

## What Do You Carry

It all started out in the first grade, when I found my drug. I was driving down a country road in a blue corvette to be exact it was a convertible 1992 corvert. As the driver is driving extremely fast through the twisty winding roads, I spot out of the corner of my eye my drug. There he was in his prime, so wild and fearless I couldn't forget what I had saw that day and what I seen was my Black.

I never thought I would ever get so attached to Black, but as the days grew longer and my night grew shorter I knew then I needed a fix. Then next week I made friends with a really nice girl and I knew she could give me just what I needed and I needed was just one ride. One day after school I went over to her house for just one ride, but I had no clue what I had gotten myself into. I walked over and I looked at the drug then I i brushed my drug and I saddled my drug, and then right when I hopped on top of that horse I knew I was addicted and I couldn't wait to have a horse of my own, one just like like Black the beautiful young stallion I saw on top of hill that one day.

Who would have ever guessed that I would become addicted to riding horse and find a deep love for riding horse, I mean who on the face of the earth would ever have guessed that I would fall in love with riding horse, but the truth is I wish there could have been a person to stop me, because it turns love hurts. As the years went on I became great at riding horse some people could even say that I was one of the top riders in my age group and top of that I was a boy, just a young careless boy.

November 5th, 2007 it was my birthday and unlike most young boys who would ask her father for a gun or a dirt bike I asked my father for a horse, and I was lucky to get one. The next

few weeks my mother and I drove all over California looking for the right horse. I think we went to over 16 different places. Then after a long long day we got a call from a old man, saying that he had a young black horse, mild tempered but she still had a wild side nothing a young man couldn't handle. So my mom and I drive over we open the doors I turn the corner and there's she is my own black she was just what I wanted just what I need it was like she was my own personal brand of heroin and once I saw her I knew she had to be mine, and just like that she was the next day we drove back loaded her into the trailer and she was mine. I finally had my own black my very own black and I would name her Smokey.

Smokey was mine and we had so many good times together. I remember taking long trails going hours into unknow trail were not even the coyotes would venture. Smokey and I we're like ying and yang we had a bond like no other but during my sophomore year of highschool i got really into soccer and I didn't have as much time for Smokey as I used to so my mom and I decided to let a younger girl ride her under the care of another horse women we knew little did I know that would be the biggest mistake of my life.

Smokey ened stepping on a nail and no one knew what the problem was but they thought she had just gone lame and she would be fine in a week or two, but she wasn't and then one day we got a call from the women saying that smokey was doing to well and that she was going to have to davis and that it would be best if my mother went with her. I knew right then and there that my black my Smokey would never come back, but to make matter worst this women had only been taking care of smokey for about two months and that she killed my horse. My mom called in the middle of the night around ten o'clock and I just knew the new was bad news, my mom said " Dillon I'm sorry but we had to put her down she just wasn't the same and her leg was giving a 1 out of 10 chance of recovering".

I threw the phone shattering it then I punched five holes in my wall then looked at myself in the mirror and began to cry, I cried tears of pain, sickness and outrage my stomach turns upside down and inside out and I puke everywhere. I had never felt so weak and sad and lost since then ever since that I lost Smokey I carry the guilt of failing my horse my love and even know at this very moment I have tears falling down my face tears of pain. Not only do I carry guilt but I carry the pain of not telling my mom that I was ready to start riding again full time and that I wanted Smokey back. To make matters worst the only thing I have left of my smokey is a small bracelet made out of her tail and mane that's it, and ever since that day I've felt lost just like a fish swimming in the ocean, and the only thing I can look forward to is the California sunrise.