

THE HORSE SHOW

SILVER AND SHOW

By Meg Van De Weghe

Prologue

Lizzie was a quiet young girl who lived in the big city of Manhattan. When she turned twelve, her family moved to Oregon. As you might expect, Lizzie, as a quiet girl, didn't mind letting go. What she would miss was the city: the cars, the tourists, the tall buildings as far as the eye could see. She would miss that, she wasn't crazy, and her twenty eight year old brother Max. Just as they turned onto the road leading to her new home in Oregon she saw her dreams ahead, or maybe a nightmare?

Chapter I

I never liked to talk to people. I guess you could call it a phobia of human contact. Probably because I only had a fish for a pet, an older brother, who moved out eight years ago, and my mom and dad.

I never had a problem with letting go. I had no problem saying "see you later" to pacifiers, or my crib. I never had a crying meltdown when our Betta fish "Halo" died, or about our long dead rainbow tetras, who died within a month of each other. My quiet lifestyle closed in when Pablo, my uncle's dog died a few years ago. I'm not sure why I can, but I can see him clearly in my mind. He was this huge Bernese mountain bulldog, German shepherd cross breed with these huge brown eyes. My Uncle Nate rescued him a few weeks after my birth.

Now that I'm twelve, it's been three years since he died. I guess I should be over it by now right? The problem is, I keep thinking I am, but I'm really not.

I still wonder why I was so attached. Maybe it's because he was the closest I had to a horse.

I love horses. I have a journal of my dream horse. He or she will be a not white, not black, not palomino, and not brown, but grey. I know, who would want a plane gery horse? I do!

The reason is, I have so many good name ideas. It takes up half my journal!

So right now my Dad is driving the first car with my whole room in it, and my Mom is driving the van with her pictures... and makeup. I think she has way too much. We also have a moving van coming at six! So that brings me here. Crammed in, horse stuffed animals crowding in, Cheetos in my hands, and a DVD player in front of me with Free Ring on.

It was a super long ride, so my parents bought me a new horse movie at every hotel. At the end of the sixth movie *today*, my Dad said to just look out the window for the next hour because we were almost home. "Just look at the Idaho-Oregon border. Soon we'll live in a place something like this." When I looked out the window, I saw something that I couldn't believe.

"Oh, well hello," I said snapping a quick shot with my phone.

Chapter II

"Yeah, I know what you thinkin'," my dad said.

"*When* can I *go*?"

"It said Friday to Sunday, so Friday."

"Yes!"

"Lizzy, it's Tuesday."

Dad was right about it not being too long of a ride. I listened to music and played with the sean select. It took about ten minutes to get to the house. When we arrived, Mom was two minutes behind us.

“It’s four-thirty right now. Should we make dinner?” My mom said. It is our normal time to be eating. Plus if we eat now we’ll have about an hour to set up what we have.”

“If we eat now we won’t be able to set the table! The island for that matter. We’d be eating standing up outside!” My dad said jokingly. Mom said my dad had done that when they dated.

When we got in our house, all I saw was a sign with my name on it, and a unicorn under it. “Woah, is this my room, or am I in the little one over *there*?” I pointed to the room with a crib. “We can’t wait to raise our first born son here. And no you wouldn’t fit in that thing.”

If you were wondering, my brother was an adopted child. My parents wanted me to have a sibling by blood. “Lizz set the table please. Fork on the right, spoon on the left.”

“Ok, ok Mom,” I said. Sometimes my mom is just weird. “I’ll remember, but we only ever do this when we have company coming by, *ever*.”

“*Correct*, but I think we should look good if the truck gets here early.”

“He drives a truck for other people, and clearly is underpaid. *Takeout* would impress him!”

“Oh Lizzy, just do it!”

“Ok ok ok, I’m going!”

Chapter III

When we were done with our dinner we went to the window and waited.

Mom turned on some music. Somehow our favorite song came on. We both started dancing to the music. Our favorite song is New Rules, by Dua Lipa. After we listened to about ten songs my dad was sick of it, so he went outside.

“Hey, the truck is here,” Dad said. “Everyone needs help with unloading.”

We went outside, and the driver came to me, handed me a lamp and said, “Horse show tomorrow. Might wanna git up early.”

It took an hour and a half to get all the stuff inside, then it was eight thirty, my bedtime.

I went to bed, and my parents made their rooms better. I was so excited for tomorrow. I would get my room to standards, and then build a stable! Even though I never remember my dreams, I know what I dreamed about: riding my horse through the field.

Chapter IV

When I woke up this morning I saw it was still dark out. Four AM read my clock. “Geaz how am I up this early? I always sleep in!” I asked myself. In seconds I slapped my hand over my mouth. I gulped hoping nobody heard that.

To get ready I got in the shower, got dressed, combed my hair, ate without my parents, (bad idea) brushed my teeth, and looked over my journal.

By the time I was done, I was ready to go.

“Oh my god!” my mom gasped.

“What is it mom?”

“I’m used to waking you up. Not you being up already!”

“Can you blame me?”

“No. I-”

“I made you *pancakes*.” I said.

“Umm, whatever I was saying never mind it!”

My mom has this crazy obsession with pancakes. I'm glad I got the pancake thing from dad. Where I only like fresh ones. I've never been so happy, my mother devoured those pancakes. I think I saw her as a wolf for a split second. Now I know why people say wolfing down your food, because they turn into wolves!

After my dad got up, and my parents were done, I went outside to make the barn with Dad. Dad chopped down a few trees for building a small stall in the premade clovering. I bought horse tack, earmuffs, I bought boots, blankets, and one rider competition outfit as Dad cut the wood. I can't help with that yet.

All I needed was my horse and some feed. I knew I could find my dream horse, no matter how long it takes.

Chapter V

After lunch I ran out into the car. "Come on, let's go!" I called. It was Friday, and I had bounced off the walls all day.

On the drive, I looked at my notes. All my improved handwriting, the beautiful drawings, all the facts. Not trying to brag, but I might know more about the Lusitano, than anyone in the world! At least in Manhattan. Back in Manhattan, I posted at least one new fact about Lusitanos on my locker. I had spent my allowances on sticky notes. Sticky notes! And horse saving. One fact per week, and when I saw someone looking confused, that's when I felt like the smartest kid ever. I even fooled a teacher on a fact. I don't know how they got the job.

My teacher, Mr. Beath said he never knew horses and ponies liked the snow, and that it was good for their hooves, and legs, quote unquote.

I felt like crying, but it came out as laughter. “What’s so funny?” my mom asked, turning around in her seat.

“Nothing.” I answered.

She shrugged, and laughed herself. “What?” I grumbled.

“Same answer.” I don’t know what I asked for. I knew why she was laughing. She thought I missed someone. I didn’t have any friends. Mom don’t rub it in!

When we got to the show, I was over the moon. When I stepped inside, it took five minutes of walking before I found my horse.

“How much for the horse?” I blurted. The man spun around surprised.

“How much you got?”

I took out my money.

“My asking price is five thousand. She was bred, so she could foal any day now. Do you have enough?”

“I-”

My mom pulled me aside. “That is all the money you have ever earned. I think you should drop out. If-”

“No mom, thanks for the advice.” I faced the man. The horse was looking at me like she was begging me, “Please buy me. I need to get away from this psycho person!”

I took a breath. “Yes sir, I have your money. Now gimme umm please.” The man looked at the money, counted it, then looked back at me.

I looked at him. “Something isn’t right with him.” I thought.

Chapter VI

“Thank you.” I said as I reached for the horse. “Your loss kid,” he growled. “She was supposed to be a racer. Just couldn’t make it.”

“Oh what do you know about what I want in a horse.”

“What’re you-”

“Just trust her on this.” My mom said slowly, and was threatening.

“Ok...”

When the man left my horse neighed loudly like she was laughing, I smiled hugging her like I was about to strangle her.

“So, what’s her name...”

“Please mom, I’ve been thinking about this since I was eight. I know her name. I had four in mind, but gender wise, that leaves two, and the name I had in mind doesn’t really fit, so Silver is her name. Old fashion yes, but a good classic.”

Silver snorted at my parents, I smiled. “She really is just like you.” my dad said.

“Yup, just how I imagined her. I will say that I didn’t imagine her to be pregnant.”

“Nobody did!” my parents said in chorus.

“Oh, well then.”

Silver neighed. “Someone wants to go home.” I said, “Ok, time to go then, Lizzie.”

Mom added, “Open the hatch, and come get me when you’re done please.”

“Ok Mrs. Horse Whisperer!” Dad laughed.

When my parents left, I looked at my horse and said, “Was that a bad man?” Silver snorted. I assumed that meant yes.

I looked behind me. He had another horse with him. He was a small stallion who had something on his head to his back. It held his head up. I looked at Silver. I spun around, and pried the thing off. “Stiff leather. It was holding your head up.” I’ll get him back. I thought.

“Lizzy come on!” my dad said.

Chapter VII

On the ride home Silver whinnied on every bump. “Woah girl, easy,” I could hear my father, who was riding with her say.

I looked out the window, all this time I never thought I would find myself up past nine o'clock, and riding in a ram truck in the Oregon countryside. The one thing that never quite registered in my head was that I owned a horse. I mean, I always thought it was going to be something you say you're going to do, but it turned into this forgotten kid's dream. I looked out the rear view window, to look at the long white box we were trailing behind us. It made me smile to know a horse was behind me.

When we pulled up into our bumpy driveway, I could hear my dad pull on something in the trailer. When we got out I asked him when he was readying a bed for Silver.

“When we hit the first bump, all she did was neigh, but when we hit the first pothole you know what she did? She reared! Right above me! If you heard me pulling on the mirror, to keep from killing myself, then now you know what it was now. Anyways, I grab the mirror, and pull up. I have my cloth on hand so I try to use that to calm her, then I have to sit on her back to calm her down. Unlike most horses she can't be calmed by the cloth. If you were looking for a flaw, you got it. Now bring her in, let's see if she makes it through the night.”

I stood motionless. “Ok.” I said finally. “what's that supposed to mean.”

I was asleep in my room, when I heard my Mom thundering into my room. “Lizzy, Lizzy, come on you have to see Silver! Hurry, hurry!”

“Mom what’s w-” Just then before I can finish, Silver sent out an ear shattering cry.

Chapter VIII

I didn’t bat an eye at my coat, I could tell my horse was in pain by the way she had a slight break in her call. “Mom what’s going on? Is Silver going to make it through the night?”

I look back at her, loud thunder crashes. “Ask your father.” she said.

When I get in the barn my brother is there. “You’re too late,” he said. “He came.”

“Who is here, what is happening, is Silver even alive?”

“Come look,” my father said. I peered down into Silver’s stall. A black foal was standing next to her younger brother, who looked just like Silver, but much smaller, and scrawnier.

“Twins!” my dad said.

“Wow.”

“Yeah, what’s their name?”

“...”

Everyone laughed.

When I looked at the black horse I knew her name. “The black one is Black Frost. Frostie for short. And the grey is the simplest thing. Smoke. If Silver was a stallion, that would have been her name.”

“Well, looks like you have a long life ahead of you here Lizz. Training horses should take about two years, if you consider selling...”

“No!” I cried. The colts were nursing, and as for my mare. She was calmer than any horse in the world.

Silver was VERY protective in the next month. When we weaned the foals she snapped at my dad. “Just about bit my hand off!” he said at dinner. “Oh that horse, she was just about to do what a wild one would. She was pushin’, and kicken’ at her own kin. I hate it when them wild mustangs do that to em.

Chapter IX

The next six months were a blur. We had just gotten a new horse for my dad named Blaze, because of his bright reddish color, sorrel. I was not only training the foals with my mom, but I was training Silver to be a dressage horse. The art of jumping, trotting, and all around show!

We all got into the truck, and Silver rode with Mom in the back. On the way there a car passed by with no license plate. “That’s weird,” I said. “that car doesn't have any plates. They’re covered, and look fake.” Dad looked out his mirror. “Odd as it is, don’t let it bother you. Silver is going to do great.” he said, but I could see the worry in his eyes. I closed my eyes, and when I opened them, Silver was trotting over poles, poll work. Next we had to jump high into the air, and then thrust her hind legs into the air. As she started to come down I saw the man who I had gotten Silver from, and he had a gun! I began to worry, but just as I was headed for the jump he opened fire! “Stop him!” I shouted. My dad riding Blaze began to charge at the man shooting at the arena.

I felt Silver’s muscles tighten. She dodged a bullet. She neighed to Blaze just after the man aimed, and shot at my dad. My father tumbled out of the saddle, a police officer was after

him. He leapt from the neer stands onto Blaze. The man was at fire again, this time I could see his target. Me!

Chapter IX

I knew what I had to do. I charged at the man, from his neer side, and Silver was mad. She thunderd at him, when we got near him he opened fire once more, but Silver, swift as she was moved out of the way. I tried to stop her, but she was angry, she began pumaling the man with her hooves. She threw me to the stands, as the dull pounding of hooves cleared out the stadium.

“Call off your horse!” the police officer yelled.

“It’s not me doing it! I bought this horse from this idiot, and it’s apparently payback time!” I yelled half laughing.

As the police officer shoved Silver away the man was shockingly still alive. As I inspected Silver for wounds, M. Simson the police officer told me about the man.

“He had been selling horses, after treating them badly for years! Your horse was pregnant, others simply wounded. This girl’s really smart, she knew not to kill him, but he’s sure bleeding. Ha. Also, your father will live, so you can live life as it was. Although I would like to see her blood. I’d like to get some of her family in the police force.”

“Well she just gave birth six months ago. In a year, I could breed her to a horse already on your team.”

“Ok deal. I’ll make sure to pay you well. Anyway, you better run home now. I hear there’s a school you can go to. You’ll be able to meet my daughter, Amy. She’ll like you. Thanks again Lizzy! We owe you!”

“More like you owe my horse.” I laughed as the woman walked away.

Silver nuzzled my neck. I tensed spinning around. “Oh you!” I said grabbing her head in a hug.

Chapter X

It’s spring again, and the man was sent to prison for life. He was not only an animal abusing person, but he was an escaped murderer, and skips town within a month of his arrival.

Silver just had Milly Simson the police officer's horse, but she had three foals! Enough for me, Mom, and her. The police officer’s horse is a stallion called Windy, Mom’s is a mare Watch Eye, and mine, a stallion, Blue Dreams. Watch Eye has white eyes. Blue Dreams has blue eyes, and has dapples. A mirror of her mother, and a little more. Windy is one color, but has slight pale dapples on his body. We have started racing Smoke, and he is amazing at it. That man didn’t know how good the right stallion could be. Thankfully I had a lot of horses, and now a lot of friends.

“Lizzy hurry! The bell is about to ring, we’ll be late!” Ruby, one of my six new friends yelled running out of the soccer field. “Coming!” I shouted back. I thundered out the door of the school, home to Silver, Blaze, and all the foals.