

Horse race

Business



For the past two years, Ryan had won the horse races, and I always came second. Ryan was a tall kid who was a year older than me. Most of the time he was doing something on his expensive phone. He has his own horse which was brown and had a golden neck.

Whenever he won the race, he always bragged about his horse being an actual race horse which was used for professional races. The races I competed in were in summer and winter, and this time I was going to do my best to win. I had my shoes tied as hard as I could. "Today is a big day," I told myself "Hey! Come on. We don't have time.

We need to get a good horse." Dad told me. I ran down the stairs and hopped into the car. In a couple of minutes, we were on the highway." Dad, should I use the big horse?" I asked dad who was busy driving.

"Of course." Replied dad "They will run faster. You will get the feel of how it is to ride a big horse." I nodded at him as a couple of crazy drivers drove by with loud horns attached to their cars. My ear was ringing so I rolled up the window.

I didn't think that I would win because the big horses are strong and it is going to be very hard for me to control the horse. I was quietly watching the old, bad quality bikes go by. The wind which was coming from the window was pushing my glasses back. All I had in mind was about making that fool (Ryan) to lose. I heard honking noises and I realized we were at the race track. I walked through the middle of the stadium to the stable which was located at the corner of the dirt track with moss on it.

I arrived the old stable which was covered in hay and the wood from the stable looked old, the stable had a lot of termites. I had some good options on the horse. The brown one, the white one, the grey one and the black one. I chose the tall horse which was completely black and had a white diamond on this forehead. I liked the horse but he looked like he was in a bad mood and I felt that he just wanted to kick me and get away. The tall, black horse was my teacher's favorite horse out of all.

The horse's name was Ace and he was very fast, and I have seen it while teacher was demonstrating techniques. I tugged on Ace to get him out of the stable, but he pulled back and would not come out. I had to ask my teacher to help me to get the horse out. Since the teacher was his master, Ace was forced to obey him. The horse came out and I put the saddle on him and got ready to race.

Ryan was next to me and he started making fun of me. I tried my best to not get angry but I became angry and yelled at him " SHUT UP Ryan" The countdown started and I was ready to make the horse gallop. The bell rang and the horse started galloping very fast. The mane of the horse was blowing at my face. I was mostly looking at Ryan who was acting over confident to win and he was making funny noises. I could see the golden trophy placed in front of the judges.

The trophy was about a foot tall and had a horse on it. I felt like Ryan was beating me so I tried to make the horse run faster. The horse went out of control and I fell over. The horse did not slow down. I was getting dragged in the dirt. There was a cloud of dirt around me.

“ OH! Look at that boy!” yelled some audience. I could not see which ones because the tornado of dust was making me unable to see. The wind was passing and making the dust go in my face I did not want to lose so I hopped back on and made the horse gallop faster. I could see that the horse was running faster than before so I tucked my head behind the horse’s neck so the wind would not bother me. I was close to overtaking Ryan so I started hitting the rear end of the horse so he would run faster. I could see the finish line in front of me and Ryan was little bit in front of me.

All of a sudden my horse started to gallop faster and I was beating Ryan. The finish line was in front of me and all I needed to do was keep my speed but just to be sure I made my horse run even faster. I beat Ryan and got the Trophy. The next day, I had about ten Band-Aids on my leg.