

CHAPTER 7

IERRY KNEW THAT THE MORE HE TOOK CARE OF ME, THE BETTER I would work. So, he covered me with rugs while we waited for customers in the cold, and always made sure that Captain and I had good food and plenty of rest.

Other drivers whipped the poor animals so that they could go faster in order to get more money out of them. One day, a cab driver called Seedy Sam came to the cab stand. Both he and his horse looked very cold and tired.

'Look at your poor horse. He looks so tired!' shouted Governor Grant. 'Don't you care about him at all?'

'I pay eighteen shillings a day to rent the cab and the horse,' said Seedy Sam. 'I have to earn that money and try to make some money for myself. I need to work very hard to pay Skinner, the owner of the horse, before I can make any money to feed my children. I have to work fourteen hours a day. You have your own horse, Grant, so it is easier for you than it is for me.'

I couldn't hear the rest of the conversation because a customer wanted us to drive him home. But the man was right. A cab driver's job wasn't easy and it was even more difficult if he didn't have his own horse.

One day, a dirty old cab stopped beside ours. An old, tired horse with a red coat was pulling the cab. She looked very sick and tired, but also familiar. When she looked at me, her eyes shone with surprise. 'Black Beauty? Is it really you?' she asked.

It was Ginger! Her beautiful neck was now hanging down; her legs were bent from all the hard work, her coat wasn't shiny anymore and her eyes were dull and full of pain.

'What happened to you?' I asked.

'People bought and sold me many times,' she said. 'Each owner was worse than the one before. They all wanted to make as much money from me as they could. They whipped me and mistreated me and didn't care when I suffered.'

'I don't remember you letting people treat you badly,' I said. 'Why didn't you teach them a lesson?'

'I did once,' she said. 'But men are stronger and very cruel. There

