

find that she was a hard worker. We both trotted well and it was easy for us to pull the carriage together. We soon became great friends. She told me all about her difficult past and the years she spent at the hands of cruel people. It was no wonder that she was angry all the time.

But with the passing of time Ginger stopped biting. She was becoming kinder. The master said that it was 'Birtwick kindness'. There was no reason for her to bite or show bad manners because she was treated with kindness. I guess old Merrylegs is right when he says, 'Good places make good horses'.



CHAPTER 3

ONE AUTUMN DAY, JOHN MANLY TIED ME TO THE SMALL carriage. Squire Gordon came out of the house and John helped him to his seat so that we could take him into town for business.

I usually enjoyed pulling the small carriage but on that day it wasn't much fun; the ground was muddy and the wind had blown leaves in front of us, making it even more difficult to walk.

It began to rain again as we came to a little wooden bridge. The river was almost at the height of the bridge. 'Be careful,' said a man at the bridge. 'The weather is getting worse and the water in the river is rising very quickly.'

'I'll try and finish my business quickly,' said Squire Gordon as we arrived in the town. He left us outside an office as he went inside to do his business. We waited in the rain and cold wind.

'I'm sorry my business took me so long, John,' he said when he finally came outside. 'Come on, Beauty; let's go home as fast as we can.'

The weather was worse now. In the woods it was scary because the wind blew around big tree branches. The sound was terrifying.

'We must get out of these woods fast,' said Squire Gordon.

'Yes, sir,' said John. 'These branches seem very dangerous!'

Just then, we heard a crack and a crashing sound as one of the trees fell right in front of us. I stood still, even though I was frightened because I knew that I should not run away.

'That was close!' said Squire Gordon. 'What should we do now?'

'Well, sir, we can't go over the tree and we can't go round it; we must go back and try crossing the bridge again,' said John. 'We will be late, but it is the only thing we can do.'

Once we got to the bridge we saw that the water had reached the height of the bridge. 'Come on Beauty,' said John. 'Let's cross over fast!'

As soon as my hoof touched the first part of the bridge, I knew that something was wrong. I stood still. John touched me with the whip but I still refused to move.