One seemingly normal day, I was just playing with my Polly Pocket dolls when out of the blue, a voice sighed, “Ahhhhhh, that’s much better” I jumped. “Who are you?” I asked. Putting on a face braver than I felt, I stood up looking around the room. “Show yourself!” I yelled. “Okay, I will,” The voice said calmly. As it stepped into the light, I gasped. It was none other than my American Girl Doll Horse, come to life! “How did you get that way?” I asked. Well… it’s a long story. Changing the subject quickly, she said, “Anyway, I’ve got a problem. My whole world is falling apart!” I gasped. “Oh no! How did it happen?” Well… it happened like this:

 "First, I was just taking Butterfly, my rider over a course that we had gone through many times when, all of a sudden there came a terrible scream. Butterfly did not need to even touch the reins because I immediately galloped toward the sound of the screams that sounded *exactly* like a horse scream to me. Butterfly’s hands were shaking and I could feel it. When I got there Butterfly got off immediately and talked with the horse for a long time and finally came back with a sad look in her eyes. I understood from the bits of conversation that I heard, that a known criminal was out of jail and he was now getting revenge on our community through horses because our community liked horses a lot. Butterfly was just getting back on me when, suddenly, a bag came out of nowhere and grabbed her! It had been a trap! I galloped as fast as I could toward you but even then I was still almost caught around six times! The first five times, they were unmanned traps but the sixth time it was the criminal himself! After he jumped out at me I was *really* spooked so I galloped as fast as I could toward the place I knew that would be the most secure- your bedroom in my corner.”

To be continued…