

back and began to ride me as fast as he could. My shoe was so loose, but I ran even though it hurt. Reuben whipped me to go faster.

We rode on rough ground covered in stones and my shoe came off. My hoof was cut and I was in pain, but Reuben kept whipping me to go faster. I tripped and we both fell to the ground. For a while I could hear Reuben breathing, then there was silence.

In the morning, some people found us. 'It's Reuben,' said one of them. 'He isn't moving!'

'He is dead,' said someone else.

I was shocked to hear that, but the pain made me think of myself more. The men carried Reuben's body away and took me home.

'Poor horse,' they said. 'His knees are ruined.'

It took a long time for my hoof and legs to get better. My owner decided that I should get some rest in the fields.

There, I saw Ginger. 'What are you doing here?' I asked.

'Lord George is a very bad rider,' she said. 'He rode so hard that he ruined my back and they brought me to the field for some rest!'

Ginger and I enjoyed lying in the fields and eating sweet grass all day.

'Look at us!' she said one day. 'We are both ruined! You have been destroyed by a careless man and I by a fool.' She was right. It was very hard, but there was nothing we could do.

One day, Lord Westerly came to see us. 'My friend Squire Gordon thought these two healthy horses would find a good home here, but instead they are ruined,' he said to Mr York. 'The brown one may be healthy again after a year, but the black one will be sold. I can't have knees like that in my stables.'

