



My First Injury

Lacey W., Tennessee

Carelessly, I sauntered towards Captain Rhett Butler, my four-year old Quarter Pony gelding, on a beautiful day. The soft rays of the sun were just warm enough as I carefully tightened Rhett's cinch. We had bought him to train and pleasure ride, but all the success we had gained so far was a teeny bit of experience with longing in addition with him occasionally allowing me to ride him. Sighing, I stood as Rhett stomped nervously.

"Hey boy, please be good today," I said as my daddy gave me a leg up into the black and red saddle, which had once belonged to my mama and her pony, Beauty.

"C'mon, Cap'n Butler," Daddy urged, gently pulling on the gray lead rope. "You'd think he'd catch on by the fact that we spent thirty minutes longin' him," he sighed, shaking his head as he cautiously led Rhett in squares around the pasture.

Surprisingly, Rhett was being rather perfect. Too perfect.

"Hey Daddy," I asked.

"Yeah?"

"When we're finished, can we go to TSC* and get a new lead rope?"

"One more lap," my father replied. "Your ol' pony's doin' pretty good."

"I know," I answered proudly, reaching down and patting Rhett's sorrel shoulder and muttering, "The perfect pony."

As we neared the little red barn, I prepared to dismount. Suddenly, Rhett threw a tremendous buck. I had no earthly idea what was happening at that moment, but I clung tightly to the red horn and somehow managed to stay on. But as the gelding tossed another well-thrown buck, I went soaring through the air. In a vain attempt to grab the horn, I jutted out my right, stronger arm. But it was aimed in completely the wrong direction. Now, I had fallen off many times before, but this time shock paralyzed me as I plummeted the entire four feet to the ground.

I landed hard on the heel of my hand, and searing pain flooded my arm. Rhett's hooves were dangerously close to my weak body, so I stumbled towards Daddy's truck, screaming in pain. As quickly as he could, Daddy pulled the small saddle off Rhett's back and shooed him away. Rushing over to me, he transferred me to the cab of his silver truck, and we sped up the steep gravel driveway, bumpity-bump, to get my mama. She grabbed a book for me to steady my arm as we rushed to the Hendersonville ER.

Seemingly, it took forever to get into my room and have the X-rays taken. It was excruciatingly painful to twist my arm in the needed way, and it hurt so much I could hardly bear it. It turned out

that I had received a buckle fracture right above my wrist. For two weeks, I had a pink shoulder cast, which kept my elbow from straightening and prevented pain from said action. Now, I have a pink short arm cast.

Rhett is still in the field, and I feel sorry for him because I can't ride again until I get my cast off. Sometimes, I give him a peppermint, his favorite treat, and he plays with the neighbors' horses. Although I bet he is actually glad he doesn't have to be ridden for right now. He never liked it anyhow.

Thankfully, I get my cast off in about 2 1/2 weeks. I am grateful the accident hasn't ruined my love of horses. In addition, I have learned a lot from the incident!