

'They must get used to it.'

Lady Westerly said nothing but she looked angry.

The bearing rein hurt my neck as it kept my head held up high and didn't let me stretch. When we went uphill, we couldn't put our head down and the strain on our neck and legs was awful. It was difficult for both Ginger and I but we tried to do a good job.

The next day, Mr York pulled the bearing rein even tighter. 'They are cruel!' said Ginger. 'They will be sorry if they make the bearing rein any tighter!'

Lady Westerly came to see us the next day. 'Their heads must be higher. I want you to make the bearing rein tighter! Do it at once!' she said.

Mr York pulled my bearing rein so much that it hurt me. It was very painful but I stood still. When they tried to do the same to Ginger she jumped up, kicked her legs and then she kicked over the carriage and fell down. York and two grooms jumped on her to hold her still.

They untied us from the carriage, and took us back to the stables. 'Why do some people insist on using bearing reins when they do more harm than good?' whispered Mr York under his breath as he walked us to the stables.

Ginger never pulled Lady Westerly's carriage again. Instead, they brought a new horse to work with me. Together, Max and I pulled Lady Westerly's carriage with the bearing reins. It was very difficult and painful, but Max and I accepted it quietly.

Ginger became Lord George's horse. He was a bad rider and careless with his horse. 'It's better than wearing a bearing rein,' said Ginger.

At some point, Mr York went to London for some work. While he was away, Reuben Smith looked after the stables. Reuben was a good man and careful with the horses, but every now and then he would spend time with some friends at the inn and change his behaviour.

One day Lord Westerly asked Reuben to take the carriage to town to be painted. I had a loose shoe and the carriage maker noticed it too. 'I'll take Beauty to the blacksmith later,' said Reuben. 'Just take care of him for me while I go to see some friends. I won't be long.'

He came back to pick me up very late at night. He jumped on my

