

My First Show

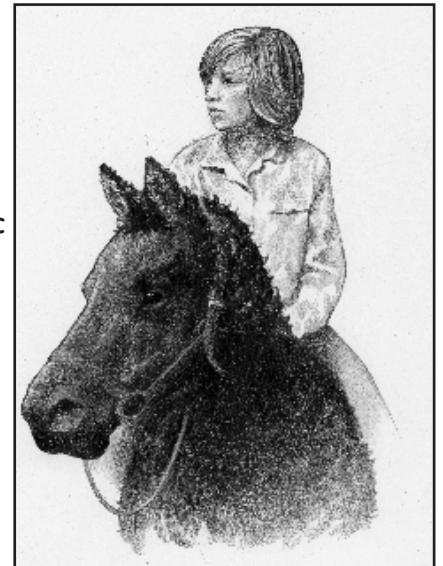
I can remember my first show like it was yesterday (even though it was a long time ago now!). I was eleven and I'm not sure how old my pony, Honey, was. She'd been turned out for sometime when I began riding her. No one really had time for her any more and the people who owned her didn't do anything with her. I thought she was beautiful the first day I set eyes on her, at the end of a huge paddock, and they watched in disbelief, when I walked up to her and caught her without a problem. This was to be the start of two happy years and I spent every spare moment in her company, hacking out and teaching her to jump. Eventually, I entered her in 'our first' show and we started getting ready for the big day...

OMG! The bell rang and you can imagine my butterflies as we cantered into the ring. We saluted the judge, and cantered up to the first jump (hay bales with poles on top). We were about to take flight over the jump when Honey baulked and we came to a very sudden stop! Her neck dropped away from in front of me and I nearly flew off but somehow I managed to stay on. Honey acted as though nothing had happened, pulled out a mouthful of hay from the jump's fill, and chomped away happily...

The rest of the round was a bit shaky, and we didn't get placed. I wasn't too upset as it was her first time out in the ring! I decided we'd do better in our second class, and I must have been more determined and ridden more confidently, as we sailed clear around the whole course! And better still we won!

I will never forget the faces of the people back at the farm when I showed them the red ribbon. They were so excited about Honey winning. I guess they never expected her to turn out to be my champion.

Trudy



An old drawing of me riding Honey

