

The Tale of Romancing the Cat

My Metamorphosis

It was January 1st. The beginning of a new year and my 3-year-old thoroughbred birthday. I was still excited from winning my last race and just wanted to get back out on the track!

The second week of January, I got my wish! You know what? I didn't do so good. My mom said I wasn't running right, using my head, blah, blah, blah. Well, you know what happened next? She sent me back to school!!!

In February, I went down to the training center in Ocala, Florida and met my teacher Dawn. I decided right away I was going to be a "little bugger" to her whenever I could!

Right away Dawn said my stifles needed to be worked on and I had a hind gut issue. I guess she was right because after she fixed them, I started using my hind end properly and working better!

Now, this is where it turns bad. Did I tell you I have (or had!) very large "man bits"? Well, I started thinking with them and causing havoc on the training track! I was throwing my riders and running off to find fillies. The other problem is because I was using my hind end better, they started hurting me. Dawn couldn't even rinse me off after working out. Ouch!

Well, Dawn told my mom and you know what she said? Off with the man bits! Yikes! The procedure wasn't so bad though and it would take a little time to heal and for me to "calm down".

Anyway, I was getting tired of all the stuff being done to me and getting bored so one day when I was out in the round pen, after everyone left for the training track, I decided to break the locks on the gate and let myself out. He-He! I went carousing through the barn looking for - you guessed it - fillies! No one but me knows what happened between getting out and Dawn finding me but, I somehow managed to fracture my fetlock. I was hoping she wouldn't call my mom and tell on me but she did! Apparently, I'm not the teacher's pet!

After the vets, surgeons, hospitals - which quite frankly seem more like a spa - it was decided I wouldn't have surgery and heal on my own with proper treatments.

Needless to say, my mom hasn't been pleased with any of this. She had to tell my partners what I did and that I would probably be out of commission for the rest of the year. Well guess what? It's June and my fracture has completely healed!

Doc says I can't rush things so I start hand walking under saddle and will progress week by week as long as I'm doing okay. I should be back to full training in no time!

I love and appreciate my mom and dad, my partners and my teacher for all they have done for me. I will repay them all by being the best I can be - hopefully that's being a winner!

See you at the racetrack!