

RIDER'S LOVE **Kids**



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RECIPES!

LETTER TO THE EDITOR!

AND MORE!

RIDER'S LOVE Kids

Magazine

Emma Riggs



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RIDER'S LOVE Kids

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Finding the Perfect Name for Your New Arrival – 3

How Everything Went Wrong - 4

Delicious Horse Treats - 5

Letters to the Editor – 6

My Malik - 7

A Snowman Story – 9

Poem Page - 10

Pony in the Snow - 11

Activity Page – 13

Dear Martha... - 14

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Finding the Perfect Name for Your New Arrival

So – You've decided to add another horse to your stable. You've introduced him/her to the stables and the other horses. Good. Now comes the hard part. Finding the perfect name. If the horse has come to your stable already named, ignore this article. You don't need it. But maybe it's not named, so you start out all your favorite names. Maybe the first one you try



Did You Know?

You never jump a horse while galloping. You only jump when cantering.

sticks. In that case, great job. But maybe you spend weeks making lists and trying every name that pops into your head. Just in case you are having trouble finding a name, here are two tips that I find useful.

1. Try looking up names related to the horse's breed, color, origin, etc. of your trying
2. Find out the horse's personality. Naming will be so much easier afterward.

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How Everything Went Wrong

Myself, my brother Caleb, and my sister Chloe loved horses. When we one day discovered an ad for Parton Acres, a horse farm a few hours away, we were thrilled. They were giving trail rides for only \$8 an hour for kids and \$12 for adults! I ran up to Mom, waving the ad in one hand.

“Mom! Mom! Mom, come look at this!”

“What is it now, Ariana? Did you find a rescue horse, or a cheap boarding stable?” Mom said with a smile.

“No, Mom! This is really really REALLY cool! Please look at it, please!” I pleaded.

“Hmm... I’ll have to talk to Dad about it, but this looks like something we really can do!” she said after examining the ad.

A few days later, it was all planned out. We were going tomorrow, on Saturday. We would bring some treats for the horses, (Chloe’s idea), a picnic lunch, a camera for pictures, (Caleb’s idea) and a change of clothes. We all woke early the next morning. We started the car, but to our dismay, the car was out of gas! When we got it filled 30 minutes later, we started on.

“Dad,” Chloe asked cautiously, “Did we get the carrots?”

“Shoot!” Dad exclaimed. “We’ll go back to get them.” We drove back and started again. Twenty minutes later, Mom said,

“Oh, bother! We forgot the picnic!” When we drove back to get it, we made sure that the clothes and the camera were there. Then we started off. When we got to C-62, the we were supposed to take, it was super crowded. Dad saw a familiar backroad and turned left, toward it. Ten minutes later we were lost. So, although Dad protested, we turned on the GPS.

“Calculating... Calculating... Location found. Turn right onto Cookies n’ Cream Boulevard.” We followed its directions for three hours, until it placed us in front of a shabby ranch. It had a sign that said Acres on the bottom half, but the top half was ripped off. A man walked by, and Mom hopped out and addressed him.

“Excuse me,” she asked hopefully. “Is this Parton Acres?”

The man laughed. “This lil’ ‘ole farm look like that fancy place? This ain’t even a horse farm! It’s Bantam (Pronounced bAY-NEE) Acres! Parton Acres is halfway across Kentucky from here! Where you from, anyhow?” Him and Mom talked a little while longer, and then Mom glumly returned to the car.

“Let’s get some ice cream and go home.” She said. We all agreed. We’re not going on another trail ride anytime soon.

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DELICIOUS HORSE TREATS

Are you tired of the same old boring bags of apple-flavored treats, finger-shaped treats, and treats that your horses refuse? I know I am. Because of this, I put together some foods horses like, and it was a hit with all three horses I fed them to! It is a super simple recipe that, including baking time, took only about half an hour. Here's what you'll need:

WHAT YOU NEED:

Oatmeal, honey, applesauce, peanut butter, and milk

1. Measure 3 cups oatmeal into a bowl. Add 4 tbsp honey and stir.
2. In another bowl, stir together 1 cup applesauce (you can also use 1 finely minced apple) and ½ cup peanut butter.
3. Add apple mix to oatmeal mix and blend together. Add a splash of milk or as much as needed to dampen batter.
4. Shape into desired shape. It should measure 2" long, 2" wide, and 1" thick for baking and for the horse to eat it.
5. Bake at 350 degrees Fahrenheit for ten minutes.
6. See what your horse/pony thinks!

When I tried this recipe, I used a little too much milk. That made it not shapeable. It doesn't matter what kind of ingredients you use, but we use homemade applesauce and honey, JIF peanut butter, Great Value milk, and Quaker oats. Please note that a full recipe makes about two dozen cookies.



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Did You Know?

Horses only need 2-3 hours of sleep -



most of which they get standing up.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Editor,

My name is Miz Caroline Lee Snyder and I'm seven years old. I love your magazine about the horses. I've learned so much about horses I can't believe it. It's just the bee's knees. I live in the Appalachian Mountains. It's truly true that the horses you talk about are stuck in a 11' room all day? How terrible! Our horses are just tied on pocket lines all day. They eat grass. They go under the big tree if they're hot. They go to the creek if they get thirsty. At night they're in the stable and are all safe. When Pa goes to town he takes 'em and goes. Please tell me how to ride 'em and send another magazine.

Your Faithful reader,

Miz Caroline Lee Snyder

Dear Caroline Lee,

Yes, most of the horses I work with live in little rooms, called stalls. They are not in there all day, as we exercise them and turn them out to pasture. Usually they are only kept inside all day on the really cold days. To ride, you first brush the horse, then saddle and bridle it. Then you simply put your foot in the stirrup, and swing yourself over. The most important rule is Heels Down, Toes Up. This greatly decreases your risk of falling. You just cluck and make kissing noises to make it go. Riding is very easy once you get the hang of it, though.

Sincerely,

Chloe Parton

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My Malik

I was horrified the day Crayola killed her foal, and I cried for days on end when Roxy was stolen at a horse show. I was in shock when Chicka crashed into a jump with her rider, Madi, on her. These were all part of living on a horse farm, but nothing that I have ever witnessed or heard of can compare with what happened to my sweet Arabian gelding, Malik. I used to tell him that his name, Malik, meant King in the Arabic language. I told him he had me at first sight, and that he had been the king of my heart ever since, and that he always would. My name is Alexandria, and I am 15. But one day, when I was 13, something happened that would change my life forever. It all started on a bright June morning in 2017....

Beep! Beep! Beep! “Ummmm...” I moaned reluctant to get out of bed. *Beep! Beep! Beep!* I sat up and glared at my alarm clock. “Oh, alright, you win!” I said as I turned it off. “At least for a few minutes, anyway.” I rolled over and snuggled back into my covers. “Alex! Alex! Aaaaallleeeexxxx! ALEXANDRIA NATASHA BRENDON! IT’S TIME TO GET UP!” A screaming voice sounded into my ear as I jumped out of bed. “Charlie!!!! You’re way too old for that!” I wailed as my grinned 15-year-old brother jumped on the end of my bed. “Aww, Alex, Mom said to get up. Besides, Malik’s not feeling so hot this morning. Actually-” “What?!?!?!?! Why did you not tell me?” I cried, cutting him off. “Whoa, little sis, take it easy. He just seems a little depressed, that’s all. Probably missed you over the past couple days.” He said soothingly. “If you say so... I’m still going to go check on him.” I said, not feeling totally reassured. “Let’s go. Even if Malik’s okay, the other horses need to be fed, watered, groomed, turned out, brought in, and exercised. Stalls need to be mucked out, tack needs to be cleaned, etcetera.” I grinned as I listed some of the barn chores. Charlie hated to do barn work.



“What about Madi?” I asked as we headed toward the barn. Charlie took a deep breath. “Alex, you know that Madi hasn’t been too confident with Chicka – or any other horse, for that matter - ever since the crash. Besides, her leg’s hurting, or so she says.” Madi broke both her legs in the accident. One had healed perfectly, but the other gave her trouble now and again. “I know, but if she stays inside all day, refusing to even look at Chicka, how’s she supposed to build up her horse confidence again?” I said. “I don’t know. Let’s go check on Malik, remember?” My brother said, changing the subject. “Oh, yea!” I yelled, remembering my ailing horse. I took off towards the barn. When I ran inside, gasping, I heard a

RIDER'S LOVE Kids

nicker. “Hey, Baby, I heard you aren’t feeling the best today.” I smiled as I cooed to my horse. I walked in the stall, prepared to take his feed bucket back into the feed room. My smile faded as I saw there was barely a dent in his food. It was his favorite, too – oats, corn flakes, alfalfa cubes, and a few handfuls of shredded sugar beet for a treat. He’d barely eaten three bites, if that many. “Mom!” I sobbed, panicking. “Malik hasn’t eaten his food! He loves his food! Why hasn’t he eaten it?” “Alex, Alex, calm down. I’m sure it’s just a minor case of colic or something.” Mom said reassuringly. “But he hasn’t shown any symptoms! How can he have colic?” I was freaking out as I contradicted Mom.

All sorts of thoughts flew through my mind. He could have Influenza or Strangles. He might have rabies, or even a cold. But he’d been vaccinated against those, and colds usually only affected pregnant mares or newborn foals. Suddenly three horrific thoughts flew through my mind. “Mom! What if he has Lockjaw or Sleeping Sickness? Mom – What if he has Swamp Fever?” I gasped the words out, my chest tight. Those sicknesses were a horse owner’s worst enemies. Especially Swamp Fever, because almost every other sickness could be vaccinated against. Swamp Fever was the only one that I knew of that didn’t have a vaccination. It’s very rare, but incredibly contagious. If your horse shows the symptoms and tests positive, it means certain death. “Alex, if you’re really that worried, then I’ll call up Doc Paisley to check on him.” Dad said, trying to comfort me. “Thanks.” I forced a smile. But I had to admit, I loved Doc Paisley. She was young, pretty, nice, and an awesome vet. I decided to sit in the stall and stare at Malik until Doc Paisley arrived. I groomed him, gave him a treat, and did everything I could to make him comfortable. As I was putting the brush bucket away, I heard tires crunching the gravel on our driveway. I glanced at Malik, expecting him to inform us with a triumphant whinny, but he stayed silent with his head down. Tears welled up in my eyes once again. This was not the Malik I knew. I ran to the tack room, so I didn’t have to look at him anymore (and to put the brush bucket away). “Hello, Lindsay. Hi, Karl. How are you? Where’s Alex? I did come to see Malik, right?” “Yes, Paisley, it’s Malik. Alex is in the tack room.” Mom said. “I’ll go check on him, and I’ll be out in a minute.” Doc Paisley was in there a few minutes and came out with a blood sample in one hand. “I’ll check this sample, and I’ll let you know as soon as the results come in.”

It was a few days later before we heard anything, but when the vet pulled into our driveway you can bet that I was there. She got out with a grim look on her face. “Alex – Alex, I’m very sorry to say this, but Malik has tested positive for Equine Infectious Anemia, and the Montana State Law requires that he be put down.” “Y-you mean M-Malik has S-Swamp Fever?” I whispered. The vet nodded. “No!” I yelled. “He’s fine! He’s been fine for every one of his seven years! Y-you’re lying! You j-just want to get m-money from that shot!” I began to cry. “Alexandria Natasha Brendon! You come back and apologize to Paisley this instant!” My dad yelled after me. But despite his commands, I jumped bareback on Florence and galloped into the pasture. I lived like this for a week – getting up before anyone else, eating a slice of bread, galloping off into my secret places on Flo, and only coming back at nine to eat and sleep – before I realized what I was doing to Malik. And then one day, I told the vet that I was ready. “I’m going in to say goodbye,” I told everyone. I slowly walked into his stall. I remembered when Nikolai rejected Malik for her other twin, and I pleaded for him. I was only six, but I took care of him. “I-I’m so s-sorry, Malik. Malik, you had my h-heart the day I met you. Y-you are – and always will be – the king of my heart. G-goodbye, Malik.” I gave him a kiss, and he got down on the ground. Then Doc Paisley came in with the shot. I sniffed as she gave it to him. I watched him struggle slightly, and then he went limp. My Malik was gone forever.

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A Snowman Story

It all started out a Midsummer Night
But that is not where we'll begin.
No, we'll start on a cool spring morning
At a small run-down inn.

Inside they were playing and betting a lot
Twas' Poker which caused all this fuss.
But inside the stable, where the horses were kept
A man the stalls did muss.

He grabbed a blue halter, and said to himself,
"Which of these shall do? Let me see."
He then spied a white one, white as the snow
And grabbed that horse with glee.

The horse was passed from man to man
He was beaten, spurred and tied.
He was mistreated so terribly much
That people thought the horse might've died

But he caught the eye of one little man
Who bought him and named him Elf.
He ate a lot, but earned his keep
By letting girls ride his self

Now he's a great jumper of his time
Nobody would have believed
That a little, unwanted, stolen horse
Could have this grand title achieved

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Did You Know?

Some Appaloosas DON'T have
spots – but they fill up other
Appy requirements.

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POEM PAGE

The Jockey

There once was a man named Jack.
He put the saddle on the horse's back.
He didn't do it right.
The saddle wasn't tight.
He slipped and fell with a clack.



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The Senryu

Haughty man walks to horse
And puts his foot in stirrup.
Horse walks off; he falls.

The Great Fall

I mount Penny and I ride
out of the barn to walk in the pasture.
Penny turns to the right and
Trots down a hill; bouncing up-down, up-down.
I grasp her mane, but it is in vain
For I flip over her, screaming.
My head hits the ground
And it misses a rock.
My head begins to throb, but I am okay.
I approach my pony and shaking, I remove
the halter. She looks at me and I back
Away, running to tell my mom.

The Race of a Tired Horse

A horse gasps in the
Middle of racetrack, rider
Pushing on, it stops.

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PONY IN THE SNOW

The horse's eyes widened as he threw his head into the air with a shrill whinny and reared. "Woah! Woah there, easy boy!" The strange people around him were yelling at him, but that only made thing worse. He snorted and clawed the air with his long, sharp hooves as a lady spoke to him, whispering.

It all began when Alpie, a 4-year-old stallion, saw his owners for the last time. He looked at them and nickered, pricking up his ears. Maybe they would bring him some food. He lifted his head up and sniffed, hoping to smell some corn or oats, but had no such luck. All his master had was a hammer, some nails, and a couple of boards. Alpie was curious, and he stepped to the window to see what was going on. In return, he got a board slammed on top of the window and sharp nails poking through the wood shack. The last sound he heard that day was the vroom of a car motor. he let out a sigh that would melt nearly anyone's heart. He then dropped to the floor and fell fast asleep.

A couple of hours later, Alpie woke up with a start. He had heard something. He listened closely. There it was again! He heard someone – or something – coming toward him. He raised his head and whinnied with all his might. In the woods, the men who were walking said, "What was that?" They began running toward the shed. When they reached it, they looked inside and gasped. "There's a horse in there!" One said. After making some phone calls, they learned that Heart of Phoenix Horse Rescue was closest rescue. The second man called HOP.

Back at HOP....

"Heart of Phoenix horse rescue, how may I help you?" a voice said. "Er, there's a horse trapped in a shed down here, and can you come pick him up?" the Animal Control man asked. "Sure!" HOP answered. Animal Control gave her the details, and she drove off. When she got there, they had begun to tear down the shack. She helped them. At last they got Alpie out. The horse's eyes widened as he threw his head into the air with a shrill whinny and reared. "Woah! Woah there, easy boy!" The strange people around him were yelling, but that only made things worse. He snorted and clawed the air with his long, sharp hooves as a lady spoke to him, whispering. She pulled him down, gently but firmly. He was panting and sweating. They tried to get him in the trailer, but he resisted. They eventually got him in it from bribing him with food and coaxing him. She got him to a stable and turned him over to her HOP employees. They immediately gave him hay and water, increasing his food amount daily. After several weeks, they put him in rehab. There they rode him over tires, lead him, brushed him, tacked him up, and eventually re-taught him to allow people on his back. After about a year, he was put up for adoption with some other horses.

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Now, here he was, in a place he had never imagined before. He was being ridden by a 13-year-old girl, who was an excellent horsewoman. She smiled as she rode him around the ring. After her test ride, she hopped off and said to a HOP supervisor, "I love him! He's a great horse, and he has such a cute name! It's Alphie, right? He's a little tall, but I can just grow into him! If I'm approved, I think he's the one." "Well, your stable is alright, and he shouldn't be too much for you. You're approved!" the supervisor said.

Indeed, here he was, a month later. He always had plenty of hay, good food, he was well exercised, his water bucket was always full, his tack was always clean, and he was so filled with love from his new owner he felt like bursting. Here, Alphie was happy.

"There is no great loss without some gain."

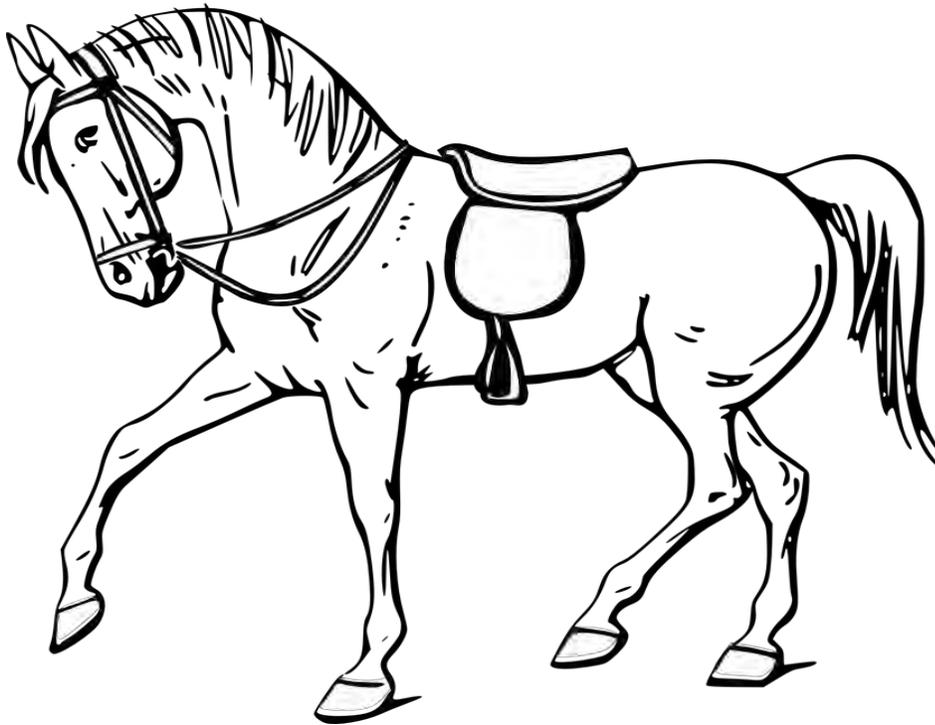
Fredrich the Great



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Activity Page

Color the Pony:



Word Search

| | |
|-----------------|---|
| Words: | horse b f t n s a d b e b i t j z r g |
| horse saddle | y g u t a i l k o a g t r u m a n e l i |
| bit bridle tail | j s o b r e e d o d y x i b n w s e r |
| girth mane show | o r i d e j f e e d d l u d l u i s h n t |
| breed ride feed | l v c e q w k h l o e l u f h j d o y h |
| | m y x h a p b r e k u e h s d c w i o z |

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Dear Martha....

Dear Martha,

I ride a 15-year-old mare. She is not mine, but I love her like she is. She came from a rescue, so I don't know her background. I want to teach her to jump, as I am an English rider. But she stumbles over the trot poles as it is. Please send me some ideas, tips, and methods to teaching her to jump.

Sincerely,

Ariana Litchen

Dear Ariana,

Your question was excellent. I did some research, and I think I found what you were looking for. When starting, I recommend starting with a single trot pole, then several, then a small crossrail, and so on. In all jumping, especially beginner jumping, the horse should wear front and back boots. Above all, wear a helmet and always have an adult close by, just in case.

Hope this helps,

Martha James

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YOU (After SCS horse-sitting)

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