

The Boy and the Little Horse



Aysel Banu YAVUZAL

The Boy and the Little Horse

Aysel Banu YAVUZAL



Leo was a small boy with warm light-brown skin and a gap-toothed smile. He wore a mustard-yellow t-shirt and blue denim overalls. Every afternoon, he walked down the dusty lane near his house, hoping to find something new. One day, he heard a soft nicker from the meadow behind the old wooden fence.



Behind the fence stood a little horse, older than any horse Leo had ever seen. Its coat was chestnut-brown, and its muzzle and eyes were grey. A cream-colored mane hung over its gentle amber eyes. The horse wore a simple brown halter with a soft rope lead. It looked at Leo and blinked slowly.



"Hello, little horse," Leo said softly. The horse swished its cream tail and took a slow step closer. Leo reached out his hand, and the horse nuzzled his fingers. "You're friendly," Leo whispered. He noticed a small white star on the horse's forehead. "I'll call you Copper," he said, "because your coat is the color of a shiny penny."



The next day, Leo brought a carrot from home. Copper munched it happily, and Leo patted the horse's neck. "Can we go for a walk?" Leo asked. He clipped the soft rope lead to Copper's halter. They started down the grassy path, but Copper walked very, very slowly. Leo had to take tiny steps to stay beside him.



At first, Leo felt impatient. He wanted to run and skip. But then he looked at Copper's grey muzzle and kind eyes. "It's okay," Leo said. "We can go slow." They walked past tall sunflowers and buzzing bees. Copper stopped to sniff a patch of clover, and Leo waited. The gentle walk felt peaceful, and Leo began to enjoy it.



Every day after that, Leo and Copper took their gentle walks. Leo learned to match Copper's slow, steady pace. Sometimes they walked to the big oak tree and stood in the shade. Leo would tell Copper about his day, and Copper would nod his head as if he understood. The old horse and the boy became best friends.



One afternoon, Leo noticed that Copper's coat was dusty and tangled. "You need a good grooming," Leo said. He reached into his small canvas satchel and pulled out a soft brush. Copper stood still, patient and calm. Leo began to brush the horse's chestnut coat in slow, gentle circles. The dust flew away, and the coat began to shine.



Leo brushed Copper's back, his neck, and his cream-colored mane. Copper's ears relaxed, and he let out a happy sigh. "You like that, don't you?" Leo said with a gap-toothed grin. He brushed around the white star on Copper's forehead. "There," Leo said. "You look handsome." Copper nuzzled Leo's shoulder gently.



From that day on, grooming became part of their routine. Leo would brush Copper's soft coat until it gleamed. Then they would take their gentle walk. Some days they walked to the pond and watched the ducks. Other days they just stood by the fence, enjoying the quiet. Leo learned that caring for a friend felt wonderful.



One windy day, Copper seemed a little tired. His steps were slower than usual, and his head hung low. Leo didn't hurry him. "We can rest," Leo said. They sat together under the oak tree. Leo leaned against Copper's warm side and felt the horse's steady breathing. The wind blew, but they were cozy and safe.



Leo realized that Copper needed extra kindness on slow days. He brought a blanket to drape over the old horse's back. He spoke softly and brushed Copper's coat with extra care. "You're my best friend," Leo whispered. Copper's amber eyes looked at him with trust. The boy and the little horse shared a quiet, peaceful moment.



Other children sometimes ran past, laughing and shouting. They didn't understand why Leo liked to walk so slowly. But Leo didn't mind. He knew that peaceful walks and grooming were special gifts. Copper gave him companionship, and Leo gave Copper kindness. Together, they made every day brighter, no matter how slow they went.



As the seasons changed, Leo and Copper stayed close. In autumn, they walked through fallen leaves. In winter, Leo bundled up and brushed Copper's thick coat. In spring, they watched baby birds learn to fly. Through it all, their friendship grew. Leo learned that companionship matters at every age, and kindness makes every day brighter.



One evening, Leo's mother asked him why he spent so much time with the old horse. Leo smiled his gap-toothed smile. "Because Copper is my friend," he said. "He walks slowly, and I brush his coat. We don't need to do big things. Just being together is enough." His mother hugged him, proud of her kind and patient boy.



The next morning, Leo ran to the meadow with his canvas satchel. Copper was waiting by the fence, his cream mane blowing in the breeze. Leo pulled out his brush and began to groom the soft chestnut coat. "Good morning, Copper," he said. The old horse nuzzled him gently, and they started their gentle walk, side by side.



Leo learned that peaceful walks and caring for a friend are wonderful gifts. He and Copper showed everyone that companionship matters at every age. Kindness makes every day brighter for both of them. And as the sun set over the meadow, the boy and the little horse stood together, content and happy, the best of friends.