From the outside looking in, life as a horse was simple- it seemed quite normal and balanced, but truly it was a prejudiced world. For some lucky and talented horses, the horse show was the best place in the world; they won almost every class they were entered in and got the most attention. For the rest, the fair was a place of sorrow and misery.

On Whitney Ridge Farm, the horse show was the most treasured event. There were many classes such as: western pleasure, trail, reining and barrels, but only the top horses placed. Three horses in particular on Whitney Ridge always won; Simon, Rachel, and Bear. They were the best of the best, always pampered, best shoes, well groomed. They got ridden every day by professional trainers. They performed the best; even in the most competitive classes. With long, luscious tail extensions and perfectly banded manes, they were envied by all the rest.

Besides the top show string, the other horses on Whitney Ridge were mostly quite average. There is Freckles, a small mare who loved to barrel race; but was never allowed because she was the best lesson horse. She’s ridden every day by young children who were learning to ride, it’s her job to keep them safely in the saddle. She is overworked and underappreciated. Apollo is a young horse with a lot of problems, he has navicular, a damaging puncture in his hooves, making him lame until he is fitted with proper shoes and worked regularly, so he unuseful to his lazy owners. Chip is overweight and has what the humans see as behavioural problems. He constantly cribs on his stall door due to the lack of exercise and attention and is so excited when he gets ridden he can’t contain himself and ends up bucking everyone off. This excitement has earned him the label of “barn sour” and “buddy sour” when all he really needs is some extra help. These three stick together. They are the lowest members of the herd and have to constantly oblige to bigger and better horses.

After one incident in the turnout pasture where Simon wouldn’t let the three into the run in to eat breakfast, Freckles decided it was their job to make a change. They would change how the herd worked, how the humans saw them, their whole world would be turned upside down.

Freckles started giving orders to her friends early one morning when Simon, Rachel and Bear got leaded into the barn to remove their expensive turnout blankets and get saddled up, each with over $1,000 dollars in tack on them. She galloped around wildly, making huge divots where each of her hooves pounded into the soft, muddy earth. Apollo was told to kick the fence boards on the gate so they would become jagged and Chip was chewing on the lead ropes, making them fray easily under his strong jaw. They were finally getting revenge for all the times they have been put down or left out.

Later that day when the Simon, Rachel, and Bear returned, Freckles plan was put in action. As always, Rachel gallops around right before they get their nightly hay. She started to run and wasn’t paying attention, too consumed by her owner holding three flakes of rich hay. Her front right hoof landed in the divot created by Freckles and her shoe came off. Along with a pulled shoe, she strained her tendon. Upset and hurting, she plodded over to the gate where her owner stood. Since she was so valuable and needed to heal quickly, she was brought inside to be stalled.

With one of the bullies gone, the night was a little easier. The next morning, one of the stable hands came out to retrieve Simon and Bear for a visit to the farrier. As Simon and Bear were haltered and led out, the lead ropes that Chip had chewed on snapped, letting the two loose. Their calm nature would usually keep them by the stable hands side but since it was a cool and windy morning, they were revved up. Simon bucked wildly and in the midst of his fit, he kicked the gate. The splintered wood tore through his tendons, undoubtedly leaving him dead lame. During all this Bear had taken off and ran around the barn by the farriers truck. He stepped on a nail by accident then wandered into the barn. Simon was being slowly led into his stall and with the vet on the way. Bear looked perfectly fine, although nobody could see the nail lodged into his hoof wall.

Freckles watched as the vet truck pulled into the long driveway. Her plan worked, now she hoped that they all would be too hurt to ride, giving them the opportunity to get the much desired attention of the humans. But their plan wasn’t done.

The vet checked all three. Bad news; Simon and Rachel would have to be stalled for some time. No riding, no turnout, just stalled. The vet didn’t check Bear’s hoof though, and later that day he got ridden. To the surprise of the trainer and owner, he didn’t take a single sound step and he couldn’t maintain the trot. All three of their show horses were dead lame. What were they supposed to do? There was a show next week! Their attention turned to the three misfits out in the field. The trainer knew they were capable of being show horses, but had never put in the time. The time was now. Tomorrow, they would start their training.

Late that night after everyone left, Freckles opened the gate and snuck into the barn. When she gives riding lessons, she overheard the trainers telling little kids not to go into one stall, there were bad things in there that could hurt them. She snuck into the stall, careful not to wake anyone. Her amazing eyesight picked up on rat poison in the shape of pellets. She opened the lid with her prehensile lips and scooped some into three buckets. Then, she added some grain to each of the buckets on top of the poison. She carefully backed out and closed the stall.

Next, she snuck down the aisle ways. Every morning a feeding man would come and give the food that was already separated outside of the stalls. She put the three poisoned buckets outside of each of their stalls and took the good grain for her and her friends. She quietly snuck back to the field without anyone noticing.

As she woke the next morning, screams rose from inside the barn. Terror. The three best show horses were dead. The humans were crying and sobbing, too hurt to even pay attention to the three in the field. “How did this happened?” she heard the manager scream. Minutes later, they fired the feeding man for giving tainted food. But how were only those three affected. They blamed the vet for the vaccinations they gave.

They sat in the field all day. No hay or grain was given. Tonight, Freckles would sneak into the barn again to get her friends “food.” As planned, she went into the barn at dusk. She repeated everything she had done the night before, except now preparing these dishes of grain for herself, Apollo, and Chip.

The hungry three all ate the grain. The next morning, none of them woke up. The humans had allowed them to suffer the bullying of their fellow farm mates. Now they would suffer with no horses to show, all of their nicest animals, gone….