

4-10-2023

Between Hooves and Neighing

Giovanna Oliveria de Silva

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces>

Recommended Citation

de Silva, Giovanna Oliveria (2023) "Between Hooves and Neighing," *Forces*: Vol. 2023, Article 14.
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.collin.edu/forces/vol2023/iss1/14>

This Essay is brought to you for free and open access by DigitalCommons@Collin. It has been accepted for inclusion in Forces by an authorized editor of DigitalCommons@Collin. For more information, please contact mtomlin@collin.edu.

Between Hooves and Neighing

Giovanna Oliveira de Silva

Thirteen years ago, when I was 7, I used to practice horse riding at an equestrian center located in Manaus, Brazil. That center was huge, with fresh and white plumeria flowers guarding the entrance. The entrance gate was large, and the first thing I would see were the big brownish letters at the top of the entrance naming the building: "Haras Nilton Lins." The way to the stalls was an adventure. The orchestra of the "bem-te-vis" birds made the road relaxing. There was a little grey office on the left side of the short road along with a large sand arena with brown fences, where sometimes I could see people having riding lessons. On the right side of the road there was a smaller sand arena with white fences, where kids would usually take lessons on ponies. The stalls were right at the end of these arenas. The first thing I used to do was visit my favorite horse in his stall. The stalls were large with a long hall between them. As I would go down the hall, I was welcomed by greeting heads neighing and looking to see if I had some treats. The fresh leather smell of the saddles and equipment felt like I was in cowboy times, joining the fresh smell of grass and horse. My horse's stall was almost at the end of the hall, so before getting to him, I was welcomed by energetic horses neighing out loud, and looking for the treats I used to bring. The sound of their hooves hitting the ground like soldiers going to a battle was their way of showing excitement. Sometimes a horse would be bold enough to try to touch his nose on my arm to get treats, and it always felt like soft cotton balls tickling my arm. The stalls were all the same, green colored filled with hay inside; the smell of hay was kind of dry, sometimes making me want to sneeze. In each stall there was water and their daily mix of fresh cut grass and rations, which created an interesting smell of greens. The fresh carrots and apples I used to bring were devoured in seconds by my favorite horse. He would first put his soft tongue out to get a big bite like a huge dog licking my hand. His brownish color matched the green of the stalls, along with the white star on his forehead, and his white legs, which made it look like he wore socks. He was a Brasileiro de Hipismo (BH), so he was tall and very muscular. When I ran out of treats, he always rubbed his head against my arm. His soft coat left some hair on my shirt, and his rough brown hair always hid his white star like bangs. His perfectly cut hair and tail made him seem fancy. Even though I don't remember his name, I will never forget that horse, the one who initiated my passion for horse riding.