A Bad Horse

We got this wild horse from the BLM in 1993 when Jeannette lived with us.

Jeannette named her Maria.

She was a smallish, seven year old mare. Too old to adopt but we had a poor number in the lottery, so we adopted her anyway.

The other horse we adopted that day was my Gruella. He was a stallion and five at the time. He fathered two horses for us, Hawk and Silver.

The Gruella has been a great horse.

Maria had problems. Perhaps from being pushed around because of her small size.

I worked hard with her but even after two years she was prone to unexpected blowups.

At the time of this story, I had her tied in a pen within the old garden.

One day as I walked behind her she kicked at me with both back legs.

It was a high, two legged, skull smashing kick.

I had noticed her winding up and I moved quick.

Even so, I felt the wind from her hooves as she took my hat off.

I killed her where she stood.

I suppose she had a rough life but bad behavior is bad behavior.

I dug a hole next to her and slid her in.

Nearly twenty years later I pastured some hogs in that old garden.

They found her bone pile and dug them up.

I bury good horses a lot deeper, so they can rest in peace.