

# Describe your favourite hang-out place essay



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

A desire is a sense of hoping for an outcome. Many people have a certain aspiration; probably the majority has more than one or two. We will do anything in our power to achieve as many as possible, however, not all yearnings are met and we end up being disappointed with ourselves or take it out on others. I love animals, especially horses. Since I was a young girl, I used to watch show jumping on the sports channel at home. Thoroughbreds with their beautiful tails neatly brushed wearing common but immensely attractive show jumping tack; English style saddle, open-front boots, running martingale, and figure-8 nose band.

The jockeys are also very elegant in black velvet helmets, tweed jackets, breeches and high riding boots. All these elements put together create such a lovely image to my eyes, yet the factor which fascinates me the most is the movement and precision of the rider which leads to a poised performance by the team. The first time I ever rode a horse, I was eight years old. Sitting on a fourteen hands high mare seemed magical and that's when I knew I wanted to become like my inspiration Nick Skelton - a world-renowned show jumping rider.

My parents knew how much I wanted to learn so they began sending me to lessons. My instructor first taught me how to feel comfortable in the presence of various different horses and ponies, each of different sizes and had their own individual personality. In the first month I was taught how to clean a stable in the correct manner, feed and groom a horse. During this stage, it didn't matter whether I was riding or simply meeting the animal's needs. I become very close to a five year old mare - Moody.

She grew to be my best friend, and funnily enough we seemed to understand each other more and more as time went by. Throughout the next eighteen months, my instructor taught me how to control Moody. Trotting with her was marvelous; the feeling inside my stomach was indescribable. My mentor made me perform an assortment of exercises with Moody; cantering bareback, trotting with my eyes closed with no tack, lying on the ground in an enclosed field with Moody, and finally the correct means to put on all the tack she required to leap over fences.

I used to go for riding lessons four times a week but used to visit and help out almost everyday as the centre was so close to home. I began to progress and my instructor began teaching me how to jump. The first time I have to admit was rather terrifying, but as I came over my fear, the enjoyment could be seen in both mine and Moody's eyes. My first Junior Competition took place when I was eleven years old. Moody and I took the silver, and from then on my tutor kept up the training. He said he saw great potential in me and believed that I could go far with my perseverance and talent.

We continued with various contests, and somehow or other, we always managed to leave the premises with our heads held high; from time to time gold, and every now and then silver. However a dreaded day emerged. When I was fourteen years old, I was during a training session and Moody was somewhat agitated. My tutor said I would be ready to try a higher jump. He raised one of the poles whilst I got Moody in the right mental state. We galloped towards the pole and just as we were ready to leap across, a wind current forced a door to slam with a great bang.

We were both taken by surprise and this caused Moody to leap incorrectly thrusting us both forwards. I was left unconscious on the ground whilst Moody stood up limping beside me. My tutor immediately called for an ambulance and a veterinarian. I was taken straight to hospital where various tests were carried out. After a couple of hours I regained consciousness and the doctor continued his study. I spent two days under the care of dedicated nurses and frequent visits by Prof. Smith. Moody was also being examined at the centre and was beginning to recuperate, however the worst hour of my life arrived shortly.

The doctor emerged with the most horrific news my ears could withstand. Even though I am hugely devastated that I cannot reach my goal and compete in any Grand Prix competitions due to my one major accident, I sincerely do not hold any grudges for Moody. My dream has undoubtedly been crushed but entering this sport I knew the risks and consequences ahead. Show jumping is a team sport where rider and horse compete as one. Moody will always be my best friend and I will always treat her in the same manner as I did before the incident, even though my desire will never be reached.