

Neigh

“Neigh, Neigh!” Karamel, the adorable mare I am about to ride snickered as I gently brush out the dust from her soft, smooth fur. In no time, Karamel is all tacked up with the leather bridle and saddle giving this shiny gleam under the sunlight. At the same time, I put on my air vest and helmet which I bought for myself earlier during the Thanksgiving break. They are brand new making a great comparison with my old ones which are all dusty. Soon after I checked everything, I grabbed the leather reins attached to my horse and led her to the mounting block. I swing my legs around the saddle and I am all ready to start today's lesson. The sight of the wide arena covered in soft, golden sand and printed with hoof prints led to this huge smile hanging on my face. Even though I have regular lessons here, every time I sit on this saddle, it still brings me fresh, new feelings.

Once I am in this vast arena, I pickup my posting trot as a warm-up. The rhythmic sound my mare makes always reminds me of the playful drum beats. Sunlight peers into the arena, showing the warm chestnut color of Karamel's coat.

“Hey, I think you are all warmed up now.” My coach said, “reorganize yourself and you can pick up your canter.” Eva, my horseback riding coach, is the funnest person I know. She always wears her huge black hat which she loves. However, personally, I think that she looks like a big mushroom under that giant hat that is covering her beautiful hair. I nod in response to what she said, and gave Karamel a bigger squeeze on her belly signaling her to pick up the canter, a type of motion on the horse that is between a trot and a gallop. Karamel gives a small snort and breaks into a smooth canter right away. During this canter, I could feel the powerful momentum below me, and hear the sound of the wind going by. The trees and everything besides me flies by me, just like what you see when you peek out of the car window while the car is driving on a freeway.

“Heels down! Keep your back straight up!” My coach yelled with her strong voice which travels all the way across the arena. I grip tighter to the leather reins and imagine my heels reaching to the ground as I pressed my foot deeper into the stirrups. The bit of tightness coming from my helmet gives me the feeling of safety to go all in.

“Rosie! This looks perfect!” exclaimed Eva as I finished my lap and pulled on my reins to halt my horse into a stop.

“Thank you!” I reply, panting really hard. The canter I had today was the best I had this month. My legs were not tired before class so I was able to put in more leg power, I told myself to relax and look straight forward so my movement does not look stiff. At this point, I just realized that the class flew by like the speed of me on a horse and it has been one and a half hour that I have been riding already.

Rosie Chen