

# Avalon

Hello, my name is Avalon, and this is my story. My parents were wild Arabian horses, so I am also Arabian. I was taken into the ranch one day when some people found me out in the woods alone. That was when I was a foal. I was very lonely after I came to the ranch. The trainers at the ranch have tried to break me, which means to tame me. But I am still a wild horse at heart.

My friendship with India started one night, when the moon was out and I was alone in the paddock. I saw a girl walking briskly towards me. When she reached the paddock fence, she left an apple on a fence post. She waved to me, then walked away.

The next night, she did the same thing, which left me to wonder what she was trying to do. I was even more baffled when, the next morning, she came out to the pasture and took out a bay horse, and rode away on it. After she was finished riding the horse, and the horse was back in the pasture, I galloped over to it and asked the bay, "Who is that girl?"

The bay replied, "Her name is India."

"OK, what's your name?" I asked.

"Cocoa," the bay whinnied.

Before I could ask to be friends, a trainer came and grabbed me. He put me in my paddock. He had a saddle in his hand. He tried to put it on me. I reared up, and the saddle fell off my back. The trainer decided I wasn't worth all the work.

The next night, I saw India again. But, instead of her leaving an apple on a fencepost, she jumped over the fence and fed a sugar cube to me by hand.

"You are a beautiful horse, Avalon," India said, as she stroked my chestnut mane.

Over the next few weeks, India would come with a sugar cube or an apple to feed to me. Then she would stroke my mane and talk to me softly. But I still would not let the trainers put the saddle on me.

One day, a few weeks later, India went on a ride with Cocoa. Since my paddock is farther from the other paddocks, I saw India try to jump Cocoa over a log. India fell off, and Cocoa ran into the woods.

"India!" I whinnied, even though I knew she couldn't understand me. I ran across the paddock faster than I had ever ran. With one bounding leap, I cleared the fence. I ran over to the spot where India lay. I knelt down and India crawled onto my back, and I took off toward the ranch. I saw a lady dressed in pink come out of the ranch door.

“My baby!” she cried.

“Mom!” India said weakly.

“Are you OK?” India’s mom asked.

“I’ve just got a sprained ankle. I’ll be fine, thanks to Avalon.”

I saw someone who looked like India’s dad come out of the ranch, too.

“Looks like you broke Avalon, Indie,” he said.

## Epilogue

After that day, I could be ridden, but I still prefer to be ridden bareback. Soon, I became a training horse for the inexperienced riders that came to the ranch. I became the horse India rode often, and she trusts me to not throw her.