

Excerpt from the book, **I have a lot to say**
by Heather Sharp

available on Amazon or www.heathersharp.info

Oops!

September 4, 2004



We were late. She jerked me out of the trailer and threw the saddle on. The sun was high and the air was thick. We were up soon in the barrel race. She thought, *'Dang it! I can't believe the traffic was so bad. What a mess.'* After warming up, I was hot and sweaty. I was so itchy.

She glanced over at the arena to see how much time we had before we were up. *'I have GOT to go. I can't hold it.'* She trotted me up to two blue porta-potties right behind the announcing stand. She unhooked one side of the reins and took that end inside the porta-potty with her. The door wouldn't latch with the rein in the door. A person carrying a flag ran by and spooked me. I tried to flee. I pulled back and the rein opened the door. Robin was sitting down with her pants around her ankles. She was shocked. She thought, *'OH NO! THE DOOR!'* She yanked the reins and I jumped forward. The door shut.

My back needed to be scratched. I stood there and looked around. I wanted to lay down, but there was no room. I got close to the other porta-potty and started itching. It started rocking. A voice inside said, "Hey! Stop it! That's not funny! Knock it off!" I scratched so much that I knocked the porta-potty over on its back.

CRASH! It spooked me so much that I jerked Robin's door open again. She thought, *'Oh no. This can't be happening.'*

That was the exact same thing the man in the other porta-potty was thinking. *'Oh no. This can't be happening!'*

She pulled up her pants and looked around her door at the other porta-potty laying on its back. She hurried over to try to help just as the man inside kicked the door open with his foot. He was covered in blue juice. She said, "I am SO, SO sorry."

Needless to say, we missed our run.