

# THE BLACK & WHITE STALLION

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When I was twenty-four years, I owned forty acres of land with a small house on it. I leased other land around me. I did some farming and grazed a few head of cattle.

One day my brother, Kenneth, came to the job where I was working in Tulsa around 1:00 in the afternoon. He said just as he was leaving to come to work he saw a black and white stallion in our pasture knocking our horses around. Kenneth said that my little five year old saddle mare had run over something sharp and ripped her belly open and all her guts were gone. Kenneth thought maybe the stallion had been in our pasture with our horses all the night before. I told my boss I had to leave for the rest of the day because of a problem at home I had to take care of. He said, "Go on, I will punch your card out later." Kenneth went on to his job and I went home.

When I got home I went into the house and loaded up my 30-30 rifle. When I came back out of the house I looked far down the little narrow road. I saw my saddle mare struggling up the road and ran down the road to meet her. There she was - My pretty little blaze face sorrel mare, all skinned up, with big hunks of flesh gone where the stallion had bitten her. She was breathing really hard, heavy and very fast. She was weaving and staggering as she came stumbling up to me and laid her head on my shoulder. The muscles in her legs were jerking and jumping, her shoulders were quivering and she was in great pain. Her guts were gone and dragging along behind her. All of this just broke my heart. I broke down and began to cry. I knew I would have to kill my little saddle mare and put her out of her misery. This was a sad

time for me. I petted my little sorrel mare for the last time. I could see the pain and suffering in her dim, sad eyes.

Finally, I turned around and walked away a short distance. I wiped the tears from my eyes, turned back around and pulled the rifle up to my shoulder. I took good aim and then fired. My little saddle mare dropped to the ground dead in the middle of the narrow road. This was the hardest thing I had ever had to do. I know I had done an awful thing, but I didn't have any choice. I couldn't stand to see her suffer and there was no way she could live. I sat down on a rock nearby and wept for a long while.

Then I realized that wild stallion was still in our pasture, maybe killing off some of our other horses. I struck out looking for the other horses. I spotted a number of different places on the ground where that stud horse had knocked our horses down. I found their hide and hair on the sides of trees and on rocks where he had knocked them down on the ground. I knew I was going to kill that stud horse devil when I found him. I found more and more places on the ground as I went along where that stud horse had kicked and knocked our horses down. I found where the stallion had run our horses into fences and found a lot of blood at different places over the pasture.

About an hour later I found our horses down along the creek bottom. Then I saw the black and white stallion. He weighed about 1200 pounds. I meant to gun that stud horse down when I caught up with him.

I saw the stallion run and lunge at one of our

work horses, rearing up and knocking him to the ground, then kicking him trying to destroy him. That stallion was one wicked creature and our work horses were just no match for him. I ran as fast as I could to get in shooting range. I made it to a big elm tree just a few feet away from the stud horse looking meaner than the devil. I slowly eased around the big elm tree, then pulled down on him with my 30-30 rifle and fired. The black and white stud horse fell to the ground dead. I walked around looking over our horses. They were butchered up something awful. It was a shame what that wicked stud horse had done to our animals. Some of them were limping and hobbling along and could hardly walk. They were all skinned up with big patches of hide and hair gone where the stud horse had bitten out big chunks of flesh. Some had deep cuts on them and were still bleeding. I could see big swollen places on their rib cages where their ribs were broken or caved in where that stud horse had kicked them. I felt no remorse for killing that stud horse devil for I knew I had done the right thing. I also knew I was going to find out who owned that black and white stallion and whoever owned him was going to pay me for my little saddle mare. I planned to take my 30-30 rifle with me just to make sure of that.

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