Autobiography of a Horse Now that I am getting old and stiff in joints, I often find myself taking a look back at my exciting life in my earlier days, which were probably the happiest days of my life. I would spend my life running about my mother, nibbling tender grass and building up my speed. I belonged to the Zankari type . we were well known for our ability to work, run adequately and carry loads at high altitude.But that of course couldn’t last forever. Once, a young man had come to our stable. He was looking for a horse which could climb heights and with great speed. Naturally, all my fellow mates had started doing various tricks to impress him whereas I, on the other side, wasn’t fascinated by the idea of going to the town. After my friends were done showcasing their tricks, the man simply came and chose me as his horse. Everyone was taken back a little.

The farmer asked him why he chose me over all the other horses, especially my fellow mates to which he replied saying that I was the ideal horse that he wanted and that people will drawn towards me because of my looks. Naturally, I was then taken, washed and given in the hands of the young man .He rod me to the town. The town was beyond imaginably busy and unpleasing to me, but i had to bear with it. Before i knew it i was put on a fancy accessory on the head and a cushion like base,which was used for the comfort of the traveller, was placed on my back. My master gave me my food and told me that in a few weeks time I would be able to climb the holy shrine. we used to practice daily in a sloppy area and he would take care of me. By what it seemed he was a very caring and kind master ,unlike others.

Once I was ready, he took me to the holy place called ‘Vaishnodevi’ situated on a heighten mountain. I could see many other horses in a situation very similar like me and they didn't seem to like it. I got my first customer very soon and I started climbing up the way to holy shrine. Slowly this become a like a daily routine. Everyday, I was bathed ,given food twice a day and used to carry many people up the holy shrine.This was until one day, I was carrying a child, who seemed to enjoy his ride, then accidentally I stepped on a sharp object and my foot started hurting a lot.I tried my best to continue walking but I couldn't help but fall down. Ifell down and so did the child. The child immediately started crying and his parents came back,worried. My master apologised to them several times and I immediately could feel the guilty and I couldn't do anything about it. I was taken to a veteran. I was healed but however , the doctors said that I could not longer climb height like I used to. That disheartened me and my young master. He had not other option, but to sell me.

 I was bought by a young officer as a polo pony. He trained me well and soon enough, I was able to play skilfully . He was a kind master and a great rider. He seemed to be very proud when his side won. But he sadly suffered a huge loss and could no longer afford my training and equipments. he sold me to a man and woman who kept a buggy. They weren't as nice as the previous two master . I kept going slow and was whipped quite often. Later on I learnt that nibbling was a good trick. Whenever I was whipped, I simply backed out.

My master grew irritated by me and eventually sold me . He sold me to a man who wanted a quiet riding horse. And soI was back on the country side. It was good to be back home and enjoy the fresh air. He was a great rider and used me well. I served him many years until, I grew old. he well understood the fact and gave me very little work. And so here i am grazing in the grasses finally leading a quiet, contempt life.