

Like all the other foals, I sought out Mom to explain what I didn't understand. "Mom, what does Love mean?"

"Well, daughter, I overheard one of the grooms tell another that you were registered as Chelsea Love. So, the humans gave you Love as your barn name."

I had no idea what registered meant, but I filed it away in my memory banks. What I did know, was that I took a lot of teasing once word of my name got circulated to the other horses. The harassment about my name continued throughout the fall and winter. I guess that the other mothers thought I was misnamed. The constant teasing did not do my disposition any good. Fall arrived, and we were all put in a separate pasture from our mothers. I kicked and bit a few of the other weanlings butts when they repeated what their had mothers had told them.

Sugar went away with some unfamiliar humans before Christmas. We didn't even get to say goodbye! The colts were separated from us fillies in the spring. We had all grown a lot throughout the long year. I could see Mom with her new foal over in the adjoining pasture. My new sibling didn't look at all like me! The new foal had a big snowflake pattern on its rump, but otherwise was solid like our Mom, with the same star and hind socks. "Oh, my! Mom's new foal is a colt," I snorted. Toy had lost her foal a couple of months earlier, so my little brother had two overprotective mares to keep him in line and make sure he didn't get too adventurous too soon. He couldn't get away with anything.

No one much bothered me anymore; they knew better, but the little filly Blue was always picked on and excluded from the filly clique. I guess that when Sugar and I were growing up together we didn't pay much attention to the other foals, except to put an occasional upstart in their place. I never realized how small Blue was.

Blue, alone as usual, had found a yummy patch of clover not far from where I was grazing. The gang of four—the nasty girls that always made fun of my name—decided they wanted Blue's patch of clover.

"Scram, midget. You don't rate sweet clover."

Outnumbered, Blue started to back off. When she saw me coming at her from behind she froze. Bertha, the ringleader of the pack, was so occupied bullying Blue that she didn't notice me. She laid back her ears and scrunched up her nostrils, making an ugly face at Blue and then threatening her. "I told you to get lost, Blue, unless you want a beating!"

I whizzed past the frightened Blue and took a chunk out of big mouth Bertha's spotted hide. Then, I whipped around and clocked her with a hind foot for good measure. One of her friends, Lotta, tried a rear attack. I let go with both hind legs and sent her flying off of her feet. The other two gang members were long gone. I laid my ears back and challenged them, "Come on! You want to try again? I am just getting warmed up." They backed off, and I turned my attention to Blue.