

Chapter Three

The whole house was equipped with everything that was needed for people to live in it.

From furniture to cutlery and bedding to the big screen TV in the living room and expensive radio's in each of the bedrooms and in the kitchen the house had it all.

The only things that they'd had to bring with them were their personal possessions like books, toys, pictures and clothes.

"Wow, it's certainly a big house!" Jamie remarked.

"Yes it is quite large, but it's got that sort of friendly look to it," Jack answered.

"Come," said Vicky to Ace. "I'll show you your room."

They climbed up the stairs and then walked passed two rooms which were Roberts, then Jamie's and then finally got to Ace's which was opposite the large bathroom.

"Oh, neat!" Ace said as she stepped in. "This room is great!" She exclaimed.

The whole room had the same tan and brown pattern as the rest of the house and looked the same as her brother's and father's did except for one thing.

Around the top of the tan colored wall someone had painted little galloping brown horses.

"Wow, these are so cool!" Ace said grinning.

"I love them to," Vicky smiled. "My room also has horses except that they're in blue.

Suddenly a loud neigh split the air. Ace rushed to the window that looked out over a paddock that was about half the size of the six acre one back at the Michaels house.

"You left some of your horses here!" Ace exclaimed. "Whose are they?"

"Yours, as long as you're here." Vicky said grinning.

"Oh, wow. Thank you so much!" Ace said stepping forward to hug her friend.

"Aww, no problem." Vicky said. "The three horses we gave you will be better off here with you guys then they will with us where they weren't getting any exercise."

"Let's go quickly and see them!" Ace said grinning broadly.

The two girls raced down the stairs and out the front door.

Vicky lead the way around the back to where a paddock that was about two and a half acres in area stood with a stable that could hold five horses on the left side of it and a tack and feed room on the right.

There were three horses in the paddock and as the girls got closer two of them whinnied and walked over to meet them.

“Hey guys!” Ace called as she and Vicky reached the fence and stretched their hands out to them.

A big, strong looking horse came towards Ace and the other a more light and Arab like horse approached Vicky.

“Okay Vicky I can see that you are just dying to give me the horse facts!” Ace said with a grin.

“Yes I am!” Vicky said happily. “Okay, this one that’s with me is called Zorro; he’s a six year old, 15.7 hand, dappled grey Boerperd gelding. He’s young but very well trained and loyal. Then the one that’s with you is Braveheart; he is a 15.4 hand, nine year old, brown Boerperd gelding. He is really gentle and reliable; in fact I wouldn’t want to be on any other horse in the cause of an emergency.”

“What about that little chestnut that’s standing alone at the back of the paddock?” Ace asked curiously.

“Hmm,” Vicky pressed her lips together and then said. “Well, that horse is the only horse we have at the moment that is not a Boerperd. He doesn’t really have a name but we just call him Wild Thing.”

“Wild Thing?” Ace asked.

“Yeah, Wild Thing,” Vicky replied. “We call him that for two reasons. One: because he’s a Namibian Wild Horse and two: because he is a wild thing! No one can tame him at all! Just walk towards him with a halter and lead rein and he’ll charge you, then rear and scream. We’ve all kind of given up on him to be honest with you, so now if you want to take a shot at training him its fine - just be careful, he’s really dangerous!”

“I’ll try,” Ace said. “But do you know anything about him?” The light was fading fast and it was now almost dark.

Vicky replied slowly, “Yes, I know that he is a beast of a horse that has never been tamed!”

Ace looked up at the sky. The sun was now almost gone.

“We should be heading back inside,” She said to Vicky.

“Yeah,” the blonde haired girl turned her blue eyes back to the house.

“Oh!” Ace exclaimed. “I almost forgot! I need to know what, when and how to feed these horses.”

“Okay,” Vicky smiled. “Right in the feed room there’s this big feed container on the left side. It’s got three different compartments. The first is labeled ‘BRAN’ the second is ‘OATS’ and the third is ‘PONY NUTS’. Then on the right side there’s a scale and over ten bales of a meadow hay. Each of the horses hay nets and buckets which are labeled with their names are put next to the scale. Each horse needs to be fed one bucket of grain in the morning around 7:30 am and one at evening around 5:30 pm. Next to the scale on the wall is a chart of how many scoops of food each horse needs. Oh, and they each need three hay nets per day. One with breakfast in the stable, one

around 12:00 noon that can be hung on the hooks on the paddock fence and one with supper.”

“And where would I find their tack, grooming kits and other stuff?” Ace asked.

“In the tack room. There are racks where each of the horse’s saddles are perched and then the bridles are hanging above them. Hmm, and each of their grooming kits are in boxes that are put underneath the saddle racks. The grooming kits each contain a body brush, a dandy brush, a face brush, a mane comb, a tail comb, a hoof pick, a curry comb for the horse and the other curry comb for cleaning brushes. The horses also each have a washing kit. They are stored with the grooming kits and contain a water brush, shampoo, a sponge, a sweat scraper and they are kept in the buckets that you’d use for washing the horse.”

Vicky paused. “Um, let me think, oh! The horses each have three types of rugs which are hung on racks on the left side of the tack room. They each have a water proof rug, a fly sheet and a stable rug. They are all wearing their halters which are name tagged as you can see but the leading reins are hanging behind the bridles. And, oh yeah, the first aid kits are on the shelf.”

“Thanks so much,” Ace said. “That was a very detailed description you gave me.”

“Sure, my Dad likes me to explain stuff properly, come let’s go back inside,” Vicky replied.

So after they said good bye to Braveheart and Zorro they walked slowly back to the house where Jack was waiting to take Vicky home. They thanked them a thousand times over for their hospitality and Vicky and her father drove away.

“Well, I don’t know about you two but I’m bushed!” Robert said yawning.

“Yeah,” Jamie replied. “I think it’s time to hit the sack.” They locked up the house and the three exhausted people went up to their rooms.

“I’m not going to bother with a shower,” Ace said.

“Ace, that’s totally gross!” Jamie exclaimed.

“Well I don’t care!” She replied and headed off to bed.

As she entered her room she saw the five medium sized boxes on the floor.

Obviously her father and brother had been unpacking their truck with the help of Jack while she was chatting to Vicky.

Maybe she should start to get her room organized.

No, she thought as she looked at her little black wrist watch. *I’m going to bed.*

Ace thought that she might never get to sleep with all the excitement going on, but as soon as her head hit the pillow she was fast asleep.