Twist of Fate
The Miracle Colt and his Friends

Chapter Four
By Chris Stuckenschneider

Clueless Too and his buddy Laredo are cool dudes who never say nay to frolic and play. I'm still a colt, not even dry behind the ears, but once I get older, I've got plans to share pasture space with the free-wheeling duo. They're crazy boys with a feedbag full of tricks that keep their handlers hopping.

Clueless Too and Laredo are 2-year-olds, but they look nothing alike and have totally different backgrounds. Clueless was in the accident, and was only a yearling at the time. He shouldn't have been on the truck —finding him that night was the biggest shock of all for the Longmeadow staff. Young horses aren't supposed to be sent to slaughterhouses, but then neither was Mama, who was pregnant with me.

Clueless was one of the first horses to be rescued. He had some cuts that needed stitches, but none bad enough to warrant sending him to an area veterinary hospital. Instead, the colt was taken directly to Longmeadow for treatment.

At the ranch, Clueless didn't show any signs of being mistreated by a previous owner, or suffering trauma from the accident. In no time, he bounced back, ate like a horse and grew like a weed. Now he's a real beauty. The staff can't figure out why anyone would have given up on a Thoroughbred colt with so much potential. His sorrel coat has a high sheen, and his developing muscles ripple as he runs, tail swishing, all happiness and light.

Clueless Too has expressive eyes and legs like a giraffe. Like most Thoroughbreds, he has a long face, something you don't see in a Quarterhorse or Appaloosa. A Thorough-bred's face provides space for an elongated nasal passage that enables the horse to pull in lots of air when it's racing. Clueless has lean muscles, too—he's built like a long-distance runner.

In case you're wondering about the second part of Clueless' name, I'll explain. The staff at Longmeadow named him after another Clueless who lived at the ranch. That horse was the same color, had a zippy personality, and acted ditzy. So you see, Clueless Too could have been Clueless Two, too. Whoa! This makes me happy to have a sensible name like Twister, thrilled I didn't get saddled with Tongue Twister, or Twisted Sister.

The last name wouldn't have worked, because I'm a guy, and proud of it, just like Laredo. He's a Paint with a blaze face, and thick white eyelashes that make every filly on the ranch green with envy.

Laredo wasn't on the slaughterhouse truck. He was born at Longmeadow. His mom suffered quite a bit before she got here. The Longmeadow staff rescued her from a neglectful owner who didn't feed or care for her.
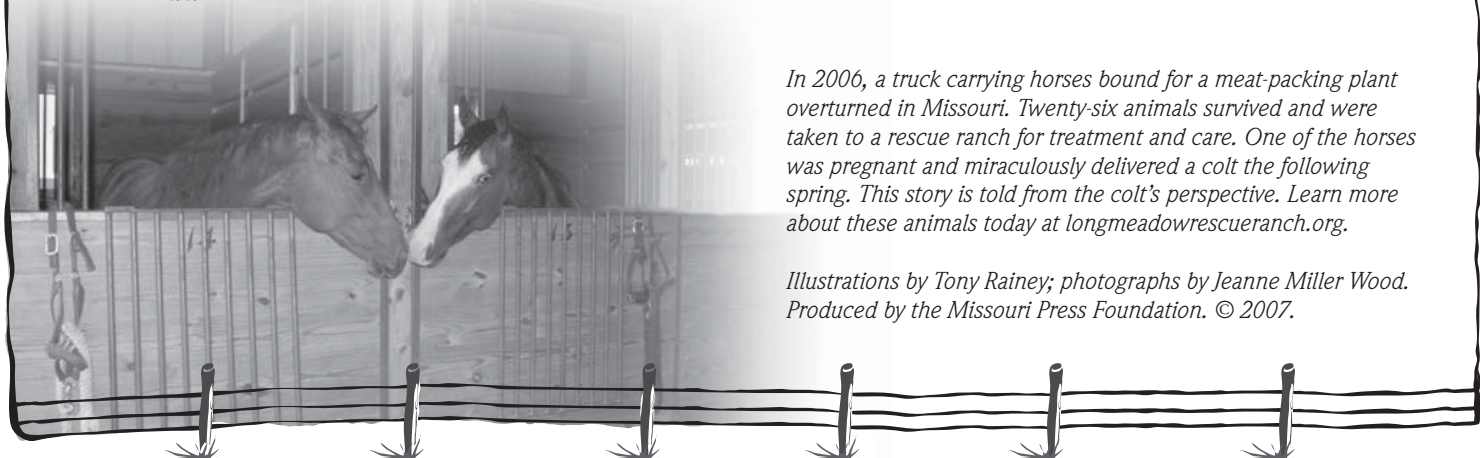
Every day, Laredo and Clueless Too are turned out together, and they tear around like playmates at recess. When night comes, they bunk down in stalls next to each other. It takes a while before they settle down. The friends knock their knees against their stall doors, jiggle the locks with their lips and play yo-yo with their noses, as if it's a game of got-you-last.

Colts are like 9-year-old boys—can't be still for a minute. Fillies aren't near as active, but if you ask me they don't have near as much fun. The staff works with Clueless Too and Laredo, getting them used to people, nipping annoying habits like biting in the bud—I know all about that.

The adult horses from the accident, like D.D., who are already trained under saddle, get additional time with trainers. The philosophy at Longmeadow is that well-behaved horses will be more likely to find a good home.

D.D.'s an Appaloosa, and Bazonka Donk's girlfriend. You'll meet this engaging mare in the next chapter.

Clueless Too and Laredo