

Colt gallops along a wallaby trail.
Crack! Stockwhips echo in the valley below.
Men are gathering at the homestead.
Tossing his mane, the colt from old Regret
tears through the scrub.
Stones clatter and crimson rosellas shriek
as he canters higher.






Colt rests by a creek. Alpine mint scents the air
and the icy water tastes of snow.
Brumby mares nicker in hidden meadows.
He answers their call, trotting closer ...

A stallion blocks his path.
Rearing, teeth bared,
Stallion screams a challenge.

Colt backs away,
but shadows the mob,
staying close when they
rest for the night.
White stars blaze
in the crystal air.





'Cooee!'

Daylight brings the sound of men.

The ranges ring with their snapping whips.

Colt hears the clink of bits and bridles.

Hooves pound up the mountain,
sparking firelight on flint stone.

Birds startle. He trembles.

The sky is a flurry of wings.