**“Clark: The Horse Enforcer” Manuscript**

David DeVol and Aidan Jones

I love keeping people safe. They are such interesting creatures. That’s why I wanted to be a police horse. I want to help those in need! But my favorite person is my rider, Mike. He takes such good care of me. Together we are unstoppable!

I used to be a cart horse, you know. It wasn’t very fun, carrying things from one place to another all day. I wondered if there was more to life than just carting around food. When Mike came, everything changed for me! He took me from that stinky farm and signed me up for the mounted police! That’s where people ride on horses like me to make sure other people are okay.

Mike makes sure I’m always presentable for the team. I prance around as the other horses stare in awe at my shiny, freshly cleaned hide. “I wish I had a rider like that!” they whinny. “What a lucky guy, that Clark.” The people officers sometimes compliment me, too. “He’s so obedient!” they chime. “What a lucky guy, that Mike.”

We don’t see much action very often, but it never hurts to be safe! “Use the sidewalk, please!” Mike occasionally yells to the people. I neigh in agreement. We are always on the same page. At the end of the day, Mike gives me my favorite snack, a bag of oats! He leaves it with me before he goes home. But not before wishing me a good night! I love Mike, and I know he loves me.

Today, I tripped a little while I was on patrol. Mike got freaked out, but I still tried my best to stay in order. We went a bit farther, and I tripped again. “Alright, buddy, I think you’ve done enough for today,” Mike said gloomily. “You should get a rest.” Mike led me back to my stable and closed it up. “Don’t move around too much, okay?” Mike stared at me with worry in his eyes. He trudged off to the vet’s building. I hope he’s not bringing a shot!

Mike came back with a rather old man with large glasses. Mike opened my stable to let the man in. “Let’s see here,” the man said tiredly. “What was wrong with him again?” “He stumbled a bit when we were on patrol,” Mike replied quietly. “Oh, that’s no good. Let’s see if I can find out what the problem is, hmm?” The old man approached my front legs. I backed away, but a pain flew through my right one and I stumbled. “It’s okay, friend,” the man said in a soft tone. “I’m going to help you.” I let him get closer, and he started to fiddle with my right leg. Suddenly, the pain returned once again. I whinnied in agony as he quickly backed away. “Hmm…” the man mumbled. “Would it be okay if you let me take some x-rays of the leg?” he asked Mike. “Okay,” Mike replied unsurely. He walked slowly towards me. “It’s okay, buddy,” he said quietly. “Everything’s going to be fine.” He grabbed my harness and we walked slowly to the vet’s building along with the man. When we were inside, the man led me to a large room. “Make sure he stays still,” he said to Mike. “Don’t move buddy,” Mike told me. The man took a few pictures of me, and I was finally allowed back to my stable. When I arrived, one of the other horses noticed and started to talk. “Why’d you go in there?” he questioned. “The doctor said I needed an x-ray,” I replied. “Uh-oh,” he said. “You know what happens when they do that, right?” “No, what?” “They take you inside for a little while, and then you’re never seen again! It happened to Abacus, remember?” “Oh no! You’re right!” I whinnied. “They call it getting put to sleep!” “It was nice knowing you, friend,” he whispered before drifting off to sleep. The next morning, Mike walked up to my stable. He looked very sad, and I could see a tear forming in his eye. “Oh Clark,” he said. “I wish there was something I could do.” No. I have let you down. I am not fit for work, I am not fit for anything. You should have let me go when you had the chance. “Wait a minute,” Mike suddenly perked up. “Wasn’t there some place where… yeah, I’ll try calling them! You’ll be okay Clark!” He ran off in a hurry to the vet’s building. “What’s gotten into him?” said my neighbor horse. “I don’t know,” I replied. “But I think it’s something good.” A few hours later, Mike returned with a lady. On her shirt, I saw in big letters “Horses of Tir Na Nog”. “This the one?” she asked. “That’s him,” Mike said back. “Sure is a handsome fella. What’s your name?” “Clark,” Mike said to her. “What a nice name. Do you mind if I go in with him?” “No, no, it’s okay.” The lady opened my stable door and walked in. When she got to me, she extended her hand and proceeded with the petting. “Hey, how you feeling?” she asked. I whinnied in reply. Suddenly, I started to shake a bit and I felt the pain once again. “Oh dear,” said the lady. “It does look as if he has Wobbler Syndrome.” “Yes,” Mike said quietly. “They’re going to put him down unless we do something about it.” “Well, you called the right person, sir. We can take your fine horse to our sanctuary where he can be happy!” “Really?” he asked. “That would be great! But I’ll miss him a lot.” “Don’t worry, you can come and visit him!” she said. “Now what do you say we get this guy on the road?” “Alright then!” exclaimed Mike. “I’ll come along too!” Mike grabbed my harness and led me out of the stables. I whinnied goodbye to all of my horse friends. “See you later!” I said. “I’m going on a vacation!” We got to a large trailer and I was led in. I saw a few other horses inside. “Who’s this guy?” one of them asked. “My name is Clark,” I said back. “I’m a police horse!” “Wow, cool!” said one of the younger ones. “Can you tell us about it?” I told them of some of my great feats and they sat and listened in awe. “You seem pretty important,” another one said. “My name’s Beckett. They found me abandoned in a pasture. My owner just decided to leave without me. But then these nice people found me, and they’re taking us to some really nice place.” “Is that so?” I asked. “What about my rider Mike? Will he be able to see me again?” “He can come to visit. Anybody’s welcome to this place I hear.” “Hey,” another horse whinnied. “You’re lucky they came to get you! Usually only abused horses get to go to this place! You sound like you’ve had a pretty good life!” “I suppose,” I said back. “But my leg injury was going to get me put to sleep.” “Well,” Beckett said, “they don’t do stuff like that here.” The ride to the sanctuary took quite a while. When we finally arrived, they opened the back of the trailer and I took in my surroundings. I could see a whole menagerie of animals, from sheep, to dogs, to llamas, to guinea hens. “This place looks amazing!” I exclaimed. “The best part is, I get to be your stablemate!” said Beckett. “Our stable is right next to the donkeys.” The lady who came to pick me up led Beckett and I to our stable. “Here’s your new home!” she said. “Clark,” said Mike. “Thank you for everything!” He came into the stable and hugged me goodbye. “Thank you for everything, Mike,” I thought. “Don’t forget to come and visit.” Mike walked back to the trailer with the lady and they drove away. “Well, that was touching,” whinnied Beckett. “I think it’s about time we got some shuteye, hmm? You’ve had a big day!” Beckett walked towards a pile of hay and lay down to rest. “I suppose I’ll go to sleep, then,” I replied. I lied down and drifted off. “So this is what it’s like to retire. Thank you Mike, for giving me a second chance!”