

Maria was 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 was a great horse.
Maria had problems.



Perhaps she was pushed around because of her small size.
I worked hard with her.
But even after two years of patient training, she was prone to unexpected blowups.
One day as I walked behind her, she kicked at me with both hind legs.
It was a high, two-legged, skull smashing kick.
I had noticed her winding up to kick. It was not my first rodeo. 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.
Maybe 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 slew her where she stood.
She had an instant death.
I dug a hole next to her carcass and slid her in.
Twenty years later, I pastured some hogs in that old garden.
The hogs found her bone pile and dug them up.
I bury good horses a lot deeper, so they can rest in peace. Tom.