

Sunday Excitement.

(subtitle, A three Mustang Runaway.)

This is Ella's story. I am just setting in a short prologue.

Granddaughter Ella and her Dad, Timothy came to visit last Saturday and stayed overnight. Many of you know Ella. She is twelve, going on twenty-five. She and her folks live in Chaska but she is a farm girl. She has spent a lot of time with us on the farm since babyhood. In fact, it is her plan to run the farm eventually.

Ella's story is self-explanatory. I will let you get to that in a minute.

Ella and my eldest daughter, Shannon, are good friends. Both are fluent in Spanish and have many other shared traits. Shannon lives in Florida. Shannon is in her 50's.

Many of you know Shannon. She comes home frequently and is here for all the Farm Days, as is Ella.

Sunday evening, when Ella got home, she received an emessage from Shannon asking about her day.

The "story" is Ella's response to Shannon.

From Ella to Shannon:

*"This is todays story: Dad and I went to the farm this weekend and Dad wanted to learn how to harness the horses. Grandpa was going to have him harness Blue or Hombre because they have a lot of experience. I then gave the suggestion to use Amigo instead because he needs to learn how to pull. We got Amigo harnessed and Grandpa walks him around with the harness on in the round pen and everything's good. We added the dog sled to see how he did and everything was still going great, then we decided to put him on the bobsled with Blue and Hombre. We did this so that even if Grandpa lost control of Amigo, he would still have control of two other horses and they would know what to do. We finally get them all harnessed and set up and they're doing pretty good but Blue starts slipping on the ice. We put some hay down so that they wouldn't slip. Our plan was for me to sit on the wagon and Dad and Grandma to push the wagon and then for Dad to jump on and be available to grab the check lines. At this point we had a little dilemma because Grandpa knows he shouldn't give them too much slack but because they were on ice, he needed to give them enough slack to get some momentum. We push and Grandpa gives the horses a hard tap with the reins a few times to get them going and they take off. I am the only one on the bobsled with Grandpa. Earlier he told me if anything went wrong to jump. At first, I thought they were just going a little bit fast on the ice to get away from it but I soon realized it was a runaway. I jumped off and before I could look up Grandpa had driven the horses into a snowbank and Blue is on his side and the bobsled with the three horses is at a 45-degree angle on a snowbank. You would think that would stop them but it didn't... They manage to get out of the snowbank and they keep running so Grandpa steers them straight into the haybales. They stopped and we calm them down and we get the runner back where it's supposed to be because in the process of stopping them the runner managed to get stuck upside down in a haybale. We had to use the tractor to lift the sled. Then of course we proceed to try again. This time we made sure that Dad is on the wagon to get the horses check lines tight. Because we were in a snowbank, they needed to be able to start fast so they could get some momentum otherwise they wouldn't have been able to get out. They start running again and me and Grandma are standing on a snowbank. I say there they go again because that's exactly what they did the first time and now they are weaving through the tractor sheds. We talked to Grandpa after and he wouldn't take any horses through there even if they were 100% calm. So, at this point they take a sharp left and we can't see them behind the shed but I see a glimpse of them through a crack in the shed and then everything gets silent. So, I'm thinking to myself this is either good because they stopped or this is really really bad. I go and see and they got the horses to stop because Dad managed to pull hard enough on all three check lines to stop them. The story doesn't end there. So, we unhook Hombre and I walk him*

*up a few feet and Amigo is in the middle and decides that he is going to follow Hombre but he is still attached to the front of the wagon. So, he tries to move forward but he can't and he starting to panic and buck a little bit and he whipped his butt around. He is now facing the front of the wagon. At this point he has bumped Grandpa and made him slip on the ice. Grandpa is now underneath him. Hombre was also panicking so I let him go and made sure that Grandpa was okay. It was over all very good learning experience and nobody got hurt don't worry. How was your day?"*

Best regards. Tom

