

between my teeth as it pushed my tongue to the back of my mouth, but my master's kind words and nice oats helped me get used to it.

Next, my master put a saddle on my back. He gave me more oats and spoke softly to me while he put the saddle on. It didn't feel so bad, and I soon got used to that, too. In the following days, I would look for the oats as my master came with the saddle.

One morning, my master got on my back and rode me around the field. I didn't mind at all because it made me feel proud to carry my master on my back. Every day, he would come and ride me a little and I soon got so used to it that I even liked it.

Next, I had to get iron shoes from the blacksmith in the village. He cut out some of my hoof and nailed a metal shoe onto each of my hooves. It didn't hurt, but the iron shoes were heavy at first. However, I knew that they were necessary to protect my hooves.

After learning so many new things, my master brought me a harness. It was a leather strap with pieces for the side of my eyes called 'blinkers'. When I wore the harness with the blinkers I was only able to look straight ahead. The harness was heavy and had a strap under my tail that I hated. It made me want to kick but, of course, I could not kick such a good master so I slowly got used to the harness as well.

My master sometimes took me for a walk beside my mother because she was a good horse and she could teach me how to walk properly; I soon got used to pulling a carriage with another horse next to me.

'Work hard so you can be treated well,' she said to me. 'Some men are kind and know how to treat a horse, like our master; but other men are bad and cruel, and they are difficult to work for. And there are also foolish men; they don't know how to take care of a horse and they can be very dangerous... they can destroy a horse without knowing it! You never know who might buy you, but you must always try your best and keep your good name!'

