

## **ADVENTURES OF WILFRED'S FIRST DAY**

Wilfred rose to his wobbly legs as the golden sun was just starting to rise over the 50 acre farm where he was born. His mother was a big, solid Standardbred mare with a good racing record.

Wilfred stepped closer to his mother as a collie came bounding into the pasture to greet them. Wilfred wasn't sure what to do so he just watched curiously then soon it came up to him and they touched noses.

Wilfred and his mother had a nice pasture with green grass, dotted with daisies and a beautiful white fence bordered around it. A small creek with clear, cold water was running through the one corner of it. There were a few young maple trees along the one edge that they could go to on hot days for some shade.

When the sun was about half way over the farm, Wilfred and his mother went to the grove of maple trees. It felt so cool there as he was lying down swishing his tail at pesky flies. There was no better place for them on a sunny day like this.

The following evening, Paul Nixon, owner of Shady Lane Stables, opened the gate of the pasture then slipped a halter on the mare's head and lead her to the barn with Wilfred following.

Not being in the barn before, Wilfred stopped and looked at the strange building, then after a while he galloped with his long legs to his mother, and stopped short again, staring at the barn for a few seconds. After a few minutes he finally walked in behind his mother when Paul put them into a box stall with clean shavings on the floor.

Paul gave the Standardbreds fresh water and refilled each stall's hayrack with sweet smelling hay. After that the floor was swept and the harnesses were on hooks all in a row along the wall. Everything was done and Paul went in for his supper.

In the stall where Wilfred was, he was safe and sound beside his mother then lay down to sleep for the first time in his life.

*Written by Andrew Kuepfer from Elmwood, ON*