

Horse Diaries 16 Diamond

Northern Kentucky, Spring, 2010

My first memories in life, were of my mother urging me to stand up. *Come on little one.* She urged. I tried to stand, but fell right away on to the straw that carpeted the stall we were in. I tried again, making sure to straighten out all of my legs. Once I had achieved standing, I gave a long triumphant whinny. *Hush little one.* My mother urged. *There are others trying to sleep.* I made no more noise, but shakily walked to her and nosed my way along her side until I found where I was to nurse. When I had had my fill, I collapsed on the straw and slept.

The next morning, I awoke to nickers and whinnies. *Mamma, what going on?* I asked. *It's time for us to get fed.* She answered, as she maneuvered so that I could have my breakfast. When I was finished, I went over to our stall door, and looked out. There were many other horses in the stable, some with foals! Then a creature came to our stall with a bucket. It was very funny looking. It stood on two feet instead of four.

"Rose Briar!" it exclaimed, "You had your foal! Melinda! Taylor! Girls! Come quick! Rose Briar had her foal!"

A bunch of other creatures ran up to our stall and peeked inside.

Mamma! I said. *Who are these creatures? What are they doing here?*

They are the humans. She answered. *They feed us, and groom us, and take care of us.*

The human came into our stall and hung the bucket on a hook that protruded from the wall. As Mamma ate, I peeked into the next stall over. Each of the stalls had a sort of window into the next stall, so that the horses could talk to each other. A little black filly poked her head through the gap. *Hi! I'm Buddy!* She said, very friendly like. *What's your name?*

I don't know, I said truthfully.

Oh, that's okay. She answered. *Do you know what breed you are? I'm a Lipizzaner.* I wasn't sure how to answer. *I don't know.* I answered truthfully. *I was just born last night.* Buddy looked confused for a moment, then said. *Oh. No wonder you looked different.* Just then, her mother called to her, and Buddy scampered back to her. The creatures that mamma called humans were still looking at me.

"What should we call her?" One asked.

"Ding dong. It's a boy! And I'm going to call him Diamond." Another said.

One of the taller ones peeked in. "His sire and dam should be proud. He's very handsome, and he should do fine at the shows."

Diamond! Diamond! I had a name at last! *Buddy! Buddy!* I called urgently. *I have a name! Diamond!* Buddy stuck her tiny little muzzle back into my stall. *How wonderful!* She exclaimed. *It's not a normal name for a colt, but Buddy isn't a normal name for a filly, either.* Then she went back to her own stall again.

Later that day, the humans came in to our stalls and put halters on us. Actually, they put one on my dam, and I followed along. We were led into the biggest pasture in the world. It had crisp, clean white fencing, and lush green grass. A bubbling creek flowed through the center, supplying fresh water for us. As soon as they put me and mamma in, I raced around in circles around her, spraying dew all the while. Buddy trotted up to me. *You have stockings!* She exclaimed! For the first time I looked down at my legs and noticed the white markings on my legs. *The look so cute on you!* She said, and then seeming to turn pink in her tiny face, she raced across the pasture to some other fillies. *She likes you.* My mamma said, as she leaned in close to nuzzle my neck. *Mamma,* I asked, *May I go and see some of the other fillies and*

colts? As I she nibbles at my withers. *Of course*, She said, smiling as I galloped over to meet the other foals.

Meeting the Others

As I galloped over to see the other foals, one looked my way. *Hey look!* An appaloosa filly shouted, *It must be Rose Briar's foal, she looks just like her mother!* The other foals laughed. I realized they knew I was a colt, and they were teasing me. I also noticed they had Buddy backed into a corner of the fence. While the other yearlings that I thought were foals were distracted by me, she tried to scamper away, but a bright bay filly stopped her from going anywhere. I liked Buddy, and I wasn't about to let any other foals push her around. I stormed towards them, getting more and more angry with every step I took. *Leave her alone!* I whined, shrilly. *Hmm.* Said a pinto filly, *That's a hard one. No!* Now I was really angry. *Then I'll make you!* I Neighed. *Oh yeah?* Asked the bright bay filly, *and you're in what army?* I suddenly realized it was one against three, I didn't stand a chance. *He's in mine!* I heard a shout from a bright bay colt, as he charged towards us. Buddy gave a triumphant whinny of happiness, as the colt skidded to a stop. *Not now, Sparks,* said the bright bay filly. The colt named Sparks snorted, *I'll tell mom, and she wouldn't be happy. I'll bet she'll tell Tinkerbelle!* At this the bright bay filly suddenly seemed scared. Her eyes rolled white and she half reared. *Don't let two little colts beat you up, Lily.* Called the Appaloosa. *Yeah,* Agreed the pinto, *He's so itty bitty. Shut up.* Said Lily. She seemed very irritated now. *Besides, it's still two against three.*

And there's no one left to save you. Sneered the Appaloosa. Suddenly there was a thundering of hooves. *Leave them alone!* Shouted the tiniest black Appaloosa filly. The other Appaloosa suddenly looked peeved, but said *Lily, let Buddy be. We have better things to do than this.* And with that, the yearlings left. *Sorry about that.* Confessed the black Appaloosa filly. *My sister can be pretty mean. We just have to watch our backs. I'm Dreamer, by the way.*

I'm Diamond. I answered, slightly shy. *And I'm Sparks. The bravest colt ever.* The bright bay colt said, puffing out his chest. *It was all my fault that we got into this mess.* Buddy confessed. *I was just going to go tell the yearlings that Rose Briar had her colt last night and that his name was Buddy. But they cornered me and decided to make fun of you since your name is Diamond and you are a colt. That's one of the reasons that they pick on me. Because my name is Buddy and I'm a filly. I guess it's not your usual filly's name.*