

# Amber's Pony Tales

## Prologue

I've taught so many children to ride. So many, I've lost count. I don't know whether it's an honour or a curse to be trusted with these little people; to be their first experience of climbing on board a living creature and learning how to become one with it.

I've heard from some horses how they've experienced riders who are so attuned to their mount, they feel like they're breathing at the same time; communication feels like mind reading and they forget that the rider is another body, another soul. They are one.

I haven't experienced this. I know that the little people often enjoy me. I feel their hands patting me, their excitement travelling through the reins. I have arms wrapped around my neck, kisses planted on my nose...but I also feel the jabbing toes and heels, snatching hands and unbalanced bodies. I tolerate them all. I think, *they'll learn. They'll get better.* And they do. But as soon as they do, they leave me. On to the next pony – a better pony. Those ponies get riders with soft hands, light seats and quiet heels. Those ponies have ponies like me to thank.

I'm in a riding school now. Because I'm quiet and trustworthy, I get all the learners again, but... I wish for a rider of my own. One who understands me and appreciates me; that I can experience that special bond with. I know I'm not the greatest, that there are *better ponies*, but I'd love someone to love me...and keep me. Forever.

Pearl