

THE CLINICIAN

By

Kim Souza Carson

© 2023

Other Books by Kim Souza Carson

Elsa The Envirophant Copyright 1995

The Wooded Instrument Copyright 2020

Female Attributes Copyright 2021

www.nottomissnovels.com

This book is dedicated to all the people trying to be better
horsemen and horsewomen for their horses.

Kim Souza Carson - Author

ONE

The horse was wrapped in the wire, some of the barbs had cut into its hide, and the blood had trickled down the side of its neck and legs. It must have been fighting for a while because the blood and sweat had mostly dried, and it was breathing heavily. It was lying on its side and had gotten its legs tangled into the fence, unable to rise. It rolled its head back and peered up at him with a wide eye, groaning as it did. He could see it was a mare, he dismounted his saddle horse and dropped the reins to the ground in front of him, knowing he would not move.

“Easy girl,” He whispered softly. He took his wire cutters and approached her slowly, she struggled again and tried to get up to her side.

“Easy,” trying to soothe her the best he could, he unwrapped his wild rag from around his neck and placed it over her eyes, she calmed herself and he started to work on the wire, snapping it in various places and removing the pieces. Making his way down to her hooves he was extra careful, as he knew these were lethal weapons if she needed them to be. He took his rope off his saddle and slid a noose carefully over her head, looping the other end around his saddle horn and back to himself, taking a good hold on it, as he snapped the last of her wire restraints, and she scrambled to her feet. She was disoriented from being down so long, he could tell, as he carefully and swiftly swung back up into his saddle, looping the rope around the horn a couple of times. She shook off the dirt she had been lying in and at the same time felt the rope against her neck, she pulled and tried to dart away, but his sturdy saddle horse held his ground, she reared up and pawed the air, letting out a bellowing scream. She was a tough one, but all her energy had been lost fighting her wire captor, she stood, legs splayed out and head partially down, heaving with flared nostrils that looked on fire from the sun shining through them. He got a good look at her now, she was black with white hairs flecked throughout her hide, if registered she would most likely be a blue roan, she was heavily muscled and not real tall, a Mustang, he guessed. Her mane and tail had ringlets and matted places throughout, and her feet were chipped from the ground she had covered no doubt. She must have been left by her herd when she got caught up in the barbed wire fence, a cruel and unforgiving type of fence to keep what is needed in and to keep what isn’t needed out. He pulled her to the side, giving back to her as soon as she gave a step, after a few minutes of a give-and-take game, he had her following his horse. The sun was dropping down below the mountains and it cast a long gray shadow over the land. The air had cooled, and several shades of gray clouds were moving in, the white ones, floating in the last light in the sky, looked like marshmallows in hot chocolate. By the time they made it back to the ranch, it was dark, he rode into an empty corral and stepped off his horse, closing the gate, he carefully removed the rope from around the mare’s neck and led his horse back out the gate and to the barn. After unsaddling his horse and putting him in his stall, he gathered up some hay and tossed it in the corner, checked his water, and made his way back out to the corral. He had

brought some grass hay with him and tossed it into her, turning on the hose he filled a tank full of water and leaned in on the wood fence to watch her reaction. She was skittish at first, but he could tell she was thirsty and probably hungry too, she stretched her neck out and took a deep smell of the water, cautiously, she took a step towards the tank. Keeping an eye on the man, she slowly moved to the cool water and took a small sip, then her thirst took over and she tanked up well. Standing like a stone, he watched as she slowly made her way back to the other side of the corral, and soon enough, she was at the grass hay grabbing small mouthfuls as she peered around, ears working back and forth like small antennas.

“There you go,” he told her softly, she stopped eating and raised her head to look at him, then she gazed out into the darkness as if missing something and then went back to eating.

“It’s okay, you and I are going to be good friends,” He reassured her. All of a sudden she bolted off to the other side of the corral, a medium-sized dog with a docked tail and a blue color came trotting up to him, “Hey Flip, what do you think?” He asked the dog as he nodded towards the mare, he watched her for a few minutes longer and then made his way to the ranch house, with the dog on his heels. He stepped up the two stone steps onto a deck that went to the end of the house on both sides and had a one-rail post made of natural wood all around. He sat down on the bench and removed his boots. The dog came to him and licked at his face, wagging his whole butt from the lack of a tail.

“Ha, Ha, okay,” He laughed, scratching the dog behind the ears.

“I’m glad to see you too, Flip,” he said. He glanced over towards the bunkhouse and noticed the lights were out, “The hands must have hit the hay already,” he told the dog. The dog sat in front of him cocking his head to one side.

“Come on boy, you hungry?” he asked.

The dog jumped up and went to the door watching it impatiently. “Okay,” he laughed, opening the door.

The house was medium-sized, mostly made up of natural wood, it had a nice big stone fireplace and a long hearth that went all the way to the wall on both sides. A big cushy brown leather couch sat in front of it, it had a large brown and white cowhide laid over the back of it, and off to the right was a matching recliner chair. There was a bookcase on the wall to the left with books of old cowboy stories and some horse training books, off to the other side was a small bar, various bottles of liquor sitting on top. The kitchen was off to the right through swinging doors, like an old saloon would have. It had an island in the middle with an iron potholder hanging over it, which held several copper pots of various sizes. He walked into the pantry and brought out a bag of dry food, pouring some into a bowl on the kitchen floor. The dog sat down and looked at him, licking his chops, “What? Oh, I know what you want,” he told the dog. He went into the refrigerator and pulled out a roll of wet food, cutting a good slice off it and removing the wrapper he laid it in the bowl, “There you go, you spoiled turd,” he said smiling. The dog ran to the bowl and eagerly ate the wet food in seconds, “Yep, I figured,” he laughed. Pulling some eggs from the refrigerator, he then grabbed a cast iron skillet from the wall, where several others hung. He threw a couple of pieces of bread into the toaster and poured himself a glass of orange juice.

“Breakfast for dinner, can’t go wrong,” he said looking at the dog. The dog barked at him as if he agreed and he had to laugh again.

TWO

She woke before dawn, sitting on the edge of the bed, she stretched and yawned, fumbling in the dark, she searched for her wranglers and pulled them on, pulling her boots on afterward. She found her a shirt, one that had some running horses on it, and pulled it over her head. Smoothing her long blond hair, she pulled it through the hole of the cap and slipped a hair tie to the base of it. She put a quick coat of mascara on her lashes and ran some lip balm over her lips. Coming down the stairs, the sun was just starting to beam through the windows. She could smell coffee coming from the kitchen, she walked in, "Morning Sally," she said.

"Hey, morning Emilee, all ready to go?" she replied.

"Almost, just need to eat something really quick," she said.

"I have some scrambled eggs left there on the stove," Sally told her.

"Ok, cool, thanks," Emilee replied. "I can't wait to see him," Emilee said as she poured herself some coffee.

"Yeah, he sold out you know," Sally snorted.

"Well, doesn't surprise me, he's the best!" Emilee boasted. She hurriedly ate her breakfast and put her dishes in the sink, "You ready?" Sally asked.

"You bet, let's roll!" Emilee smiled. They walked outside as the screen door slammed, a black and white dog with a docked tail and shaggy hair came up to Emilee, "Hold down the fort Juniper, sorry, you can't go today," Emilee told the dog giving her a pat. The dog followed her to the GMC pickup, and they got in, Emilee started it up, "This is going to be so cool, I never thought I would get to see him around here," Emilee sighed. "

"Dylan Murphy, here we come!" Sally shouted out as they both laughed. The sun was already warming the cab of the truck, Emilee grabbed her sunglasses and slid them on her face. She messed with the radio until George Strait came across it, then she stopped, "Here we are, a little mood music for the trip," she giggled. "Ah, yes, the king of country music!" Sally said. The two girls sang along with the radio, laughing periodically at each other.

The drive seemed to fly by as they pulled into the gate of the ranch, it was already full of various types of trucks and a few cars, "Wow, what a turnout," Sally said.

"Yeah, hope we can find a good seat," Emilee agreed. They found a place to park and made their way to the arena, it was medium-sized and had lots of trees to shade part of it, the stacked bench seats were almost full, so they climbed to the top corner in the shade and sat down. A loudspeaker broke into the air and a male voice came across, "Welcome everyone! We're glad Yawl could make it out for the clinic today. It should be an exciting display of natural horsemanship, and we hope you take a little more knowledge home with you than you came with today!"

“Please welcome, from Sundance Wyoming, and the town that the notorious outlaw, The Sundance Kid, inherited his name from after he was jailed for stealing horses, Dylan Murphy!” The man bellowed out.

“Whoo hoo!” The crowd clapped and hollered out. Dylan walked out into the arena, he was about five-nine, he was fit, with his hair being a bit longer than expected, it was brown in color, and he had a nicely trimmed mustache. He had kind eyes and long lashes and slight dimples when he smiled. He waved at the crowd as he walked up and took the mic, lifting his cowboy hat, he fixed it to his ear.

“Hello, I’m happy to see you all here today,” he said strongly. He walked a few steps to the right then back to the left, careful to address everyone at each end, and then he turned to the middle. His belt buckle caught the light and flashed in the sun, “We have some good horses here today, brought out from the Double Y Ranch, some of these are just two-year old’s that haven’t had much handling at all, and another is a ranch horse with an attention problem I’m told,” he explained to the audience.

“I wouldn’t have any problem paying attention to him,” Sally whispered and giggled to Emilee.

“Yeah, for sure,” Emilee agreed giggling back at her.

“Before we get started, I just want to ask if you can please refrain from clapping or yelling out, as I work with the horses here today, not for my pleasure, but because it is unsettling for some of these horses at times, thank you in advance,” he told the audience.

“So, let’s get started, as you know I follow natural horsemanship and have studied the likes of Tom Dorrance, Ray Hunt, Buck Brannaman, and that sort, everyone has their own unique style though so you’ll probably see some of my own, and my way of teaching a horse, I like to start with the mind, the mind controls the feet, and it is my goal, to become like part of the horse, so our minds are one to control the body down to the feet.” He explained.

“This takes a trust between the horse and the person, the reason I say person instead of rider, is because I like to have just as much communication with the horse on the ground as on its back,” he added.

A bay horse was running down a shoot to the smaller round pen in the shaded part of the arena and it kicked up a cloud of dust. Dylan walked to the round pen, opened the gate, and entered the pen with the horse.

“Now as you’ll notice, I’m not going to use the round pen to chase him and make him tired, I want to avoid that as much as possible, I am using this space as a tool, not as a torture chamber, which I’ve seen so many times before,” He admitted.

“I need to make a connection with him as soon as possible and I don’t want to be thought of as a predator by him, since he is a prey animal,” he further explained. Dylan took his lariat and loosened the loop, tossing it at the ground near the horse’s rear end, it took off quickly, throwing its head and snorting in the air.

“Watch, it doesn’t take much for the horse to be on guard where I’m concerned, I am using my lariat as an extension of my arm, and I don’t need to hit him with it,” he told them. The horse continued to run, while Dylan stood still, when it slowed and came to a stop, it turned to him and stood looking intently toward him, Dylan turned his back on the horse immediately and walked away, the horse made a step towards him and stopped.

“You see, I released the pressure from him as he turned his attention on me, I made it easy for him and rewarded him by turning away, so I will build on that now,” Dylan said softly. He moved toward the horse slapping his coiled rope lightly against his hip and it took off again, as

the horse came around the second time, he moved to the front of it and it slowed, soon to come to a stop and face him again, Dylan turned and walked away, the horse moving with him a couple of steps and then stopped.

“See, it took less time, and I got more steps this time, we are reading each other’s body language basically, all the while building trust, he’s beginning to learn I’m not out to eat him, Dylan chirped. He moved towards the horse again and this time he had to be more animated with the rope, making it slap against his hip loudly, the horse moved forward, but this time at a more relaxed pace. He walked to the front of the horse on the second pass and the horse stopped, facing him immediately, Dylan backed away this time and drew the air towards himself with his finger, the horse followed him back, and he stopped as the horse did right before him, after a few minutes he reached his hand slowly up to the nose of the horse, palm down. The horse carefully sniffed and nuzzled his hand for a second, he withdrew and turned away, and the horse followed him.

“That was the introduction, he just introduced himself to me and I to him,” he explained. Soon he had the horse following him around the pen everywhere and was able to get a rope halter on him.

“Now I’ll continue to build on this trust and move in a rhythmic motion and toss the end of my lead rope over his back, simulating a sack out of sorts,” Dylan explained. Within thirty minutes he had the horse leading around and letting him jump on his back.

As the day went on it was time for a lunch break, and people filed over to the food stands that had been set up off to the side of the arena. Emilee and Sally made their way over to the stands and got themselves a cool drink and a sandwich, sitting at a bench under a tree they ate their fill,

“Hey, let’s see if we can get close to him and ask some questions,” Emilee said.

“Yeah, right, good luck with that, Sally snorted. “Come on, quit being so negative,” Emilee snapped. They walked over to Dylan’s trailer, but there was no sign of him, “See, I told you, he’s probably hiding out,” Sally said sighing. “Okay, negative Nancy,” Emilee laughed.

“Stop calling me that,” Sally said slapping Emilee on the arm.

“I guess you didn’t get my lesson very well, body language, not physical contact,” A smooth deep voice said. The girls whirled around to see Dylan coming out of his trailer door, “Um, yes, I got it,” Emilee stammered.

“Looks like your friend here didn’t,” he said smirking. “Yes, I did!” Defended Sally.

“Well, doesn’t just pertain to horses,” he giggled. Before Sally could say anything else, he interrupted, “What are you gal’s doing back here anyway?” he asked. Emilee winced, “Um, we were hoping to get to talk to you for a minute.”

“Oh, I have a question-and-answer session at the end of the day,” he told them.

“Well, I’m sorry, we didn’t want to bother you, but...”

“It’s no bother, I’m just rattling your chain,” he said dryly. The loudspeaker came on and he was being announced back to the arena, “Well, heck, looks like I’m being paged, you can ask your questions at the end of the day if you like,” he said winking at Emilee and walking off.

“Wow, that was weird,” Sally blurted out.

“What was weird, he got called back to the arena,” Emilee defended.

“Yeah, but all that rattling your chain business, was that supposed to be funny?” Sally whined.

“I thought it was cute,” Emilee said.

“No, you thought he was cute!” Sally laughed. “Well, I’m not blind,” she said with an air.

"He looks older than I thought," Sally said.

"Just a bit weathered," Emilee smiled slyly.

"Come on let's get back, he's starting again," Sally said.

"Ok, come on," Emilee agreed. They made their way back to the benches and found a couple of spots near the front this time, "I had a couple of people ask about questions, I'm sorry about that, I should have told you that I would have a session at the end of the day so you can ask questions if you would like, if there is something urgent that can't wait, I'll be more than happy to answer right away," he said smiling and winking at Emilee. She felt her face flush and pulled her cap down to shield her face. Sally bumped her, "Hey, body language," Emilee sneered.

A handler brought another horse in, it was gray and well-muscled, and it was evident this one had already been handled a lot, the handler gave Dylan the rope and walked out.

"Okay, so here we have the ranch horse I was told has attention issues," he said looking over the horse. He pushed on the horse's side, and it pushed into him, "Alright, well I already can tell what the issue is with this horse, it's not so much the attention as dullness and lack of respect, this type of horse has been desensitized to the point of being almost numb," Dylan sighed.

"This is the extreme opposite of what we want, the horse has become so dull to pressure because it probably never received a release or reward when he did the right thing," Dylan explained. He led the horse around the pen, and it was all over him, "See how he doesn't respect my space?" he asked them.

"Now how would I fix this, not by beating it into him, but by reteaching him the correct way to react, I need to show him it is worth it, by getting a reward or release when he does the right thing, which he never got for it before," Dylan said, shaking his head. He picked up a stick with a flag on the end, "Now, I'm not going to try to scare him with this, I am just going to have to use a little more stimulation to get him to move, but as soon as he does, I will reward him with release of pressure," Dylan told them. After working with the horse for a while, he had it staying in his own space and moving away from him with respect.

"One time of this will not fix this horse," he explained,

"He has been doing this type of behavior for a long time now, so he needs repetitive lessons, and that's his partner's responsibility," he scowled. As the day went on it was getting close to doing the question-and-answer part of the day.

"Has anyone any questions for me before we go?" he asked looking towards Emilee. Sally nudged her with her boot, and Emilee froze up. Someone from the audience asked a question and he went on to answer them.

"What's wrong, I thought you wanted to talk to him?" Sally pushed.

"Not now, I'm too embarrassed," she said timidly.

"What, are you kidding me?" Sally snorted.

"Come on, let's go," Emilee said standing to leave. Sally got up and went after her, "What's up, I thought you wanted to talk to him," She asked perplexed.

"I did, but he made me feel so self-conscious, I don't know why," she grumbled under her breath.

"Ok, well, that's alright then, let's just go," Sally said. They walked to the truck and were about to get in.

"Hey, what happened to your question?" Dylan hollered out to her. Emilee swung her head around, "I, um, forgot what it was," she lied. Dylan smiled slightly,

"Well I guess I should have let you ask it when it was fresh in your mind."

"Yeah, maybe," she smiled meekly.

“Well, I enjoyed your clinic, but we need to get home and check on my dog,” Emilee told him.

“Oh? What kind of dog do you have?”

“An Australian Shepard,” she replied.

“Nice, I have a Queensland Heeler, Flip is his name, what’s yours?” Dylan asked.

“Juniper,” she replied.

“Cute, well maybe Flip and Juniper could meet someday and become mates,” he said grinning.

“Uh, yeah, maybe,” Emilee said, caught off guard.

“Uh, um,” Sally cleared her throat. Emilee glanced at her and then back to Dylan, “Well we really need to get going,” Emilee stammered.

“Okay, but could I have your name first?” he asked.

“Emi...ahem, Emilee,” she cleared her throat.

“Emilee?” he smirked. “Emilee Evans,” she said breathlessly.

“Emilee Evans, my doesn’t that fit well together,” he puffed. Well, Emilee Evans, maybe I’ll see you down the road, you know, at my next clinic,” he said smoothly.

“Yeah, maybe,” she said hesitating.

“Well take care,” he told her.

“You too,” she replied climbing up into the cab of the truck and closing the door. Dylan turned and walked off, “Oh my God!” Sally blurted out, “What the heck was that all about?!” Emilee watched him walk away, and as he approached his trailer, he looked back, swiftly she looked away and pulled out.

“I’m not sure, but I’m going to find out,” Emilee sighed.

THREE

Dylan arrived back at his ranch just before dark, Flip was excited to see him and ran up to him as he stepped out of the truck. "Hey buddy, I met a pretty little cowgirl today, she has a buddy too, maybe someday you will meet them," he said smiling, scratching him behind the ears. He walked to the barn and checked on the horses that were stalled, "Hey Tibbey," he said to his gelding as he looked in on him.

"Looks like the boys took care of you tonight," he said. He walked out of the barn and over to the corral where the Mustang mare was, she was munching hay, but stopped long enough to give him a look.

"How was your day today, have you settled in some, I see you have gotten your dinner," he said to the mare. She watched him out of the corner of her eye as she was eating, almost like she understood his questions. He walked on passed the corral and went towards the bunkhouse, the lights were on, and he could hear music coming from inside. He walked up to the door and opened it, three men were sitting around the table drinking beer, one of them had an acoustic guitar on his lap strumming a tune. They all looked up as Dylan walked in, "Hey boss," Joe said.

"Hey guys, anything to report today?" Dylan asked.

"Nope, everything was fine," Austin told him, stopping strumming on the guitar.

"Did you get those Colts rode?" He asked.

"Yes, sir all six of them," Cody said. "Good deal," Dylan replied.

"Want a beer?" Cody asked.

"I'll take one, it's still early," Dylan said. Cody got up and went to the refrigerator, pulling out a beer, "Here ya go," he said, handing the beer to Dylan. He screwed the top off and tossed it on the table, taking a long pull off the beer, "Ahh, nothing better after a long day in the dust," Dylan sighed as he flipped a chair around and sat down on it backward.

"How was the clinic?" Joe asked him. "It was good, the Double Y brought out a lot of good horses today," he recalled.

"How was that little Mustang mare today, was she settled or still nervous?" Dylan asked.

"She was still a bit nervous it seemed, I watched her for a while this afternoon during lunch, she was still calling out to the hills," Cody told him.

"Yeah, well, that's going to happen for a while, she's missing her family," he said with a somber tone lowering his head.

"At least she's eating, not off her feed," Joe said.

"Yep, that's a good thing," Dylan agreed.

"Go ahead and play," Dylan told Austin.

“Okay,” Austin said, starting to strum his guitar and sing the tune again. Dylan listened for a while and finished his beer, then he stood to go, “Well you guys don’t stay up too late, I’m going to hit the hay,” he said.

“Alright, good night boss,” Joe said. “Night,” Cody said.

“See you in the morning,” Austin said over his strumming.

“Night guys,” Dylan said, walking out and closing the door behind him. Flip was lying down on the porch waiting patiently for him to come out, when he did, he jumped up and followed Dylan back to his house.

“What do you think buddy, time to turn in?” he asked Flip. Flip barked and jumped around in a circle.

“Looks like you still have plenty of energy,” Dylan laughed. He climbed the stairs to the porch of the ranch house, and sat down on the bench, taking off his boots, Flip came to sit in front of him getting in his way and licking at his face, “Okay, okay, he laughed, you never give up.” Dylan walked into the house and looked in the refrigerator, “Hmm, doesn’t look like much to eat in here,” he grumbled. He went to the pantry and scanned the shelves,

“Well, I guess it’s chili beans and cornbread tonight,” he said. Flip barked out as if to agree with him, as Dylan opened the can of chili and mixed up the cornbread mix putting it in the oven. Ten minutes, and we’ll have warm freshly baked cornbread,” Dylan said. He opened the fridge and took out the roll of wet food, cutting a big slice, he laid it in Flip’s bowl, “Here you go buddy,” he told him patting his head, making the dog wag his whole rear end. He watched Dylan and didn’t move, sitting in front of the bowl, “Well go ahead,” Dylan told him. As soon as he did, Flip went to eating greedily. Dylan laughed and shook his head, “Funny little mate,” he said out loud to himself. When the cornbread was done, he warmed the chili and dished it out into a bowl, sitting alone at the table, he buttered a piece of cornbread.

“Well not bad for an instant I guess, he groaned, and as he ate, his thoughts crept back to the long blond-haired. cowgirl he had met today, the one with the question he never heard.

FOUR

Emilee and Sally made it home just as the sun went off to bed, Juniper stood on the porch waiting patiently for Emilee to get out of the truck.

“Hi, June bug, did you watch over the fort today?” Emilee asked her in a baby-talk voice.

“Hey Juniper,” Sally said patting her head as she walked by. The two girls entered the house and flipped on the lights, “Wow, what a day,” Emilee sighed.

“Yeah, Mr. Murphy was sure interested in you,” Sally poked.

“Well, he never asked for my number if he was,” she sighed.

“You heard him, he wants to see you down the road,” Sally pushed.

“Yeah, like I’m gonna follow him all over creation, hoping he remembers me,” Emilee scoffed.

“Well, he left it open for that,” Sally said giggling.

“Maybe, that was his idea, not mine, no matter how cute he is,” Emilee said thoughtfully.

“He is a looker, but he is much older than I thought,” Sally remarked.

“Not that much older, how old do you think he is?” Emilee asked. Let’s google him!” Sally said enthusiastically.

“Really?” Emilee moaned. She sat down on the couch and Juniper ran to sit in front of her, “Good girl, Sally’s crazy, yes she is,” Emilee told the dog, scratching her behind the ears and talking in her baby talk voice again. Sally tapped her phone a few times, “Ah, here we are, Dylan Murphy, horse trainer extraordinaire, some people call him a horse whisperer, but he’s too modest to agree with such a title,” Sally read the article on her phone.

“It says here he is in his forties but doesn’t give his exact age,” Sally continued to read.

“So that’s not that much older, I’m thirty-four,” she said. Hey, it says here that he is having a clinic at his place next weekend, so there you go!” Sally blurted out.

“Where is his place?” Emilee asked curiously.

“He’s in Sundance, so not far at all!” Sally told her happily.

“That’s only about fifty-five miles from here!” Emilee gasped.

“Wow, we drove further than that today to see his clinic,” Sally said.

“Well, I remember the guy announced him as being from there, but I didn’t know he still lived there,” Emilee said.

“If I had known I would have waited until next weekend,” Emilee said.

“Well, this way you can see him again and at his own place!” Sally grinned.

“Okay, I guess,” Emilee smirked. Juniper barked about that time and the girls broke out into laughter, “See, Juniper thinks it is a great idea!” Sally said in between laughs.

“Okay, you two can’t gang up on me,” Emilee laughed.

“Do you want some dinner?” Sally asked

“No, I think I will just have a snack and hit the hay, I have to work tomorrow,” Emilee said.

“Okay, sounds like a plan to me too,” Sally agreed. Juniper ran to her bowl, sitting in front of it, “Looks like someone doesn’t agree with our no-dinner decision,” Sally laughed.

“Oh no, she always wants dinner,” Emilee snorted. She got up and walked to the pantry, pulling out a bag of food and pouring some into her bowl, she ate it as fast as it came out, “Wow, someone is hungry, can’t wait,” Sally giggled.

“If I ate like that, I would be a blimp,” Sally sneered.

“Yeah, well if you had her energy, you would burn it off,” Emilee said.

“True,” Sally replied. “Well see you tomorrow,” Sally said finishing her snack. Night,” Emilee said grabbing a banana and peeling it. She watched Juniper finish up her bowl of food and her thoughts went back to the mere fifty-five miles of road between her and Mr. Dylan Murphy, horse whisperer. She opened the door and let Juniper out, walking out on the porch and watching her sniff out the perfect place to do her business. She looked up at the moon in the clear sky and thought how weird it was that he lived just a few miles away all this time. After Juniper was through, she came back to sit beside Emilee’s feet, “You ready, let’s go to bed girl,” Emilee said, as they walked back in and closed the door.