

Good Thinking

By Suzy Hopkins

It was a cold morning which always makes the horses rambunctious. I was working my mare Melody holding a long line in one hand connected to the ring beneath her chin on the halter having her walk, trot and canter on command with the aid of the taps of a long whip held in my other hand. She tired of obeying me and galloped joyfully towards the horizon with the rope still attached to her halter. Since it was impossible to run at her speed I fell in the dirt. I held onto the rope saying to myself *no letting go of the rope*. She dragged me several yards. My body weight had discouraged her from running away. It took calm good thinking to hang onto the rope without any assurance she would stop before she dragged me ... to death.