



'Go on, Beauty,' said Squire Gordon.

John got off the cart and tried to pull me, but again I did not move. 'Come on, Beauty. What's the matter?' he asked.

Just then, a man ran to us. 'Stop! Stop!' he called, jumping up and down. 'That bridge is broken in the middle. If you cross it, you'll fall in the river!'

Both Squire Gordon and John turned the cart around and we continued on our way back home along another road which meant the journey was much longer, but safer. For a while, nobody spoke as I trotted quietly in the dark. All we could hear were the wheels of the cart sliding on the soft road.

After a while, Squire Gordon spoke. 'People are smart, John. They can learn how things work, and make things,' he said. 'But animals are more clever! They can feel things and understand them in ways that can save people's lives.'

When we got home, Mrs Gordon ran to the gates of Birtwick Park immediately. 'My dear, I was so worried,' she said. 'Why are you late? Did you have an accident?'

'No, my dear,' said Mr Gordon. 'We are safe. Black Beauty saved our lives.'

John led me to the stables; he dried me, gave me a wonderful dinner and made my bed of straw thick and comfortable. I was so tired that I fell asleep instantly.

Another time, James Howard, Ginger and I took Squire Gordon and Mrs Gordon on a long journey to visit some friends. Squire Gordon wanted to test James so that he could become the new groom at Clifford Hall, so he didn't ask John to drive him that day.

'Sir Clifford is a good master, and it is a great opportunity for James to work as a groom,' said Squire Gordon to John before we left.

'I'm sure he can do the job,' said John. 'He is the best stable boy I know.'

Ginger and I found that James was a great carriage driver. He made sure that we kept our hooves on the smooth part of the road so that we would be comfortable. When we went uphill, he moved the carriage to the side so it was easier for us, and when we went