



# Kendy's Kollumn

by Kendace Borry

Because he had eaten every possible scrap of grass that could be found in his own pasture, I asked if I could temporarily put Dollar, that faithful

four legged hayburner, into a neighboring pasture temporarily. There he would have plenty to eat and while he wouldn't get any grain, I thought he would survive on the lush grass available.

Because the pasture is so big and a lot of my time-recently has been spent running around at local fairs, I would only catch glimpses of Dollar in the distance every day I would check him. But I could always tell he was all right because his head would be down, and he'd be chomping away. As long as Dollar is eating, one does not have to worry about him.

But last Saturday, I decided it was time for a closer look, so off I trundled down through the pasture, past the pond, and through the briars. No sign of Dollar. On I tramped over the hill, passing the big tree, and jumping over the ditch. Still no sign of that big sorrel beast.

So then it was back up to the other end of the L-shaped enclosed field, splashing through the creek, and dodging low hanging branches. By this time my jeans were covered with briars and burrs, and I wondered whether that horse really needed checking at all. (In my heart, I was sure he was hiding in the bushes somewhere, watching me thrash around the weeds, calling him.)

No sign of Dollar. Somehow the day did not seem quite as fresh or beautiful as I turned and headed

back down towards the other fenceline. And the pasture seemed bigger by far.

"All right, you sneaky mule," I called out ten minutes later. "I see you hiding in those trees. Come out here right now before I come and get you."

Slowly and reluctantly, Dollar moved from his hiding place, head low and feet shuffling. Caught in the act of trying to blend in with the scenery, he looked as guilty as the time I found him in the corn crib at home.

But as he walked towards me, it was my mouth that opened in disbelief and shock.

This red-colored overgrown mountain couldn't be Dollar, my show horse. This wasn't my sleek-sided, slightly-prone-to-eating-too-much steed, that was so dear to my heart. This, why, this thing...

There's no other way to put it-Dollar was the fattest horse I've ever seen standing on four legs.

That is why he has now been yanked out of his heavenly pasture and put on a strict diet with plenty of exercise added in the bargain. And although he doesn't like the arrangement much, he better get used to it. I don't like owning an overgrown sorrel cream puff. Somewhere underneath that haybelly there is a Dollar waiting to be found.

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