

# Max and the horse

“Climb on to my back,” said the horse.

Max looked around to see if he could find a way to get up. There was a low wall that he could scramble on to and this sloped up to a higher section. He led the horse to the wall but struggled to climb it. He felt the horse’s nose pushing him from behind and, with help, he was able to get on to the lower part and from there to the higher part of the wall.

The horse came alongside the wall. Max reached out and tried to pull himself on to the horse.

“Hold on to my mane,” said the horse.

“Won’t it hurt?” asked Max.

“Nothing hurts me,” said the horse.

Max gripped the mane but, despite what the horse said, he held it as gently as he could.

“Hold tighter,” said the horse, “you are going to need to pull.”

“OK,” said Max. He wound the hair of the mane between his fingers and pulled himself on to the horse’s back, close to the horse’s strong neck.

“Are you ready?” asked the horse.

“For what?” asked Max in reply.

“For this!” said the horse, and he began to trot, then to canter, then to gallop, then to fly!

Max gasped and clung tighter than ever.

Then he realised he had his eyes closed. As he opened them slowly, he couldn’t believe what he saw...

