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Spirit: Stallion of the Cimarron

By John Fusco

'Spirit Stallion of the Cimarron'

The story I want to tell you,
can not be found in a book.

They say the history of the West was
written from the saddle of a horse.

But it's never been told
from the heart of one.

Not until now.

I was born here.

In this place that would come
to be called the 'Old West'

But to my kind, the land was ageless.

It had no beginning and no end.

No boundary between earth and sky.

Like the wind in the Buffalo grass.

We belong here.

We will always belong here.

They say the mustang is the
spirit of the West.

Whether that West

was won or lost in the end

You have to decide for yourself.

But the story

I want to tell you is true.

I was there.

And I remember.

I remember the sun, and the sky
and the wind calling my name.

In the time when the wild
horses ran free.

And so I grew from colt to stallion

As wild and reckless

As thunder over the land.

Racing with the eagle.

Soaring with the wind.

Flying?

There were times I believed I could.

Like my father before me

I became leader of the Cimarron herd.

And with that honour

Came responsibility.

Something new came upon

the land one night.

Something that changed my life

forever...

And so my journey began.

A wiser horse might have turned
and ran.

But I wanted to know what
strange creature was here.

Look.

Man, look at that stallion,
it is beautiful.

Follow the horse! Let's go!

Look out!

Don't you get away!

I was scared.

I didn't know what was going
to happen to me.

At least my mother
and the herd were safe.

What seems to be the
problem, gentlemen?

We got this crazy one here, Sir.

Really?

The army has dealt with
wild horses before.

This one will be no different.

I remember the first time
I saw a rattler curled up in my path
-Induct this animal, Sargent.

-Yes Sir!

This one didn't look like a rattler.

But I was still thinking...
snake.

Grab him, grab him.

Okay Murphy, he's all yours.

He's a wild one.

We'll see how wild he is,
when I am done with him.

You want a fight, do you?

Right.

Make sure that's good tight.

Murphy, look out! Watch out!

Murphy, are you okay?

Corporal, round up some volunteers to
take this animal to the stables.

Not the stables. -Sir?

-The corral.
It's time to break that horse.
Sergeant. -Yes Sir.
Tight this horse to the post.
No food or water. Three days.
Yes Sir.
My heart galloped through
the sky that night
Back to my herd.
Where I belonged.
And I wonder if they'd miss me
As much as I miss them.
We got a hostile!
Bring him there this way.
Well, what do we have here?
We caught him
by the supply wagon, Sir.
Ah, a Dakota.
Not as tall as the Cheyenne,
and fine featured as the Crow.
Take him away gentlemen,
show him our best.
Corporal, take him to the stock case.
Not the stock case. The post.
No food or water.
What are you looking at boy?
He was called Little Creak.
And he seemed different from the rest.
There were just no end to the
strange ways of the two legged.
With the Colonel permission, Sir.
Incoming patrol report hostiles
headed North.
The railroad has expressed concern, Sir.
They requested additional patrols.
How long has it been, Sergeant?
Sir?
-The mustang.
How long has it been tide?
Three days, Sir.
Good.
Fetch my crop and spurs.
Take it easy!
Back up! Back up!

You see gentlemen,
any horse can be broken.
Move along mustang.
There are those in Washington who believe
the West will never be settled.
The northern pacific railroad
will never breach Nebraska.
A hostile Dakota will never
submit to providence.
And it is that manner of small thinking.
That would say this horse
could never be broken.
Discipline, time, and patience.
Are the three great levelers.
Sometimes a horse's gotta do,
what a horse's gotta do
And this was one of those times.
Get off me!
Soldier! Secure that horse!
I wasn't sure
what happened back there.
And I wasn't about to stop and ask.
All I knew was I was headed home.
I couldn't believe it.
One moment I was free,
and the next... more ropes.
I couldn't understand it.
She treated the scrawny two-legged
Like one of our kind.
Prancing around him
Like a love struck ear ring.
It was down right unnatural.
Great mustang, today I will ride you.
This ought to be good...
Mares.
Okay, Rain, lets see if you can teach
This mustang some manners.
Okay, I admit it
She was charming
In a stubborn, irritating kind of way.
So, I let her show me her world.
Bye-Bye horsey.
For the first time in my life,
I felt my heart torn two ways.

Give it back!
Mustang!
I had to hand to that boy.
He just wouldn't give up.
I'm never gonna ride you, am I?
And no one never should.
You can go.
It's okay, go.
Go on, get out of here.
Go home.
I knew this was hard for her,
and she was scared.
But more than anything,
I wanted to share my homeland with her
I laid beside her that night.
Hoping, praying that somehow
she would be okay.
There are a couple
of horses over there!
Leave her there.
She's not gonna make it.
Oh, Rain!
Easy, girl.
Easy.
It will be okay.
You saved my life.
I'm not gonna hurt you.
Come on, it's gonna be okay.
It'll be alright.
I didn't know
why we were brought here.
What I did know
was we had to find a way to escape,
and get back home.
Well, that is it, we're rolling
the steam over the mountain.
We got six days to connect to Utah.
Move out and gone.
Ready to go!
We're almost on the top!
That was the moment I understood
They were headed to my homeland
And I had to stop them.
Get back!

Oh, we got to stop!
Hold it!
Get the mules up here!
I don't know where he came from
Or how he got there.
But I sure was happy to see him.
I don't believe it.
Go! Go! Run!
Look out!
Where are they?
There they are!
Oh no.
Oh yes.
You will always be in my heart.
Take care of her,
Spirit...
Who cannot be broken.
I will miss you, my friend.
I've been waiting
so long to run free.
But that goodbye was harder
than I ever imagined.
I will never forget that boy.
And how we won back
our freedom together.
-The end- Fixed by PROMAC.