

examined my legs and hooves, he found them in bad shape. He gave orders to keep the floor of the stables very clean, to give me special food and take me out for exercise every day. He also told Mr Barry that his groom was not doing a good job.

My hooves were soon well again and I felt strong, but my life was about to change once more; Mr Barry decided to sell me because he didn't want to be tricked by others anymore.



## CHAPTER 6

**M**Y NEW OWNER, JERRY BARKER, A CAB DRIVER, BOUGHT ME at a horse fair. Many buyers came to look at me but most of them turned away as soon as they saw my knees. Jerry was different. 'You're a gentle horse, aren't you?' he whispered to me.

'Well, I don't think that your injured knees were really your fault.' He did not look like a rich man but I could tell that he knew about horses. I, in turn, especially liked him because he looked cheerful and kind, and he smelt nice and clean. However, when the salesman asked him for twenty-three pounds, Jerry said that it was very expensive. A while later, another man came and examined me. He looked hard and strict and I did not like him at all. He told the salesman that he would pay twenty-three pounds.

Jerry was passing by at that very moment. I turned my head to him, and he looked at me and smiled. 'OK, you,' he said. 'I'll give you twenty-four. Not a pound more.' And that's how I became his horse. He took me home to meet his lovely wife, Polly. She was a very