

# The Tale of Buddy's Peak'n Struggles of My Journey

A new year is new start for us. Warmest wishes for you all!

To recap the second half of last year, well, it's been a struggle.

After a few months at Belmont, I left New York and went to New Jersey. I don't know if it was the track, the people or the other horses but I just didn't fit there.

When I arrived at Monmouth Park, I felt more at home. I met my new trainer, Kent Sweezey and we hit it off! Plus, I got to see my mom and dad all the time! I just love getting smooches from my mom!

I got right into training and trying my best. My confidence was getting better plus I was happier. Kent said I would be running on the turf.

One day in October, I was taken to the Meadowlands. I didn't know what was going on but everyone came with me and my parents were there. I was okay with everything until I went into the paddock, the jockey was up and I saw the other horses. I got so nervous - no one told me it was a real race!

My feelings about my first race? SHELL SHOCKED. I don't know what happened to me - I came in last! After I took in everything that happened, I was so ashamed that I wouldn't look at anyone. You know what everybody said? GOOD JOB BUDDY! Can you believe it?

My mom says the first race is the last lesson in school. It's more important I have the experience and come back safe and sound. Everyone feels because I processed and acknowledged what happened that I won't let it happen again. Darn tootin!

In November, Kent took us to Tampa Bay Downs in Florida. No one seems to like snow and cold weather. Of course, it wasn't long before mom and dad came to see me at my winter home.

I was training on the track in Tampa and heard Kent was putting me in a race. Well, that morning I was scratched by the vet. He said I was lame. Maybe I was - maybe I wasn't. Maybe I was scared - maybe I wasn't. I was fine that afternoon.

My training continues and I know that I'll be entered in another race soon. I'm sure I will be able to muster up the courage and show just what a great racehorse I can be. After all, this is my 3-year-old year!

A good New Year's resolution is to hold your head high and always try your best! I hope I can keep it - for my parents who never give up on me, for my teacher, Dawn, who taught me not only to be a racehorse but to start believing in myself, for my trainer, Kent, who knows I have it in me and for all my buddies who have always offered their support for me.

Here's to peak'n in 2020!

See you at the track!