanka looked as if the sun had been broken into billions of pieces. The Apaches called it “Tatanka” (meaning Buffalo) because It resembled a giant sleeping buffalo.

The mountain looked different from when he saw it in the tall grass, it seemed empty. He studied the mountain for some time, trying to figure out what was different about it. “Was it the earthquake?” he thought to himself. Night was falling, he needed to get out of the cold. He grabbed his Tomahawk which was given to him by his grandmother years before. He looked at the condition of the weapon, it still had its sharp edge and light weight, he swung it around a few times.

Then he felt a burst of warm air on his back. The shive crawled all the way up his spine. He pivoted around and could not grasp words. There stood an ENORMOUS beast of brown thick fur, it had horns the size of mountains, its tongue was wider than a river. It was a giant Buffalo. Frozen with fear, he stood there shaking. Before he could hobble away, the mighty tongue of the beast caught him in the back, breaking the end of one of the arrows.

The force launched him into the air. To his luck he landed into an area of powder snow. He shakes off the crystals and looks back at the beast. It has its head conked and tongue out. He takes a few scoots closer to the giant buffalo, it snorts a big puff of hot hair out of its nostrils that encircle his body. The presence of the buffalo felt quiet and peaceful. He locked eyes with the mighty beast. They stay like this for some time. He takes a few steps forward and puts his hand near the Buffalo's GIGANTIC forehead. The buffalo leans it head forward and they meet.

The sun is rising, people are waking and starting their daily routine. All is calm, the children are running around with their sticks. The men are sharpening their spears and bows for the upcoming hunt. The women are preparing food made of horse meat and berries. Two men then hobbled into the outskirts of the camp battered and bruised. Women came out to help them into the camp. They sat them down and tended to their wounds. The village elders came out of their teepees in the middle of camp. They had worried expressions on their faces.

“What did this do to you?” asked the elders.

“The Apache we were hunting.” The men answered,

“He possesses some manner of dark magic.”

“Where are the rest of your men?” Questioned the elders.

“Dead.” Answered the men.

 “They were taken by an earthquake the Apache summoned.”

Enraged, the elders commanded the rest of the men at the camp to saddle their horses and sharpen their spears. They needed to rid the world of this doer of witchcraft.

“We can not let this Apache get away with killing our brothers and sisters!” cried the elders.

“We leave at first light!”

“The Apache will be no more!”

 The Buffalo has been walking for some time now, with every step it seems to cross a mile. The man has fallen asleep in the fur of the buffalo. He did not know how he had gotten up there or where the Buffalo was headed. The radiant pinks and oranges dance in the rising sky. He sits there watching as it inches its way up the sky.

He moves his hand through Buffalo's coat, The buffalo gives out a low bellow, pushing trees over and scaring off birds. He still sat atop gazing into the hypnotizing sunrise. They came to a clearing, the fog thick and visibility was low. The man leaned forward on the buffalo's head and saw the Comanche warriors getting picked off one by one by this giant shadow.

A chilling feeling ran up his body, his stomach started to churn and the air got cold, all the man could hear now was the cold wind whipping at him and a howl. He had heard his fair share of howls, but this one was different: it was loud, and deep. A dark blur darted in front of the Buffalo.

He looked around for the shadow, it was still for a while nothing moved. Then a huge set of jaws latched onto the Buffalos neck. He saw the teeth of the creature, they were as big as he was. The buffalo reared, sending him flying off the back. He slid down the buffalo's tail and into the air. He seemed to be in the air for a minute watching as the shadow held its grip on the buffalo's neck.

There was a frozen lake below him, he smashed, threw the thin sheet of ice and dove into the water. The water was cold, he lay there under the water, he was slowly sinking. He got lower and lower. His eyes fluttered open, his fingers and toes started to twitch. He was regaining consciousness. The arrow between his shoulder blades made it nearly impossible to lift his arms above his neck. He fought so hard to hold his breath and swim back to shore.

When we made it up to the surface he coughed and wheezed. He got to shore and wrestled his way out of the water. He watched as the buffalo whipped the shadow off its neck. The beast was a Wolf, its black fur waved in the wind and its teeth were as white as snow. It snarled at the Buffalo and the Buffalo answered back with a loud low bellow which echoed for miles. The wolf lunged at the buffalo's leg and locked onto its ankle.

The Buffalo slammed its head into the wolf's skull, knocking it to the ground. The wolf grabbed the Buffalo by the neck again, biting deep. The Buffalo shook violently. The wolf released its grip, and got thrown. Hitting the ground. The Buffalo dug its hoof into the ground and rammed its head into the wolf's stomach. The beast ceased the move. The Buffalo gave out one final VICTORIOUS below!