

Stable Life

One hot summer's day in January 2008, my little sister and I were bored. We lived on five acres and had cleaned the house from top to bottom. Mum said, "Make a list of the things you want to do". We really wanted to meet the neighbors because they all lived down such long driveways we didn't see much of them.

Amber and I are horse mad. I love horses more but we both enjoy being in a stable around horses. So of course we wanted to meet the people exactly across the road from us who had heaps of horses. Mum took us down their driveway on our quad bike. A lady was out the front when we came. She greeted us in a really friendly way. Her name is Mel. She worked with the horses and it turned out they are racehorses. Now Mel is a stable hand and she has a Boss. He lives further down the driveway for there are 3 houses on the one driveway. Mel said we could help her in the stable. That afternoon we came back to help Mel and Boss. Our first jobs were picking up horse poo, sweeping and giving the horses their feed. They were the jobs we did for the first few weeks. Then Mel and Boss started to trust us with more jobs like leading the horses around and lunging them which is another way to work a horse.

One day they took me to the track. It's a place to where horses practice running and jumping out of the barriers. So I had to get up at 5.30am and walk across the road to the stable. It was pitch black. Boss and Mel were already there. I had a cup of Milo before we left while they had tea. We left at 5.40am with two horses in the float. It was lovely driving down a road when it was pitch black like night, except you're not tired, you're just waking up and all the stars are still in the sky.

At the track I had the most delicious bacon, egg and toast sandwich I'd ever had. At 7.30am we left the track to go back home. Later on that week they took me to the races with them. We took a horse called Roley whose racing name is November Hero and he won. I was so happy. After his race, Aunty Shell (who also works for Boss) and I had to take Roley to a special man who checked Roley's wee to make sure we hadn't given him any drugs. Of course we hadn't.

The next week we had a big party to celebrate the race. I had so much fun. I also got to ride a horse called George. It was also fun. George loses all his races because he is small. George isn't a horse, nor a pony but a Galloway which is in between.

I loved my year at the stables.

By Paige Thacker