

The Girl and the White Horse



Jane MEADOW

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On a small farm with a red barn and a field of tall grass, there lived a girl named Ella. She was eight years old, with light-brown skin, wavy dark brown hair in a loose side braid, and a soft green ribbon. Ella loved animals more than anything. Every morning, she pulled on her red rubber boots and mustard-yellow dungarees, ready for a new adventure.



One sunny day, a new animal arrived at the farm. It was a white horse named Snowdrop, with a cream mane and a soft pink muzzle. He had gentle dark eyes and a small white star on his forehead. Snowdrop wore a simple brown leather halter. He stood quietly in the field, looking around with shy, curious eyes.



Ella saw Snowdrop and her heart did a little hop. She wanted to be his friend right away. She walked to the fence and smiled. 'Hello, Snowdrop,' she said softly. But Snowdrop took a step back and lowered his head. He was shy and not ready to meet anyone yet. Ella did not push. She just stood quietly and watched.



The next day, Ella came back with a small wooden grooming brush in her pocket. She climbed onto the fence and sat still. 'It's okay,' she whispered. 'I can wait.' Snowdrop peeked at her from behind his cream mane. He did not come closer, but he did not run away either. Ella smiled and stayed put, patient as a stone.



Each morning, Ella visited Snowdrop. She brought a carrot or a piece of apple and left it on the fence post. 'You don't have to come,' she said. 'But I'll be here.' Snowdrop's ears twitched. He took one slow step, then another. Day by day, the distance between them grew smaller. Ella learned that patience was a kind of friendship too.



One breezy afternoon, Snowdrop walked right up to the fence. His soft pink muzzle sniffed Ella's hand. She held very still. 'Hello, friend,' she whispered. Snowdrop's warm breath tickled her fingers. Ella's hazel eyes shone. She did not grab or hurry. She just let him take his time. And Snowdrop did not flinch away.



The next day, Ella brought her wooden brush. 'May I groom you?' she asked softly. Snowdrop stood still. Ella opened the gate and stepped into the field. She began to brush his pure white coat with slow, careful strokes. Snowdrop's ears relaxed. His long pale lashes blinked slowly. The brush moved gently, and Snowdrop seemed to like it.



While she groomed him, Ella talked softly. She told Snowdrop about her day and the birds in the trees. Then she sang a little song about sunshine and clover. Her voice was quiet and sweet. Snowdrop lowered his head and sighed a happy sigh. The field was peaceful, and the two of them were together.



Snowdrop began to relax. His sturdy body softened, and he leaned into the brush. When Ella stopped, he nudged her shoulder as if to say, 'More, please.' Ella laughed and brushed his cream mane. 'You like that, don't you?' she said. Snowdrop's dark eyes were calm and trusting now. He was no longer shy.



After grooming, Ella walked across the field. Snowdrop followed her, his hooves making soft thuds on the grass. Ella turned and smiled. 'You're following me!' she said. Snowdrop blinked his gentle eyes. He followed her to the gate and back again. Ella's heart felt full. Their friendship was growing, one quiet moment at a time.



One rainy day, Ella could not go outside. She stood at the window and watched Snowdrop in the field. He stood by the gate, waiting. When the rain stopped, Ella ran out in her red boots. Snowdrop saw her and whinnied softly. He walked right up to her and nuzzled her pocket, looking for the brush.



Ella pulled out her wooden brush. 'You missed this, didn't you?' she said. She brushed his white coat while the sun came out. Snowdrop stood perfectly still. Their quiet grooming time had become their favorite moment together. Ella hummed a little tune. Snowdrop's ears flicked back and forth, happy and relaxed.



From that day on, Snowdrop was Ella's best friend. He followed her around the field and waited for her at the gate. Ella learned that trust grows through patience. 'You just have to be gentle and kind,' she told her mother. 'And you have to wait.' Snowdrop nodded his head as if he agreed.



Now, every morning, Ella visits Snowdrop with her brush in her pocket. She grooms his soft white coat with slow, careful strokes. She talks and sings, and Snowdrop listens. Their friendship is quiet and strong, built on patience and trust. And in the field, under the blue sky, they are happy together.



Ella discovered that patience is a gift. It made Snowdrop feel safe and loved. She learned that trust does not come quickly, but it is worth the wait. And every day, with her wooden brush and her gentle songs, she and Snowdrop share their favorite moment. The girl and the white horse are the best of friends.



And so, in the little farm with the red barn, Ella and Snowdrop show us that friendship grows when we are patient and kind. Trust is like a seed: it needs time, gentle care, and a little song. Ella smiles and brushes Snowdrop's cream mane. Snowdrop's dark eyes shine with trust. Their quiet grooming time will always be their favorite.