

The Girl and the Little Horse



Aysel Banu YAVUZAL

The Girl and the Little Horse

Aysel Banu YAVUZAL



On a small farm with a red barn, a girl named Mia lived with her family. Mia was eight years old, with warm light-brown skin and wavy chestnut-brown hair in two low braids. Her large hazel eyes sparkled with curiosity, and a small gap showed between her front teeth when she smiled. She loved animals and always wore her mustard-yellow rain boots, blue denim overalls, a soft red long-sleeve shirt, and a green bandana tied loosely around her neck.



One sunny morning, Mia's father told her about a new arrival. 'A little horse was rescued and needs care,' he said. 'He's shy and scared.' Mia's heart fluttered with excitement. She grabbed her small canvas pouch and filled it with crunchy apple treats. 'Can I help?' she asked. Her father nodded. 'Patience is the key,' he said. Mia promised to be gentle.



Mia walked to the paddock and peeked over the fence. There stood a little horse, small and slender, about chest height. His coat was shaggy golden-tan, with a creamy white mane and tail. He had dark, gentle brown eyes, a white blaze on his face, and white socks on his legs. A simple blue rope halter rested on his head. He looked thin and worried.



When Mia stepped closer, the little horse flinched and backed away. His ears flicked back, and his brown eyes widened with fear. Mia stopped right where she was. She remembered her father's words: move slowly. So she stood very still and let the horse see her. 'It's okay,' she whispered. 'I won't hurt you.'



Mia knew that trust takes time. The next day, she brought a soft brush and sat on a stool near the paddock. She spoke in a low, calm voice. 'Hello, little horse. I'm Mia.' The horse watched her from a distance, his creamy mane fluttering in the breeze. He didn't come closer, but he didn't run away either. Mia smiled and waited.



Each morning, Mia visited the paddock. She moved slowly and spoke softly. She never rushed or made loud noises. The little horse began to watch her with curiosity. One day, he took a step toward her. Mia's heart leaped, but she stayed calm. 'That's it,' she murmured. 'You're so brave.' The horse flicked his tail and stepped back, but Mia knew it was a start.



After a week, Mia brought a soft brush. She held it out for the horse to see. He sniffed it and snorted. 'This is for your coat,' she said gently. She began to brush his golden-tan shoulder with slow, gentle strokes. The horse flinched at first, but then his muscles relaxed. He let out a soft sigh. Mia brushed him for a long time, and he didn't move away.



Mia learned to groom the little horse every day. She brushed his shaggy coat until it shone. She combed his creamy white mane and tail. She picked out his hooves carefully. The horse stood still, enjoying the attention. 'You like that, don't you?' Mia whispered. The horse nuzzled her arm, and Mia's heart swelled with joy.



One afternoon, Mia brought a treat from her canvas pouch. She held it on her flat hand and offered it to the horse. He sniffed it, then lipped it gently from her palm. His soft nose tickled her skin. 'Good boy!' Mia cheered softly. The little horse licked his lips and nudged her hand for more. Mia laughed and gave him another treat.



Day after day, Mia was patient and kind. She never forced the horse to do anything. She moved slowly and spoke softly. The little horse began to trust her. He stopped flinching when she touched him. He let her pet his neck and scratch behind his ears. He even walked beside her around the paddock, his white socks stepping in rhythm with her mustard-yellow boots.



Then came a big moment. Mia was brushing the horse's back when he turned his head and looked at her. His dark brown eyes were soft and calm. He took a step closer and rested his head on her shoulder. Mia stood very still, her green bandana brushing against his creamy mane. Tears of happiness filled her eyes. 'You trust me,' she whispered.



From that day on, the little horse followed Mia everywhere. He walked beside her without a rope. He let her pet him and feed him treats. They played games in the paddock, and Mia taught him to come when she called. The other farm animals watched and seemed to smile. Mia's father said, 'You have a gift, Mia. Patience creates trust.'



Mia learned that gentle grooming and positive handling help a scared animal feel safe. She never yelled or rushed. She always moved slowly and spoke softly. The little horse, once thin and fearful, grew strong and happy. His golden-tan coat gleamed, and his creamy mane flowed in the wind. He was no longer shy. He was home.



Soon, Mia and the little horse became best friends. They did everything together. Mia would sit on the fence and read aloud while the horse grazed nearby. He would lift his head and nicker softly, as if he understood. Mia's heart felt full. She knew that patience and kindness had made all the difference.



One warm evening, Mia sat in the paddock with the little horse. The sky turned pink and orange. She leaned against his warm side and sighed happily. 'We're best friends forever,' she said. The horse nickered and nuzzled her hair. Mia smiled, her hazel eyes shining. She knew that trust was the greatest gift of all.



And so, on the farm with the red barn, Mia and the little horse lived happily. Their friendship showed everyone that patience creates trust. Mia learned that moving slowly and speaking softly can change a frightened heart. The little horse learned that not all hands hurt. Together, they found a bond that would last a lifetime.