

181 BLUE EYED HORSE



WHAT IT IS

Cricket tapped at the compass with his index finger and rocked it gently in the palm of his hand before declaring its accuracy. With the police mugshot grasped tightly in her hand, Sapphire followed her brother through the forest in the general direction of Montgomery's cabin. The aim of the pair was to avoid the road to the cabin, sneak up on the occupant and determine if this individual was the person responsible for Bill and Emma's death. Cricket was more of a groomed-walking-trail guy and found the bushwhacking difficult, but Sapphire's enthusiasm for the truth found herself constantly in front of her brother until he finally gave up leading the troupe and handed over the compass.

Slim's oversized pick-up truck and horse trailer squealed to a painfully slow stop in front of Montgomery's cabin. The driver studied a map on his lap, looked intently at the cabin before turning his gaze back to the map. Slim waited for someone to exit the cabin, but when no one showed, he pushed open the driver's door and abruptly walked up on the porch and slammed his fist against the half opened door.

Not only did Sapphire recognize the clearing behind the cabin, but she also recognized the two brawlers who were throwing themselves up against the cabin wall. It was clear Slim was gaining the upper hand when the other fella slipped from his grasp, jumped on Slim's blue eyed horse and ran off down the road.

WHAT IT IS NOT

It was the kind of stare-off two kids might make to see which one can hold out the longest. Mrs. B. was determined and dug-in, while Jackson was comfortable laying on his stomach, using his front paws as a pillow and letting his little eyes stalk Mrs. B. until she acquiesced. Seconds grew into minutes, and as the minutes ticked away and Mrs. B. withdrew further from the house, Jackson decided he would be better off with her than without, so he hopped to his feet and happily followed.

Mrs. B. wanted to walk in a different direction on this day, a direction that would see the pair end up at Sullivan's pond where a wonderous leaping frog had shown up a week earlier, thrilling the neighbours with his long jumps and diving displays. And let it be said, Buck-jimmy did not disappoint. On the return trip home, Jackson let out a blood-curdling yelp just as a sickly, translucent man carrying a small treasure chest type box stumbled out of the forest and on to the road a few feet in front of Mrs. B. With Jackson now in the wind, Mrs. B. studied the odd figure until interrupted by a smallish blue eyed horse who followed the man out of the forest. In a split second, the man shifted himself from the ground to the horse's back and clutching the treasure chest the two crossed the road and returned to the forest. That was a first for Mrs. B.