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Short Story

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Katy and Belle

Katy woke up at the crack of dawn, just like every other morning. She looked out her window and enjoyed the gorgeous sunrise. She threw on a t-shirt and jeans. She brushed her long, wavy, blonde hair and tied it back in a messy braid. Katy didn't have a normal sixteen year old girl's life. When other girls went to the mall with their friends and partied on the weekends, Katy was a rancher. She lived on a ranch in the Rocky Mountains of Wyoming and she wouldn't trade it for anything. She was never bored and she loved her life.

She raced down the stairs, waking everyone else up. She could hear groaning from her family's bedrooms as she stepped out the door.

"Why don't you sleep until at least seven like normal people?!" yelled her brother.

She breathed in the fresh, country air and smiled. She couldn't believe she got this kind of life. Little did she know what she was in for. She raced out to the barn to get her chores done so she could go riding. She had to clean out all the horse's stalls, and refill their water. She quickly did so, and then ran to Belle's (her horse) stall. She swung the gate open and leaped up onto Belle's back. She rode out of the barn and down the path in the woods as fast as she could. Belle was a beautiful brown and white horse that loved riding as much as Katy did. She slowed Belle down and trotted through the woods. Belle started to hesitate. She didn't want to keep going. Katy coaxed her to keep going, but she wouldn't budge. All of a sudden a mountain lion jumps from the trees, startling Belle. She tried to kick the lion, and bucked Katy off. She flew off her horse, and hit her head on a tree. Belle raced away, terrified, and Katy was passed out on the ground.



Katy's eighteen year old brother, Luke, finally woke up and trudged down the stairs. He grabbed a donut from the kitchen and walked outside to the barn to do his morning chores. He noticed

that Belle was grazing next to the barn. *That's unusual*, he thought. He walked into the barn to see Katy's chores done, and Belle's stall wide open. He knew she always went on a ride in the woods with Belle, and with Katy nowhere in sight, he knew something was wrong. He saddled up a horse and rode out to the woods to look for her. After riding a while, he finally stumbled upon a clearing and there laid Katy, still passed out. Luke hopped off his horse and rushed to her. He picked his sister up and put her on the horse in front of him and raced home. He pulled her off the horse and carried her into the house. He called for his parents from the living room and grabbed the phone to call an ambulance. Their parents came into the living room and saw Katy. Her mom started to freak out, but her dad stayed calm. The ambulance finally arrived and Katy's mom and brother followed her and her dad in the ambulance.



Katy started to stir in her hospital bed. Her eyes fluttered open, and she looked around the room, confused. Her mom knelt at the side of the bed. She looked at her dad, then Luke, then back at her mom.

"Where am I?" she said groggily.

"You're in the hospital, baby," said her mom.

"What happened?" she asked, as she rubbed her temples.

"Your brother found you unconscious in the woods," replied her mom, "you hit your head on a tree."

Just then, the doctor walked in.

"How ya doing kiddo?" he asked.

"I don't know..." she answered.

Turning his attention to her parents, he said, "Well, it looks like she's got a small concussion. She hit a certain part of her head, and while it was a smaller concussion, it did a lot of damage. She could be permanently paralyzed from the waist down."

"What??" she asked, starting to cry, "When can I ride again?"

“Well, I’m not going to lie to you. It’s likely that you won’t be able to.”



About two weeks later, Katy was able to return home. She was glad to be home. The doctors kept telling her, that she would never be able to walk again, let alone ride a horse. But she didn’t listen to them. She was determined to get on a horse again. She continued her intense physical therapy, and often she would go to bed so sore she couldn’t sleep. But she wasn’t going to stop. One day she was able to move her toes. A few months later she could move her whole foot. A few months later she could move her leg. And eventually she was walking again. After about sixteen months of physical therapy, she went outside, she saddled up Belle on her own, and rode her. Her family stood outside clapping, cheering, and yelling for her. She threw her hands in the air and looked up to the sky, finally feeling free. She still didn’t want a normal teenage girl’s life. She loved living on the ranch and riding her horse. She could do what she loved again. Even though you are put through tragic circumstances and tough times, you can still make the best of it. You have to learn to be happy even when things aren’t going your way. Love your life just because it’s yours.

Thanks for reading my story! I hope you liked it! You can send feedback to chopescott@gmail.com