Lily Rides the Trail



A Live AI by Genoch story

Lily Wants to Ride



"Dad, can I ride Biscuit down the farm trail?" Lily asked.

Dad crossed his big arms. "That trail goes deep into the woods, Lily."

"I know," she said. "But I want to ride it. I really do."

Dad looked at Biscuit. Biscuit blinked his big dark eyes and flicked his cream tail.

"Tell you what," Dad said. "You can ride, but I walk right next to you at the start."

Lily grinned her gap-toothed grin. "Deal."

She grabbed the saddle, pulled herself up, and got set. Biscuit stood still and waited for her. He was a good horse like that.

"Ready to ride, boy?" Lily said softly. She gave him a gentle nudge.

And they set off — Lily up high, Dad at her side, and the green woods waiting just ahead.

Something Under the Rock



Something small shot out from the grass and ducked under a big flat rock.

Biscuit leaped to the side. Lily grabbed his mane and held on tight.

"Whoa, boy," she said.

Biscuit shook and would not move. His dark eyes were locked on that rock. Whatever had gone to hide under it was still in there — small and still and safe in its hide.

"It's okay," Lily said softly. "That little thing just needed a place to hide. You don't have to be scared."

She kept her voice low and slow. She patted his warm neck.

"See? It's not going to come out. It got to hide, and now it's happy in there."

Biscuit let out a long breath. His big sides stopped shaking. He blinked his dark eyes once, then twice.

"Good boy," Lily said. "Let's go."

And Biscuit walked on, one slow step at a time, down the trail.

All the Way to the Oak



The trail got steep and full of rocks. Biscuit slowed down.

"Come on, boy," Lily said. "We can climb this. I know we can."

She sat tall in the saddle and kept her eyes on the big oak at the top of the hill. One step, then two. Biscuit began to climb.

"That's it," Lily said. "Keep going. Climb, Biscuit. Climb."

His hooves scraped and clicked on the stones, but he did not stop. He kept his head low and pressed on up the slope. Lily held on and moved with him.

And then they were there.

The big oak spread its arms wide in the sun. Lily let out a shout. "We made it! We climb all the way up, boy, and we made it!"

Dad came jogging up the path, red in the face and laughing hard. He clapped his big hands three times.

"That horse can climb," he said. "And so can you, Lily."

What Will We Find Next?



The ride home felt good. The sun was warm and the trees were quiet all around them.

"Dad," Lily said, "what will we find past the big oak?"

Dad walked beside Biscuit and smiled his slow smile. "What do you think we might find?"

Lily chewed on that. "A creek, maybe. Or a fox den. Some kind of hide."

"Could be," Dad said. "You'll have to find out."

"When?" Lily asked.

"Next ride," he said. "You earned it."

Lily grinned her gap-toothed grin and patted Biscuit's cream mane. Biscuit let out a soft breath, like he was happy too.

"We are going to find something great out there, boy," Lily told him. "I just know it."

Biscuit flicked his cream tail. He walked on, slow and steady, all the way home.