

Horse Lovers Only

For Fun Did you know?

Look for those words and you'll learn something new every time you see one.



Quiz Do you know Horses?

Don't forget to do our awesome quiz!



Article A New Hope

This article will have you crying in a minute.



Get ready to love horses more than you ever have before!



Note:
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not real.

This magazine is totally refundable. If you are not pleased you may return it.

A first place award winning article in the contest Disastrous Directions.

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Letters to the Editor

A place for you to ask questions.

Dear Madam,

This is an outrage!! An absolute outrage! The nerve of it. I buy a recommended Horse magazine and all I get is some overrated talk show. I mean we're talking about a horse, like the animal aren't we?? If your talking about an animal you should include facts about it's dung. Horse dung is my life! I make models with it.

You're not getting any salutations from me lady!

Sierra Morro

*Really ladies,
this is my private
business.*

Dear Mrs. Morro,

I thank you for your contributions to ideas for my future magazines. I apologize that you were not pleased with my magazine. Thanks to you I have just begun some extensive research on horse dung for my next release, (in January 2016) and I have found it increasingly interesting. Thank you again for your ideas, I would love to hear more.

Lily Finn

The Road to a Blue Sky

I re-read the directions to Blue Sky Horse Ranch. According to the directions, we took the road south of Winter Park. We had been driving for twenty minutes when I saw the road ahead of me in ripped up chunks.

“We thought you knew Daddy, didn’t you see the sign back there?” piped up one.

“Wait, you knew about this?? Urrrgh!!” I growled.

I closed my mouth in tight-lipped silence. Taking a deep breath, I backtracked until I saw the detour. When we made it through, our car was filthy and low on gas. It sputtered out near a station. We all got out and pushed. We bought gas and went on our way.

As we drove along looking for the exit mentioned in the directions, we barely saw the side-road and I turned just in time.

Upon consulting the directions, we began scouring the left side of the road for an old oak tree. We skidded to a halt as the front bumper came within inches of crashing into the oak stretched across the road.

We noted the “bear crossing” sign that the directions had indicated. We felt like we were finally on the right track.

Suddenly, my daughter began yelling, “Look Dad, that’s the teddy bear that was on the sign! Can I touch it? Pleeeeeease??”

I looked where she was pointing and we all jumped as the grizzly came lumbering toward us. Most of us in the car were frozen with terror, except for my daughter, who was ranting about getting that teddy bear. She even had a name for it: Princess Rainbow Sweet Strawberry Candy, as far as I can recall in its first name. But we needn’t have feared the bear, he marked us as his territory and plodded away.

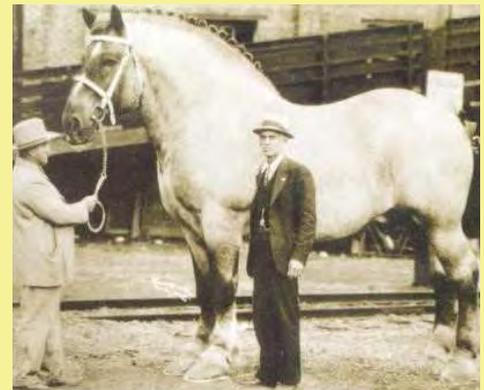
Ahead, we could see the sign for the ranch. We followed the final direction and a feeling of peace washed over me. We made it within a quarter of a mile to the ranch, when, to top it all off, our tire popped! I sucked in a deep breath and tried to keep from exploding. Fortunately, we had the spare and we were able to continue after twenty minutes.

The ranch was a dream come true for my daughters, but was it worth it? I dread the ride back.

Did you know?

The biggest horse in the world was a Shire named Sampson; he was 21.2 1/2 hands high.

And that was at his withers, which is near to his shoulders. He was born in 1846 in Bedfordshire, England.



How to muck a stable

First off you need to get a pitchfork and wheelbarrow; because you wouldn't want to just throw the muck onto the ground or you would be re-mucking before long.

Second you need to take the pitchfork in both hands like you would a shovel. Then you need to take careful aim and fire the pitchfork- still holding onto it- into a pile of dung. Take the pile and lift it up, slowly, carefully so that it is parallel with the ground. Shake the fork as if you were flipping a pancake to get off any extra hay, after all the excess is gone throw it into the wheelbarrow.

After you finished with the dung, you hopefully noticed along the way, some wet spots in the hay. Scoop them up, using the same technique that you used in the last step, only gentler.

Once you've finished, comb through the hay to make sure you didn't miss anything. Scrape all the hay to the sides of the stall. After that is done, spread the old hay out again and

spread new hay over top.

Finally, take the pitchfork and the wheelbarrow away. Clean the pitchfork and put it back where it goes and dump the wheelbarrow's load into the manure pile. That is how to muck a stable.

So, all that being said the process takes about ten minutes for a normal sized stall. Some tips; don't flick the dung too hard or it will go everywhere, and don't tip the pitchfork too high or you'll have to clean your boots as well.



The Tack Organizer

Ever wish you could walk into your tack room and not have to dig around for what you're looking for?

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and turns it into a clean room in the blink of an eye.

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A New Hope

There was no time to react as the little girl hit the ground with a “thud”. She was only five years old but her riding horse had just been sold and her new one was the size of a quarter horse. The riding instructors rushed over to help her up; but the girl was unconscious. There was nothing they could do but call her parents, who rushed over. They took her to the hospital and when she woke, she sat up and looked at her surroundings. “Where am I?”

“What’s going on?” After that no more riding school. Her parents were worried that she would fall off again and hurt herself even worse.

For five years there was no free riding. Yes, she would occasionally- but only when her parents led her horse slowly around the pasture. The monotony was unbearable; she would often beg her parents to let her ride alone. But the memory of their little daughter unconscious and pale as a ghost, was burned into their minds. The horse she rode wasn’t even a horse- only a mix of Shetland and Iceland pony who was named Espero and whom they’d gotten in 2006. Two years later her family bought Cherokee who was a mix of a Quarter and a Warmblood. The next year they got Apache who was a Coldblood. But then miracle of miracles her friend who had been in America returned with a beautiful eleven year old bay quarter horse. She went to see the horse and her friend often, and rode him as much as possible even if she rode him round and round in circles led by her parents. She loved him and she was working up courage to ask her parents to buy him. Finally, two years later she was ready to ask her parents. She approached the subject carefully; little by little. To her complete surprise they said yes- and when they next had time they went to Skippy’s home to ask his owners about buying him. Skippy’s owners hemmed and hawed for what seemed like hours. The girl began to worry- what if they said no, she would never want to see Skippy again. For days she was waiting for the phone call that would relieve the suspense. After what seemed like years it came- and yes- Skippy was to be hers. They went to his house with the 17,000 kroner that they were to pay for Skippy- who was really worth more than five times that much. Here before her, was her dream horse. They brought him home and she brushed him as her own horse for the first time. She lovingly sat the saddle on him and was hooking on the lead rope when her parents told her to take it off. She looked at them incredulously, they nodded. Tears of joy formed in her eyes, she could hardly believe her luck. First her parents buy her her own horse, then- after five years of none of it- she was allowed to free ride him.

The two were made for each other, they understood each other. They were always there never giving up on one another. When she was upset she went to him and he comforted her with loving encouragements. She knew that as long as she was there to help it she would never let another person on the face of the earth take him away.

Did you know?

There are more than 650 different breeds of horses and ponies.

They are grouped in heavy, light and feral--partly wild.

The Path of an Arrow

A mare lay in the soft spring grass of April. Her flanks were heaving and sweat beaded on her body. It was the kind of morning that toddlers and small children would be playing in the gentle waves of the grass in the valley, which was surrounded on all sides with towering mountains still tipped with pure white, and small wispy clouds hovering about its sloping sides. But none of the mixed herd of horses were thinking about what a beautiful morning it was; they were rigid and tense waiting for the birth of their lead mare's foal.

The foal was slow in coming, thinking nothing of the agony he was causing his mother. She gave one final gasp and put her head down, for a moment every muscle was taught; and then she was still. The herd of distraught horses waited for five then ten minutes, after what seemed an hour, a curious young filly could stand it no more. Taking cautious silent steps she edged nearer and nearer to the mare. But quick as a flash, the mare was up and lashing out with her teeth and forelegs- guarding a small bay creature lying on the the grass. This seemed to be all the mare needed to bring her mother instincts into action. She bent down and began licking the the tiny silver foal. Then she laid down and let the him nurse. For a while all was quiet except for the greedy sucking noises coming from the colt.

When the little creature had finished the mare shoved her muzzle underneath him and lifted him onto his long spindly legs. He took one shaky step, but then his legs collapsed. He squealed and buried his face in the grass. But soon he ready to go again and was taking more and more steps each time. Soon it seemed as if he could not walk, he ran everywhere. But then he ran into the the head elder, the old stallion turned around nostrils flaring and nipped him with smart efficiency on his small back. The young colt squealed, calling for his mother and running for her comfort and safety. She beside ten seconds flat rearing far above the mix of a Quarter and a Shetland. Her hard hooves thudded down on either side of his withered body. She stayed there nostrils flaring and teeth bared until he was thoroughly cowed. The little colt bunched up beside her and stayed there for a while.

A few days after the little one's arrival into the spring world, it came time for the elders to inspect him for blemishes. The first elder walked with deliberate sedateness while the herd waited in suspense. She stepped up and looked him over but when she came to his legs a short snort reverberated through the valley. His legs had socks on all four legs and all of them were an iridescent blue-black, and soft as the finest silk as was the rest of his body. The old mare's eyes were a picture of smug disdain. As she turned her dirty white body and stalked over to the other elders. The Old One's mate, who was even older than she, plodded up to the disheartened young colt. He looked at him, looked at his mate, and breathed a scanty word of encouragement to him. The last of the elders to come was a prime stallion, with a beautiful form and posture. He trotted over to the the colt who lowered his head in respect for the incredible horse. The colt flinched when the stallion's gentle muzzle lifted his head and his broken spirit. The kindness the horse wanted to give the little horse would hurt him if it was given all at once, but little by little would heal him. He took the colt to a secluded area where none could interfere and gave his first bit of love. He adopted the little colt as his own, for he had no mate- the Creator had not meant it to be. They walked out next to each other, all the young one's brokenness replaced by a fierce, burning pride. The colt's mother let him nurse as she struggled to express her gratitude to the good stallion.

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Two years later it came time for the young horse to become a part of his herd. He was to go through a ritual which tested his justice, strength, speed, and sense of direction, his adopted father and mentor was to be the one and only judge. The horse had been warned that he would

not be allowed to slip through just because his father was judge. But he was prepared to do well regardless of who was judge.

As he prepared for the test, he came aware of the two Ancients watching him and cackling greedily as they looked at his unique legs. He was put off by the the Old Ones and went to practice in a different area where he could be away from the noise and commotion- for he was not the only one to go through the test in the next three days. He watched as two others were caught eating and punished- for it was against the ancient laws to eat or drink for three days before the ritual. They would not be allowed to become true stallions until next year.

As he moved through the herd, others congratulated him, he acknowledged them with as little ceremony as possible. After a long while he found refuge- where he- and many others had been adopted by the stallion. He laid there resting in the quiet green underneath the huge oak, whose leaves had created a safe haven for young and old alike. He did not hear the silent blanket of sleep as it crept up and wrapped him in its warm confine until dusk.

When he awoke he was not quite aware of where he was or the other being in the tree with him. He started fully awake when the being showed itself. It was only his mother come to give a last few words of encouragement. When she left, he laid down again but sleep would not come. So he laid awake until dawn began to shoo away sleep to cover the morning with sunlight. But there was to be no sunlight today. It was a gloomy day for the young ones to begin their journey. It was drizzling and there was a gray mist pervading over the land. But they were ready and all left at dawn to complete a set track in three days whoever got home in no matter what condition they would report immediately to the elders, who would decide their true titles.

When the young horses were making last minute preparations, a mare rushed up making frantic calls for help as she ran about the herd. None listened to her and the new stallions were angered at their loss of the spotlight. Only our hero came forward to help the terrified mare. He slowly coaxed the story out of her: she had wandered away from her seven week old filly, and when she came back the filly was gone. At this the poor mare went into hysterics again, and the horse had his patience tested as he struggled to calm her. But he managed it and found out that there had been a small trail in the dry grass where she had been. She had not followed it but run to the herd begging them for help. With calm radiating from his graceful body the horse had the mare show him the trail. Once he saw it he was off like a gunshot with his companions staring after him, scorn written all over their features.

The horse had been running at full gallop for three hours straight. Sweat dripped from his lathered body and he collapsed in a heap by a trickling stream unable to go any farther. The sun beat down without a hint of relenting, and his ears rung. Careful not to drink too much the stallion sipped the water gratefully. He fell asleep until a pitiful bleating reached his ears, he had found the filly. He ran to where the noise had come from and nickered to show he was a friend. He approached the filly with utmost care until he reached the foal. He chewed up a mouthful of dried grass and put some water in his mouth to moisten it and fed it to the filly. He repeated the process multiple times until the young one was satisfied. The stallion looked at her, with her small bones showing through her skin. But she was contented and asleep. He scooped his muzzle under her belly, oblivious of the dirt and hoisted her onto his back, beginning the long walk home.

Two days later a gaunt figure walked into the camp and, depositing the sleeping filly with its mother he began to graze, eating as much as she could in one mouthful. His eyes were bloodshot and his bones jutted sharply out of his skin. At dusk he was the first one to lay his head down, and he took a full week to recuperate. In this time the other young horses arrived from their course and the time of the choosing came. The day soon arrived when a new stallion was to be chosen. With a heavy heart he entered the crowd as the new stallions stepped forward. He was turning his back when other horses began shoving him to the front. His father stood in front of him pride radiating from him. He had chosen the right path; he had chosen to save a filly rather than become a stallion. He had become a stallion despite



his choice, and because of this his name was to be Arrow, an arrow straight and true with the feathers of a raven on the shaft. The other young horses looked at him with jealousy and envy, for the name was a name to vouch for.

The celebration began, and for three days Arrow could find no refuge to be alone. But after the three days were past, Arrow slipped away from the herd to be in solitude. He went up the mountains and sought out a small cave in which he rested. All day long he would walk all over caring not if he had to spend a night in the open. His feet guided him and he followed them willingly. He was not aware of where he went; for he was locked deep down inside the depths of his soul, searching for his true heart. One day he found it; it was a young colt pinned down beneath the mammoth paws of a full grown wildcat. Something inside of him snapped. Without thinking of his own well-being, Arrow screamed out a challenge. He rushed at the huge wildcat, rearing up knocking him a solid bow on his head.

Leaving the colt, the wildcat began to

advance with slow, careful steps. The young stallion watched it with nonchalant easiness, not knowing the power of these savage creatures. He stared, as it circled him, its tail swaying. A low growl emanated from depths of its throat. He began circling closer and Arrow watched his leg muscles tense to spring. The cat launched itself at the stallion and Arrow sprang aside—off the side of the mountain, and blackness surrounded him. When he woke it was dusk and there was a burning pain in the back his head. He struggled upright and steadied himself against a huge boulder. He took a deep breath and began moving back up the mountain to help the colt. By the time he had come to the top of the mountain the colt was nowhere to be seen. The only evidence that it had been there was a bit of blood and a small trail where it had been dragged off by a hind leg.

Grief and anger overtook the young stallion, he screamed out his defiance to the world, his anger and hurt and pain. His legs began to run, his legs pumping like pistons, he had no recollection of it later but just an aching in the pit of his heart. Then he

stopped; he had seen something that penetrated through his mind. It was a strange two-legged creature, swinging a long coil. Not knowing what it was, he waited, the coil came toward him, so fast Arrow didn't see it. It wrapped around his neck and began to choke him, pulling him closer and closer to the strange being. He tried to run away but to no avail and the creature came towards him. Arrow shied away, straight where the creature wanted him to go; into a small rocky corral. It had high wooden fence and a tall oaken post in the center.

Arrow, seeing he was trapped as the door swung shut on him began screaming shrill piercing screams. The man gritted his teeth but, showed no other sign of leaving. The stallion paced round and round the corral, no longer screaming but tense and ready to spring at any moment. The creature put a bucket of water in the horse's confines and left. The stallion pranced up to it, sniffed it and began taking huge swigs of it. Arrow knew he shouldn't, but he was beginning to feel drowsy, so he laid down. The last thing he remembered was the creature beating him, but he could not even move his head.

When he awoke he was aware of an unaccustomed weight on his back, and a sharp, metal thing digging into his lips. He got up and began to run round and round the small corral, faster and faster until it was all a blur; and then, he hit the brakes and stopped, flinging the creature head over heels into the dust. The man was up again and Arrow stood still as the man climbed onto his back. He began to walk with slow careful steps right where he had just galloped. The man wrenched the reins to the right and Arrow went right. The man tried a different direction with the same result. Quite happy that he, Hank Grumman had broken this wild beast. His hands relaxed and Arrow took him on a tour of the corral. Timing his move with perfect finesse, he walked up to the fence and bucked the man up and over.

But what goes up must come down and this man was no exception. He landed on the ground with a thud. He got, up spewing cuss

words about the air and stormed back to his small hut, grumbling about his stupidity. Arrow's eyes were a mix of anger and delight as he watched with unblinking eyes.

Over the next few months Arrow grew to respect the man and the man grew to have a certain awe of the horse. There was no love or affection between the two, but they shared one thing in common; and that was revealed on the day that Ebenezer Wincock arrived at the ranch.

His eyes were green; but they seemed to be reflecting something that he was always searching for. He wanted power and and money, and he didn't care how he got it. The moment Arrow saw him he knew something wasn't right. But he heard an exchange of meaningless words between the two.

"Hey, Wincock, I found this here horse on the Stoney Ridge walking round with no herd. I brought'm in no problem. I gived him some o' that sleepin' potion you sold to me an' got the saddle on 'im. I sat down on 'im and when 'e waked up he bucked like the devil hisself was on 'im."

"And what, pray tell, do you want me to do about it?"

Hank struggled to conceal the confusion in his grizzled face, but only succeeded in making himself look worse as he translated Ebenezer's words.

"well... I was thinkin' of sorda payin' you to break'im for me an' then mayb' I'll buy 'im back."

Wincock's green eyes lit up at the prospect of so much money. He began to take advantage of the man's ignorance.

"Grumman, as you know I am in the depths of poverty so I could use your help. The lowest I would break him for would be seven-hundred dollars a month."

"Deal." Hank grinned at his amazing craftiness, and Ebenezer smiled inwardly, for he had no intention of ever selling back the horse; Hank's rent would never end. So it was that Arrow changed hands after being in the property of Hank for three months.

Arrow's teeth were bared and his ears

were flat against his head, as he watched Ebenezer's cool eyes look him over. The man stepped into the corral, gripping a silver handled, seven-tongued whip. Arrow looked at it, and he saw the pain it had caused other horses before him. But before he could react it lashed out catching him in the jaw raking at his coat and mane. He screamed and watched as the cruel man's eyes lit up with delight and pleasure. It was all fun and games for Ebenezer Wincock until the stallion began to advance with cold, hard vengeance written all over him.

Arrow could hardly see for the misty haze that had filmed over his eyes. He was aware of a joy as he advanced upon the terrified man. But something inside of him was calling, telling him not to. Who was it? He stared at the face which had loomed up in front of him, blocking out his vision altogether. His breath came in short gasps as he realized who it was, it was his father, the stallion from his herd. The vision waned away and the haze cleared from his eyes.

He began to run, running away from people, from vengeance, from everything- except his father. Just the thought of him spurred Arrow on and he became unaware of anything else. But then something shot through him that blocked out any other thought. He was aware of a searing pain in his left haunch. He gasped in pain, as his leg threatened to collapse. But with the true warrior heart of a Son of the Wild, the pain did not slow his gallop.

Hours later he found himself galloping headlong into a huge forest. He slowed to a walk and plodded on until he reached a burbling stream. He stopped there and began drinking the clear, cold water. He splashed water onto his lathered body to cool off and began to graze in the crisp, bronze grass. At dusk he lay down and fell asleep to the sound of crickets chirping. He awoke at dawn shivering and dizzy. He heard voices, and the words sounded sharp, and loud in his ears. But even so he recognized the voice of Wincock. He struggled upright and began to trot and slowly he began to gain speed until he was going full gallop again. The earth swerved underneath him and he went down, he got up but fell again and again, each time it became harder to stand and keep going. Finally the time came when he could not get up at all. He lay down and looked around; he was no longer in the forest, he was now in the mountainous area where he had been born. But he found that he was still in the shade. He looked up to see a small barn, and then came blackness.

When he awoke he found himself in a large, fresh stable. He saw a small pail filled with a steaming oat meal. He reached over and began to eat greedily, with slow careful bites. The warmth flooded his body and he became aware of a soft face looking at him over the stable door. He returned the stare, but not with anger, or friendship; he was tired of hate, and his father, the incredible stallion, had visited in a dream calling for him, searching for him. Arrow's one goal now was to find him. It was a female's head and she reached in and unlocked the door.

As she walked in, she put her hand out and knelt down, reaching for Arrow's forelock, he backed away from the hand and as he did the pain was renewed in his injured leg, for it had been dulled over the hours. She took one look at the hole that had been bored in his haunch and left. She came back later with medical supplies and some warm water, which he drank. The world around him became distant and he sank into a drugged slumber.

The girl took out a pair of long needle-like tweezers, laid them down and poured anesthetic on both the tweezers and the injured thigh. Slowly she forced herself to look at the grimy wound. She grimaced and dug the tweezers into the bullet hole. The tool went almost two inches deep, but after an endless search she found the bullet. She grabbed it with the tweezers, making sure not to drop it. With great triumph she lifted the bullet clear of his leg.

She took a small penlight and began looking into the wound to make sure all the muscle tissue were in place. She poured more anesthetic onto the wound and watched as it did its work. She filled the wound with water to remove any dirt, and used a soft rag to dry it. Then she threaded a needle and began to sew.

Hours later Arrow awoke, his leg feeling sore. He shook himself to relieve the tension in his muscles. He was hungry; he began searching the stall and found a warm bowl of barley and oat meal within easy reach of the wounded stallion. He began eating, but became aware of another presence.

He stood, trying not to put pressure on his wounded leg. He looked into the other stall and there he saw a young Andalusian chestnut mare with a white stripe on her head. He reached his head over and offered her a greeting; after hesitating a moment the mare returned it.

The girl was entering the barn stepping with deliberately loud steps, so as not to startle the horses, for the mare was a wild one as well. As she walked down the aisle of stalls, she was aware of whickering and other small horsy sounds. She looked over and saw the two whispering to each other. She laughed in surprise, startling the horses.

She reached out, moving her hand in slow motion towards Arrow's silky forelock. He stood stock still letting her caress his head and face, a deep rumble emanated from Arrow's throat, the girl stopped rubbing him, and threw her arms about his neck. After that he was allowed out to the pasture and occasionally he would see a herd of horses on the mountains.

The mare and Arrow spent much time together, enjoying sweet spring days out in the pasture. But come midsummer, when his leg was fully healed, his instincts began pulling him back to the wild, where he belonged. The girl noticed that he no longer seemed happy, though she had had a secret hope that he would stay forever.

She walked up to Arrow and handed him one last sugar cube, which he had come to love in the months of his stay. She opened the pasture gate and heaved a sigh. She would miss the stallion, whom she had nicknamed Arrow, at least she would have Nicky. But she gasped in surprise as Arrow walked up to the beautiful Andalusian, and began guiding her toward the open gate. The breath caught her throat as she watched the mare hesitate, then follow Arrow back to where she belonged. The girl watched until they were only a speck in the mountains. She sighed and walked inside tears streaming down her face.

Arrow galloped to his old summer home, and there he found his long lost family. He whinnied and ran to the familiar figure of his mother he nuzzled her and she stared at him, until realization dawned on her. He introduced his mother to Nicky, and the mother looked her over with skeptical eyes, she nickered as she accepted her. Then he searched for his father with his mother along side him. He found his father looking haggard and weary of life, but he needed no prompting to see that he was Arrow the long lost stallion. They ran to each other and embraced looking as if he would never let go.

Two years later the girl was sitting on her porch when she saw a small silver dot in the distance. She peered at it and began to run, it was Arrow, her friend whom she had nursed back to health two years ago. He came to her and nuzzled her, his new herd behind him, his mate, Nicky, lead mare. The two were now the proud parents of a healthy pair of twins. They had the form of their mother and the swiftness and beauty of their father. He brought forward a handsome colt and placed him in the care of the girl.

"I would be honored to take care of your colt for you, his name will be King. I thank you, Arrow, and I thank you, Nicky."

He stayed a few days to make sure his colt was all right, and then left, for his course was with the wild, with the free, forevermore.



The Ruler of the Night

The clock strokes mid-
night,
with every passing
moment, it grows
darker.

No child lays
awake,
no beast
stirs on the doorsill
and growls at
passerby.
All are
lost in
blissful sleep.
But there is one who
never rests,
like a
black
phantom, he roams
the night.

He is one you'll ne'er see,
like a shadow,
he wisps away.
The sun stretches
her arms to warm
the sleepy earth,

the Black One
rears, and melts into
the shadows cold,



to wait,
for the coming
of midnight.
The Ruler of the Night.

The Vow

There once was a girl called Carrie,
 And she lived with her father and
 brother
 Her heart had been broken,
 For what had become of her moth-
 er?
 What had become of her mother
 was death.

But she dearly loved horses,
 They helped her forget,
 Not always, but some
 And now she was in debt.

“One day, when I’m grown,” she
 vowed,
 “I’ll repay the great service you’ve
 done,
 With the love of a once broken
 heart.”
 So she grew to a woman, and never
 would shun
 Never shunned it, the vow had been
 given.

So when she had grown, she de-
 voted her heart
 Devoted her heart to all horses.
 She became an animal activist, and
 people
 would not listen to her, but she al-
 ways stayed on course.

“So what, if they do not listen,” said
 she.

“They cannot ignore me forever.”
 Her passion began to work, and
 drew in some people for her.
 So now she was beginning her en-
 deavor.

She went all over the world saving
 horses
 Rehabilitating and rehoming.
 Until she met one who was different
 from others,
 Him she kept and gave him a home.

He was black as the night,
 But pure as a lamb
 And so she named him Midnight.
 They were best friends, without any
 glam.

So her debt was repaid,
 But she continued her work
 Loving horses with all her heart
 ‘Till she went to the place where no
 shadows lurk.
 ‘Till she went to be with her mother.

The Colt and the Kitten

There once was a colt and a
kitten,
With whom the colt seems to
be smitten,
The cat runs away
But the colt wants to play
And the kittens paws were
made for a-slittin’.

Foals

Falling to the ground, the little filly is
already trying again.

On lanky, uncertain legs she takes
her first step.

Adorable and helpless the little pin-
tostarts to run.

Silky fore-Locks droop over her eyes and
a gentle nicker leads him back to Mom.

Sticky milk gives her a little mous-
tache and then she’s ready to go again

Haiku

A Foal

An Elder snorts as
A foal trips into a stream
And comes up wet; proud.

Eagerness

Walking on a path,
I strain at the bit; ready
To fly over land.

A Shoe

The horse limped home with
Only three shoes. The sun makes
A “U” refraction

A haiku is a poem that’s
structure is 5, 7, 5 syllables. Its
purpose is to capture a moment
in time and relive it.

Dear Ms. Annie,

Thank you for reading this letter.

Lately, I have been wondering where the Morgan horse originated. I would also like to know who the first Morgan's sire and dam were. I love horses, but, sadly, I don't know much about them. You are the first person I approached with this question when it came to mind. I love your magazines, they have been so full of good information.

Thanks again,

Yours truly,
Carry McLennan

Dear Ms. Carry,

Thank you for your charming letter. I will now answer your questions. First, the very first Morgan was bought by the school teacher Justin Morgan in 1789. The horse's original name was Figure, before Justin Morgan died.

His sire is supposed to have been a stallion named True Briton, a Thoroughbred known for siring high-quality foals. Others have said that his sire was Young Bulrock, a Dutch-bred horse. His dam, was thought to be part Thoroughbred and part Arabian.

Justin Morgan, the horse, has signs of Arabian and Dutch draft horse in his body form. He is thought to be one of the finest sires ever; having had the ability to pass on his traits through several generations.

Justin Morgan the horse is said to have been able to outrun, out pull, and out walk many other horses. His skills were legendary.

I hope this information has answered your questions.

Sincerely,
Annie Meldrum



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bit is rounded
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There are three
different kinds of
horse: Light, Heavy
and Pony.

Based on what you
know, what kind of
horse is a Shire?

What kind of horse is
an Arabian or French
Trotter?

What about an
American Cream
Draft horse?

Answers on page 24.

Do you know horses?

What is a horse measured in?

- a. Inches
- b. Hands
- c. Feet

At what height is a horse official?

- a. 17 hands
- b. 13.5 hands
- c. 14.2 hands

What was the name and size- at withers- of the horse who holds the record of being the biggest horse on earth?

- a. King, 19.2 hands
- b. Majesty, 17.2 hands
- c. Sampson, 21.2 1/2 hands

How many pairs of ribs does a horse have?

- a. 16 pairs
- b. 18 pairs
- c. 9 pairs



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soften the leather.

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What is the biggest breed of horse on earth?

- Clydesdale
- Shire
- Thoroughbred

Lipizzaners are white, but what color are they as babies?

- black
- palomino
- white

When a horse is afraid its ears point...

- Forward
- Sideways
- Backward

What is the oldest breed of horse?

- Barb
- Arabian
- Shire

Foals can walk within...

- 30 minutes of their birth
- 60 minutes of their birth
- 90 minutes of their birth

One hand is the equivalent of...

- 4 inches
- 7 inches
- 6 inches

Answers on page 24.

Did you know?



The Przewalski's horse is the last truly wild horse.



There was a horse called the Tarpan, and it was a wild horse as well, but it is extinct now.



The Pain of Learning

The eight year old girl screamed as a hoof lashed out and struck her temple square-on; she collapsed as the world went dark.

When she awoke she was lying in a hospital bed with a bandage wrapped around her head where the horse had hit her. She began to cry, it made the pain in her head almost unbearable, yet once the tears began they were hard to stop. Her mother was at her side in an instant, comforting her, telling her what a naughty thing the horse had been when it had hurt her poor, precious head.

The girl stopped crying, consoled, for it had been she who had riled the normally mild mannered horse by holding on to the mare's leg to get to her small filly. She smiled at her mother, her face filled with the innocence of an experienced liar. Behind the screen of her cherubic face, her plan of revenge was beginning to form.

Just then the doctor spoke to her mother, "Thank goodness, no internal damage was done. If the horse had struck hard enough your daughter would not have made it to the hospital."

Her mother's face turned white and she closed her eyes. A single tear wound its way down her stricken face.

"Your daughter may return home, ma'am."

"Thank you, sir. What do you say, Marie?"

"Thank you, sir." Marie's voice dripped sarcasm, as she mocked her mother's grateful face.

As they pulled into the gravel driveway, a large dog bounded out to see them, ecstatic that his masters had finally returned home. His tail was moving as if it were a totally different animal; but he was rebuked when he almost knocked Marie down. "You bad, bad dog! Can't you see I can hardly stand?" The dog's tail went limp and tucked between his legs. He trudged through the spring grass to his little house.

Marie began to cry, something she had learned to do long ago to get what she wanted. "Oh, my darling, I will carry you to the house. We can let you sleep with me until you feel all better."

"But, Mother, we must get rid of that horrible horse! But can I keep the foal?"

"Of course. Now let's get you tucked up on the couch, and I will bring you your dinner and some hot cocoa, you poor, poor dear."

We go now to another little creature, but this one is truly wounded.

The yearling's eyelids fluttered open and he shook himself as he stood up; today was going to be a special day he could feel it. He nibbled

some grass as he breakfasted beside his mother, then galloped off to be with the others his age.

He played with the others all day, and as dusk was falling he was about to go back to his mom, when he heard a rustle behind him. He turned his head to look into the merciless eyes of a full grown mountain lion.

Almost three years later, Marie was playing with her colt. She giggled as she tiptoed up behind it and slapped its rump and ran behind a corner and ran behind another corner to see the outcome. The little filly reared and whimpered as the chaff from the hay spurted into her eyes when her hooves hit the ground. Marie sauntered to the next stable, and grabbed a string she had rigged to the feed box. Waiting for the right moment, she was poised for action, when she felt hot breath on the back of her neck. She turned around to see Nate, the stable boy.

“What are you doing here?”

“I could ask you the same. So you’re the kid who’s been making all the trouble with the horses. Hand over the string, miss.”

“You can’t order me around! I live here; and, how can you prove I did anything?”

“Round here, in the stables, every man’s an equal. Anyways, I’m at least three years older than you, so if I hear you spread ru-

mors about me, there’ll be rumors about your black eye.”

Marie looked at him, but she quailed. “Here,” she shoved the string at him, “I wasn’t going to do anything with it.”

She watched him as he walked in to the stall and sliced the string through with a pocket knife, stroked the horse and left, without another word. I’ll have to replace that string, ugh, that took me like forever to do, and my hands ached for like, days after it. This did not help to improve her normally sour mood, and now it was like a thunder storm was hovering around her.

When she entered the house, she called for her mother, but received no answer. The room seemed to be suddenly full of oppressive heat as she walked up the stairs and to her mother’s bedroom. She was surprised to see the curtains closed and her mother’s head resting upon a pillow. Marie ran to her and began to sob “Oh, Mommy! Why are you sick? Can’t you see I need you? Don’t you love me, don’t you care about me? My head is throbbing, I need you to massage my back. Ohhhhhh.”

“My baby, Mother is sick right now, but if you let me rest I will be better soon.”

“Ok.”

The little colt stood trans-

fixed by the huge beast. He stood as if in a dream, but then the cat pounced, only the colt's lightning reflexes saved him. But he had not been fast enough. The mountain cat had latched onto his fetlock, but his scream of pain brought the mother running. She was not afraid to defend her son.

The mare advanced upon the cat with practiced cunning. The cat dropped the limp form of the colt crept toward this larger quarry. He lowered himself for a pounce, and began to circle the horse waiting for her to show some sign of weakness. This was not the first battle either of the two warriors had fought. Both were intelligent creatures. But one would have to stand out, and defeat the other.

The mountain lion pounced, but as he was shooting past his prey, he saw white teeth flash and tear at his thigh. He yowled and turned around limping as the blood gushed out of the fresh wound. Again he pounced this time dealing his adversary a raking strike across his cheek. The sight of blood strengthened him and gave him purpose, as he, without waiting, jumped towards the horse. He snarled as yet again he was dodged and counter-attacked, this time a hoof on his ear, a little to the right would have killed him. He growled savagely, as his enemy began to become cocky, and the horse took a rush of her own.

She bared her teeth from pain of her wound, a large gash on her right flank. But the determination of a protective mother won out in the end, as the beast charged once more, hissing and spitting, but a firm kick between his eyes silenced him forever.

She hastened over to her colt, lying still, in the waving, green grass. His breath was shallow, and he had not moved from the position the beast had thrown him in. His mother nuzzled him and he began to wake, as he tried to move into a more comfortable position. Black swam at the ends of his vision as the pain shot through his whole body as he struggled to move his left hind foot. It was intolerable.

He gasped, and as he did, others of the herd began to come and see the bloody wound on his foot. It had gone in to the bone and crushed bits of it. An old, wise horse walked up to the young creature, who was shivering by now trying to cope with the pain.

Marie's pride was shattered. She had to make her own meals and put herself to bed, it was almost torture. But this did nothing to change her outlook on horses. Still after almost a year her burning hatred of them had not abated. Her tricks were becoming more elite; and one day she went too far.

It was a hot June afternoon and Marie was bored, so she grabbed

a sheet, and folded it under arm; careful not to let it billow in the wind.

“What are you doing with that, may I ask?” Her mind easily found an answer for the young woman they had hired to do the wash. “I was going to have a picnic with it.”

“Why can’t you use an old one?”

“So I don’t get the food dirty. Don’t you know anything? Good thing you’re not my teacher or anything, I don’t want to end up something like you. What a pity.” Marie dashed off before the the righteously fuming woman could say another word.

She took the sheet to a new horse’s corral and set it down. It was a breezy day and the sheet billowed up and down with the wind terrifying the horse, he raced around and around the perimeter, she lay down on the sheets and he stopped, eye whites showing, and breathing hard.

She folded it again and began walking toward him, with the sheet held in front of her, but because it was folded it didn’t thrash in the wind like it had when it was unfolded. She continued walking and when she was within three feet of him she let loose the sheet.

The four year old whimpered as the blackness threatened to take over again. He shook himself past it and stood up, his wounded leg hanging useless behind him. He struggled towards the leaders of the herd, where they were conversing to each

other in low tone. His head held high, he awaited their verdict.

In the secret language of animals, they told him their decision, “With your wounded leg you will not be able to keep up with the rest of the herd, so you will be... dismissed, from this herd. Yet, let it not be said that we are of a cold-hearted race; you will be given the name Phantom, for you will be a phantom of ill omen among the herd that you choose.”

“Thank you for your kindness.”

“Think nothing of it.”

Phantom nuzzled his mother for the last time and left; limping into the distance, shivering every once in a while, the pain was so great. Blood could be seen dripping from his wound as he trudged away.

“My, my, you are crafty with your words aren’t you, Raven?”

“Thank you.”

The horse’s scream echoed off the mountains that were all around the ranch. He collapsed in a heap, shivered once and was still. Her eyes opened wide, then she laughed, “I’ve never seen a horse pass out before. Funny; one minute he looked like he was gonna kill me and now, well, you know, he passed out.” She strode away, still chuckling to herself.

When she walked in to the house she strode to her mother’s room, to tell her what she had

seen the stable boy do. “Hey mom, guess what? Wait, what are you doing? Are you better?” She watched her mother packing most of her clothes into a gargantuan relic of a suitcase.

“No, I’m not. The doctor has said that some fresh California air would do me a world of good. So I’m taking his advice and going to spend the summer there.”

“Fine!!! I guess all you care about is your self! I don’t care either. You go, I’ll be fine.” She stormed out of the room, her pack of lies forgotten.

Phantom walked until the pain blurred his eyesight. Images of his mother appeared, but when his eyes tried to focus, she disappeared. In his fragile state of mind, he would follow her in the direction that she seemed to come from. He staggered towards her during the brief times when his legs would hold him.

He was still walking towards her an hour later when he felt, through his dreams, something cool and inviting. He was able to shake the sleep off of himself and drink the cold, fresh water. His instinct told him that the refreshing water would also be help heal his foot. He slowly lowered his foot into the rushing stream. The pain spread through his leg and into his head; it pounded through his body, and subsided. Phantom’s

foot slowly numbed and he laid down on the grassy stream bank and slept, a deep comforting sleep.

The next morning, he awoke, ate some grass, drank a few gulps of water, and carried on. Soon began to form in the distance, he struggled to focus on them, they were horses, more of his kind. He galloped as fast as he could with one leg dangling useless behind him. He arrived out of breath and lathered in sweat to see that they were caged horse.

There was one other creature among them, it stood on only two legs, the other two dangled from its shoulders. Now it was looking toward him. their eyes met and locked for one second, and Phantom collapsed.

Marie had seen her mother off that morning, and was playing some gentle tricks in the horses in the pasture. She had not meant to make the horse pass out yesterday. But now he was fine. It was late afternoon, when she saw a dust cloud in the distance. She had ignored it, until a silvery horse had arrived panting with one leg hanging at its side.

A look that had never crossed over that young face came to it now.

Quiz: 1.b 2.c 3.c 4.b 5.b 6.a 7.c 8.b 9.b 10.a

Mini Quiz: A; heavy B; light C; heavy



Fear may have been the word. She was walking toward it when he collapsed. She began to run, something in her realized that if this creature didn't get help soon he would die. She called all the helpers and soon they had him hanging, so when he awoke, if he did, he would not put pressure in the cast. They administered anesthesia to him and began to work.

When Phantom woke up, he was too groggy to lift his head, let alone realize he was suspended in mid-air. He drifted back into the realms of sleep. When he really awoke later, he was staring into the creature's eyes whom he had seen earlier.

Marie had sat in the stall where they had put the horse all night long, something in her had snapped the day she had terrified the horse with the sheet. But she realized it now as she looked into the eyes of the horse. What she had done in the past, was created more fear and anger, in herself and others around her. Her plan of revenge had backfired; and she was sorry, not for herself but for her deeds.

It would take a lot of work, not to forget the past, but to make amends for it. "Phantom," she murmured. The word had just popped into her head, but it fit. "You, are the beginning of it all."



Y'all come
back now
y'hear?



Hopefully you have learned a lot about horses throughout this magazine. If you have any suggestions contact me at:
kurdigirl227@gmail.com Thank you.