

The girl next door

Did you know that there is a new girl next door? Boy is she a beauty. It is a great treat to watch her. Actually, she's only a few weeks old. She has beautiful chestnut colored hair all over. Her legs are shapely and long. I have failed to mention her head and face with a nice white blaze like her mother's. You have probably guessed that she is a filly. It is not often that a person has the opportunity to listen to the equine discussions of such a mother and daughter. The reader can only hope that this report is accurately recorded. Here is what was heard.

The beautiful and frisky young daughter said "Mabel, I'm trying to eat this green stuff you eat by I do not like it. Besides, those black and white creatures that are here in my pasture nuzzle me and are a nuisance!"

Mother, the mare, feels she must respond or lose all authority. She replied, "Young daughter, you must be tolerant of others in this big world, even the dairy calves that share our pasture. Furthermore, you are rude to call me by the name our owner has given me. You stick to "mother" until you are more grown up." She continued " It now appears that your name will be Misty and you have a lot to learn." Just follow close to me, eat what I do and what is provided for you." Some day you will grow large like me and produce grandchildren for me - or is it grand horses?" Misty dashed a little way away, swished that fly swatter back there in defiance and looked forward to a long life. All hope that it will be Misty's gift from nature.



"My young daughter, you are much too bold." I'll bet you do not even know the names of the family who we will serve for the rest of our lives!"

Misty replied: "I sure do. The father and mother are Ernie and Emma. The youngsters are Margaret, Eli and Albert." They sometimes take us in at night and I'm happy when they bring us more to eat." "I do not know just where Skip comes into our lives. I guess he just watches me grow."

Skip Barshied, Stone Arabia, June 15, 2015