

FIRST EDITION!

# Horse Crazy

Illustrated

**EXCLUSIVE**

Story from an Interview  
with Ellen Heckert!  
p. 4

Apple Oat  
Horse Treat  
Recipe! p.9



Published By:  
Lauren G.



Horse Crazy Illustrated is written by a thirteen-year-old girl who loves horses. For the longest time, she dreamt of the day when she could be around horses. Recently, she got that opportunity, and is excited to share her horse-craziness with all of you! Whether you are dreaming up your perfect horse, or have a few of your own, we hope this magazine will be a great enjoyment for all who pick it up!

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## Credits

A special thanks to Mrs. Jennifer G. for being my photographer and helping in the design process, and to Mrs. Ellen Heckert for letting us take pictures at her barn.



# The Day That Changed Her Focus

A stallion appeared in the country club pasture. Its fiery eyes spotted them. Fear seized Ellen.

A stallion will attack any male horse that is on his land. If only she hadn't stormed out of the house without telling anyone where she was going. If only she hadn't taken the shortcut and ridden into the pasture on her horse, JB. In a flash, the stallion was attacking them. He kicked and bit at Ellen and JB. JB kept turning and twisting so he would take the blows, not Ellen. He did every-



thing he could to protect his beloved owner from the stallion's wrath. Ellen screamed, but to no avail. No one could hear her. No one knew where she was. Trying to get away from the stallion, JB reared into some bushes. A branch pierced his flesh beside his eye. Blood was streaming down his face. With the branch sticking out of his head, he could only see from one eye. Hanging on for her life, Ellen franti-



cally looked around the pasture for an escape. There was only one way out. JB would have to jump the gate. With blacktop on either side, it was NOT an ideal situation. Ellen knew that if they didn't get out of the pasture, they would die. She told this to JB and turned to

the gate. With no preparation, and with vision in only one eye, JB took the jump. They landed on the other side and skidded. JB fell to his knees and skidded further. He just laid where he had stopped, shaking. It took three months for him to fully recover, but his scars would always tell the tale. That day Ellen saw what a horse will do for you. It changed her focus.

-- a true event as told to me in an interview with Ellen Heckert

# IRH Helmet Review

Cracked Skull? Concussion? NO WAY!!!!!! When you wear the International Riding Helmet you never have to worry about scrambling your brains again! When you first put it on, the IRH is AMAZINGLY comfortable. You will forget you are wearing anything at all!! Don't worry about the helmet getting too small; it has a dial to adjust the size. When you tap on the solid plastic, you can feel the exceptional quality! You will LOVE the International Riding Helmet.

Close your eyes and imagine climbing up on your horse. You ease into a trot. All of the sudden, you lose your balance and start to fall. You aren't worried, because you know the International Riding Helmet will protect you. You hit the ground hard, but grin, get up, and brush yourself off. If you were wearing a cheaper helmet, you could have had a concussion. But, you were smart and wore your IRH!

With an adjustable knob and a padded inside, you are GUARENTEED a comfortable ride. The IRH comes in a variety of beautiful colors and styles. In addition, it has a removable lining that can be washed! For a new rider, the IRH is very safe and affordable. As you advance, the helmets do too!

Never worry about sharing helmets with kids who haven't washed their hair in a month! With the



IRH, you can have your very own helmet and never worry about head lice again!

Buy the International Riding Helmet and say bye-bye to cracked skulls, concussions, and head lice!\*

\*Safety is dependent on proper helmet fit. We strongly recommend trying on more than one helmet to find the best fit for you.

# A Lesson At the Barn

## A Short Story

“Do you see her?!” Emma smirked. She and the other girls concealed their giggles as the new girl rode into the arena. Emma walked her beautiful Frisian mare, Rose, close to where the girl was standing. Emma let out a sort of giggly snort. Her hand immediately shot up and covered her mouth. She slowly moved her hand back to the reins and looked the girl over. With a smirk, she trotted away.

---

“Did you see her form today?! She wasn’t looking up! And did you see her so-called “breeches?” They look like she took jeans and sewed knee patches on them! Right?!” exclaimed Emma. She and her friends were currently mucking a stall at the far corner of the barn.

“Yeah...,” chimed Liz, Cameron, and Becca hesitantly.

“Hey, did you see Kylie got a new horse? It doesn’t belong in a show barn that’s for sure!” Emma exclaimed. “And I heard our instructor tell May she would be put in the lowest class of the show. Looks like *someone* didn’t spend enough time with her horse!” Emma said disapprovingly. “And that new girl, Dope was it...?”

“Hope,” Becca interrupted.

“Anyway, she doesn’t even have her own horse! She had to use... A LESSON HORSE!”

Little did the girls know, they weren’t the only ones mucking stalls in the far corner of the barn. A single tear rolled down Hope’s cheek and onto the bedding she was scooping.

---

“As you all know, our annual horse show is coming up,” Miss Grace, the riding instructor, announced. “Over the past few months I have been observing you, and I have placed you in different levels. Over in the advanced ring we have Liz, Riley, Cameron, Hope, Becca and Emma. Go ahead girls. Start warming up your horses in the other end of the barn.”

“Why is *SHE* in our group?” Emma whispered angrily.

“She really isn’t that bad Em,” Liz whispered.

“So now you are taking her side?! This is unbelievable!” Emma exclaimed.

---

“Welcome everyone! I am so glad you could make it to our 14<sup>th</sup> annual horse show! First up is our advanced dressage class,” Miss Grace announced. “Will Emma Williams and Golden Rose please enter the ring!”

Everyone gazed over at the gorgeous black Frisian and her just-as-stunning rider. They gracefully entered the ring. The classical music started, and they performed their routine with poise. Right before the last maneuver, however, Rose stumbled. Unfortunately, Emma lost her balance. Her feet slipped out of the stirrups, and she tumbled to the ground. Emma rushed to her feet and quickly grabbed Rose. She swung back into the saddle and finished the routine.

“That was *AWFUL*!” Emma exclaimed as she untacked Rose.

“It wasn’t that bad. It could happen to anyone,” Liz encouraged.

“Not me. It never happens to me! I just know I won’t get first. Not unless everyone else does the same thing!”

“Hey, there’s Hope! Do you want to go watch her?”

“No thanks! I have seen enough newbies at this barn to last me a lifetime!”

"That's rude! Hope is really good, and I think you're jealous!" Liz defended.

Red splotches appeared on Emma's face.

"I...I...uh..."

"Listen Em. I am going to go watch Hope. Are you coming?"

"I need to cool down Rose."

"Well, if you change your mind, you know where to find me."

---

"And the winners for the Advanced Dressage class are, in 3<sup>rd</sup>, Emma Williams on Golden Rose," announced Miss Grace.

Emma's shoulders drooped and a frown started forming on her face.

"In second, we have Elizabeth Green on Winter Wind." Liz rode forward, a broad smile on her face.

"And in first, we have... Hope Johnson! Good job everyone! The next class, Advanced Jumping, starts in 20 minutes."

After the show, Liz ran over to Emma.

"We're heading out for ice cream! Want to come?"

"Sure."

"Cool! All five of us are..."

"Um, don't you mean four?" Emma interrupted.

"Becca and Cameron and you and me and Hope. That's five."

"I'm not going. Sorry." With that, Emma turned and walked away.

---

Emma had just put Rose back in her stall when she spotted Liz around the corner. She hurried over to talk to her. Emma was about to round the corner when she stopped short.

"Even though she acts like she knows everything, she can be nice *once* in a great while," Liz said.

Emma was stunned. She was sure they were talking about her, but maybe not. Maybe they were talking about some other girl at the barn. She wondered who Liz was talking to. Emma quickly hid behind the wall and peered through the doorway. HOPE! She should have known. There were other voices, too. They sounded like Becca's and Cameron's. Now, she was sure they were talking about her. Emma stepped out from her hiding place so they could see her.

"I can't believe you guys! Saying all those things about me! You have NO RIGHT to be talking bad about me behind my back! You all are the WORST!" With that, Emma stormed out of the room. She was on her way to Rose's stall when Miss Grace came up to her.

"Hey Emma, I wanted to talk to you about Rose. Now don't feel you are being pressured into anything, but ..."

"But what?" Emma had a feeling what Miss Grace was going to say.

"I was wondering, ...would consider letting Hope ride Rose? I think riding Rose would really help Hope improve. You would get a discount off your lessons and board. Again, don't feel pressured into this. It's ok if you say no."

“Hope is not riding Rose! I don’t even want her *touching* my horse!” Emma tried as hard as possible to keep from yelling. Hope was already stealing her friends. There was no way she would let Hope steal her horse too! Emma bolted to Rose’s freshly cleaned stall. She sat down to think. “What if they’re right? Do I really act like a know-it-all? Am I really that bad at riding? I don’t want them to think of me like that! I don’t want to be mean!” Tears started flowing down Emma’s cheeks and she hugged Rose’s neck as she sobbed. Something had to change ...

---

The next morning, as Emma was getting Rose ready for the group trail ride, she saw Hope in the tack room. Emma rushed to talk to her. Making it look like she was casually going to get her saddle, she slipped into the tack room. Hope was struggling with a bridle. Emma watched for a few minutes, then decided she should do something.

“Here, let me help. These things get tangled so easily,” Emma said nicely.

“Oh, thanks!” Hope said a bit confused. Emma handed her the bridle and walked out of the tack room.

Later that day, Miss Grace made an announcement.

“Ok everyone! I have decided to split you into groups for the trail ride. In group one, we have Tailor, Becca, Liz and Sarah. Group two will be Cameron, McKayla, Abigail and Olivia. Group three will be Hope, Paige, Anna, and Emma. Alright girls, group one will take the field path with me. Group two will take the woods with Miss Ashley, and group three will head down the dirt road with Miss Brittany. Go ahead and get your horses ready. We leave in 5 minutes!”

5 minutes later...

“Alright girls, lets head out. I want Hope and Emma leading side by side followed by Paige and Anna side by side. I will bring up the rear,” said Miss Brittany.

They walked through the field and down the dirt road.

“It’s a nice day today,” Emma said casually to Hope, hoping to strike up conversation.

“Yeah, it’s really pretty.”

“You usually ride Nightwind, don’t you?”

“Yeah.”

“Do you like him?”

“Yeah, he is really good. It would be more fun having my own horse, though.”

“Yeah, it is pretty fun, but I started out on a lesson horse. I only got Rose three years ago.”

“Really? I thought you always had her! You made it sound like using a lesson horse was some terrible thing!”

“When? I don’t remember saying that.”

“In the barn a few months back. You were talking to your friends while mucking out stalls. I was there too.”

“Oh, I had no idea! Hope, I am so sorry! I was picking on you because I felt bad. You are so good already, and I just know you will soon be better than me! I was jealous and was putting you down to make myself feel better. Will you forgive me?”

“Sure. So, which horse did you ride before you bought Rose?”

“Nightwind,” Emma said with a laugh. The girls talked the whole trail ride and found out they had more in common than they thought. Hope, Liz, Becca, Cameron, and Emma became the best of friends. Eventually, Hope got her own horse as well. Emma never put others down again. Instead, she encouraged them and helped them improve.



# Apple Oat Horse Treats

Want to make your horse a special treat? I tried these at a horse camp, and they were fun to make. They go great in a hot mash along with some other of your horse's favorites.

To make the treats, you will need 4 apples, oats, brown sugar, butter, a cookie tray, a plate, parchment paper, and a fork.



First, slice and core your apples, and if you would like, cut the slices in half to make cubes. (You will get more treats that way.) Then, spread out the parchment paper onto the baking tray. Next, lay your oats out in a nice, even layer over the cookie sheet. Then, in a microwave safe bowl, mix the brown sugar and butter. There should be more brown sugar than butter. Nuke it until it is soupy in consistency and stir. It should be the color of wet brown sugar, and a little gritty. If it's too light in color, add more brown sugar and stir. You shouldn't need to add more butter.

Once everything is ready, get your apple slices/cubes and dip them in the melted brown sugar butter mixture. Watch out! It will be HOT! (I learned it the hard way.) Let the excess drip off. Then, immediately roll them in the oats until they are covered. After that, lay them on a plate to cool and dry. Repeat for all of your apple slices. If there isn't enough brown sugar mixture, just mix up a small amount more. Once your slices are completely cooled and the oats aren't falling off, move them into an airtight container and pop them in the fridge.

The apples will go bad, so after a few days, check them to make sure they are still good.

I really enjoyed making this recipe. The treats smelled really good! Next time, I would have a fork or a toothpick handy to scoop the apples out of the brown sugar mixture when I accidently dropped them in. I think the cubes are probably better if you like smaller treats, but you can make the treats as big or as small as you like. Enjoy!



## Bareback Acrostic

**B**e free, be free  
**A**rise to the skies  
**R**oaming around the fields  
**E**njoyment at least  
**B**eing close to the beast  
**A** beast? No, a friend  
**C**lip-clopping along, moments of bliss  
**K**ey to enjoyment, which is this



## A Beautiful Morning

(Cinquain)

Trotting  
Through Fields  
Breathing Morning Air  
While Riding Bareback at  
Sunrise



# The Horse That Won

## Humor Column

“Don’t you do it! Don’t you do it!” you scream. He looks at you with a smirk. Then... FLOP! Right into the mud. Your clean horse, filthy with grime. One simple show, and lookey lookey, a horse with ATTITUDE! You spent hours upon hours grooming him, but no, he doesn’t care. All you hear are the evil whinnies as your horse gets even. He knows you can’t stop him from rolling, and he knows it will annoy you. He smirks and smiles and cackles that evil cackle. He sees you looking, and just to



make you extra mad... he ROLLS! Once? No, once isn’t good enough for him. Twice? You would think that would be punishment enough. But horses can be ruthless, cruel animals who won’t stop until they are covered from ear to hoof. Mud EVERYWHERE. You stomp over, steam coming out of your ears and your face as red as a baboon’s butt. (Excuse the terminology.) You SNAP on the lead rope and walk him into the barn. Just when you think it can’t get any worse, in an instant he sidesteps to get you looking as filthy as he is . He rubs against you

and gets your new white show blouse looking like you had a run-in with a triple scoop, chocolate ice cream cone. You take the cross ties and angrily snap them on the halter. No escape! You think you’ve won. You strut over to the soap, taking your time and gloating all the while. You show him the soap, then attack. You scrub him down with fury. With pink suds flying everywhere, the wash stall looks like the 80’s met your local car wash. You are sopping wet, but you don’t care. You’re getting back at that awful horse. He is finally clean. You’ve won. By the time your horse dries, it would be time to leave for the show. No more mud puddles for him. You gloat and do a victory dance. The horse just stands there and rolls his eyes. Then he looks at you. Not like a glance at you, he *really* looks at you, like his eyes are boring into your soul. Then, he laughs. Those evil whinnies are worse than before. His lips curl up in the ugliest fashion, and he tilts his head and shakes it up and down. You think he’s crazy. Just then you see what he sees. YOURSELF.

Your shirt is stained pink from the soap. It is sopping wet, with mud caked on in a thick, putrid layer. Your hair is hanging in loose, wet strands, and it looks like you were wrestling a raccoon.

In a way, you were. The horse knew what he was doing all along. He outsmarted you once again. As you look at the ugly scene of celebration going on in front of you, you realize: the horse has won. It’s too late to go to the show. It was all part of his evil, masterminded plan.





# Letters and Responses

Dear Editor,

I love your magazine *soooooo* much!!! I was so inspired by one of your articles that I wanted to try riding. We live on a farm, but we don't have any horses, so I had to improvise. I got out our family cow, Claire, and took her to a log. I stepped up on the log and swung my leg over just as you instructed in issue 4 , page 13, article 3, line 5! You would have been *soooooo* super proud! I would have stayed on, too, but my mom yelled at me and made me lose my balance. I got a terrible concussion, but it was worth it! The rush of being up on an animal, well, there's nothing like it!

Anyway, thanks to your "Convince Your Parents to Buy You a Horse," I am now going to get my own horse!! He is a BEAUTIFUL red horse that, thanks to your horse name formula, will be called "Pink Glitter Sparkles Princess!!" Don't you just *LOVE* the name?!?! When he comes, I will read him every single word of every single magazine you have ever written! I refuse to read *anything* else! That is the reason I had to repeat the 5<sup>th</sup> grade.

Also, in your next issue, could you add a "Horse of the Month" section? All your subscribers would send in a picture of their horses along with a description of them. You would randomly pick a horse to be the "Horse of the Month." Of course, you would pick "Pink Glitter Sparkles Princess" first because I came up with the idea.

Thank you for reading my letter! If you will respond, I will forever keep your letter. I will hang it in a HUGE frame right above my bed along with all the issues you have ever published.

Your favorite reader,

Petunia Carrotsmith

Dear Miss Carrotsmith,

I have enjoyed reading your letter and am so glad that you love our magazine. Your story about riding (or trying to ride) a cow was quite hilarious. I wouldn't suggest doing that again, though.

As with getting your first horse, I am very happy for you! Picking out the name is equally exciting, but may I suggest you pick a more, say, masculine name? Pink Glitter Sparkles Princess might like a name more along the lines of "Red Prince." Just a suggestion. As for your horse of the month idea, I think it is phenomenal. I have talked it over with the team, and you can be sure that your horse will be in the next issue. Also, I think you should know that we have removed the name formulas from the magazine. It has become quite clear to us that they have led to brainless results.

Strongly suggesting you change your horse's name,

Aurora Cantertown



# More Letters and Responses

Dear Martha,

I recently started riding lessons at a dressage barn. I love the beautiful way the horses look like they're dancing. That got me thinking. What is the real point of dressage? Before I started taking riding lessons, I thought it was just to make the horses look pretty. I know there has to be another reason, but I don't know what it is.

Sincerely,

Emma Jacobson

Dear Emma,

I am so glad you are taking an interest in learning about dressage. Most people don't understand why people ride dressage. I didn't either until I started riding. Dressage is so much more than making horses look pretty or showing off their skills. The real reason most people ride dressage is to gain a stronger bond with their horse. Dressage training also helps horses with flexibility, obedience, attentiveness, and balance. It is a lot of work learning to ride dressage, but you'll find it is definitely worth it.

Sincerely,

Martha

# Adventure in the Night

(A short story)

“Abby!” Her mother shrieked. “Get away from that wild beast!”

“Woah boy. Easy, easy,” Abby whispered. “You’re alright. Nothing is going to hurt you.” The injured horse in front of her let out a frightened whinny. The whites of his eyes were showing.

“Abigail!” her mother yelled at the top of her lungs. Frightened by the sudden loud noise, the horse reared. Abby hurried to evade the incoming hooves, but it was inevitable. Abby fell to the ground with a thud. The horse reared once more and bolted away.

“Abby! Are you alright?!” her mother screamed as she ran towards her daughter. She reached down to help Abby up but was pushed away.

“I’m fine,” Abby mumbled as she stood up. “Why did you have to do that?”

“Do what?”

“You scared him. He was fine, until you started screaming. Probably scared the poor thing half out of his mind.”

“Now I have had enough of your fifteen year old attitude young lady. That horse is dangerous.”

“He did that because he was scared,” Abby said defensively.

“Now, you are defending that wild creature? I can’t believe you!”

“Listen Mom...”

“No, you listen to me! I don’t want you around that horse again. If I so much as see...”

“That isn’t fair! He is hurt and scared. I have to help him!”

“You will be doing no such thing. Now go to your room!”

“If he dies it is ALL your fault!” Abby screamed as she tore into their farmhouse.

Abby awoke that night from a fitful sleep. She looked over at her clock. 3:27 a.m. She turned over in her bed and tried in vain to go back to sleep. All she could think of was the wild horse. What would happen to him? She laid there for a few minutes, a mental battle going on inside of her head. Then, finally, she knew what she had to do. Abby quietly slipped out of bed and into her clothes. She hastily made her way down the hall of their old farmhouse and to the back door. She groped in the darkness for a flashlight. She finally found one and stuffed it in her pocket. Like a flash, she opened the door and slid out. Abby made her way to the barn, took the first aid bag, and grabbed handfuls of treats. She was off.

Abby’s heart thumped with excitement and fear. “What if I get caught? Mom will ground me for the rest of my life.” But, she continued. Once over the hill, Abby flicked on the flashlight and began to search. She called softly to the horse and held out the treats in vain hope that he would smell them. She was starting to get worried. “How can I search hundreds of acres in one night? There is no way I will be able to find him.” In despair, Abby called louder. In the distance, she thought she heard something. Was it a whinny? No, surely not. Her mind was probably playing tricks on her. But again, she called. This time she was sure it was a whinny. Abby ran as fast as she could toward the sound. Suddenly, she stopped. There, lying on the ground, was the horse. Abby slowly moved toward his head, letting him know it was all right. She fed the horse a treat, and he nickered weakly.

Abby got to work on the horse. He had a big gash on his leg, and she could tell he was in great pain. Abby skillfully wiped the wound, then wrapped it with gauze and medical tape.

"There boy. You're alright now. I'll take care of you, don't you worry," Abby spoke gently as she patted him on the neck. She fed him some more treats and coaxed him to get up. With renewed strength, he slowly rose to his feet.

"There you are, good boy! I have to go now, but I promise I'll be back," Abby said hastily as she patted him one last time. She turned and walked a few steps when she noticed he was following her.

"I have to go, but you can't come. I'll be back." Abby started to move but stopped in her tracks. She thought she heard a coyote. Probably nothing. But, she heard it again, and it was getting louder. All of a sudden, she saw the silhouettes of three coyotes running toward them. Panic struck Abby. She knew there was no way to escape.

Without thinking, Abby started to run. The horse followed close behind. Sprinting, they put distance between them and the coyotes. Her lungs hurt, but she pushed on. The house seemed a thousand miles away as she tore across the grassy hills.

"Come on bud," she called breathlessly to the horse "we have to get out of this!"

All of the sudden, Abby saw a chimney. The house! A feeling of relief washed over her and the view of the house got bigger. The relief soon turned to panic. What would happen to the horse? She couldn't make it to their barn and then back to the house without getting mauled by the coyotes. Abby knew what she had to do. As they neared the barn, Abby ran as fast as ever. She reached the barn and slid open the squeaky door. In an instant both she and the horse were inside. Abby tried to slide the door shut, but it wouldn't budge. The coyote's faces became more prominent, and in what seemed like a millisecond, their snarling faces were staring at her. She screamed.

All the sudden, Abby sat straight up in bed. Beautiful golden rays shined in through her window as her mother rushed into her room.

"Are you alright?" she asked anxiously. "I heard a scream."

"I'm fine," Abby assured her mother, and herself a little too. "It was all a dream."

# A Good Ol' Horse Named Joe

(Ballad)

Listen up now, I'll tell you a story,  
A story 'bout a horse named Joe.  
His life was an adventure, but happy in the end  
So quiet down now, here we go.

Long long ago, in the wild wild west,  
Two bandits appeared one day.  
"Rick" one said, "let's get us a horse."  
"Fine idea." the other did say.

They walked to the nearest town they did,  
'Bout a half a mile or so.  
They came upon a horse tied up,  
And that ol' horse was Joe.

The rope was cut, and they were off,  
Galloping down the road.  
Made a stop to loot a farm,  
Much to the disgust of Joe.

"Come on Joe, quickly now,"  
The bandits, they did say.  
But Joe was stubborn and wouldn't budge,  
Stayed right there all day.

When nightfall came, they heard a voice,  
"Stop right there!" it called.  
"Run Joe Run!" the bandits cried.  
"Stop in the name of the law!"

Up the hill the sheriff ran,  
Fast as his legs would go.  
He captured the bandits, to their dismay,  
Thanks to good ol' Joe.

Now that's the end of this little tale,  
But not the end for Joe.  
He went on stopping crime you see,  
With the sheriff, close in tow.





# A Fall Day

(Haiku)

Brisk Fall Wing Blowing,  
Horses Trotting Happily,  
In the Autumn Sun



**Tired of  
Mucking  
Stalls?**

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