

# The Second Best Pony

## Prologue

I'm an only child but I've never considered myself spoiled. I'm not the kind of person who'll throw a tantrum if I don't get my own way, I don't demand things and I don't give up easily. Most of the time, at least. I'm not perfect. But when I think about how I behaved with Pearl last year, I could cringe.

She was my favourite riding school pony and I was so lucky when she became my own pony. But no sooner had I got her, I started to resent her when I compared her to the ponies of other girls I met. But Pearl reminded me that although she isn't the greatest, that there are *better* ponies, she's the one who always looks after me and never puts me in danger. I'd started looking at her qualities as faults, but now I realise it was other people making me do that. Or at least, one person in particular.

I don't understand people like her. People who are just outright mean and say things deliberately that they know will hurt. What makes them be like that? I should have been braver. I should have stuck up for myself and for Pearl but what could I have said to Elisha Templeton, the girl with the perfect ponies and winner of all she enters? People like her always win out against people like me: people too quiet, shy and polite to be nasty back.

But I will get her back. Some time, some way, I'll teach her what I've just learned; although someone, or *something* may *seem* inferior, it doesn't mean that they are. Like Pearl, I have my faults. I'm not talented at anything and people like Elisha scare me, but, like Pearl, I'll find a way to show my worth. One day Elisha will look at me and wonder. She'll wonder how she underestimated me.

The only problem is, how do I make it happen? I'm just me.

Amber