



The Elegant
EQUINE

FEATURES:

Comedy Articles

Exitng Stories

Hilarius Poems

Advice columns

*And much, much
more!*



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"The Ride that Didn't Go as Planned"

Jodi was on her back looking up at the trees out in the woods, she didn't know how she got there, nor how long she had been there. She looked around and saw that there was a person sized hole through the bushes to the road. She then realized that she was only about five feet into the woods right off of the Horses' Haven trail along the far south pasture which is just on the other side of a small patch of woods and a swamp. She got up and walked out through the hole she apparently came in through, and looked around to see horses in the pasture across the trail who were frantically running up and down the fence line. And then it occurred to her, she had been riding and she had gotten bucked off.

So how did this happen you might ask? Well it started earlier in the day at Rolling Acres horse farm. It was late summer and Jodi, Amie, and Cheryl were all tacking up their horses to go on a trail ride along the property, Amie on Echo, Cheryl on Patriot, and Jodi on a little chestnut mare named Ember. Ember was a very nice horse and has a very steady easygoing personality who hardly ever spooked at anything let alone threw a rider, well until today. They finished tacking up their horses and got on and walked them to the trails. They walked them the trail head and were enjoying their late summer ride

on the trails because there was a light breeze and the sun was out. They eventually got to the part with the woods on one side and a horse pasture on the other. All of a sudden, the horses in the pasture bolted up to the fence-line and spooked Echo, who spun around and ran into Ember, who in turn spooked, but much worse than the others and bolted into a high speed 360 spin and sent Jodi flying into the woods as Ember bolted down the trail, leaving Jodi by herself in the woods, right back where we started. So, in case you were wondering, that is how Jodi ended up horseless, in the woods, and wondering how she got there in the first place.

She got up, walked back through the Jodi sized hole and looked around to see horses still running up and down the fence line and Amie and Cheryl about one hundred feet away. But one thing she did not see was her horse, Ember. So, she walked farther down the trail and turned around a small patch of woods and a small swamp to find Ember. There she was, calm as can be grazing on an especially green patch of grass with not even the smallest sign of remorse. So, she grabbed her reins and caught up with the other riders,

Amie and Cheryl, whose horses, of course, stayed mostly calm for the whole episode. The six of them walked back down the trails, past the swamp, past the horses in the pasture who caused the whole thing, and past the Jodi sized hole in the bushes along the pathway, and back to the barn. They untacked their horses, groomed them and took them back to their pastures. But no one will forget about the time Jodi got bucked off and left a Jodi sized hole in the woods.



"Ember" taken by Kristy Dillay

Horse Treats

Have you ever wanted to give your horse a treat, but don't want to fill them up with unnecessary sugar? Or maybe you have a horse with conditions that prevent it from eating those 'artificial' store-bought treats? Either way, these carrot-apple horse treats are the perfect solution! With only five ingredients they are healthy and low in sugar, with all the same flavors that your horse loves. They have quickly become my thoroughbred's favorite post-ride treat. I hope your four-legged friend loves them too! Happy baking!

Ingredients

1. One carrot
2. One apple
3. One cup of molasses
4. 2 ½ old fashioned oats
5. 2 tablespoons oil (I suggest using canola oil)

Directions

1. Preheat the oven to 400 degrees
2. Shred the carrot and apple, mix together
3. Combine the molasses, oats, and oil into a large bowl then mix in the apple carrot mixture
4. Shape the treats into small rounds about 2/3 of an inch high
5. Place the treats on a 16 by 20 inch baking sheet covered by parchment paper
6. Bake the treats at 400 degrees until golden brown and crispy
7. Let cool for at least 10 minutes
8. Serve to desired horse or pony



Shedding,
Shedding shedding,
In the spring and the
fall

A horse is always
shedding, covering
It all.

There once was a rider from Brighton
Who of water he was quite frightened
Because once he fell off
Right into a water trough
Because of his girth that he forgot to
tighten

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor,

I am writing to tell you that after receiving your latest issue, I am extremely enraged and offended! It is my strong belief that you should cease all publishing of this magazine, for the fact that the information inside is dangerous and inaccurate! After reading your tutorial on how to clip a horse, I decided to do so and followed your instructions. When I got to the part about the mane, —where you said to clip about two inches behind the ears for the bridle to fit— I did so, but it looked vastly too small. So, I clipped it bigger. Next thing you know, my horse's mane was completely gone! Now my poor Precious has no mane at all! I can tell that she blames and resents me for it! I, however, blame this entirely on you for it was your responsibility to explicitly tell people not to do this. Not only did you make this terrible mistake of writing the wrong dimensions, but you also lead us to make the unfixable mistake of clipping the whole thing off. I demand that you issue a full recall of all your published magazine to keep others from making this horrendous mistake, which you provoked us to do. In addition, I demand that you cease to further publish anything else of the sort.

No thanks to you,

-Mrs. Peregrine

Dear Mrs. Peregrine,

I am deeply sorry that you found the information in my magazine to be inaccurate and offensive. As for your comments about my article on how to clip a horse, I am sorry that you found them to be dangerously untrue; I do my best to publish the most helpful and accurate information I can find. My intent is to help people find useful instructions for them and their horses. For my horse and most other horses I know, two inches is plenty enough space for the bridle. I write what I believe to be true and then leave it in the hands of the readers to decide whether or not they believe or decide to use the information I suggest. Once again, I am sorry that you are unhappy with what I have written and that your "Poor Precious" is now mane-less. Nevertheless, I do believe it impractical to cease publishing or to recall all of the printed magazines of that issue. I do hope Precious's mane grows back soon, and that you might eventually find it in your heart and decide to forgive me for the information you have deemed offensive.

Sincerely,

Miss White



The Survivors

Our story starts out in the sea
In the sea with a great big storm
And beneath the deck was
Filled with ponies, very tired and worn
 The mighty wind howled
 And the strong waves roared
 Swiftly Overturning the boat
 So, no one was left aboard
So out they swam into the water
With nowhere to go
While the waves continued to crash
And the wind continued to blow
 But alas the thunder bellowed
 And the lightning flashed
 Illuminating a small island
 So, they were safe at last
So, they swam through the storm
And they swam through the waves
Towards the small island
Away from their watery graves
 They made it to the island
 And they made it there alive
 And on the beach that day
 They began to surely thrive
So, they stood on the beach
And began to look around
Then they took off running
On the beautiful island they had found



This Ballad was based upon the true story of the Chincoteague ponies who swam to a nearby island and became their own breed after a storm overturned the boat that was bringing them to the Americas. To this day they can be found inhabiting a small island off the coast of Virginia

We are the Horse

The dolphins of the sand
The eagles without wings
Like a lion we will stand
While the angles sing
We prance with pride
With honor we step
Marching Through the
fields
Of where we are kept
Our coats of gold shine
in the sun
In light sent from the heavens
above
We listen to the call
Of the birds and doves
As we run through the
fields
Of which we love
For we are the horse
The serenity of the
water
The spirit of the wind
And the spark of the fire
We are the dolphins of the
sand
And the eagles without
wings.
We are the horse
We are the horse

Great big strides
Across an open plain
Leaping through the
air
Leaning with the reins
Over fields of gold
Perspective has
changed
Into the woods
Never shall it end
Gallopig forever

Grooming a Horse

Grooming a horse is a wonderful way to care and connect with your horse. It also has a number of health benefits for them like spreading the healthy oils throughout their coat which gives them a shinier appearance. It also opens up a great opportunity to check for injuries that you might not notice just by looking at them. For example, by grooming them you may feel a bump that isn't noticeable without touching it. It also gives your horse mental stimulation and relaxation by giving them things to think about but at the same time it feels like a massage and relaxes their mind. By grooming your horse you are also strengthening your bond with them, it puts you both in an environment where you are relaxed and you are connecting with your horse more than you might connect with them by riding or, working, it creates an environment with no saddle or lunge line or any other barriers, it opens up a new way to connect with your horse on its level.

Advice Column

Dear Miss White,

I am an avid reader of your magazine, and I'm writing to you because I have a question for you that I think you can answer. I've heard many bad things about off the track thoroughbreds: like that they are headstrong, pushy, and even sometimes aggressive, and mostly untrainable after they are raced, but I have also heard some people say that they can be calm and well-mannered family horses. This is a conundrum for me, because I love horses and don't want to dismiss an entire group of them for alleged behavior, but I have also heard lots of facts that lead me to believe what the people say. I believe most of this comes from their training, especially since they're trained to be strong and aggressive and only turn left. but even so if what people say is true and it's due to their training, can they still be trained out of it? Or are they just unfixable? Are all Ottb's aggressive and headstrong or can they really be re-trained into loving, safe horses? I hope you can answer my question because this is something I would really like to know.

Many Thanks

-Elizabeth

Dear Elizabeth,

I received your letter and I must say, thank you for being an avid reader of my magazine. Fortunately, I'm able to answer your question, because I happen to have an off the track thoroughbred of my own, and Ottb's are one of my favorite subjects. It is my belief that they are horrendously misunderstood and receive an enormous amount of bad rap. You're right about the training too. Horse racing is a very bad thing for horses, they're taken too young, before their bones are fully developed, and raced until they're only five, leaving very little options for them afterward. Most of the behavior issues come from them being forced to do too much too soon. Even so, they are certainly still wonderful horses worthy of love and a good home. They are rarely dangerous and unsafe horses. All types of horses have the potential to be aggressive, so likely most of the rumors comes from people meeting just one aggressive Ottb and assuming that all of them are bad. I know of many Ottb's who are wonderful and trustworthy horses, including mine, who have been trained to do a number of disciplines. Naturally, after being raced and trained a certain way they will have residual behaviors. With some time and love, though, you can reveal their true personalities which are usually kind and loving. I hope this answers your question.

Sincerely,

Miss White

Scout, the Creator of Stubborn

It was a cold and rainy day at HartShire farms where Melanie Hart worked on the usual morning barn chores. Melanie was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hart, the owners and founders of the farm. Since before she had been born, her parents owned the large boarding and training facility. And as long as she could remember, she had worked the farm, like she was today. Melanie had just gotten the stalls ready with hay and water to bring the horses in due to the rainy weather that would soon turn into bigger storms. This routine was one she had done many times in the past, so it was second nature to her, so she started along with the usual process. First the ponies in the small field, next the surrounding pastures, and finally the big front field.

Melanie had purposely saved this one for last because her least favorite horse lived in that pasture: Scout. Now to the plain eye, there was nothing really wrong with Scout. He was a young chestnut thoroughbred with a large white blaze across his face. His manners were fine in the saddle as long as for being groomed, tacked, and fed. To most people, Scout was a sweet boy, but not to Melanie. Given yes, he was a nice horse, but for her, and only her, he had a fatal flaw.



No matter how hard she tried, she could never get him in from the pasture easily. Of course, she always got him in eventually, but it was never without a great struggle.

So as usual, she started to bring the horses, one by one, leaving Scout for last as he was typically more eager when all his friends were in. Finally, after all the other horses had been brought in, she accepted her fate and went to get Scout, who by this point was in the far back corner by the hay basket. Obviously, he'd gotten the picture. Melanie walked all the way back to get him, put his halter on, attached the lead rope, and started to lead him in. For about twenty feet Scout walked well, so she thought that maybe it would be quick this time. Boy was she wrong. He had a plan in that mischievous little head

of his, a good one.

As soon as Scout had walked about an eighth of the way, he planted his feet and stopped. Melanie tugged a little on his head, but he just ignored it and stayed rooted to the ground. She tapped him on his hip with the lead, which sent him forward at a fast trot, dragging Melanie behind him. Right before they reached the gate, when it was looking like they might finally leave, he stopped, turned around, and walked back the way they came.

She tapped him with the lead again, which made him spin in endlessly in circles, leaving Melanie with no means of stopping him. By this time, it had begun to rain. Melanie realized that the ground was turning to mud and that sooner or later, she was going to slip and fall.

Wanting to avoid that, she unclipped him. As soon as she did, Scout turned and galloped all the way back to the far hay feeder. She stood stunned as she became aware of the fact that she would have to go through the entire process again.

While she walked to the far corner of the pasture, Scout stood there calm as can be, oblivious to the pouring rain and giant mass of mud that had been the ground. Finally got him back on the lead, but just as he did the first time, Scout took off, this time in a full canter, dragging her behind him, this time, however, she was determined to not let go. She held tight to the lead, as he ran full speed with her helplessly skiing in the mud behind him, praying that he would soon tire out.

Scout, on the other hand, showed absolutely no signs of stopping, head down, muscles tense, and legs moving at full speed, prompting Melanie to once again, let go of the lead. Fortunately for Scout, Melanie had been smart enough to put him on a short lead, to keep him from tripping and hurting

himself on it. Unfortunately for Melanie, that didn't change the fact that there was now an insane horse attached to a lead, running around the drenched pasture like a madman.

"This horse," she sighed as she, in turn, ran after him like a madwoman.

She knew it wasn't the smartest or the most effective means of catching him, but she didn't care. Scout was on her last nerve and he was going to get it. There they were, a crazy horse running around the pasture, being chased by a slightly crazier mud-covered girl in, while rain poured down on both of them.

Twenty minutes later, Scout was still uncaptured and Melanie was forced to stop and think of a new plan. With all logical ideas gone, she decided to hide behind the hay basket and wait till Scout was close enough for her to jump out and catch him. Yet again, Scout was one step ahead of her like he always was. He purposely ran close enough to the hay basket for Melanie to jump out and run after him, then, when she thought that she was finally about to catch him, he stopped dead in his tracks. Before she

registered what was happening, she ran straight into his side, lost her balance, and slipped clean under him.

Now, Scout never had any intention of hurting her, he just wanted to ridicule her. So, he very carefully stepped over her, making sure to kick as much mud on her as possible without stepping on her. Then he made his way over to the hay basket again and began to eat.

Meanwhile Melanie lay in the mud, not hurt, just trying to figure out how she had been so badly outsmarted by an immature, juvenile horse.

After about half an hour of laying in the mud in the now bucketing rain, all the time Scout calmly watching her, she got up and walked over to him. Having successfully outsmarted Melanie, he finally let her catch him and walk him up to the barn. Getting back to the barn took the quite a while due to all the mud. The entire time, Scout bounced along, victoriously triumphant

with himself, implying that this entire time, his whole mission was just to ridicule her.

When they reached the barn, Melanie dried him off and put him in his stall with fresh hay and water. Once settled, he joyfully whinnied to all his friends and they whinnied back. As she left the barn with the horses giddily chatting with each other, she couldn't help but think that Scout was telling the tantalizing tale of how he had managed to outsmart the one and only Melanie. She made her way up to the house tired, hungry, and covered from head to toe in mud, where she was met with the fact that her mother had gotten the entire disastrous episode on film.

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Equine Poetry

Joyously galloping
Over fields of autumn
gold
And freshly fallen
leaves

Lonely and underfed
Brought to Horses
Haven
A better life ahead

There once was a man who went to race a
course
Only to find that he was missing his
prized horse
He searched up and down
But the horse was nowhere to be found
So he ran the race that day with no horse.

A horse sees something
scary
They flee from the
dangerous object
It was a plastic bag

Girl pushes a full
wheelbarrow
Hits a rock, try as she
might,
It still tips over

I was out riding my horse one day
When he wanted to eat some hay
I wouldn't let his head drop
Even though he wanted to stop
Now I'm on the ground for its me he
decided to drop

The Price of Horses

It was a rather grey day at Heritage Acres—a farm on the east coast of North Carolina—where Ashlynn Montario happened to be riding. She took lessons and rode often. Though she neither leased nor owned a horse, she loved every minute spent in the saddle. Ashlynn loved her lessons and ride days, but she wished that she could have a horse of her own. Today she was practicing in the indoor arena, for it wasn't the nicest of days, but it was still nice enough to ride. She often rode a tall paint mare named Duchess, she loved Duchess and she was a nice horse but she wasn't hers. If she ever got a horse, Ashlynn wanted to have one with far more training.

It was a busy day at the barn, with lots of riders and workers going around doing their business. She looked to the left at the old observation room where several small children were playing with the new barn kittens. She chuckled to herself and looked to the right where there was a long row of white painted box stalls. There were several people working on cleaning stalls and water buckets. She wondered why they were working. *Can't they just hire someone?* It seemed silly to her. *Why would you want to work for something you didn't have to?* She thought about this for a minute, they looked like they could use

some help, but it also looked very hard. *They don't have to be doing that, so I don't have to help them.* But then she realized, *does owning a horse really involve that much work?* Before this she was planning to try and convince her parents to buy her a horse, but she certainly hadn't thought about all the work that would be necessary. If this was the amount of work involved, she would never want to have a horse of her own. *Was it really worth it to have a horse? Even if she'd have to spend a lot of time working for it?* She spent a long time thinking about this though she never really came to a conclusion.

The next day she started to plan how she could convince her parents to buy her a horse. She still hadn't really come to a conclusion of whether or not it was really worth it, but she decided to still ask them. After about a week, she decided that she would approach them after dinner with a written list of all the reasons why she should have a horse.



When she asked them, they were surprisingly cool about it and they thought that she should get one, which surprised her because she thought they would say no. However, they did have one condition: they would continue to pay for her lessons, but she would have to work for the horse. Not just doing something once or for a little while, but consistently working at the barn. So, until Ashlynn got a horse, she would be mucking stalls, scrubbing buckets, throwing hay, and be pretty much at the disposal of the barn owner Steph to do whatever task she needed that day. It would be a lot of work, that Ashlynn certainly did not want to do and didn't understand the point of, but she had decided that it would be worth it if she could have a horse of her very own. And if this is what she had to do to earn it, then she was willing to do it.

It was bright and early Monday morning at the barn and the sun was already beaming down onto the farm. The sky was blue with big fluffy white clouds and a gentle breeze. It would have normally been a nice day to take a trip to the beach and relax in the sun with no worries, but no,

Ashlynn was already up in the barn office preparing for what was to be a long and hard day of barn work.

"So, I hear you are at my disposal for work today? Steph asked "Looks like the stalls could use a good cleaning, you can go start with those. There are pitchforks and brooms over there" She gestured towards the far wall by the stalls.

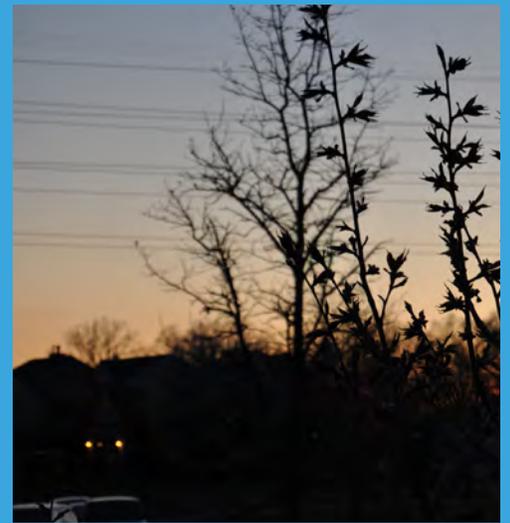
I sat there quiet for a minute, rather shocked by this. *Shouldn't I get an easier task considering stalls are really hard and I'm not actually getting paid to work?*

"Actually," I said, "I was hoping to start with something easier. Are there any horses to groom, or grains to be made?"

"Ashlynn, that's not how things work around here, you do as you are told and you don't complain about it," she answered, "If you were expecting everything to be easy then might I suggest you don't get a horse?"

Well, that was not the answer I was hoping for, but unfortunately, I sensed that it was how it was going to be from now on so I might as well get used to it "Fine," She sighed, "I'll go work on stalls."

She walked over to where the stalls were, grabbed a wheelbarrow, a pitchfork and a broom and looked down the long row of stalls. For the next hour, she mucked and swept the first stall it until it was clean. Once she finished, she brought Duchess back into her stall and gave her



hay and water. While petting Duchess, she felt a slight ping in her heart as she realized she wouldn't be able to work with Duchess anymore. Nevertheless, she would have a horse of her own so it would be better, right? She was proud of herself and thought she had done a good job so she went to Steph and told her she was done. Steph responded to her with the fact of that not only would she have to do one, she had to clean them all. Ashlyn went back and started on the second one. She was there the rest of the day, and only when every one of them was mucked, cleaned, and swept, did she finally get to go home.

Over the next three weeks, she started to get the hang of it and was now able to do all the stalls and the water buckets before noon. For the first time, she was really starting to appreciate all the hardworking people who had to do this every day. Eventually, something happened that Ashlynn never could have imagined. She found herself liking the work. Not necessarily

the hard parts in the hot sun, but just being able to be around horses and at the barn. She began to see that being a horse person is not only about riding and shows, but about working with them and learning the value of hard work. Originally, she had been angry at her parents, but now she realized why they had done it. It had been to teach her the value of hard work and responsibility.

It was a warm autumn evening with oddly few people at the barn. Ashlynn was walking around the property on her way to the pasture behind the outdoor arena. There was an extra bit of excitement in her step, as she was going to get her horse from the pasture for the first time. She could hear her whinnying behind the run-in so she went to look there.

Standing by the hay basket, was none other than her old lesson horse, Duchess. She had decided to adopt Duchess instead of buying a different horse. Because when she'd looked back, Duchess had always been there for her.

Even though Duchess wasn't the most advanced or extensively trained of horses, she was hers, and always had been in her heart.

She walked Duchess into the barn and put her in the cross-ties, while she thought about how nice it would be to not have to do any more work now that she owned a horse. As she was putting the saddle on though, she realized, she had enjoyed doing the work at the barn. It helped her to really appreciate horses and how hard they are to care for. She went up to the office to find Steph and tell her that she would be continuing to work at the farm, permanently. Because now she realized, this was the price of horses.

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