

HORSES,

HORSES

AND MORE

HORSES



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Dear Editor,

I adore your magazine. I love horses and I own 5 of them. I have a question. Do you have any horses? Are they Morgans and Thoroughbreds?

My 5 horses are Rulph, Manda, Cutie, Snowball & Whipper Snapper. Manda is about to have a foal from Rulph. He is our only stallion.

Yours sincerely,

*Lacey Startrek*

Lacey Startrek



Miss Startrek,

I appreciate your enthusiasm about my magazine. I do own horses. My husband, 10 kids and I own an extensive horse farm outside of Los Angeles. These are my three favorite horses. May, Pumpkin Pie and Doodlebug are their names. May is a thoroughbred and the other two are Morgan's.

I hope Manda's foal is healthy. I love getting new foals from my mares and stallions.

Sincerely,

*Lysa Biggs*

Lysa Biggs

## Horse Crazy

Lalani stared out the window of the airplane. She was on her way to her grandparents' Morgan breeding farm in southern California.

Lalani couldn't believe her father, a wealthy real estate agent, had sent her to her grandparents' farm. At the airport he had said that this trip would do her good. Lalani had hardly believed her ears when he had said it.

"How could this trip be good for her?" she wondered. "Didn't daddy care about his little girl?"

Lalani's brain was racing as the plane touched down in LAX airport. She was going



to meet her grandpa at the airport exit. She was still having second thoughts about the wisdom of the decision her father made.

Grandpa Stefan was a big, sunburned, 6.4" horse rancher. He was waiting at the exit for Lalani. Before she could say hello, Grandpa scooped her up into a big bear hug.

"Hi Grandpa," she said in an embarrassed voice.

"How's my Little Lani?" he asked in a loud, cheery voice.

"Good (sorta)," Lalani mumbled.

Grandpa kept talking to her all the way to the horse farm. Lalani just slumped over in the seat of the car and sulked.

"Me and Grammy picked out a sweet, little, two-year old mare for you to have while you're here."

"Thanks Grandpa," Lalani said in a sarcastic voice "I've always wanted a horse."

"Her name is Gracie," Grandpa continued as if he hadn't even heard Lalani. "I'll give you riding lessons after lunch."

When they got to the farm Grammy met them outside. Grammy was a large, motherly woman, standing only 5.6" to her 6.4" husband. She gave Lalani a huge hug, then ushered them into the house to eat cold meat sandwiches with yogurt and lemonade.

After lunch Grandpa took Lalani to a small corral. In the corral was a beautiful, little, reddish-brown mare.



"Isn't she a beauty?" asked Grandpa.

"Ya, she is," answered Lalani.

"I'll get the tack, and you can saddle her up. Do you remember how?" asked Grandpa as he walked to the tack room.

"Yes, I do remember," answered Lalani.

Lalani tacked Gracie up, and then mounted her. She walked around the corral and then started trotting. Grandpa asked if she was ready to go into the field and she answered, "Yes." He opened the gate, watched her for a few more minutes and then walked back to the house.

Lalani was left to herself as she cantered in the field. While she was tacking up Gracie, she noticed a break in the fence. She decided to explore the forest behind the field.

As Lalani and Gracie walked through the woods Lalani lost her sense of direction. She got scared and regretted going into the forest without permission. Something behind her growled. Gracie bolted and it was all Lalani could do to hold on.

If Lalani was scared, Gracie was even more so. They raced through the trees at

break-neck speed. Lalani could hear Gracie gasping for breath as the sound grew closer. They dashed through the trees and darted around rocks. Then Gracie stumbled and fell to the ground. The 'thing' came closer.

Lalani's heart was pounding and she could feel Gracie trembling under her. Slowly, the 'thing' came into view. She couldn't believe her eyes. It was Buck, Grandpa's big golden



retriever. He barked at them, jogged a few paces and wagged his tail. Lalani could see that he

wanted them to follow him, so she grabbed Gracie's reins and walked after him. After about half an hour they reached home where Grandpa welcomed her with a big hug.

After that adventure, Lalani decided to never go off by herself again.

## She Bolted

All of a sudden she bolted.

I gripped with my knees,

Held on for dear life,

Pulled and pulled on the  
reins

And suddenly she stopped.

-Lysa Biggs



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## Sky

There once was a horse named Sky

She got stuck in an apple pie

She tried to get free

But got tied to a tree

Oh, poor little horse named Sky

- Lysa Biggs



## The Horse and Her Boy

By: Lysa Biggs

"Michael, would you come here please. We need to have a family meeting."

"Coming, mom!" hollered a voice from the next room. A twelve year old boy with braces on his legs limped into the room. "What is it?" he asked.

"We need to discuss a very important decision, and we want your input," she said as she fidgeted in the sofa of their cramped apartment, "we were thinking about moving."

"What! Where!" Michael yelled at his parents.

"Calm down. We got an offer of a job as workers on a horse farm. It pays better than what we're earning right now and we'll be out in the open air; besides, we'll have our own house instead of this stuffy apartment. It will be better. And we feel like this is God's calling for us." Michael's parents explained.

"It might be better for you, but what about me. I'm going to leave all my friends and school and projects-- everything."

"We think this is the best thing for our whole family." His parents said softly.

"No. No it's not." Michael limped out of the room. He went down the hall and slammed the door of his bedroom behind him. "How dare they move? I have all my friends here. It's probably not going to be good at all. Just a bunch of disgusting, stinky animals." Michael thought to himself.

"Knock, knock?" Michael's mom asked softly.

"Go away!" he yelled.

"Michael, I know you don't want to move, but we have to. We feel like that is what God is telling us to do," she explained.

"I don't want too!"

"OK. I'll just leave you alone for right now so that you can think about it. We are leaving in three months, so you should start packing."



It was three months later and Michael's family was standing in LAX airport waiting for their plane to come.



They were going to move to a horse ranch in Horseville, a town in Northern California.

They got to the little airport in Horseville and were welcomed warmly by the Miller's, the people they were working for. It was hot, muggy and humid and Michael's family was exhausted from the long plane ride. They were thankful for the air-conditioned truck that picked them up.

After his parents went to work one morning Michael woke up and ate his breakfast. What would he do today? Hmm. He could stay at the house and be lazy, but he was an active boy—even with his braces. He decided to explore the ranch. He limped around with no particular interest in anything.

As he was walking by a corral he saw a little palomino mare. She hobbled



up to him and neighed. There was something wrong with her front legs though--they had bandages on them and she limped a lot. When Michael saw her,

he immediately liked her. He could see that they had a lot in common.

"I see you found Dandelion," a kind voice commented behind Michael.

"I guess," Michael replied turning around. Mrs. Miller stood behind him with a smile on her face. "What's wrong with her legs?" Michael asked.

"She fell a while ago and didn't heal correctly. She can only walk and sometimes trot, but only for a little while. She also can't be ridden. Before she fell, though, all the children loved her."

"She's sorta like me. I can't run around like other kids. I can only walk most of the time."

"I'm so sorry," Mrs. Miller replied softly, "would you like to give her an exercise around the corral?"

"Yes I would, please," answered Michael hopefully.

"Here is her halter," she said as she handed Michael the equipment.

"Thanks."

Michael took the halter and put it on Dandelion. He walked her around the corral a few times, until his legs started hurting. He could see that she was hurting a little too. He sat on the corral rails and petted her face. She had very smooth, beautiful, golden fur.

This pattern went on every day. But one day when he went to exercise Dandelion, he found the gate open and no sign of her. He set out to look for her and walked across the field outside her corral.

"Dandelion! Come ere' girl! Where are you! You're my best friend! Dandelion?" a distressed neigh rose up from the forest behind the corral. Michael limped as fast as he could towards the sound. It seemed hours to him before he reached it. When Michael entered the forest he slowed to an easier pace.

"Dandy, where are you?" a whimper rose up a little to his right. He slowly walked toward it. He gasped when he saw her. She was tangled up in brush and he could see her foot was hurt, from the way she held it and the blood on it. He didn't know what to do.



"Help! Somebody help!" Michael yelled. He tried to get closer to her and yell and calm her down; all at the same time. When he got to Dandelion, he

stopped yelling and petted her. She had a big, long gash running down her leg covered with dried blood.

Michael didn't know what to do. He should go back to the farm and tell someone but he didn't want to leave her all alone out there. Suddenly a voice disrupted his brooding.

"What are you doing all alone out here this close to dark?" the voice asked.

"This horse got out of her corral and she's stuck. I've been calling for help for a long time but no one answered or came," Michael explained as a huge man loomed into his view.

"I think maybe you and I can get her out. What do you think?" he said holding out a calloused hand, "my name is Jim."

Michael shook Jim's hand.

"Be careful please, her legs are disabled; sorta like mine," Michael added under his breath.

"I will, sonny. She's a right pretty little mare; what's her name?"

"Dandelion," replied Michael.

Jim and Michael carefully pried Dandy from where she was stuck. Actually Jim pried Dandy and Michael stayed out of his way. He couldn't really do any heavy work. Finally she was free.

They soon figured out that she couldn't walk and Jim agreed to pull his trailer around as close as possible to the place where Dandelion was. Carefully they lifted her up into the trailer and drove toward the farm.

Everything they had done had taken almost all night. As they drove to the farm the sun was just coming up. When they got home Michael found his parents and the Millers waiting anxiously for him.

"Where have you been?" they cried.

"Dandelion ran away and got stuck and I met Jim and he helped me and—"

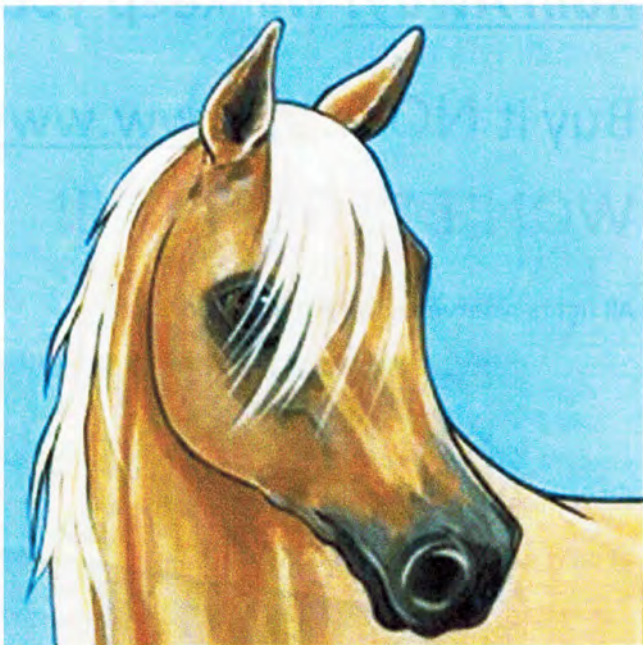
"Slow down. Slow down. Start from the beginning and tell us everything," Michael's mom said.

So Michael told them all that had happened up to then and also introduced Jim to them.

It turns out that Jim was looking for a job and when Mr. Miller met him he knew that he had another hired hand.

Michael had many more adventures with Dandelion and loved her. She loved him also and soon learned to come at his call. Michael also settled down in Horseville and was happy there.

THE END



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## Killer Horse

By: Lysa Biggs

It was a normal day for us on the farm; except for one thing...the farmer wasn't there. Usually he got up before sunrise to milk and feed the cows, to feed the pigs and give them water, give the chickens their food and to feed, exercise and groom us, his three horses.

Something had seriously gone wrong.

We started to get restless as time wore on. The sun had risen hours ago and we still hadn't had our food. A little before noon a stranger came in and started doing the chores...sloppily, I might add. When he tried to milk the cow, he got hardly anything in the bucket. He fed the pigs but didn't give them any water to roll in. He completely forgot about the chickens, and by the time he got to us, the pride of our master, we were disgusted.

He didn't give us the normal amount of food. He groomed us the wrong way, forgot to give us any water and most



importantly, he forgot to exercise us.

As he started to walk away, I piped up and said, "Sir, you don't know how to care for animals, do you?" When I said that he ran away screaming. Maybe he didn't know we horses could talk.

As the next day dawned there was still no farmer. The same thing happened again. 'Useless,' as we had nicknamed him, came around again about noon and

started the process all over again. When he got to us horses,

I asked that he rub us the right way this time. He just stared at us then started backing away slowly.

"Ya know, you're sorta neglecting us. You should always feed, groom and exercise horses. You're not doing that and I suspect that's animal cruelty," I said as a matter of fact.

"You, you ju-just talked," he stuttered.

"Well, duh. Of course I can talk. What does it look like? By the way, you have a nasty stutter; you should get that checked out," I commented.

"You just talked again," he said as he stood terrified, glued to the ground.

"Your point is?" I questioned.

"How, did you learn how to talk?" he pointed at me with a bony hand.

"I was born that way. It's really not that hard to figure it out."

"I didn't know horses could talk," he replied, taking a step back.

"Neither did I until I was born. Ha, ha, ha, he, he. That was funny." I laughed.

"Ha, ha," he said sarcastically. "So tell me again how you groom a horse."



Dear Lysa,

I was wondering what to feed a newborn colt. I don't know what to do please help!

Georgina



Dear Georgina,

If you have a newborn foal, I suggest you leave the feeding to the mother. Mares always feed, groom and take care of their babies. If perhaps the mother is not there, you need to heat up some milk and put it into a bottle for the foal. I hope this helps you take care of a wonderful new addition to your family.

Sincerely,

*Lysa Biggs*

Lysa Biggs

## The Romance of Sewell

By: Lysa Biggs

There once was a horse named  
Derby.

He lived in the country of Sewell

A mare he loved, with all his  
heart

A mare whose name was Jewel.

The mare whose name was Jewel  
Had a father as rich as the king

He always tried to get more  
money

And to riches, he would cling.

The horse that is called Derby,  
Worked the fields till he was sore  
And gave what food he earned  
for work,

To his family who was poor.

Now Jewel loved Derby  
As much as words can say  
And promised she would meet him  
Every single day.

They wanted to get married  
But her father disagreed  
He said he wanted someone rich  
Not a stinky steed.

So they plotted and they planned  
And figured up a scheme  
To meet the next day  
In the dark midnight scene.





*When her father awoke  
He cried out in dismay  
For Derby the workhorse  
Had taken Jewel away.*

*And so they went  
Derby and Jewel  
A-loping away  
For the romance of Sewell.*



Horses, Horses

Horses, horses everywhere  
Flying, flying through the air  
Not quite, but almost there  
Horses, horses everywhere.

Horses, horses sleek and fast  
Sunset, sunset shadows cast  
Tall and sturdy as a mast  
Horses, horses sleek and fast.

-Lysa Biggs



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J	P	O	L	L	A	G	H	T	C	N	W
C	O	W	E	F	Z	G	I	Y	S	G	R
I	S	B	R	S	U	C	M	U	N	M	X
B	L	K	G	O	H	I	J	Z	I	H	S
H	M	O	R	G	A	N	N	V	E	L	Y
A	X	O	H	C	A	N	T	E	R	I	M
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