

Chapter 1 : Wow, it's A pony story! - Memoirs of a Ponygirl

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Before I had a child, I refrained from telling people this, because I had the impression that my opinion about what might prepare someone for children was not appreciated unless I was in the "Mommy Club". But now that I am an official member, I am going to say it. This does not mean that I have stayed up late taking care of my horse Oh wait, yes I have, like the time I drove to the barn in the dark to see if he was eating. Or the countless hours spent studying his eating habits and diet and supplements Oh wait, yes I have, like the time my cat was severely ill and I fed him night and day with an eyedropper. Or the many times that I nursed his battle wounds from playing too rough with other felines. And then there was his asthma yes, I had a respiratory-compromised cat, too. I had to give him daily inhaler treatments, not to mention teach him to accept an inhaler! He was a special cat. Listen, I can think of countless parallels between caring for my animals and caring for my baby, but one that I did not anticipate is quite literal. At the moment, I have a hardkeeping baby. For those who may not be familiar with the term, "hardkeeper" refers to a horse who has trouble maintaining or gaining weight. Harley has always fallen into this category, although not right now. He looks absolutely smashing. His vacation has allowed him to pack on some extra pounds and round out nicely. That was a great unforeseen benefit. What a gorgeous pony. Sweet Pea was born a little early, so she lost a little more weight than is typical and is taking a little longer to gain it back. She is otherwise fine and wonderful, healthy as a little horse and eating like one, and feisty as anything that small could possibly be. Her pediatrician is very much on top of things and we are working diligently to get her extra food in addition to nursing. I feel the same sense of urgency, which is compounded by the fact that our baby is a growing, developing human and Harley has always been a mature, adult horse since I have cared for him. We will get there, but right now we are in the thick of it and to say that it is a full-time job is a gross-understatement. All cliches aside, it is absolutely true that this little face makes it all worthwhile. I write this question completely tongue-in-cheek, but is there any chance that SmartPak could start a SmartBaby line? How cute would those supplement wells be?

Chapter 2 : Memoirs of a Horse Girl: June

EMBED (for www.nxgvision.com hosted blogs and www.nxgvision.com item tags).

A rough landing I stumbled through the dark and snowy woods, the silver moon in the star speckled sky my only light. With each breath my lungs replied with fire, my tired body numb from the cold. The branches scraping at my arms and legs, leaving welts on my face, were meaningless. In the distance I heard the dogs and their handlers getting closer. A glimmer of hope inspired me to run just a little faster. I drew a sharp breath as I splashed into the icy water. My legs burned as I waded upstream into freezing, fast running water. I pushed myself as long as hard I could. I managed about a hundred meters before I scrambled up the bank, my fingers grasping at the snow and frozen earth. The dogs were getting louder. My soaked canvas leggings dragged against my legs, quickly caking in snow. In the distance I could hear the barking of the dogs; they suddenly seemed confused. I lost those mutts at the stream. This respite was cut short when the dogs changed the tone of their bark. I muttered a curse under my breath. With relief, I could feel it in my gut. I was just a few moments before a jump. It took me many years to learn all the signs, but now I knew them by heart. A vague sense of unease, a curious shifting not quite centred in my chest, and just a general, indescribable increase in discomfort. I turned my head and, just for a moment, in the distance, I looked into the eyes of one of the handlers. I realized in that moment they had spotted me as well. I wasted some precious breath to swear. The sensation I recognized as the prelude to a jump quickly grew stronger. I stumbled and fell, disoriented and unable to run. The world around me became brighter. The jump had to be coming any second now. Time slowed as the lead hound leaped at me. The dog moved closer and closer, but it never quite reached me. The edge of my vision dissolved into silvery white and slowly covered my field of view. I was unable to tell if this took seconds or days, my sense of self disappearing as the whiteness grew. And as my vision was superseded by that pure light, so the silence deafened me. Before I lost all sense of self, I knew something was different and what was left of me cried out in fear. She was cautious, partially to avoid disturbing any dragon fairies, but mostly to avoid the ire of the landowner and that rabbit companion of hers. She stopped at the edge of a clearing, taking a long, cool drink from her water bottle. The telekinetic glow faltered when a bright flash and a dull thud startled her. She saw a strange sight in the distance; a patch of snow covered ground with a what looked like a young misshapen minotaur. She crept closer, leaving behind her emptying water bottle behind. This was quickly followed by an equally violent reconciliation. This time, I blacked out. By the time I regained a modicum of my senses, my vision was a wall of white, whether my eyes were open or closed, and the vertigo was nauseating. My hearing was no better, all I could hear was a high pitched tone. I was effectively deaf and blind. I felt warmth on my back and icy wet cold on my front. I slowly clenched my hands into the wet snow, getting life back into them. The world was still indistinct, and I tried to get up, only to fall back down, the dizziness causing me to vomit. My face landed half on the edge of the snow and half on the wet warm grass. In the past it was, at most, a head shake, and after a few moments I would start seeing again. I calmly waited for what I thought was a minute or two. I was unsure if there had been any change, but maybe there was a slight improvement. I had learned that the longer I was dazed, the longer I would be staying and it looked like I was in for a long one. In the distance was a familiar demure yellow pegasus with anger issues. She guessed the landowner would be worried the light and noise may have frightened her beloved animals. Carefully hiding behind a bush, she watched the pegasus cautiously move toward the large clearing at the back of her estate. As an extra measure, she put a branch with three clumps of leaves in her mane. Whenever I jumped, I brought a two or three meter radius sphere of whatever was around me. The exact radius varied each time I jumped. This time, it was snow, frozen earth, and a few branches replacing whatever was there when I landed. While dragging myself, my hand slipped several times on the quickly melting ice and snow. Nevertheless, I continued until I moved off the frozen ground. I simply dropped to the ground from fatigue, glad of the wet warmth underneath me. I could feel the short cropped grass on my cheek and I knew that usually meant a yard or field. I had a worried thought. Here, let me see. I felt a surge of desperate, manic energy. Terror flooded my veins with adrenaline. My arms strained as I threw myself off the ground and away.

I heard a surprised, high-pitched squeak, but ignored it. The impact was sharp and sudden. I had hit something far harder than the ground. My breath was cut from me as I tumbled to the ground. My vision was starting to clear, and I saw what I assumed was their mount. I thought it was a tiny thing for a horse, even for a pony. With my blurred vision, I assumed it was decorated with some kind of bright yellow body covering and had its mane and tail dyed pink. I looked around and saw bold, bright colours, with very few gradients. Even my arms were looking like this. I wondered if my vision was failing in some new strange way, colours were never this pure in nature. Between gasps, I tried to apologize. She must be behind it, keeping the pony between her and me. My breath was returning, letting me speak a little more normally. My name is Alex Roberts. I was still confused by the bright, unnatural colours. I realize it was rather rude. I strained my eyes, trying to see around the mount. She must be quite small. By now, I could see the mount quite well, and it was a very odd-looking animal. My vision and hearing are both a little out of whack right now. As in a flying hor-, er, pony? What else would I be? Here, let me clean up those cuts and scrapes. I could see that they were far too big for her head to be eyes. Suddenly, what I thought was some kind of decoration blinked. I would really appreciate that. I slowly pushed myself up, leaning against what I assumed was a tree. Her focus was shattered by a white rabbit smacking her in the flank with a carrot. She decided to make good her escape before the little rat giving her the stink eye gave her away. The heat of the summer sun was getting oppressive. I removed my coat and wet leggings and laid them out to dry then I stumbled back down and closed my eyes. Every few minutes I would open them and each time my vision was clearer. It was about another quarter hour before my vision was fully cleared.

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Member Login Becoming a member allows you to purchase anything from our shop and gives you access to our member only articles. What are you looking for? They want to have fun, while learning. Learn how to control a horse competently. So, in our business we changed the word Dressage into Riding on the Flat. Of course, the French word dressage translated into English only means training. The horses of the Knights had to be dressed for battle. Many years ago I met a camp draft world champion who lived close to us. When I asked him the secret to his success he said that it was his dressage training. So, what is Cow Dressage, I asked. Bruce explained that he would take a horse into a paddock and chose a cow. He would then place the horse close to this cow. He would not get that close that the cow felt intimidated and stopped eating or run off. Every time the cow moved a little he would ask the horse to move a little also. Cows being herd animals always want to get back to the herd so this is the most difficult part of the camp drafting competition. So, dressage should be seen as the basis for all disciplines. Whether it is for jumping, western riding, stock horse riding or just for the pleasure or training the horse to the highest form of dressage, the Grand Prix. I also think that if riders understand more of dressage also dressage competitions are more enjoyable to watch. Spectators would understand how difficult some of the movements are and have a greater appreciation of the horse and rider. Our Equestrian Coaching Course prepares trainees to become skilful instructors and business persons. Like any other career qualification there is theory to learn which gives you the underpinning knowledge for good organisational and business skills and good lesson craft to keep your clients entertained for a long time with in-depth lessons. For more information about our courses visit our website www. Treating yourself to a thorough education will improve client retention. Teaching your students good riding skills helps the horse maintain good health, and their correct training will make them last longer. After all your school horses are worth their weight in gold and worth looking after. This way you create for your riders, horses and your horses

Chapter 4 : Tack Room Tales 18 - Cow Dressage | View Articles | Horse Riding Coach

John H. Burns is the author of Memoirs of A Cow Pony, as Told by Himself (avg rating, 0 ratings, 0 reviews) and Drizzle (avg rating, 0 ratings, 0.

Member Login Becoming a member allows you to purchase anything from our shop and gives you access to our member only articles. What are you looking for? Teaching is what we usually do with inexperienced riders. The instructor needs to take responsibility for the safety and progress of the rider. With beginners it is important that the instructor maintains control of the lessons at all times Tack Room Tale 27 - Safety when turning out a horse Safety when turning out a horse in a paddock There was no malice when this Percheron kicked up his heels and seriously injured the handler. I have a friend who says that of all animals she likes dogs and horses the most. Why, because they have such beautiful eyes. Now I know that most people Apart from the house there were no buildings. So, my partners and I set out developing the pla Tack Room Tales 24 - Musical rides can be a great learning tool Tack room Tales â€” Memoires of a Riding Instructor Musical rides can be fun and a great learning tool You might think that the only one who benefits in a group lesson is the lead rider. And sometimes this is true. But there are many ways to engage the other riders in the lesson. Tack Room Tales 23 - Meet Jake, Tack Room Tales - Memoires of a riding instructor. Our best school horse ever! Jake used to look after beginners by wriggling his body so that the riders would stay in the middle. We had to sit him on a barrel so he could slowly stretch his abductors before we could mount him on a horse. In the beginning his balance w Tack Room Tales 20 - To make music But more about the rider later. When you look at the horse superficially it seems such an easy instrument to play. The front end b Nowadays they do not need much promotion anymore. I was riding my black Oldenburger stallion in the first act with three other stallions They want to have fun, while learning. Learn how to co Others would say that they have not cantered yet and they have She was deep in thought and not paying any attention to the horse or any situation that could have spooked the h Tack Room Tales 16 - My best lesson was when I did You have been up since dawn and now you need to give three more lessons in the evening. The last thing you want to do is to give three more lessons. A nice cold drink while watching the sunset would be more enjoyable than standing Does a school horse take his job seriously? I often wondered if school horses switch off and do their job automatically or that they feel involved in the teaching process. We had one experience that gave us the answer. Let me tell you the story about Ben. One night I was teaching a class of ad Tack Room Tales To make music you need to know the instrument There are two instruments here, the horse and the rider. The front end bites, the back end kicks and the middle is jolly uncomfortable. They were the words of Winston Churchill. Tack Room Tale 13 - Difficult students Difficult students In the course of time you meet all sorts of people. Some are nice, others not so nice and some are downright difficult. It is important that your students listen to you, as often t Tack Room Tales 12 - Close the gate after the horse has bolted or? This is a story when I failed six candidate riding instructors on their lungeing all at once a number of years ago. No, no, really I am normally not that nasty! As you may know I am also a Great excitement for everybody to sleep at the centre, get up early, help feed the horses and muck out. One night during a holiday camp I was woken up by noises in the stable at You can imagine he was under stimulated, because he could not read, listen or even watch television and had a comprehension problem. I was assigned as a You might find out how old it is. When you start a riding centre you always look for horses that are already trained and are known to be quiet. There are several reasons for this. Firstly economically from an operational viewpoint, you need to make a large investment in facilities to run an equestrian centre. Tack Room Tales 07 - The night the roof blew off and we found out about Mistys peculiar habit Many years ago I started a riding centre in Sydney. So, my partners and I set out developing the place. Our property consisted of a 5 acre gently sloping hillside. First we cut an arena out of the hill and made a number of yards. The pride of our new We called them our Gala Nights. You can let your imagination run riot with the acts you perform. We usually started with a musical ride with Tack Room Tales 05 - How the doctor spent a fortune Memoires of a Riding Instructor Sooner or later students get ready to have a horse of their own. For the ones that could not afford that we offered a timeshare in our school horses. But more about

that in another Tack room Tale. Our doctor friend rode with us with his whole family, so it is no This means that the horse must react actively and quickly to the leg aid of the rider, by going forward. This is a necessity in dressage, because all achievements originate from a combined energy and all this energy is only created by making the I am sure you all have had experiences that everything just fell into place, be it the perfect canter strike-off, the perfect corner, a half-pass in which the horse was dancing. Sometimes this feeling was a moment, at other times it last

Chapter 5 : Baburnama - Wikipedia

Memoirs of a Ponygirl so I'd thought I'd treat you with a pony story. bird people, reptile people, cow and horse people they don't wear costumes to be what.

If you have access to the Internet, go to American Life Histories: Many of the direct quotations from cowboys and cowgirls found in this book come from the transcripts of these interviews. Happily, many cowboys and ranchers left us excellent, authentic records of their lives and actions. Cowboy autobiographies can make wonderfully entertaining reading. Most of the books remain available in paperback editions from major publishers. The first major look we get at the range cattle industry came from a cattle trader, not a cowboy. In , Joseph G. In , Charles A. His tales of cowboy life charmed an eastern audience already enthralled with pulp fiction and romantic paintings and drawings of the Wild West. He recognized the changes afoot in the cattle industry and ventured a humorous view of the future of cowboying. Cattle are becoming so tame from being bred up with short horns that it requires but very little skill and knowledge to be a Cow-boy. I believe the day is not far distant when cow-boys will be armed with prod-poles to punch the cattle of their way--instead of firearms. Probably the most famous northern plains rancher also served as president of the United States, Theodore Roosevelt He penned detailed descriptions, tinged with romance and bravado, of "bully" life on the range. He drew this apt portrait of cowboys. They are smaller and less muscular than the wielders of ax and pick; but they are as hardy and self-reliant as any men who ever breathed--with bronzed, set faces, and keen eyes that look all the world straight in the face without flinching as they flash out from under the broad-brimmed hats. Peril and hardship, and years of long toil broken by weeks of brutal dissipation, draw haggard lines across their eager faces, but never dim their reckless eyes nor break their bearing of defiant self-confidence. Published in by Caxton Printers of Caldwell, Idaho, the book is unfortunately long out-of-print. If you chance upon a copy at a used bookstore, snap it up for some excellent old-time journalism. Although he wrote a novelized account, with *The Log of a Cowboy* , Mariner Books , Andy Adams left us a lively, accurate account of a cattle drive. Adams drew together various events and people into a single fictional drive, but in so doing he provided an unvarnished portrait of real cowboy life. As famous Texas folklorist J. As the country rushed into an uncertain future, many people longed for the simplicity of bygone frontier days. Such rapid change also prompted many westerners to recall and record their experiences on the old open range. He got hundreds of ranchmen and cowboys to write autobiographical sketches. Unfortunately, Hunter, who later published *Frontier Times*, cleaned up the language in the memoirs in order to make it more socially palatable and grammatical. As with all memoirs, we must take into consideration dimming memories and the propensity to romanticize and spin tall tales. Nevertheless, the collected memoirs remain a vital, compelling series of sketches of trail and ranch life. The University of Texas Press has published a one-volume reprint, with an introduction by B. Along with the memoirs of Texas cowboys, we have excellent accounts of life on the northern plains, including Ed Lemmon, *Boss Cowman*: Lemmon went from cowboying to become a successful rancher, so he offers a wide range of perspectives. Who really tells it like it was? *Hoofprints of a Cowboy and U. Ranger* , University of Nebraska Press, out-of-print offers an unvarnished portrait of late nineteenth-century cowboy life. He repeated a common complaint of the old-time cowmen, that any of those I knew and worked with on the old cattle ranges of the north have gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds. The original Matador Ranch began in in the Texas Panhandle. By the s, the ranch had expanded to include 1. It includes brief memoirs, newspaper clips, poetry, old photographs and much more that helps the reader experience old-time ranch life. The most famous literary collaboration in cowboy literature came during the late s. My part was to keep out of the way and not mess it by being literary. She also posed a basic question that has likely occurred to many ranch women. I cannot imagine that the clergyman believes that every man should be able to deliver a sermon, or that the hardware merchant expects everyone to know the price of nails. Then why should a cowman judge the rest of humanity upon the basis of a familiarity with the cattle industry? I find that my husband is by no means alone in doing so. Holmes worked mostly in early twentieth-century Wyoming. The book also includes sound, practical advice about how to perform cowboy and ranch work.

DOWNLOAD PDF MEMOIRS OF A COW PONY

True, much about ranch life has changed, with new breeds of cattle and horses and new technologies at work. Cowboys remain a breed apart, and their spirit, loyalty, and work ethic have stayed with them over the decades.

Chapter 6 : Memoirs of a Cowpuncher

Tack room Tales - Memoirs of a Riding Instructor Cow Dressage. Some people don't like the word Dressage because they think it means top level competition with top hat and tails.

Chapter 7 : John H. Burns (Author of Memoirs of A Cow Pony, as Told by Himself)

This is the bloopers to the original movie "Memoirs of a Cow." Me and some students at my school made this movie for a school project in Spanish class.

Chapter 8 : Dressage Articles | Horse Riding Coach

The Memoirs Of A Reality Jumper written by Techogre Our friend the show pony 7, words I battled a mad cow with a french-fry spear. In another, I slaved in.

Chapter 9 : memoirs of a texas cowboy | Download eBook PDF/EPUB

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