

STAR

It was a warm summer morning when my dad told me the news. A new standardbred horse had been born! I grabbed my shoes and ran to the barn right away. I forced open the barn door and there laying in front of me was the little foal. He had chestnut hair and layed close to his mother. I stood close enough to be able to smell his breath, but far enough so that I didn't scare him. I watched him for at least 30 minutes. He tried to stand and walk many times but failed. When he finally did it I ran to the house.

"Dad, dad the horse walked" I said. "What are we gonna name it?" "I'm not sure. Why don't you decide" he replied. Because there are so many horses on our farm, usually we sell them to other riders so they get to name them. But this horse was special. I spent the next hour trying to pick the perfect name... and then it hit me. Last month dad said the next foal that was born could be mine! That's why he let me name it. This horse is mine. I get to go to competitions with him. We were gonna become stars. As soon as these thoughts came flooding in the name seemed clear . . . Star.

Two years after Star was born was our first race. I got dressed then groomed Star. I got in the cart and the truck began to move. "Come on Star, you can do it" I said. First we were fourth, then third, then second. By the time the race was done we were first! He did it. Not me. Just him. At that moment we were inseparable. He really was a star!

After that winning came easy. We had the confidence and Star had the speed. First it was one race, then two, then three. Medal after medal. Ribbon after ribbon. Soon all of Canada knew who Star was. He was the best horse ever. He was my best friend and no one could ever replace him ... EVER.

Today is Star's birthday. It's been six years since our first race. He's been stealing the hearts of millions. He's an idol to other racers and horses. He is one of the best race horses ever. As I walked into the barn to see him I remember the same little chestnut brown foal I saw that summer morning. He could hardly stand and didn't want to leave his mother's side. Now look at him. He won hundreds of medals and ribbons. He's one of the fastest horses ever and will never be forgotten. I love him with all my heart and he loves me. I will always remember him. My little Star.

Written by Allie Kucman from Fort Erie, ON