

**Brittany Mosher**  
Hopewell, Virginia  
Age 11

### **If my Appaloosa was a Race Horse.....**

My Appaloosa's name would be Star because I don't own one although I would love one! If he were a race horse he'd be just as fast as any of the others. He could run around the track kicking dirt, mud and dust in the faces' of the horses behind him.

Before every race I'd give star a groom to make sure he looked like the most beautiful colt on the track. His tack gleamed on his coat! It was as blue as the Atlantic Ocean. It had spots of white paint to match his spots perfectly.

One day he'd make it to the Triple Crown Races. He would start at the Kentucky Derby which is obviously held in Kentucky! Star was ignored by the crowd but line up at the gate pretending he didn't notice. The crowd went so silent all you could hear was the clacking of hooves from the gate. Every one silently listened for the count down. "Three, two, one!! BRING!!!!!!!!!" "and they're off!" I was the only person taking the chance of betting on Star. No one else was shouting his either. As I shouted people stared at me as if I was crazy. They were probably thinking,

*What is she thinking! Who bets on a spotted appaloosa at a race!*

At the same time I had a good feeling about Star.

I finally looked back at the race as Star was galloping up to fifth place and already half way across. Boy, was he proving the crowd wrong! He had ten strides left in the race and one horse in front. He pushed the last of his energy and galloped across the Finish Line. He won.....FIRST PLACE!!!

People were so shocked that there was not a word to be heard and slowly the people started cheering. Soon every horse magazine read "Appaloosa wins Kentucky Derby" and not to long later he won the second race. I was getting star's grain ready because the last race was tomorrow. I noticed how tired he looked. I wanted to scratch him from the race, but I really thought his name should be in history! Yet he was known well enough for being an Appaloosa to win two out of three stakes. Which had led to the cameras constantly showing up and he didn't get too much rest.

Then the racers started loading their horses, and they just stood there looking at me, waiting. They had finally noticed I wasn't going to load up and a young man walked to me and asked "Are you going to load up or are you waiting for some stable hand to do it for you?" He said in a sarcastic tone. I told him I was NOT going to make Star go through anything he couldn't handle. I told the racers in the most firm tone I could that I would scratch Star from the race.

I was going to watch the race though. I hurried out to the car and looked behind me to see Star stick his nose out his window. I turned away and then he made his sad face

(which I can never resist). So I hurried him to the horse trailer. When we arrived at the track the crowd cheered with joy. This time millions screamed his name! He galloped off already 10 strides away from the others! Then his leg slipped and he fell. There was a silence in the crowd. The vet ran over to him, but Star was faster and scrambled to his feet and took off (the jockey was still on his back). He came out third! A month later he was named horse of the year!!!

Then somebody yelled out Wake Up! I opened my eyes and my mom was there trying to help me get ready for riding lessons. Star was just a dream. I never had a horse.

!!!The End!!!