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Wilson, Mary A.
The Mini Horse in the Mini Van

Summary: A miniature horse is rescued from an auction and taken home in the back of a mini van.

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Dedicated to Casper

For the little horse
with the big heart.
How *does* a horse get in a mini van?
Why *would* a horse be in a mini van?
I would wonder too, if I were you!
After all, no one would put a horse in a mini van, would they?
Well someone did!
For a long time, I lived with a very nice lady on a farm in the countryside. There were other horses and donkeys there too.

One afternoon my owner clicked open my stall and led two of my donkey friends and me into a large, rickety trailer. I was excited; we were going for a ride! This seemed like fun!

As I saw trees and signs whip by I wondered, *are we there yet?* Finally the trailer came to a steady halt in front of a huge white barn. _It was a lot bigger than the one we called home!* I thought.

My donkey friends and I were led into an empty pen. I heard the gate close behind us and I turned to look out, but the sides of the pen were much too high to see over. So, I had to peek between the boards.
Soon, there were people everywhere. The noise from the crowd rumbled like a storm all around me! There were other horses, but they weren’t like me. They whinnied and stomped their hooves in the pen next to us. They were very tall! Suddenly I felt so very small.

How did those horses get so tall? Even the other donkeys were tall! I looked at my friends and wondered; why are we so small?

People kept looking at us, some even stopped to pet us. I was getting scared. My owner wasn’t anywhere. Every time someone came up to the pen I hoped it would be her.

We were farther from home than we had ever been and we were all alone. When were we going home?
After a while I gave up, and stood facing the back of the pen. At last, the gate clicked open and I wheeled around to see two ladies standing in front of me. They put a piece of paper on my backend. It had something written on it, but I can't read you see. Each of the donkeys got one like me.

I heard them talking. “Two miniature donkeys and one miniature horse,” said the plump lady.

“Numbers fifty-six, fifty-seven, and fifty-eight,” said the thin one as she wrote something on the papers in her hand.

They didn’t stay long.