

CHAPTER 5

MR YORK FOUND ME A NEW HOME FAR AWAY. 'GOODBYE,' said Ginger as Mr York led me away to my new life as a job horse at a livery stable.

My new stall was comfortable and clean, and I was happy because I had all I needed. The food was good and the people of the livery stables took good care of me.

A job horse is a horse that people can rent. Each rider treated me in a different way; some of them liked to hold my reins tight and pulled so hard at my mouth that it hurt. Other riders did the opposite and left the reins too loose. Other riders had never owned an animal of their own and treated the horse they rented like machines. They would whip me because they thought that I could go as fast as a train, even if the roads were muddy or we were going uphill.

My favourite riders were the experienced ones because they made sure that I was on the smooth parts of the road. They were careful and encouraged me to do my best.

At the livery stables there were many different horses and each had a story to tell. I was often put to work with a mare named Peggy. She wasn't from a good family as I was, but she was sweet and tried very hard to keep up with me when we pulled the carriage.

'I notice that you trot and then jump. Why do you do that?' I asked her one day.

'Well, you see, my legs are short; not long like yours,' she said. 'Men want to go fast and when one horse can't keep up with the others the riders whip, whip, whip all the time... but I can't stand the whip so I try to do my best to keep up with you, even if it's difficult.'

The ladies liked Peggy because she was so gentle and kind. One day, two ladies bought her because they wanted a good, safe horse and I was very happy for her.

Not long after Peggy left, two gentlemen came to the stables. The taller of the two looked at me carefully. 'Why is he wearing a bearing rein?' he asked.

'We find that people like it,' said the stable boy.

'I don't like it,' said the gentleman. 'Please take it off; a horse

