

Category: Ages 0-11

Entry 1 (0-11): Photography - Seeing Spots



Entry 2 (0-11): Artwork - What's the Buzz?



Entry 3 (0-11): Story - What I love about the Arabian horse

What I love about the Arabian horse. One paragraph

I love Arabian horses because a lot of horse breeds are a little tall I like short horses that I can get on easy. I like Arabian horses because of the coat that is all black. Arabian horses have dished heads. I like it because it's easy to get the bridle on.

Entry 4 (0-11): Do you know about Arabians?

Do you know about Arabians? Well if you don't, they are horses that get the job done right and they are intelligent.

They are known for there beauty, intelligence, loyalty, speed, and yet they are gentle. Back in the day when it rained some people would let mares in there tents. They are really family.

Some Arabians, though not all, have 5 lumbar vertebrae instead of usually 6. Arabians have 17 ribs while other horses have 18 ribs. Their nostrils are bigger so they could breathe well in the desert. Arabians have long arched necks. They hold their tails up high. They are known for having pretty heads.

Arabians can run really fast. In the desert people wanted white Arabians because white Arabians absorb less sun than black Arabians. Other Arabian colors are bay ,gray, chestnut, black, white, and roan. Arabians first came from the middle east. Some conquistadors brought Arabians to the new world. Arabians were war horses. Did you know that Alexander the Great rode on an Arabian? Washington himself owned an Arabian.

Like other horses they eat grass, oats ,grain,hay, a few horse cookies. They need lots of space to run around. They need lots of exercise too. Arabians and all horses should get their hooves done about every six weeks or so.

Arabian are versatile. Arabian do well in dressage. They are also known for pole bending,herding cattle, and barrel racing. Arabians do well in endurance riding. Arabians jump high. They do saddle seat, western pleasure, and hunter pleasure. Arabians are good lesson horses because they are good with kids.

Through this paper I hope you have discovered what Arabians can do and their history. I love Arabians because they are kind and gentle

Entry 5 (0-11): Artwork - Horse and Birds



Entry 6 (0-11): Photography - Collage



Category: Ages 12-18

Entry 1 (12-18): Artwork - Arabian on Watch



Entry 2 (12-18): Photography - Five Beauties



Entry 3 (12-18): Photography - Four Beauties



Entry 4 (12-18): Story - Arabians in the Family

Forty years ago, my great grandfather fell in love with the Arabian breed and noticed that black Arabians were a little more rare than the rest. At that time when a black Arabian was born in the desert, they would be executed because you would be easily spotted if you rode them in the desert. Because of that and his overall love for the breed, my great grandfather decided to start breeding black Arabians and founded our small farm, Suwannee Oak Black Arabians or SOBA (now Dragonfly Farms). The farm has expanded to hold almost 30 horses, most of which are Arabians of all colors and sizes, my uncle and his family, my step family, my dad, my sister, and myself. I have grown up with this wonderful breed and wouldn't have it any other way. I love the Arabian breed above all others and now show my own half Arabian at rated shows.

I love the Arabian horse for many many reasons, some of which include their being smart, gentle, and willing, and their unique personality. The Arabian horse is very smart. They have little to no trouble figuring out what you want and are very fast learners. This breed is also very gentle. In my 15 years, I have never met a more gentle horse than the registered Arabian mom of my half arabian, she is the sweetest horse and can carry any rider of any age in almost any discipline. Another wonderful quality the Arabian possesses is their willingness to complete a task. My half Arabian is so awesome about handling and eager to try any discipline that I throw at him (and there have been a lot) whether it be cross country, endurance, mounted shooting, barrel racing, trail, dressage, hunter, pleasure, or ranch. On top of all of that, each and every Arabian has a unique and awesome personality. My half Arabian has a goofy, loveable, and a little bit grumpy at times but he's nonetheless a delightful horse to be around and ride.

Along with the breed overall, I love my individual Arabians too! I ride a 9 year old, half Arabian gelding, that I mentioned earlier, named Kumonryu Koi or just Koi, an 8 year old, black Arabian mare named Odiyas Aniya or Annie, and another 8 year old, black arabian mare named So Black Flash or Flash that I just started riding and training. I've been riding Koi for 4 years now and have the most memories on him. I messed around in mounted shooting, barrel racing, ranch, trail, pleasure, working western equitation, cross country, showmanship, driving, cow boxing, and dressage before deciding on main ring hunter as our preferred discipline. I have shown Koi in the majority of the disciplines listed and am on the verge now of passing him on to my protege (little cousin) so as to continue training with my other two mares, Annie and Flash. I have been training Annie from the beginning and am, while sad that I have to give up Koi in order to do it, super excited to show and continue making memories with her, She just went to her first hunter pace and did awesome, and I can't help but feel that it was the beginning of a long and happy career with her. I am also super excited about Flash, she got started a little bit late but is doing wonderful undersaddle already. These horses have been the start of what I hope will be a life-long love of Arabian horses.

I can't say it enough, but I love Arabians. I'm only 15 now, but I hope to still be riding these magnificent horses for a while yet. I want to be a vet and a trainer when I get older so that I can continue working with animals even when I go to work. It has been a wonderful few years showing my Arabian horse and, I can't wait to continue this exciting journey with these awesome horses.

Entry 5 (12-18): Story - Why I like the Arabian Horse

You're probably wondering why I like Arabian horses. Hi my name is Deanna Fout and the reason why I love Arabian horse is because my grandfather raised them and I'm a fifth generation for taking on the horse. These horses are amazing to work with. They are my inspiration for my art and taking photos.

Entry 6 (12-18): Artwork - Arabians of all Colors



Entry 7 (12-18): Story - Youth Nationals

“Number 250, you have been excused from the ring. We look forward to seeing you in your future endeavors,” blared the loud speaker. Normally, a number called from the announcer was an accomplishment, meaning that you advanced to the next round or received an award. However, this time I did not approach the ring master to get my ribbon; instead, I drifted out of the gate, confused, as the class was called back to order. I was back in the warm-up ring, a place I had been less than an hour before, preparing for my class.

The weather man stated that the temperature was in the low hundreds, but it felt like I was boiling. Dressed in long breeches and a cotton jacket, along with a velvet helmet and black tall boots, beads of sweat were sent rolling down my face. But this was the least of my concerns. The warm-up ring was packed with trainers and riders alike. Over twenty horses bunched together either being groomed or maneuvering around the others. “Heads up!” was a common phrase shouted by every rider turning the corner, whilst approaching a jump. This was followed by an “Again!” or “One more time!” coming from an unimpressed coach. This was the Nationals. The best horses and riders in the country, together for two weeks and competing for the prized silver horse. You cannot afford to make mistakes here, yet I did.

I knew something was wrong. As I trotted in a circle, I felt my horse become a little tense and uneasy. His ears went forward, alert as he stared at the other horses moving about the ring. His neck shot up, and he turned on his haunches, snorting at another horse. It had only been a few hours from when I had practiced the jump course. We had successfully gotten the timing for each jump every time. In that moment, I was confident we would do our best in the class. Now, I was unsure.

The blast of cold air hit as we walked into the show ring. The judge called for the trot, and my horse picked up more speed than I expected. When we cantered, he took off around the ring, passing by other horses. His long stride surpassed the small steps of others, and he began racing anyone in sight, attempting to beat them in a game the others did not wish to play. And that was when I heard it. My number was called, excusing me from the remainder of the class. I left the ring heart-broken, but I acknowledged that even though I had practiced and practiced for this competition, mistakes will be made. No one can have a perfect class. My partner is not an inanimate object that can be thrown or kicked like a ball. My partner is a living being that has a mind of its own and is much stronger than I am.

After months and months of practice following my defeat, we went back to the Nationals. When I entered the ring, I recollected moments from the last year and could hear the loud speaker in

my ears. Despite this, I stayed focused. For me, the key to overcoming my mistake was not just practice and hard work. Now, I know that my confidence and determination to fix the problem played a factor. One bad class at the Nationals was not the end of the world, instead it was an opportunity for me to train more and come back the next year. In the end, I finished the class and awaited the results. This time my number was called and not because of a mistake. This time, I had won a Top Ten.

Category: Ages 19+

Entry 1 (19+): Creative story - Why Arabians?

Why Arabians? What have I gained from Arabians?

I was raised around horses since age 4 and Arabians entered my life around age 7. My mother purchased a ½ Arabian mare and later bred her creating my first horse. At age 13, mom and I broke her to ride and I showed 4H with her. At age 16 I started training all breeds of horses for other people in my community and put myself through college training. I have worked on large Arabian breeding/training facilities and owned my own training program. I am now an amateur and small breeder while creating a therapy program to heal others with my Arabians.

I was emotionally and sexually abused as a child for many years. My Arabian horses were my go-to when I could not take any more. I would hug them and cry into their manes. They would wrap their long neck around me, pulling me in, giving me hope and empathy. They never judged. Training and showing Arabians gave me confidence and made me a strong woman. They made me believe in myself when I did not.

Now that I am using Arabian mares in my therapy program, I have seen miracles. A 4yr old autistic boy came out; he was non communicative, did not answer to his name and still in diapers. 20 minutes later, I pulled him from my mare. Out of habit, I told him to pet Lilly and tell her thank you. In a big happy voice, he yelled out, "THANK YOU!" clear as a bell. I have seen people that had no voice, speak up. I have seen anxiety and depression disappear. I had a lady find her "giggle" and her memory.

My Arabian mare Lilly is your typical sassy mare. She can flag her tail over her back, snort, blow, and trot big strutting her stuff. But when she is around someone in need, she seems to know. She will bow down her head, soften her eyes and nuzzle softly. When you hug her, she will wrap her head and neck around you pulling you in. She is aware of where her feet are as she comes up to elderly in wheelchairs, she is quite and calm as she meets new people as she gently explores who they are.

In all my years of working with horses, Arabians have shown me the most. They are not only beautiful but smart. Once you have their trust, they will do anything for you. They are curious and playful. They are very sensitive to emotions and will embrace those in need.

Arabians have changed my life and made me the woman I am today.

GAHA Creative Contest Entries - May 2020



Entry 2 (19+): Artwork - Raffles



Entry 3 (19+): Artwork - Barrizah



Entry 4 (19+): Photo - Long Lines



Entry 5 (19+): Artwork - Bridled Portrait



Entry 6 (19+): Story - Leggy Bay Colt

He was an adorable, leggy bay colt. When I met him, he was newly weaned and looking for a friend, even though he was turned out with a few other weakling fillies and babysitters. I was at that farm to help load up hay to take back to the barn where I worked in exchange for lessons. I had to go meet the lovely Arabians, though. The other horses checked me out and left, but the bay colt Velcro'd his muzzle against my neck with his whiskers tickling my ear. I tried to walk away, but he would have none of that. He merely followed, then stuffed his muzzle back into my neck. He melted my soft heart and made a lasting impression.

He was just being a sweet and lonely six month old. He was far too young for my lack of experience and skill with horses, no matter how sweetly he begged for my attention. It seemed that he could see a flashing "sucker" hanging over my head and heart, or at least he hung up his own signs over me that day: this human is OWNED.

I had so very much to learn and earn before I could get my own horse. So, I cleaned stalls in exchange for riding and some hands' on practical lessons about horse care and maintenance. I mucked many stalls. Rode a wonderful half Arabian school horse who took me over my first jumps and to my first shows. I helped with foals and "breaking" out green horses. I learned much, but as always with horses, there was (and is) ever more to learn.

A year and a half passed and I finally felt ready to get a horse of my own. I wanted to find a teenage Arabian or half Arabian mare, like the wonderful schoolie who had been such a patient, forgiving teacher to me. At the suggestion of the owner of that leggy bay colt I'd met so long ago, I traveled to Lexington, Kentucky to see him at his first show as a two year old. I definitely wasn't equipped to deal with a 2 year old recently gelded colt, but I still remembered him as my Velcro baby.

I traveled to the Egyptian Event show that June in 1989. I got to see the bay in his halter class and compare him to other geldings his age. He was the shortest, least balanced and least adult-looking gelding in his class. He was the least willing to get hyped up and tense or "showy." He trotted with a great deal of suspension and swing. His cannons were straight and short. He was in an awful teeter-totter growth state where his neck was short and thick to balance his high rear end. Pluses and minuses together, he pinned in his class and won some sweepstakes money for his owner. I knew his dam and sire and trusted what he would grow up to have all his body parts balance out. I loved his laid-back attitude that wasn't good for the halter arena.

I watched a few more classes of youngsters, then made my way back to the bay gelding's stall with an apple in hand. It was full daylight with all manner of noise and upset horses around, people rattling oil drums and noise makers to work horses up before heading to the arena. The bay gelding was flat out in his stall, asleep. I opened his door and sat myself down cross legged near his head. In a few moments, he raised himself, rearranged his limbs, then put his head in my lap and continued napping. Oh, that cemented who he was going to go home to live with. He eventually woke up enough to eat the apple while we both relaxed on the floor of that stall.

My mentor/trainer and I took him to a paddock to watch him move. He displayed far more enthusiasm in the paddock than in the halter class. He had a lot of bounce and balance in his stride despite the awkward growth state! A deal was struck for him to be delivered to "my" barn, where I would work with him for 90 days and get him backed. If I in that 90 days he remained healthy and and if I wanted to buy him, a price was struck and contract signed. A month after the show, the gelding was delivered to the barn where I worked.

Oh, what had I done?!? He was covered in welts from a tangle with yellow jackets. His neck as thick as it was long. Rump high. Gelded 3 months earlier and had the mouth to prove it. I wanted to not fall in love with him and to be objective, but he was so smart and so willing to try to do whatever I asked of him while being affectionate. I questioned my sanity and saw "nicer" and better-moving horses come into the barn before that 90 days was up, but

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this chunky, unbalanced youngster with his big brain and bigger heart worked his magic on me. The bond forged 2 years earlier from that muzzle Velcro'd to my neck to a two and a half year old that was started under saddle with help from my teacher/mentor, I signed the contract and started making payments on my horse.

He wasn't worked heavily those first few years, He did go for trail rides and to a few walk trot classes. He had health setbacks and moved forward. He grew into his body and neck stretched out to be longer than it was thick. We had adventures and many, many sessions of me sitting or sleeping in his stall, or while on a blanket in his turnout field. If I napped, he would relax with me, head on me or whatever blanket I spread out.

We had twenty-seven and a half years of adventures before it was time to help him cross the bridge from this life to the great beyond. I will be forever grateful that he saw, read and played me for that flashing neon "Sucker" sign over my head and worked to embed himself so deeply into my life and heart.

Entry 7 (19+): Photo - Grey in the Wind



Entry 8 (19+): Photography - Dancing Star



Entry 9 (19+): Photography - A Girl and her Redhead



Entry 10 (19+): Photography - A Snowy Grey



Entry 11 (19+): Photography - Into the Sunset



Entry 12 (19+): Photography - The Girl, the Tiger & the Redhead

