

3rd Place Equal (Schools Y7&8, 2023): Pearl Foote, Home School, Paprika

I was lying on my big blue bed daydreaming about horses when I heard my dad shout, "Ellie! Do you want to come to a horse auction?"

I jumped up and down in excitement. "Of course!"

So off we went in our rusty green jeep.

When we arrived, I checked my watch. We were five minutes late - the auction had started.

The first horse to be auctioned was a wild, unbroken black stallion. He was the horse of my dreams.

Just at that moment, I spotted my friend, Izzy. I waved. She didn't see me. I waved again. She saw me but didn't wave. I was confused. Why wasn't she waving back?

The auctioneer shouted, "Sold!"

To whom, I wondered. Nobody had bid. Then a horrifying thought struck me. He had thought I was bidding! Oh no! I had bought myself a horse. Dad was going to be furious. I smiled at him weakly. I was in for it now.

We borrowed a horse float and took the stallion home. On the way, I asked, "Am I going to be grounded?"

Dad laughed. "No, you didn't know any better. And anyway, he's a beauty. He could be a great racehorse and we could make a lot of money."

He was interrupted by an unearthly scream, and the sound of the stallion pawing the trailer floor filled the air.

Dad looked at me. "But for now you've got a whole lot of work to do, young lady."