



Willow's Great Crossing

by Mu Ryan



Willow, a small, chestnut-colored pony, stood at the edge of a wide, rushing river. The water looked cold and deep, and she felt a shiver run down her spine. Across the river lay a field of delicious, green grass, which Willow desperately wanted to reach.



She watched as a group of older, bigger horses easily waded into the water. They seemed so confident and strong. Willow, however, felt a knot of fear tighten in her tummy. She had never crossed such a large body of water before.



A wise old owl perched on a nearby tree branch, observing Willow's hesitation. He hooted softly, "The journey may seem daunting, little one, but you are stronger than you think. Believe in yourself and take the first step."



Taking a deep breath, Willow remembered the owl's words. She closed her eyes, picturing the green grass on the other side. Then, she slowly, carefully, stepped into the cool water, her hooves sinking slightly into the sandy riverbed.



The current pushed against her, making her stumble. Willow fought to keep her balance, her heart pounding in her chest. She remembered her mother's words: "Focus on your goal, and you will succeed!" She kept her eyes on the opposite bank.



Finally, with a triumphant whinny, Willow reached the other side! She shook the water from her mane and galloped towards the lush green grass, feeling proud and exhilarated. The crossing had been difficult, but she had done it.