
STARDUST STABLES PRESENTS
Mindful Horsemanship with Sarah
STARDUST STABLES
LISTEN
NOTICE
CONNECT
WRITTEN BY
TERESA THE HATTER

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Today was the day.

Bella was fizzing with excitement.

Stardust Stables was holding its very first Mindful Horsemanship workshop with someone Bella felt was super important.

Her name was Sarah.

Sarah wasn't exactly a horse whisperer.

In fact, Bella thought she might be something even better.

Sarah was a horse listener.

And she called her approach **Mindful Horsemanship**.

Everyone at Stardust Stables had heard bits and pieces about Sarah before.

They had heard about Bella and Rolla's journey with her.

They had heard about the pauses.

The tiny steps.

The things Sarah had noticed that other people might have missed.

And most importantly, they had heard that Sarah didn't arrive with a list of things a horse *should* be doing.

She began by getting curious about the horse standing in front of her.

Today, everyone was finally going to see what that actually meant.

Children, teenagers and adults had gathered at Stardust Stables for the workshop.

And for the first part of the day, the Hatter and Bella were accompanying the younger visitors to meet Sarah, listen to her speak and meet a rather special young horse called Stitch.

"Are we going to see Sarah train him?" one of the children asked as they made their way towards the arena.

Bella grinned.

"Sort of."

The child looked puzzled.

"Sort of?"

"You'll see."

The Hatter smiled.

"Today isn't really about learning how to make a horse do things."

That only made everyone more curious.

As they reached the arena, they spotted Sarah standing quietly with Stitch beside her.

Stitch was young.

Very young.

He looked around at all the new faces, his ears moving this way and that as he took everything in.

Sarah didn't immediately ask him to do anything.

She simply stood beside him.

And waited.

The group became quiet.

Then someone raised their hand.

"Sarah?"

Sarah smiled.

"Yes?"

"How do you get a horse to listen to you?"

Sarah looked at Stitch.

Then back at the group.

"Perhaps," she said, "we start somewhere else."

She rested a hand gently against Stitch's shoulder.

"Before we ask how to make a horse listen to us..."

She paused.

"...we need to learn how to listen to the horse."

Bella looked around at the children.

This was the bit she had been waiting for.

And just like that...

their first Mindful Horsemanship lesson had begun.

A Horse Is a Nervous System Too

Sarah invited everyone a little closer.

"Before we look at what a horse is *doing*," she explained, "it can help to understand what might be happening inside them."

A horse doesn't experience the world exactly as we do.

But just like us, a horse has a nervous system continually gathering information.

Is this safe?

Do I need to move?

Can I relax here?

Can I trust what is happening?

Sarah nodded towards Stitch.

"His body is talking to us all the time."

Suddenly, several pairs of eyes turned towards him.

One child stared very seriously at Stitch's ears.

Another watched his feet.

Someone else noticed his breathing.

"What are you looking for?" Sarah asked.

"His ears!" someone called.

"His tail," said another.

"His eyes."

"His feet!"

Sarah smiled.

"All of those things can give us information."

Stitch moved his head and looked towards something happening on the other side of the arena.

His ears pricked forward.

One of the children giggled.

"He's not listening to you!"

Sarah smiled.

"Or perhaps he's listening to something else."

Everyone looked towards whatever Stitch had noticed.

That was interesting.

Sarah hadn't corrected him.

She hadn't immediately tried to get his attention back.

She had noticed what *he* was noticing.

"Behaviour is communication," Sarah explained.

"A horse who freezes, rushes, pulls away, becomes tense or finds it difficult to concentrate isn't necessarily being naughty, stubborn or disrespectful."

Bella knew this one.

"Something might be happening," she said.

Sarah nodded.

"Exactly."

Our job wasn't simply to stop the behaviour.

First, we could become curious about it.

What might this horse be trying to tell us?

The children were already beginning to look at horses a little differently.

Sometimes There Is a Story Beneath the Behaviour

Sarah explained that sometimes horses come into our lives with stories that began long before we met them.

Some have known inconsistency.

Some have known fear.

Some have experienced pain.

Some may have experienced trauma.

And sometimes we know very little about what happened before they became part of our lives.

"So, what do we do if we don't know what happened?" someone asked.

Sarah thought for a moment.

"We work with the horse we have in front of us."

That sounded simple.

But Bella knew it wasn't always easy.

Sometimes a horse might find something difficult that seemed perfectly ordinary to us.

Sometimes something they managed yesterday might suddenly feel much harder today.

Sometimes there might be progress...

and then a pause.

That didn't necessarily mean everything had gone backwards.

Nervous systems didn't always recover according to the timetable humans would prefer.

Healing wasn't always a straight line.

Neither was learning.

And perhaps horses could teach humans something rather important about that too.

Not everything has to happen quickly to be worthwhile.

Take the Time It Takes

Sarah walked a few steps with Stitch.

Then she stopped.

And waited.

Stitch looked around.

His ears moved.

Everyone watched.

Nothing particularly dramatic happened.

Nobody jumped.

Nobody trotted.

Nobody completed an impressive exercise.

Then Stitch's body softened.

He chose to step towards Sarah.

Sarah smiled.

"That moment matters."

A few of the children looked puzzled.

He had only taken a step.

"Taking time isn't doing nothing," Sarah explained.

"Waiting isn't failing to train."

"Pausing doesn't mean there isn't progress."

Sometimes the most important parts of horsemanship happen when we aren't asking for anything at all.

We are allowing the horse to notice us.

To understand us.

To discover what happens when they are beside us.

Because trust can't simply be demanded.

It is built through lots and lots of small experiences.

Bella thought about Rolla.

She understood exactly what Sarah meant.

Connection Before Control

Sarah asked the group a question.

"Why do humans have horses?"

Hands immediately appeared.

"To ride!"

"Jumping!"

"Competitions!"

"Hacking!"

"Because they're beautiful!"

"Because I love them!"

Everyone laughed.

Sarah smiled.

"There are lots of reasons."

Humans often bring horses into their lives because of things they hope to experience.

We might want to ride.

Compete.

Jump.

Hack.

Have a companion.

Reach a goal.

Or experience the relationship with a horse we have always dreamed about.

There was nothing wrong with having hopes.

But Mindful Horsemanship invited us to notice when our need for the horse to fulfil those hopes became more important than the horse standing in front of us.

Because a horse didn't arrive simply to meet our needs.

There was an individual there.

With preferences.

History.

Instincts.

Sensitivities.

Strengths.

Fears.

Curiosity.

Boundaries.

And a personality entirely their own.

"So perhaps," Sarah said, "instead of beginning with..."

What can this horse do for me?

"...we could begin with..."

Who is this horse?

Getting to Know the Horse You Actually Have

Sarah looked across at Bella.

"I think someone here knows quite a lot about this already."

Bella immediately knew who she meant.

"Me?"

Sarah smiled.

"You."

Bella took the little speaker and switched it into **talker mode**.

She looked at the group.

"This is about Rolla."

Everyone at Stardust Stables knew Rolla, but not everyone knew his whole story.

"When Rolla first came to me, I had loads of ideas about all the things we might do together."

Bella paused.

"But Rolla had his own ideas too."

A few people smiled.

"And there were things he found really difficult. Even being touched in some places wasn't always easy for him."

Bella glanced towards Sarah.

"So, I couldn't just think about everything *I* wanted to do with him. I had to start learning him."

"What does that mean?" one of the children asked.

Bella thought for a moment.

"I suppose it means noticing."

"Learning when he needs space. Learning what he likes and what he doesn't. Learning the little things he does before the bigger things happen."

She smiled.

"And learning that sometimes we have to change the plan."

Sarah nodded.

Bella continued.

"We've had times when we've moved forward loads, and times when we've had to stop and wait. Sometimes something feels easy for him and then it doesn't again."

"And I'm still learning him."

She looked around the group.

"I don't think there's going to be a day when I can say, *Right, I completely understand Rolla now. Finished.*"

Everyone laughed.

"Because he's still communicating. And we're both still changing."

One of the children raised their hand.

"Is he all better now?"

Bella went quiet for a moment.

"I don't really think about him as needing to be *all better*."

She looked towards the Hatter and then back at everyone.

"I think we just know each other more now."

The Hatter felt a little something warm flutter inside her chest.

Sarah smiled.

"And that," she said, "is getting to know the horse you actually have."

Bella clicked off talker mode and handed the speaker back.

Perhaps that was the real **Quiet Place Within**.

Not a destination Rolla had finally reached.

Not somewhere Bella had managed to get him to.

But something that could appear between them, little by little, as moments of understanding, trust and safety began to gather.

A quiet place they were still discovering together.

Relationship Changes Everything

"What makes a good relationship?" Sarah asked.

The answers came quickly.

"Being kind."

"Listening."

"Trust."

"Not being horrible!"

Everyone laughed.

"Absolutely," said Sarah.

Perhaps we could think about our relationship with a horse in some of the same ways we thought about other meaningful relationships.

A child.

A friend.

A partner.

A family member.

We wouldn't expect to create genuine trust with another person by continually demanding they meet our needs while ignoring everything they communicated.

Healthy relationships contained boundaries.

Communication.

Sometimes compromise.

Sometimes leadership.

Sometimes listening.

Sometimes saying no.

Sometimes changing our own approach.

Compassion didn't mean having no boundaries.

And leadership didn't have to mean control.

Sarah gave everyone a few little thoughts to remember:

Clear without being frightening.

Confident without being forceful.

Consistent without being rigid.

Compassionate without abandoning boundaries.

Curious while still offering direction.

The question became less:

How do I control you?

And more:

How do we understand one another?

Two Nervous Systems in Conversation

Then Sarah did something unexpected.

She asked everyone to stop looking at Stitch.

"Now," she said, "notice yourselves."

That caused a few confused faces.

"What happens inside *you* when your horse becomes worried?"

Do your shoulders tighten?

Does your breathing change?

Do you become frustrated?

Do you rush?

Do you become frightened too?

Do you suddenly feel embarrassed because somebody is watching?

Bella knew that feeling.

The Hatter definitely knew that feeling.

Humans brought nervous systems into the arena as well.

Sometimes we could be trying to help a frightened horse feel safe while our own body was shouting:

SOMETHING IS WRONG!

That didn't make us bad horse people.

It made us human.

Mindful Horsemanship wasn't about becoming perfectly calm all of the time.

It was about becoming aware enough to begin noticing what was happening in **both** nervous systems.

The horses.

And ours.

Sarah asked them to remember one little question:

What am I bringing into this conversation?

A Different Kind of Progress

"What does progress with a horse look like?" Sarah asked.

"Riding!"

"Jumping higher!"

"Loading into the horsebox!"

"Winning!"

"Getting them to do what you asked!"

Sarah nodded.

"Those things *can* be progress."

"But progress can be much quieter too."

Sometimes progress was...

A horse choosing to stay.

A breath.

A softer body.

Allowing a hand somewhere they couldn't tolerate one before.

Recovering more quickly after becoming frightened.

A human recognising tension earlier.

Stopping before either nervous system became overwhelmed.

Changing the plan.

Or simply deciding:

That's enough for today.

Those moments might look very small from the outside.

Inside a relationship, they could be enormous.

There was a little pause.

Then one of the children put their hand into the air.

"I know a story."

Sarah smiled.

"Would you like to tell us?"

The child nodded enthusiastically.

"It's about a pixie called Emerald and a horse called Ruby."

Everyone shuffled a little closer.

Even Bella sat down to listen.

The child began.

Emerald & Ruby

The Adventure They Didn't Ride

Emerald the pixie had dreamed of riding Ruby for as long as she could remember.

In her imagination, they would gallop across wildflower meadows, splash through streams and travel along woodland paths together.

Ruby tried.

She really did.

She loved Emerald very much.

But whenever Emerald climbed onto her back, something inside Ruby changed.

Her body became tight.

Her breathing changed.

Her ears moved differently.

Sometimes she stopped.

Sometimes she didn't want to move at all.

Ruby wanted to please Emerald.

But riding just didn't feel right for her.

At first, Emerald felt sad.

She had imagined so many adventures they would have together.

Then one day, Emerald stopped thinking about the horse she wished Ruby could be...

and looked at the horse who was actually standing beside her.

Ruby loved exploring the woods on foot.

She loved following Emerald along tiny winding paths.

She loved searching for apples.

She loved standing beneath the trees while Emerald read stories.

She loved being brushed.

She loved games.

She loved simply being together.

And Emerald realised something.

Their adventures hadn't disappeared.

They had simply changed.

Ruby didn't need to carry Emerald for their friendship to matter.

She didn't need to be ridden to have a purpose.

She didn't need to achieve anything at all to deserve love, care and a place beside her.

Ruby was valuable because she was Ruby.

And so, Emerald stopped dreaming about all the adventures they hadn't ridden...

and began noticing all the adventures they were already having.

Together.

On the ground.

Side by side.

The child finished.

For a moment, everyone was quiet.

Then Sarah smiled.

"Thank you."

Another child put their hand up.

"So, if a horse can't be ridden, they're still just as important?"

"Absolutely," Sarah said.

"And sometimes a horse *can* physically be ridden but tells us, in one way or another, that riding isn't right for them."

The Hatter nodded.

"Horses can grow older. They can become injured or unwell. Their circumstances can change. And some simply won't become the riding horse somebody originally imagined."

"But none of those things take away their value."

Sarah looked around the group.

"A horse is a living being before they are anything we might ask them to do."

That one seemed to stay with everyone.

What Have Our Horses Taught Us?

By now, the formal part of the workshop had almost disappeared.

Everyone had gathered into a little huddle.

Sarah sat with them.

So did Bella and the Hatter.

And the conversation simply wandered.

"Can you think of a horse or pony who has taught *you* something?" Sarah asked.

That brought plenty of answers.

Someone talked about **Bobo**.

Someone else remembered something **Elmo** had taught them.

Another spoke about **Moon**.

Bella, of course, spoke about **Rolla**.

Some of the lessons were big.

Some were funny.

Some were only a sentence.

Patience.

Confidence.

Trying again.

Knowing when not to try again.

Boundaries.

Bravery.

Trust.

Kindness.

Speaking up.

Slowing down.

Not assuming.

Noticing.

And they realised something rather wonderful.

Humans spent an awful lot of time talking about everything they could teach horses.

But perhaps horses were teaching humans all the time too.

Sometimes we simply needed to listen.

One Last Surprise

The Hatter suddenly stood up.

"Right."

Bella recognised that particular Hatter expression immediately.

There was definitely something else happening.

"We have two final members of today's workshop for you to meet."

From around the corner came the tiniest clip-clop of hooves.

Two little black miniature ponies appeared.

Lil and Ted.

The children melted.

"They're TINY!"

"Can we stroke them?"

"Oh, my goodness!"

Sarah laughed.

"First..."

She looked at the group.

"...what do horse listeners do?"

The answers came immediately.

"Notice!"

"Ask!"

"Watch their bodies!"

"Don't just grab them!"

"Give them space!"

"Listen!"

Sarah grinned.

"I think you're ready."

One by one, the children approached Lil and Ted.

They watched.

They waited.

They noticed little ears.

Little feet.

Little movements.

They offered hands.

They gave scratches and fuss where they were welcomed.

And this time, nobody needed reminding to notice what the ponies were saying.

They were already doing it.

Bella stood beside the Hatter watching them.

"Look at them," she whispered.

The Hatter smiled.

"I know."

The Horse Listeners

Finally, Sarah gathered everyone together one last time.

She had something in her hands.

Badges.

And certificates.

Each child was called forward.

Sarah handed them their very own **Horse Listener Pony Club badge** and certificate.

Not because they had learnt how to make a horse perform a perfect exercise.

Not because they had ridden the fastest.

Jumped the highest.

Or controlled a horse.

But because they had begun learning something that could last their whole lives.

To notice.

To become curious.

To respect boundaries.

To understand that behaviour communicates.

To remember their own nervous system too.

To take the time it takes.

And above all...

to listen.

Sarah looked around at her very first group of Horse Listeners.

"Don't just learn how to train horses," she reminded them.

"Learn horses."

Bella looked at Stitch.

Then she thought about Rolla.

The Hatter looked around at Bella, Sarah, the children, Lil and Ted.

And somewhere amongst all the talking, watching, waiting, stories and tiny pony fuss...

something rather lovely had happened.

They hadn't simply learnt more about horses.

They had learnt a little more about themselves too.

One of the children looked down proudly at their new badge.

"I get it now."

Bella smiled.

"Get what?"

"Sarah isn't a horse whisperer."

"Nope."

The child looked over towards Sarah.

Then at Stitch.

Then down at Lil and Ted.

"She's a horse listener."

Bella grinned.

"And now..."

She pointed at the shiny little badge.

"...so are you."

And that seemed like the perfect place to begin.

Horse Listener

REFLECTIONS

Great horse listeners don't just learn to ride.
They learn to understand, respect and connect.
Take a moment to reflect on your horse or pony.

LISTEN
NOTICE
CONNECT

- What does your horse or pony do when they feel relaxed?
- What do you notice when they are unsure or worried?
- What do they seem to enjoy the most?
- Is there something you used to think was "naughty" that you might look at differently now?
- What has your horse taught you?
- What would you like to become better at noticing or understanding?
- What is one thing you appreciate about your horse every single day?

There are no perfect answers.
Just notice.
Get curious.
Keep learning your horse.

Learn Your Horse

The more we notice, the more we understand,
the stronger our connection grows.

My Horse / Pony: _____

Things they enjoy

Things they find difficult



How I know they're relaxed

How I know they're unsure

Their favourite scratches

Things that help them feel safe

Something I'm still learning about them

Something they have taught me

One thing I'm going to slow down and notice this week is...

Don't just learn how to train horses.

Learn horses.

Learn their language.
Learn their little ways.
Learn when to ask.
Learn when to wait.
Learn when the plan
needs to change.

LISTEN. NOTICE. CONNECT.

Every horse has a story. Are we listening?





A Quiet Moment with Your Horse

A Mindful Horse Listener Meditation

Find somewhere safe and comfortable where you can simply be near your horse or pony.

You might sit somewhere nearby, stand safely outside their field, or spend some time with them over the stable door.

You don't need to ride.

You don't need to train.

You don't need to ask your horse to do anything at all.

For the next few moments...

you are simply going to **be together**.

Take a comfortable breath.

And another.

Notice your feet.

Notice the ground beneath you.

Notice the sounds around you.

Perhaps you can hear birds.

The wind.

Other horses.

The sounds of the yard.

And now...

gently notice your horse.

You don't need to stare at them.

Just observe.

What are their ears doing?

Where are their eyes looking?

How are they standing?

What is their breathing like?

Is their body still?

Are they moving?

Perhaps they are eating.

Perhaps they are looking around.

Perhaps they are watching you.

You don't need to decide what any of it means.

For now...

just notice.

Now bring your attention back to yourself.

Notice your breathing.

Notice your shoulders.

Notice your hands.

Is your body soft?

Are you holding any tension?

Are you waiting for your horse to do something?

Perhaps you're hoping they'll come closer.

Perhaps you're wondering what they're thinking.

See if, just for this moment, you can let go of needing anything to happen.

Your horse doesn't need to come to you.

They don't need to touch you.

And you don't need to achieve anything.

Being together is enough.

If your horse chooses to come closer...

notice.

If they choose to stay exactly where they are...

notice that too.

If they wander away...

that's information too.

Take another gentle breath.

There are two individuals here.

Two bodies.

Two nervous systems.

Two sets of experiences.

Sharing one quiet moment.

And neither one needs to be perfect.

Before you finish, quietly ask yourself:

What did I notice about my horse?

What did I notice about myself?

Did anything change when I stopped expecting something to happen?

Take one last comfortable breath.

And when you're ready, give your horse a quiet thank you in whatever way feels right and safe.

Then remember...

You don't always have to ask
to be connecting.

Sometimes you can simply listen. 💜

More Stories from Stardust Stables

Our story doesn't end here...

There are lots more horses and ponies waiting for you in Inner Wonderland.

Come and meet Bobo, Elmo, Moon, Rolla and more — each with their own story, personality and something special to teach us.

More Stardust Stables stories and adventures are coming in the New Year.

For more pony stories, activities and adventures visit:

www.innerwonderland.co.uk

Listen. Notice. Connect.

Every horse has a story.
Let's keep listening. 💜

Emerald & Ruby

The Adventure They Didn't Ride

A story about love, understanding and seeing the value in every horse.



Written by
Teresa The Hatter

An Inner-Wonderland Story – From Giggle Glade

Emerald & Ruby

The Adventure They Didn't Ride

Emerald the Pixie had dreamed of having a horse for as long as she could remember.

She dreamed of galloping through enchanted forests.

Following moonlit trails.

Splashing through silver streams.

And one wonderful day, Ruby came into her life.

Ruby was beautiful.

Kind.

Curious.

And very fond of stealing the flowers from Emerald's little pixie basket.

There was only one problem.

Ruby didn't seem to like being ridden.

Emerald tried to understand.

She checked Ruby's saddle.

She made sure nothing hurt.

She asked for help.

She gave Ruby time.

They practised slowly.

And Ruby tried too.

She really did.

Because Ruby loved Emerald.

She would stand beside her while she brushed her coat.

Follow her through the meadow.

Rest her nose against Emerald's tiny wings.

And come trotting across the field whenever she heard her voice.

But when it was time to ride...

something changed.

Ruby's body became tight.

Her eyes changed.

Sometimes she walked away.

Sometimes she stood very still.

And although Ruby tried to do what Emerald asked...

she never seemed quite like **Ruby** anymore.

One afternoon, Emerald sat beneath an old apple tree.

Ruby wandered over and stood beside her.

"I don't understand," Emerald whispered.

"I thought this was what we were supposed to do together."

Ruby lowered her head.

Emerald leaned against her warm shoulder.

For a little while, neither of them did anything.

Then Emerald began remembering.

All the adventures they had already shared.

The walks through the Whispering Woods.

The afternoons when Emerald plaited flowers into Ruby's mane.

The games they played in the meadow.

The secrets Emerald had whispered into Ruby's ears.

The mornings Ruby had made her laugh.

The evenings they had simply stood together watching the sun disappear.

Emerald looked up.

"Oh."

Something inside her suddenly understood.

She had been so busy thinking about the adventures they **were not** having...

that she'd almost missed the beautiful relationship they already had.

Emerald wrapped her arms around Ruby's neck.

"You don't have to carry me to be my horse."

Ruby breathed the longest, softest breath.

"And you don't have to do anything for me to be valuable."

Ruby's eyes became soft.

Emerald smiled.

Perhaps their adventures would look different from the ones she had imagined.

Perhaps they would walk instead of ride.

Explore on foot.

Learn tricks.

Play games.

Sit beneath apple trees.

Discover secret paths.

Or perhaps sometimes...

they would do absolutely nothing at all.

And that counted too.

Because Ruby wasn't a bicycle.

She wasn't sporting equipment.

She wasn't an adventure Emerald had purchased.

She was Ruby.

A whole living being with feelings, preferences and a life of her own.

And Emerald loved her.

Not because of where Ruby could carry her.

Not because of what Ruby could achieve.

Not because of what Ruby could do.

Just because she was Ruby.

From that day onwards, whenever somebody asked Emerald,

"But what do you *do* with a horse you don't ride?"

Emerald would smile.

"Oh, all sorts of things."

Then she'd look across the meadow where Ruby was usually doing something enormously important...

like eating grass.

And add,

"But mostly...

I get to know her."

A Little Thought from Inner Wonderland

Sometimes the relationship we have isn't the relationship we originally imagined.

It's okay to feel disappointed when a dream has to change.

But a horse doesn't lose their value when our plans change.

Some horses are ridden.

Some aren't.

Some once were and no longer can be.

Every one of them is still a horse worth knowing, caring for and loving.

A horse is more than a ride.

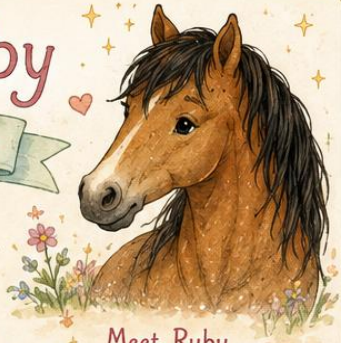
They are an individual.
A relationship.
A life.

Emerald & Ruby

The Adventure They Didn't Ride

A story about love, understanding and seeing the value in every horse.







Meet Emerald

Emerald is a kind pixie who dreams of adventures with her horse.

Meet Ruby

Ruby is a gentle horse who tries her best and cares deeply for Emerald.

Emerald had always dreamed of having a horse.
When Ruby came into her life, her heart felt so full.



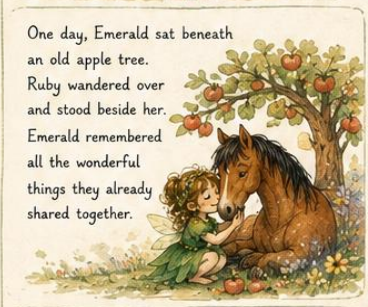
But something felt different.
Every time Emerald tried to ride, Ruby's body became tight.
Her eyes changed.
Sometimes she walked away.
Sometimes she stood very still.



They tried everything.
Emerald checked Ruby's saddle.
She made sure nothing hurt.
She asked for help.
She gave Ruby time.
And Ruby tried too...
because Ruby loved Emerald.



One day, Emerald sat beneath an old apple tree.
Ruby wandered over and stood beside her.
Emerald remembered all the wonderful things they already shared together.



Emerald understood.
Ruby didn't like to be ridden.
It didn't make Ruby naughty or lazy.
It just meant that was not her adventure.
And that was okay.



So they created new adventures.
They walked through forests.
Explored secret paths.
Played games in the meadow.
Learnt tricks.
Watched the sunset.
And sometimes...
they did absolutely nothing at all.



Ruby didn't have to carry Emerald to be valuable.
Ruby was valuable because she was Ruby.
A whole living being with feelings, preferences and a life of her own.
And Emerald loved her just the way she was.



A Little Thought from InnerWonderland

Sometimes the relationship we have isn't the relationship we imagined.
It's okay to feel disappointed.
when a dream has to change.
But a horse doesn't lose their value
when our plans change.
Some horses are ridden.
Some aren't.
Some once were and no longer can be.
Every one of them is still a horse worth knowing, caring for and loving.

When somebody asked Emerald,
"But what do you do with a horse you don't ride?"
Emerald smiled.
"Oh, all sorts of things.
But mostly...
I get to know her."





A horse is more than a ride.
They are an individual. A relationship. A life.



A gentle, heart-led guide for young and grown horse lovers to discover the magic of really listening to horses.

Join Bella, the Hatter and their friends at Stardust Stables as Sarah shows them that understanding horses isn't about making them do things...

it's about building trust, connection and a relationship that lasts.

- Understand horse behaviour
- Build trust and connection
- Support your horse's nervous system
- Communicate with kindness
- Celebrate every small step
- Learn together, grow together

LISTEN. NOTICE. CONNECT.

Every horse has a story. Are we listening?

ISBN 978-1-234567-89-0

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