

The Horrible Summer Day

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this is a true story about me and my horse that died in 1999. it's sad, so don't read this if your emotional.

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Chapter 1 - The Horrible Summer Day

2

1 - The Horrible Summer Day

The Horrible Summer Day By: Lora Schoof This is not something I expect you to read or even relate to, but I just want you all to understand that this horse was more than a pet. She was my friend, and I hope you can understand how I felt when you read this.><*>< I woke up and looked out my window. As I looked, there she was, my black beauty Whisper. Beside her though was a new face. It was her six-month-old colt, Joker. We considered him a miracle to us. Just a last month we had lost a horse, and he was born just before it happened. My mother and father had bought her for me about nine months ago. Over the winter though, we all noticed that Whisper getting fatter and fatter. My mom first cut back her grain and then her hay, but she still got bigger. Finally, my mom just called the vet. She came out and said that Whisper was going to have a baby foal in the early spring, anywhere around the end of March. I was so happy that I could barley sleep. On April 1, 1999, it happened. My mom had came in and asked if I wanted to go see the new addition to our family. I jumped up, threw on some clothes and raced outside. I went into the barn, came to the stall and looked into it slowly. At first all I saw was Whisper standing, but as I looked closer I could see a dark brown foal lying down by her feet. I slowly entered the stall and pet Whisper gently. I knelt down and looked at Joker. He had a good built, with log legs and a fine head. Then, my mom came and said I need to get ready for school. When I got there, I told all my friends about Joker. It was all I could do to stop thinking about him and study. When I got home, I found my mom cleaning out the stall, so I fed whisper and brushed her again. My mom's old horse, Stormy, was being kept out back because of Joker. So after taking care of Stormy and Whisper, I got to see Joker again. About four days later, we let Stormy meet Joker. We brought her into the barn and put Joker out with whisper. While I held Stormy, my mom led Whisper and Joker down to the corral. I then brought Stormy down and let them meet each other. I started to laugh though, because Joker kept licking and chewing when Stormy got close. My mom told me that he was being submissive to her. About the second week of August, though, my life changed forever. One night, my mom and I went out to give Stormy some corncobs. We called and called, but she didn't come. I then asked my mom if she wanted a flashlight, but she just said to go get a bucket and put the cobs in her pasture. The next day, we didn't see her so Willie, my brother, and I went to check on her. We found her lying down in the shade. I walked up to her and then I saw it. Her leg was broken in two. It was twisted back and I could see the bone. I then turned around and ran to my mom. She said to calm down and tell her what happened. When I retold her, we ran to Stormy and took a better look at her. She then told me to get Willie and get some water and a towel. When we came back, Stormy was moving all around because the flies were driving her nuts. My mom then took the towel, got it soaking wet, and laid it over Stormy's broke leg. Then, we gave her some water and she just kept drinking and drinking until she had drank around ten gallons. That's when it happened. Stormy stood up and the towel fell off. I could see the pain in her eyes and her leg was only being held on by a flab of skin. My mom yelled and said to go into the house until she came and got me. I turned and ran into the house. I then called my dad to let him know what had happened. When I got done talking to him, I found Willie yelling and throwing thins all around the living. He kept saying that Stormy was gay and a stupid horse. My mom came in then and said, "lora, I got Stomry but I need your help to keep her down while I call the vet." I went outside and sat by Stormy while my mom called. The vet came out around 3:00 to put her down. My mom asked if I wanted to know if I was staying or going, but she already knew. While the vet got her things out, I sat down by Stormy and told her it was going to be okay and that she wasn't going to feel a thing. The vet gave her the shot and Stormy looked at me. Her big round black eyes had started to glaze over already. In her

eyes though was something I could never forget. Finally they closed and she took her last breath. I could feel the tears running down my face but I couldn't hear a thing. The only thing I knew was that Stormy was gone forever and that she was never coming back. I laid my head onto her neck and kept thinking about her being in a better place where she was young again and there was no pain.><*>< This was a true story that happened in 1999. Not every thing is the same, but it's as close as I can remember. Every year now in August, I go down to Stormy's grave in our front yard and talk to her and give her flowers. When I think of her, I can still see her standing up and her broken leg hanging. I can also see her eyes, so full of pain and sadness. This story was a hard thing for me to write, but I did it so I could never forget what had happened. Today, Whisper and Joker still live with me. Whisper is getting old, at 17, but her eson is still alive and well, at 5. We ride them still and we got a new horse to cover for Stormy (even though no horse can replace her).The End