

## The one who got away

And at that moment I knew exactly where I was...

In the summer of 1984 I was offered to Luke Ridge, I was only two at the time, but he had a lot of experience with horses. I heard him say I was a gorgeous horse. He looked smart he had a broad face, he was very short. But I didn't quite know if he was going to buy me.

One week later I saw the man again signing a form. Straight after he walked up to me with a baby pink head collar and a gold leading rope he came into my stable and hung the head collar over the stable door. He started talking to me with a soft, gentle voice. He murmured to me.

"Your name is Ivy, and you are going to be an amazing race horse".

I didn't believe him for a second but when he put the head collar on me I knew he would never lie to me, I knew he would never give up on me and I knew he would always put me first. Just from one minute of knowing him.

Four years later.

My adrenalin was pumping; my heart was racing as I got ready for the race of my life. I said to myself I have to win this for Luke, this is all he wanted from me. The whistle was blown and the stocks opened, all the other horses started galloping but Luke held me back for a second to see if I was really strong enough to catch up with them. I thought it was a senseless idea because I was never going to catch up with them.

So I started galloping down the course, I saw the rest of the horses in the corner of hazel eyes I thought I was going to win until there was a gun shot and all of the other horses got spooked and sprinted forward I caught up with them all and there was gun shot after gun shot and I just couldn't handle it any more so I bucked and Luke flew off and I cantered off the course.

One hour later.

I was lost in the forest I whinnied for help. I couldn't believe what I did, why did I buck why didn't I just keep going.

I had lost it all for Luke. And Luke had lost me.

one day later. I was still walking and I saw an oak tree which had fallen.

At that moment I knew exactly where I was...

