

nice woman with dark hair, dark eyes and a big smile on her face. He had a son called Harry who was twelve years old, and he also had a daughter. Dolly was eight and looked just like her mother.

Dolly gave me an apple and we became friends. 'What shall we call the new horse?' she asked.

'Let's call him Jack, like our old horse,' said Jerry.

'Yes, it's good to keep a good name,' said Polly.

At the stables there was another horse called Captain. He pulled Jerry's cab in the morning and I pulled it in the afternoon. And we were very lucky because we did not have to wear a bearing rein!

On my first afternoon, Jerry tied me to the front of the carriage and took me to the cab stand. We stood at the end of the line and waited for customers. In front of us were the other drivers; some of them laughed at me because they thought I looked too good for a cab horse. Others said that Jerry was silly to buy a horse with knees like mine. 'He's very black,' said another man. 'That's not very cheerful!'

The oldest driver was Grant, but the other drivers called him Governor. They all respected him very much. He looked at me very carefully. 'He's a fine horse, Jerry!' he said. 'I don't care what you paid for him. I can tell he'll be worth it!'

'I think so too!' said Jerry. He was very proud of me and took great care of both me and Captain. Jerry and Harry brushed us every day, gave us good food and made sure we were comfortable in the stables. Jerry was as good a driver as John Manly. He never used his whip on me and never made me work too much. He made sure that I went at just the right pace and never made me rush for extra money.

One day, two young men ran to Jerry. 'Cabbie! Cabbie! We're late!' one of them said. 'We must be at the station before five. Whip your horse to make him go faster and we'll give you an extra shilling.'

'I will gladly take you to the station,' said Jerry. 'But I will not whip my horse. It is cruel!'

Another cab driver, Larry, heard the young men. 'I will take you to the station quickly for an extra shilling,' he said. The men hopped into his cab and Larry sped off, whipping his horse.

'You'll never be a rich man, Jerry,' called out Larry as he drove off. 'Probably not,' said Jerry, but Larry had already disappeared.

Another day we were waiting at the cab stand when a man with

