

RIDEN A HORSE DOWN COCKPIT

Amy larnen d' story...

Me en Sarah orlwiss bin horse mard. Wi yoosa collect up any pikta wi ell get en putt ett orn ukluns wall. Wi yoosa driwe ewribody mard wunten f' stop when awa wi si wun horse eena paddock soe wi ell run krors pat ett en feed ett a grass wi se pick furett. Wi yoosa lae back eena baed en dream a hawen wun farm when wi se big en hawen plenty horse dair wi ell ride ewry dae. Anytime wi get f' ride a horse wi yoosa jump at d' charns.

Wun dae een school Sarah larna me had wun fulla, Jimmy, who gutt sum horse en hi tull hi doomine ef wi teck ett ouwt f' wun ride. Hi gutta saddle en dem furret too which ess goodun. I larna her I hawa ars myse Mum en ef shi tull ess ok wi ell goe orna weekend. Mum tull ok en me en Sarah get t'gadda en plan orl d' side wi gwen ride lorng f' dem. I kar waet f' Sundy kum, en I dream bouwt a horse ewry night.

Sundy finally kum en ess beautiful dae. I se up dar early I ewen beat Mum maeken a brekfess. Shi tulla me I ent f' start tull I se itt. I meena run krors gen Aunty Margs f' si ef Sarah se up but Mum tull I kar go tul se 6am. Enihouw, shi tull Dad gwen teck ucklun dair, koss he d' muchess f' ucklun noe bouwt a horse, en I gwen hawa waet tull hi se geddup. I thort Oh noe! Hi yoosa sleep een orna Sundy en dae might teck lorng time. Mum tull I ent f' wake hem up koss hi bin hawa big dae yesteddy en se futtoo.

I shoot krors gen Sarah at 6am but shi still sleepen. I kar believe shi still touwen when wi gutt sumthen dae exciting happnen. Nawa maek any deffrence I stare orn her, shi nawa waek up, soe I g' ouwt talk gen Aunty Marg f' a while en halp her set a taeble while I waeten. When dar se dun en Sarah still nor se geddup I start hoem en clean myse boots.

Dem ess sekun harn frum ar Op Shop en wunt plenty polish, but I doomine. I glaird f' guddet.

I dun myse boots en drinken a tea en itten wun hot scone jess ouwta ubben when Sarah tun up. Shi gutt orna oel boots too, shi se borroh from Ruth, en ess kine-a biggun but shi doomine. Shi sti douwn lorng f' me en haw wun tea enna scone too. Mum tull wi ent f' itt too many scone koss ess f' smoek-o en f' orl d' fairmly.

Sumbohdy krors ar paddock shoot wun rooster en dar waek Dad up. Hi kum ouwt semmes a bear gutta sore haed, hi se gurret. Hi tull d' lars thing hi wunta do ess g' rounn wun horse fuss thing. Myse heart sink but Mum tulla hem hi hawa tek ucklun...bin plan ett f' daes en I dar wunta goe. Hi tull "Alright, I'll teck dem". Hi sti douwn itta brekfess den, finally, wi se ready f' start.

Wi teck sum plun f' ketch dem horse en nawa teck dar lorng. Jimmy halp get dem ready en larna ucklun f' teck ett easy. Wi tull wi gwen ride douwn Cockpit den back, en hi tull dars ok. Hi tull wi ent f' florg dem ulla mard ett! Wi tulla hem wi nor gwen, en finally wi se orf. Dad folloh ucklun short lettle. Wi was hoepen hi nor gwen do dar d' hoel wae en quite glaird when hi teck orf start. Hi tull hi gwen get sum wi smoek-o en teck ett douwn Cockpit een bouwt a uwa. I quite glaird when hi tull dar, koss I itt dar early myse bally already rumblen.

Was dar gude – wi trot orn em straight piece en haw a canter orn wun stretch. Sarah's horse pig root lettle bet but dar f' mine behaew f' me. Ess lorng ride en wi luw ett. Wi laugh en talk en ride t'gadda when wi ell. D' time seem f' fly en soon wi se douwn Cockpit.

Wi glaird f' si myse Dad, Mum en myse sesta Ruth dair. Mum was tecken plenty pikta so I poes up lorng f' myse horse en Sarah lorng f' hers too. Dad putt Ruth orn myse horse en

lead her abouwt f' short while en me en Sarah haw wun cuppa en sum more scone lorng f' butter enna porpae jelly – dars myse lorng-suit!

Arfta smoek-o wi mouwnt up en wi jess riden orf when myse horse stumble en I fly orf. I nawa hutt but myse horse teck orf arfta Sarah's en shi hawa grab dem reins f' ketch ett. I dar embarrassed f' dairw-orf een frunt a Dad, so I raes o're en breech back orn en orf wi goe gaen. Myse poet kine-a sore side I land orn but I nor moosa gwen larna hem dar.

Wi haw wun luwly ride back en dem horse do dar gude f' ucklun. Wi trot plenty and had 2 side wi canter. Wi laugh plenty en talk orl d' wae back ouwt Steeles Point. I thort, gutt noe batta wae f' spen d' dae den dar.

Wi get dair orl too soon en hawa teck orl dem gear orf dem horse en rub dem down. Dem horse was glaird f' get back een dems paddock. Dem had wun big drink den teck orf f' wun canter roun.

Mum bin maek a extra scone en wi teck sum up f' Jimmy f' tull thank you. Hi nor dair but wi lubee orn his taeble lorng f' wun noet f' tull thanks f' ucklun.

Dad tull hi se ready f' g' narwi, en lucky Mum se bring uckluns togs, soe orf wi goe. Was definitely wun perfect dae f' me!