



MY FIRST PONY... CHARLIE

by childbook.ai



Ben woke up on his fourth birthday feeling extra excited. Mom and Dad had promised him a special surprise waiting outside. When he ran to the window, he couldn't believe his eyes - a small chocolate brown pony with a blonde mane was standing in their yard!



"This is Charlie," Dad said, leading Ben to the gentle Shetland pony. Charlie sniffed Ben's small hand and nickered softly. Ben giggled as the pony's whiskers tickled his palm, feeling both nervous and thrilled.



Mom showed Ben how to hold the brush properly. "Always brush in the direction of Charlie's hair," she explained patiently. Ben concentrated hard as he ran the brush along Charlie's chocolate brown coat. Charlie stood perfectly still, seeming to enjoy the gentle grooming.

Charlie's
Corner

ROW



Every morning, Ben helped Dad prepare Charlie's breakfast of hay and grain. Honey the goat would watch curiously from her pen while Tabby the cat often supervised from the fence post. Ben felt so grown-up having such an important job taking care of his very own pony.



"The saddle goes on after the blanket," Dad explained, showing Ben each step carefully. The small saddle looked enormous to Ben, but he was determined to learn. Charlie patiently stood still as Ben practiced putting the saddle on and taking it off again.



Dad held Charlie's lead rope while Ben sat in the saddle for the first time. "Hold the reins gently," Mom reminded him from where she watched. Ben's heart raced with excitement as Charlie took his first steps with Ben on his back.



Red and Teddy, the family dogs, always followed along during Ben's riding lessons. They would run alongside Charlie, making Ben laugh. Sometimes Patty the cat would watch from a safe distance, her orange and white fur bright against the green grass.



Ben learned to steer Charlie toward the apple orchard at the edge of their property. Charlie loved eating fallen apples, and Ben felt proud when he could guide his pony there. Dad walked beside them, ready to help if needed.



"Charlie doesn't like water," Dad warned when they approached the small stream. Ben patted Charlie's neck and spoke softly to him. To everyone's surprise, Charlie carefully stepped across the stream with Ben on his back.



One day, rain poured down hard, keeping Ben inside. He watched from the window as Charlie stood under his shelter. "He looks lonely," Ben told Mom, who helped him put on his raincoat so he could visit his friend.



Ben organized a farm parade with Charlie as the star. Mom and Dad watched as Ben led Charlie around the yard, followed by Honey the goat, Red and Teddy the dogs, and even Tabby and Patty the cats. Everyone on the farm was part of Ben's special parade.



As summer turned to fall, Ben could brush, saddle, and ride Charlie all by himself. "You've become a real horseman," Dad said proudly. Ben hugged Charlie's neck, knowing this was just the beginning of their adventures together.



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