

The Autobiography of a Horse

I was born in a stable a few years ago. I was able to walk just after my birth. My mother was very loving to me. She took great care of me.

As I grew up, I was allowed to move a few steps outside the stable. Slowly, these steps were allowed farther and farther from the stable. In this venture, my master, a large burly man, also helped me a lot.

My mother was taken out to graze. Then I was allowed to accompany her. I tried my best to keep close to her.

One day, I was sold to my present master. He yoked me to a Tonga after getting my hoofs nailed. He took me to several places. Then he started playing me regularly from his hometown to a town about right kilometers away.

Meanwhile, I had also grown old. My master, fed me for some months. He himself was unemployed and I also had no useful work to do. At last, I was used by him for riding purposes or for carrying some household goods from one place to another.

Now, just a few days ago. I was untied by my master and I'm wandering here and there in search of food as also in search of a new master, if any.