

# The Horse

By Janelle



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## *Chapter one*

*There I was... galloping as hard and as fast as I could, running free thru the open plains without a care in the world. Then it hit me, the thing that every wild horse is afraid of....the human. There we were, staring at each other with a torturing gaze. Then he came to me and threw a large rope around my neck. I fell to the ground with a loud THUMP. He dragged me to a metal thing.*

*He threw me in there. Then I thought for the worst... was I going to die? Was I going to live? Well I didn't know for sure. I had never experienced something like this before. I looked around and I saw that I was not alone. There were about 50 other horses standing by my side.*

*They knew for a fact that I was afraid. They all gathered around me and told me where I was. They told me that the thing that I was in was called a trailer. They all told me stories how they got captured. Some had scars, some had wounds. Others would not speak, and others were cowering in the trailer corners. The trailer was crammed. We all had to huddle for warmth to keep us alive.*

*The days were torture by the sun's hot rays. The nights were harsh; they would freeze us. We were crammed into that trailer for three days without food or water. We were all starving and dying of thirst. I thought for sure that I was gonna die because 20*

*horses have died already. There are only 30 horses left. I don't know if I am going to be able to survive this much longer.*

## *Chapter Two*

*Hours later we had arrived at our destination. I was happy to get out of the trailer and get some fresh air, something to eat, something to drink, and stretch. I hated having to stay all cooped up into that trailer for four days. The place that I was in was definitely not where I was born to be. I was dizzy and I didn't like where I was. I was wobbly and I quickly fell to the ground.*

*A girl came to me with a bucket of water and splashed some on me and smiled. She had a smirk on her face like she thought that it was funny. I knew that she was the person that belonged to me. She put the bucket of water on the ground beside my face. I knew that her instincts told her that I was thirsty. I barely stood up and took a sip. Then some more, a little bit more, then I gulped it down like a crazy thing.*

*She ran to this box thing and grabbed some food. She brought it to me and just like the water; she set it down beside me. I ate all of it. My thirst and hunger was quenched. She patted me on the head and told me to stand up very nicely. I did as she said. I stood up very slow. She showed me around this place. She told me here and what the stable was. She showed me where and what a food and a water trough was. I liked her. She ran to her father and asked him a question that I liked. She said, "Daddy, can I have that horse standing over there?"*

"Uhh sweetie, I am not too sure. You know he was from the wild. I am not too sure that he likes you," her father said.

"But daddy, I like him. He likes me, even watch!" She walked over to me and patted me on the neck. I wanted her for an owner so I rubbed on her.

"Oh alright. He is going to be a big responsibility. Are you ready?"

"Yes I am!"

### Chapter Three

The next few days the girl and I got to know one another. She said that her name is Molly. She named me Red Rocket because I'm a red roan. We became great friends. She was everything that I deserve. I love her and I didn't want anything bad to ever happen to her. Then one day that changed...

She was in her car with her parents and she got into a huge car wreck. She broke one arm and one leg. Her mom and dad both got a brain concussion. I felt so sorry for her. She recovered about a month after the incident. She couldn't go riding for a year. I was lonely.

A year later she was able to go riding on me. The first chance that she got, it was to ride me. I knew that it was. She came running, yelling my name. I galloped toward her. After she was able to ride, she rode me so much that my front right hoof started to hurt. One day when Molly was riding me, I began to bleed on my front right hoof. I knew why it was bleeding. I became lame.

Molly ran to her father and told him what was happening. He put me in his trailer and drove as fast as he could to the animal hospital. Yup, I was lame. They tried and tried to fix it. They could not fix it. I might be lame forever. They shipped me in a box on a boat to South America to the best animal hospital in the country. He couldn't fix me either. This could mean the worst. I might die for real this time, either that or Molly never gets to ride me again. I got tears in my eyes. There were two things that I love most- letting Molly ride me and life. It wasn't my decision anymore though. I would have to not be happy either way. Whether I died or lived.

#### Chapter Four

I lived but Molly can't ride me anymore. I can't run. For heaven sakes I can barely even walk. I hate that I became lame. I can't take it anymore. I have to stay in my stall all the time and I don't get to do anything fun at all. I wish that I had never even gotten captured. None of this would have happened. My herd is probably worried sick that I died. I probably could still be running as fast as a train if it hadn't been for Molly. She's the reason why I am lame. About a year later I recovered and I ran away at night so Molly would not see me. I never did see my girl Molly again. But I hope to see her one last time- just a glimpse. 😊

THE END 😊