

The Misadventures of Scooter Pie

You might not know who I am, but I'm the smallest of the pony herd at Rocky River Stables. I may be vertically challenged when I'm standing on my four feet but I can be much taller when standing on two back feet and sometimes when standing on two front feet I can get my tail end pretty high up there too. Just ask some of my big horse friends, when I'm turned out to play. I hold my own with the big boys. I wish my tall humans would just let me hang out on the cross ties with my small friends, they bring out my gentler side and I love it when they brush me.

But, I digress. You would not believe what happened to me. We had a big flood awhile back. The river came up and water was all the way across the outside ring. Logs and branches and twigs were left where a lot of the sand was. After the water went down we all were turned out to play like usual. Unfortunately, being a senior pony my eyes aren't as good as they used to be. I always like to poke my head thru the fence and eat grass. Well in the process of snagging a few tasty blades I poked my eye pretty bad. When I was brought in my friend Karen noticed I couldn't keep my eye all the way open. A few hours later the dreaded vet came. I don't know about you guys but I'm not too fond of vets, especially when the needles come out. I have to say I'm fairly opposed to needles. Of course I'm also opposed to having someone stick their fingers in my sore eye. I tried to fend off this mighty vet but she got help – two more humans. Well they stuck me, then I felt kind of funny and a little out of it but by then it wasn't bothering me as much when they looked in my eye. Later I heard the vet say I had punctured my eyeball. That worried me a little. She gave the humans some medicines to give me. I put up with those silly humans putting three kinds of medicine in my eye three times a day plus some goo they stuck in my mouth and some powdery stuff that covered my grain. After about one week of this torturous routine I had enough. I gave them the Scooter Pie stubborn pony treatment. I wouldn't let them open my eyelids. I swung my head real fast away. I ran around my stall; I even tried to get as tall as they are by standing on my back feet. I figured that would cure those humans of bothering my poor eyeball. They finally let me alone. Unfortunately my eye started hurting real bad after another week and they had that vet look at my poor eye again. Then she really scared me. She said my eye had to be removed, as in surgery. All of a sudden I was being loaded in a horse trailer and went to an Equine Hospital, very funny smelling place. The humans there seemed very nice. I suppose if I had been better for my eye medicine I may not have had to go to the hospital but it was too late now. So, I decided to cooperate. I'm a pretty smart little fella when it comes right down to it. Well they sedated me and removed my eye while I was standing. They put a big bandage over my eye and head and sent me home the next day. I have to say I feel much better without that painful eyeball. And I'm adjusting pretty well with my one eye. I hope nobody will be too offended or scared when they see me with a dent in my head where my eye used to be. I figure I'll be a shoe in for a pirate at our next Halloween Horse Show. The best thing is I know I can depend on my small humans to carefully lead me in pony camp. It's sort of like having a two-legged seeing eyed dog. I would like to thank Equine Specialty Hospital for doing a great job and I reluctantly have to thank Dr. Indy Peckham that needle wielding woman from the Visiting Vet who really saved my life, and also I have to thank Michele Vonk for the trailer ride. And I'm real sorry I was such a bugger to all of you tall humans who were trying to help me by putting medicines in my eye.

They tell me my operation cost almost \$800. If any of my devoted small friends could send their tooth fairy money my way I'd greatly appreciate it. This was quite an ordeal. Being of advanced years you never know how the surgery will go. I'm glad I proved to them I'm worth the \$800. Hope to see you in pony camp. Happy Trails, Scooter Pie