

recognise him at all.

'Black Beauty! Do you remember me? I'm Joe Green from Birtwick Park!' he said.

He put his arms around my neck and gave me a big hug and I put my nose up to him, to show him I understood. I felt happy to find an old friend and he looked very pleased too.

The next day, Green told the ladies my story. 'There was never a better horse than Black Beauty,' he said.

'I will write to Mrs Gordon and tell her that her favourite horse is with us,' said Miss Blomefield.

I now live with Joe Green. He is the kindest groom I could wish for. Farmer Thoroughgood and Willie visit me too and we are special friends.

I feel stronger than ever thanks to the good food, fresh air and kindness. My work is easy and pleasant and I am very happy with the ladies. They are kind and gentle. My troubles are over and I am at home.

And often, I dream that I am still a young horse at Birtwick, standing with my old friends under the apple trees.

