Helping My Papa

"Neigh, Neigh" went the painful cry as I ran to the luscious, green field. Sunny, a sorrel horse lay as stout as a pig on the manure covered ground! I knew what this meant. I knew what was coming. A painful and difficult job coming up today!

"Yep, she's pregnant alright! Going to have to get the material we need for this evening," my Papa replied after I had told him about Sunny. As I jogged over to the silver, metal shed to gather the supplies, I thought about Sunny and what her baby would look like. I hope he'll have white socks and a blaze down his or her forehead. S-c-r-e-e-c-h went the metal door to the forbidden shed. I hurriedly grabbed a couple of soft, dry towels, a bucket, two pairs of gloves, and a wash cloth. Abruptly, I ran back out of the shed with the supplies and met Papa inside the barbwire fence kneeling over Sunny, stroking her softly. Papa told me to coax her while he makes the area presentable for Sunny's foal.

An hour had past with Sunny panting dreadfully. With every breath and push, the baby would be coming closer to birth. To be living a new life! Suddenly, Sunny started panting very fast and hard! "The foal is almost here," Papa stated in his country accent. Papa grabbed the washcloth and slapped on a pair of fluorescent yellow gloves. Sunny was starting to move uneasily! My heart was racing! I was so excited! Abruptly, Sunny wiggled and breathed uneasily; all the

things horses do to get their "muffin out of the oven." Papa told me to hand him a towel. He moved over to Sunny's left flank. There was a soft whinny and Papa started to make a grab for the foal's leg. He missed and instead the foal's sorrel leg kicked Papa in the gut!

"Ewww, gross!" That's disgusting!" I wailed. My papa and I were cleaning up the afterbirth with a shovel while Sunny and her foal were trotting around. "Have you thought of a name for the little troublemaker?" my Papa questioned. I froze, and then started shoveling again. "No," I answered solemnly. I glanced over to the foal frolicking, crow-hopping, and jumping around. Then he would bolt like a flash of lightning around the whole perimeter of the pasture! After cleaning up everything, I ran around with the foal and fed him. "Sunny, you did a good job!" I said as I gave her a great big pat on the flank!

I was really proud that day when I had helped my Papa! And by the way, I named the foal Jet, because of how fast he can run! Jet is still with us to this very day. He's still as fast as lightning! And that was the time when I helped my Papa.