

# Indigo Rider

a short story



**By Rebecca Sebek**

Rebecca Sebek Copyright 2011

# Indigo Rider

Copyright 2011 by Rebecca Sebek, Savvy-Writer.com for DEOR Consulting.com

Thank you for respecting my work and for adhering to Copyright law.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be shared or reproduced by any mechanical, photographic or electronic process unless approval is first sought from the author. Nor may it be stored in a retrieval system, transmitted or otherwise copied for public or private use - other than "fair use" as brief quotations embodied in articles and reviews - without prior written permission of the author.



# Introduction

It's summer and 15-year-old Carrie Mulligan is being shipped to her grandparents in Cave Creek, Arizona. They moved there 10 years ago from Houston, Texas and built a custom home on Sunrise Ranch Road. Carrie visited them a few times but couldn't stand the desert; she preferred being near the ocean. Her mother was being melodramatic by sending her away. Carrie's going through the rebellious teenage years, and her mother doesn't have time to deal with it. What else is new?

Carrie loves the "City of Angels" aka Los Angeles and is bummed to leave for the summer. She may be rebellious but she's actually more mature than most adults she knows. Her father's never around because he's the manager of the alternative/indie band *Written in Stone*. She doesn't know who chose the name, but the music isn't bad. Carrie met the band and hung out with them in the studio a few times - that was cool. She thought about going into music because she has a decent voice, but she's passionate about art. Her paintings have won state and national awards. She's mostly an abstract painter, but paints "real life" now and then.

The family doesn't spend much time together because Carrie's parents have high-powered careers. She plans to move out when she's 18 years-old but hasn't told her mom and dad. Going to her grandparents does have a silver lining - Carrie will be able to go horseback riding. She wasn't about to let her mother know she was looking forward to getting back on a horse. She wouldn't give her the satisfaction.



# Indigo Rider

"Carrie, get a move on because we're headed to the airport in 15 minutes," said Marie. "Mom, why do I have to go to grandma and grandpa's?" asked Carrie. "Because I'm going to be traveling a lot for work this summer and your father's on the road. Now quit complaining and finish packing, the car will be here any minute," said Marie.

Carrie narrowed her eyes and continued to pack. She shoved her clothes into her suitcase like she was punishing them. Marie walked into Carrie's room. "Don't think about taking off on your grandparents. They'll keep a close watch on you," said Marie. Carrie ignored her mother and continued packing. A horn blew from outside. "That's the car, hurry up," shouted Marie. She left the room and ran down stairs.

Carrie's ride to LAX was on time. She would be in the hot Arizona desert in no time. She didn't understand why people moved to Arizona and then complained about the heat. Hello! It's the desert - it's supposed to be hot. One time while Carrie was visiting her grandparents, their friend Florence was complaining about the heat. Carrie suggested Florence move to Northern Arizona where it was cooler. Her mother almost died of embarrassment and wanted to strangle her. Carrie's grandfather winked at her, a sign that he agreed with her. He always said Florence was a natural complainer. Truth be told, Carrie was looking forward to seeing her grandparents. She liked her grandfather because he was a straight shooter, a natural cowboy. He told it how it was



# Indigo Rider

and Carrie respected that. He never put on airs to please others. Grandma was a strong, gentle woman and a great cook. The horn blew again. "Carrie, come on let's go," yelled Marie. "Coming," yelled Carrie. It's off to the Valley of the Sun.

Carrie's flight from LAX to Sky Harbor in Phoenix was smooth and on time. Arizona was so close, it seemed stupid to fly. But her mother wasn't about to drive to Arizona. God forbid. Carrie got off the plane, walked to the baggage area, and waited for her bags to come around on the conveyor belt. She picked up her three bags and sat them down by her. One bag contained her art supplies. Like it or not, she was in Arizona for the next three months. She may as well make the best of it.

"There's my L.A. girl! Sweetheart, how are you?" asked Carrie's grandpa as he walked towards her. Joe was six feet tall and intimidated most people. He grabbed Carrie into a bear hug; she couldn't breathe.

"Joe, for heaven sakes, you're going to squeeze her to death," said Carrie's grandma.

"Rose, it's been many years since I've seen my granddaughter, will you leave me alone," said Joe.

"Grandpa, I can't breathe," said Carrie. "I'm sorry honey. How was your flight? Are you hungry? Tonight we're taking you out for a good ol' fashioned bar-be-cue dinner.



# Indigo Rider

"Grandpa, meat's really not my thing," said Carrie.

"Shoot darlin', you can use some meat on your bones," said Joe.

"Leave the girl alone, she's fine just the way she is," said Rose as she glared at Joe. "Come on honey, let's get you to Sunshine Ranch Drive where you can relax," said Rose. They each took a bag and walked towards Joe's Black SUV. He loaded Carrie's bags, and all of them got in and headed for Cave Creek.

They arrived at Sunshine Ranch Road in no time. Carrie forgot how beautiful the house was. It was custom made so it didn't fit the typical Southwestern style home that was found in Arizona. It looked like a home you'd find back East. The windows went from the floor to the ceiling; it was breathtaking. Carrie's grandma liked lots of light in the house. Even though it looked glamorous, Carrie remembered it to be warm and inviting.

They stepped out of the SUV. Joe unloaded Carrie's bags from the back and placed them on the ground. Carrie's phone rang. Crap! She forgot to call her mom to let her know she arrived in Arizona. "Hi mom," said Carrie. She listened as Marie 'ripped her a new one' because she didn't call. Carrie rolled her eyes. "Yeah, I'm here with grandma and grandpa. Would you like to speak with them?" asked Carrie.



# Indigo Rider

She knew this would get to her mom because she wasn't exactly close to her in-laws. Carrie's mom is from New York and isn't a big fan of anything that is not New York or L.A. "I love you to, and I will be on my best behavior," said Carrie.

"How is your mother?" asked Rose. "Oh, you know, she's mom," said Carrie.

"Well then, let's go into the house?" said Rose.

"Yes ma'am," said Carrie. They each took a bag and walked towards the house. Rose unlocked the door and all of them went inside. Carrie knew it would be a pleasant evening of laughter, dinner, and tales about the Southwest. She remembered that last time she visited how Joe's laugh shook the house. It made her smiled.

Joe was taking Carrie to Spur Cross Stables in the morning. He wanted to introduce her to Indigo, a new horse that just arrived. He knew Carrie would be able to handle the horse. Until then, he would enjoy the presence of his granddaughter.

Morning came and Rose was in the kitchen making French toast and sausage. "Smells good," said Carrie.

"There's nothing like French toast and sausage. Don't tell you grandpa the sausage is vegetarian. She winked at Carrie. Did you sleep well?" asked Rose.



# Indigo Rider

"Yes ma'am. Who decorated my room? It's fab! I love the pale green color, it's very serene and calming. I just love California King beds - very comfortable. Oh and the window seat is big and comfortable," said Carrie.

"I'm glad you like your room honey. I told Kathleen you were an artist and liked clean lines," said Rose. Carrie walked over to Rose and gave her a big hug. This hardly seemed like the act of a rebellious teenager.

Carrie pulled back. Wait! Kathleen. You don't mean Kathleen Higgins, the big shot interior designer all the celebrities are going *nuts* over," said Carrie.

"That's the one. Your grandpa and I met her at an antiques auction a few months ago. She gave me a business card and told me to call if I needed an interior designer. I looked at her website and called," said Rose.

"Wow! She does awesome work but costs a fortune," said Carrie.

"Only the best for our granddaughter," said Rose. She gave Carrie a kiss on the forehead.

"You go and make yourself comfortable at the kitchen table. There's fresh squeezed orange juice," said Rose. Carrie poured a glass of juice and looked out the window at the desert. It seemed to go on forever.



# Indigo Rider

Joe walked in from outside. "Carrie darlin', I thought I'd have to wake you," said Joe.

"Nope, I'm looking forward to the day," said Carrie.

"We'll have some breakfast and drive to Spur Cross Stables," said Joe. "Your grandma makes the best French toast in the entire Southwest," said Joe. He gave Rose a kiss on the cheek and took his place at the head of the kitchen table. They enjoyed a peaceful breakfast. Carrie was beginning to feel like it may be a great summer after all.

Joe and Carrie drove to Spur Cross Stables. "Elephant Mountain can be seen from the trails," said Joe.

"Really?" How did Elephant Mountain get its name?" asked Carrie.

"That's a story for another time honey. Here we are," said Joe. They pulled into the parking lot of Spur Cross Stables. Joe and Carrie were greeted by Shelly who's an experienced horsewoman.

"Hello Joe," said Shelly.

"Hi Shelly, this is my granddaughter Carrie," said Joe.

"Nice to meet you," said Shelly.



# Indigo Rider

"Likewise," said Carrie.

"Carrie would like to meet Indigo," said Joe.

"He's rebellious and high strung which is why he's in the stables," said Shelly.

Carrie caught the "rebellious" part. "What kind of horse is he?" asked Carrie.

"He's a mustang that came to us. His owners couldn't handle him, so they *paid* us to take him off of their hands. Of course, by paid, I mean they made a donation," said Shelly.

"That's too bad and typical. Can't handle her so ship her off to Arizona," said Carrie. She didn't mean to say this out loud; it just came out of her mouth.

"Actually, it's him. Come on, let's go and meet Indigo," said Shelly. Shelly, Carrie, and Joe walked to the stables.

Indigo whinnied in his stall. "It's all right Indigo," said Shelly. She motioned for Carrie and Joe to approach Indigo.

Carrie looked into Indigo's eyes and felt a connection; an instant bond with the animal. It was as if they could see each other's souls. Indigo calmed down as Carrie moved closer to him. He began to stomp his hoof and tilt his head to one



# Indigo Rider

side as if he was checking her out. As Carrie approached Indigo, she was in awe of his smooth jet black coat and long flowing mane. She could see that his majestic yet powerful spirit was stifled by being cooped up in a stall that seemed too small for him. Indigo whinnied as the three of them approached him. He started whinnying more as Carrie moved closer to extend her palm so that he could sniff her.

Joe handed Carrie a few carrots that he brought. She held a carrot in the palm of her hand and placed it close to Indigo's mouth. He hesitated, but took the carrot and ate it.

"That's incredible!" He doesn't like strangers which is why he's in here. Carrie, you must be a horse whisper," said Shelly. Carrie smiled and Joe handed her the rest of the carrots to feed to Indigo. He ate them; it seemed as if he had a smile on his face.

"Could I ride him?" asked Carrie.

"Um, it may not be a good idea. He's really not into having a saddle put on him. All of us have tried; even Redsnake (Jacob) couldn't get a saddle on him," said Shelly.

"He'd let me ride him, I know it. Wouldn't you boy," said Carrie as she stroked his forehead. Indigo was calm.



# Indigo Rider

"Well, all right. There aren't many riders today. Let me get a saddle and all that good stuff," said Shelly.

"I'll help you," said Joe.

They walked to the other end of the stable and grabbed a saddle, blanket, pad, and bridle. Carrie was glad she *listened to her intuition* and packed her riding helmet which she brought with her. Shelly and Joe came back with the equipment.

"Here let me put the bridle on him," said Carrie.

Shelly couldn't believe her eyes. Indigo allowed Carrie to put the bridle on him. Carrie opened the stall door and led Indigo out. She began to put the pad, blanket, and saddle on him; she took her time with Indigo. He whinnied and stomped his hoof a few times, but Carrie was able to saddle him. She put her helmet on and led him out of the stables to the corral. Indigo and Carrie entered the corral as if they've known each other forever. Carrie put one foot in the stirrup and swung her leg over and steadied herself. Shelly and Joe stood there dumbfounded. Carrie rode Indigo around the corral as if she rode him every day. Two souls came together that day and became one. Neither one of them would be the same from this day forward.



# Afterword

Carrie is like so many teenagers. Her parents work and never seem to have time to be with her. However, she finds the strength to pursue her dreams and not take her parents actions personally. She knows they love her, even though they're not around all of the time. They work hard because they want to provide her with a better life than they both had. They have good intentions and deep down Carrie knows this. She throws herself into her art which brings her and others joy.

Meeting Indigo reignited Carrie's passion for riding - it gives her freedom. Horses are great examples of freedom. They go wherever they want to, whenever they want to. No one tells them not to do this or that. Wild horses live off the land and don't worry and fuss about where their next meal will come from, unlike humans who worry all of the time about everything. This energy draws more 'stuff' for humans to worry about.

Carrie's lucky to have met Indigo. He's just like her; a little wild and rebellious, but all heart and soul. They accept each other for who they are and don't expect the other one to change just to please them. This is a great lesson to learn. Be who you are and love every part of you. Don't change unless you want to make changes in your life. It's not your job or responsibility to make others happy. That's their job!

