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Mustang Mountain

Rodeo Horse

Sharon Siamon

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To Kyleise Linda Kathleen

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Chapter 1

FLYING CHANGE

Sara Kelly prepared for the run of her life. She knew her horse's heart was beating strongly, steadily between her knees. He loved to run, and he was ready to give her the best he had. Her own heart was beating just as madly, waiting for the buzzer that would set them off – through the chute and towards the first barrel.

It was December, at the Horner Creek Rodeo

near Calgary. Sara centred herself in the saddle, imagining a line running from the top of her head through her abdomen to her legs. A thousand-dollar scholarship if they won. Money for her first year of veterinary school, money she needed now that things were so bad on the ranch. Don't think about the ranch now! Sara told herself fiercely. Think about winning! Think about sending Sunny around those barrels perfectly and blazing for the finish line.

The buzzer sounded and the pounding of their hearts became the pounding of Sunny's hooves towards the first barrel. When they crossed the electric eye beam, the clock started running. Right turn around the first barrel, with Sunny in perfect position, his hind end powering him through the turn, then a flying lead change to the next barrel, around to the left. Once more a perfect turn, with Sara looking ahead to the final barrel at the top of the ring.

The next moment, Sara found herself flying



through the air as Sunny stumbled as he came out of the turn and pitched her over his head. She had no chance to regain her balance. She landed with her left leg twisted beneath her and felt something in her knee snap – then excruciating pain.

She could hear shouting as people raced towards her. She felt Sunny's muzzle in her face, smelled his warm horsey fragrance, but her eyes were squeezed shut with the effort of trying not to scream.

Sara knew what had happened to her. A ligament in her knee, badly torn in a skiing accident when she was twelve, had torn again.

But what had happened to Sunny? That was much more worrying. She would mend, despite the disgusting pain, but a horse with a badly broken leg . . . she tried to open her eyes to see him, but the pain was too great. Her head was spinning.

'Sara! Where are you hurt?' It was Lisa Rogers,

her friend and one of the people in charge of this rodeo. 'Can you hear me?'

Sara nodded and gripped her knee. 'How's Sunny?' she asked through clenched teeth.

'He looks OK.'

'Not limping?'

'Not that I can see. C'mon, how about you? Look at me, Sara.'

'I . . . can't, right now.' Sara fought off the waves of pain that made her stomach heave. Any slight movement made her want to howl. Now that she knew Sunny wasn't badly injured, there was no keeping that pain away.

'Stay still. The stretcher's coming. Hang on, kid. We'll have you out of here in no time. Hey! You should see how cute the ambulance guys are.'

Sara felt Lisa's hand on her shoulder and struggled to swallow the lump in her throat. She knew what this meant. A whole season of barrel racing down the drain. Weeks in a brace, on



crutches, maybe surgery. Her dream of racing at the Calgary Stampede gone. And that meant no cash for college next autumn.

‘It’s OK, Sunny,’ she whispered when he nickered unhappily near her ear. ‘I know it wasn’t your fault.’ But what had gone wrong, she wondered? Sunny was usually so sure on his feet. What had brought her flying champion to such a sudden halt?

The ambulance attendants lifted Sara on the stretcher and carried her out of the ring. With her eyes closed and teeth gritted, she could hear the claps and cheers from the Horner Creek crowd.