

A letter from Ryan, Thursday, February 3, 2005

Dear Auntie Laine,

I know I haven't written in a really long time – ok, a really REALLY long time, but I thought I was a GOOD boy, still. I guess not. I think I am in jail.

It all started this morning. Uncle Mario came in very early, gave me and Mom some hay, and petted me a lot saying, “Now Ryan, you be a good boy at sleep-away camp!”. And then he left. Then Grandma came out and she only gave us about half our breakfast, and then she made us go outside. She cleaned our rooms really fast, and not too good. Not at all like the usual job she does. Well then Auntie Ann showed up. I know because her car makes a lot of noise and smells funny. I also noticed the Limo had been moved and the doors were open.

Then Grandma called us and we went back in our rooms. Well, Mom did. I got my head-thing put on and got tied up in the aisle with those ropes they use. Then Grandma brushed the mud off me and combed my tail. Auntie Ann kept talking to me. Then Grandma led me out to the Limo and I hopped right in. But then she closed the door! Mom wasn't coming too! I could hear Mom yelling at me and Grandma. She wanted to go too! But Grandma just got in the red part of the limo and we left!

I was in the limo for a good long time. I don't know how long, there's no clock and I can't tell time anyways. But I held on for dear life because we kept going left and right and up and down. Mom told me once that those are Mountains. I don't like Mountains.

Then finally the limo stopped. I was being very quiet and good, because I didn't know where I was or where Mom was. But Grandma and Auntie Ann were there. Grandma gave me a carrot and let me get out of the limo. I blinked a lot because it was very white outside. I trotted around a little and looked at everything! There were big scary metal things with round feet parked all over the place. I had to look at each one. There was also another human there, he was very tall and brown like me. Grandma said his name is Uncle Les and I was going to stay at his horse-house for a while.



Then I was led toward the horse-house. It was much bigger than our house!!! And I could hear other horses inside.

Well Uncle Les has a VERY BIG house. I counted 40 rooms and each one had a brown horse in it, except for the room next to mine. There was a brown and white horse in there and he was a STALYUN. He told me so and said to stay out of his way. He seems very big and tough.

It was very dark in Uncle Les's house so I stopped right outside the door until I could see. Then I saw those brown paper bags of shavings that I liked to play with at Aunt Ellen's.



And there was another brown man, and a nice lady with yellow hair. I kept following Grandma, really trying to be a good boy. She put me in my new room and closed the door. I got a carrot. I started sniffing around and called for Mom, but she didn't answer. Then Grandma brought me some hay and I heard her talking to Uncle Les and the other brown man. She said I was a brat! And that I needed to learn my manners! And that she had start putting a harness on me and a saddle, and told Uncle Les all about the nasty metal thing she puts in my mouth sometimes. Uncle Les just listened and nodded.



There were a lot of other horses out in the white stuff and they all came over to say hello. Funny, they were all brown too. Must be all of Uncle Les's kids are brown. And then Grandma and Auntie Ann went away, and now I'm stuck in my room! What did I do wrong??

Love, Ryan.

