

This image is on 20 February 2003 emerged.

My dream came true. My first own pony.

For the story, I can only say, a cinema story could not be better.

As a preteen girl I picked a foster horse. Desired, and found.

Add beads, it had a small farm with three horses. Two of them were my official Care Horse. Baladin and Prince.

Then there were the three little fluffy Shetland ponies. Leika's Boy and Alisha with her son Roy.

In small perky stallion Roy I fell in love hot and intimately. He was naughty, naughty and tried everything to his practical jokes to let out.

That's what inspired me to deal with the little guy. Sometimes I went with all three for a walk, then individually with each and sometimes they could just jump around in the pasture.

So we have already learned together what it means to grow together.

My luck was that the stall with the bike with me was very close to home. Unfortunately, it made the bike no longer long.

Days, weeks and months passed. And the most terrible day of my life had come.

The ponies had to go home. Consequently, Roy. And the worst part of it all was, it should be exactly happened on my birthday.

In school, I told my neighbor and friend of my tragic fate. She tried to encourage me, very sweet, but it did not help.

It was noon and we were both at home, in order to strengthen us for the afternoon classes. As the bell rang already at the door. We left the visit coming up.

Then there Ursi (owner of Baladin) said: " You have to come down your gift is a little heavy ..."

I was thinking on a bike, so I can go to my foster horses again.

When I got downstairs, trotted neighing a fluff and Carmen (owner of Prince) around the corner ...  
WITH A RED STRAP AROUND THE NECK.

My goodness, I was upset. My first question was, „he now remains but here?"

The answer, I could hardly believe it. „He stays as long as you have it with you like! „,

My happiness does not sum up, I ran to the neighbor and told her what just happened. Smiling, she told me that she knew it already, but was not allowed to tell me about it.

From then on, was my best friend, actually MY best friend.

We spent four wonderful years together. The little guy did everything with. I thank him that he has shown me time and again that the size may not affect the friendship.

I could not ride him, but did not matter to me. On the contrary, I'm still sure that exactly this basis, our band has made so strong.

From a wild stallion he was a companion for young children. He got the kids to understand the ground work.

One of my biggest and most beautiful moments I still remember exactly.

We have worked on the square and in the end he was allowed to be „Pony" a little on the square.

I sat down on the floor and watched Roy. And then he suddenly came up to me and lay down in my lap.

I was amazed and wanted to try this again. And lo and behold, Pony could now lie down on command. If on a particular way.

By the time I had to touch it only on the belly and he lay down.

Unfortunately, fate was not the best for my stink.

Since the summer of 2006, he suffered many a time over and over again to colic. At the beginning of the colic were "only" every three months. We have always treated him immediately and act quickly. But the vet said that an investigator was very difficult at was little. Also, an operation was out of the question.

Then came the cruel January 2007.

Royal again suffered colic. After school I went straight to him to see if he has recovered from the vet and severe abdominal pain.

He was fine, but he was more tired than usual.

The next pain Some 14 days later. I was notified by phone of the stall owner. And as I had known it, I left the school in tears. I wanted to be just to my pony, my best friend aside.

With him and his best friend Winnie, I went for a walk. In the back stall, he lay down exhausted. He has eaten again in the evening and again was the old naughty bully when it came to his food.

A little sad, not knowing and making me worry I went home.

A text message came on 24 January 2007 six in the morning clock, actually I never heard this, but on this day I heard that full well. I had not even see who it was. Sobbing, I woke up my dad who drove with me to the stable.

It is as if it had happened yesterday. It was the first snow in this year and Roy was on the run and has been snowed. His friend Winnie stood close to him and did not eat at.

He was shivering with cold.

Immediately, I tried to get him up to bring him to the solarium.

There he lay down again immediately. Wrapped in blankets he lay there now. To describe these pictures rip my heart. I never wanted to see a friend suffer so.

When I sat down to Roy, he lay moaning his head in my lap. Tears burst out of me. His eyes were filled me pain. I wanted I would have never seen.

Finally, the vet came. He examined him and said that after all the incidents a certain decision would be better, but he could not relieve me of this.

It was clear that this was probably the only and best solution. The vet inject the poor creature the first sedative drugs. When he took the syringe for the Rainbow Bridge, the pony standing still on with his last strength! I did not know what had happened. And this action threw all of my decisions on the heap.

He does not want to go! He wants to stay!

Nevertheless, I decided to send him to his friends in horse heaven. For three such incidents within two weeks are too much. That can do to any animal.

So now the Royal Stracciatella pony went over the rainbow bridge.

A few hours later I was sitting next to him and stroked him to his favorite places.

He still lives with me. I will never forget him and his kind.

Still miss You!

Rest in peace !