



MERRYLEGS

PAM SMY

*Magic happens in the hush of the night
when the stars start to glitter
and the moon shines bright.*

*For Alice Corrie
with thanks*

Poor old Merrylegs.

*Stumble clump
clippetty clomp
clump, clomp, clump*

With his head down and his eyes on the ground,
Merrylegs plodded and clomped.
Round and round, day after day,
teaching the children how to ride.

And because he never lifted his head
he never saw the children on his back.
He just plodded and clomped
around the stables and wished his life
was more exciting.

*Stumble clump
clippetty clomp
clump, clomp, clump*



Each evening, Merrylegs and his friend, Feathers, watched the racehorses dashing by.

“You should see how happy the children are to ride you!” chirped Feathers.

“How happy those riders must be,” sighed Merrylegs. “Oh, I wish I was as tall and beautiful as those horses.”

But Merrylegs wasn't listening.

