

The Pony Express Rider

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My uncle managed the Llano Saco Rancho, an old Spanish land grant, outside of Willows, California. The Pony Express route cut through a boggy pasture on the ranch, and legend has it that more than one hapless horse and rider sunk to their death.

My dad and his nephews decided to check out stories of ghostly riders on a cold, bright November night. They waited... and they waited. The quiet itself was unnerving. Then they heard the rumblings of an approaching thunderstorm. As the approaching rumbles became louder and louder, the deafening sound became less like thunder...and stopped in the boggy pasture. A dark shadowy mist sunk into the bog... and the thundering hooves were gone.

