

A Bad Horse

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

Jeannette is Venezuelan. She named her Maria.

Maria 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.

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.

We were within a fenced area that had been a garden years before.

I suppose she had a rough life but bad behavior in a horse is dangerous. Lots of kids visit our farm. Given a chance, she would have killed one.

I killed her where she stood. It was an instant death.

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.

Tom





No matter what, she never calmed.



With the Gruella when we first adopted them.