



**A story of love and
self worth**

©Anne Townson



“I’m such an ugly little pony”, cried Gilbert in
between sobs and tears;
“My legs are too short, my bum’s really big and
I even have odd looking ears;
Nobody likes me, I have no real friends, I’m just
miserable through and through;
I’m stupid and boring, I get nothing right and I
just don’t know what to do.”

“Oh Gilbert”, soothed Buddy, “you glorious guy, you know that’s simply not right;
You’re funny and caring, clever and kind and your razzle shines so very bright;
The joy that you bring when you’re out in the field, just being yourself all day long;
Makes everyone smile and wish they were you, your neighing sounds just like a song.”

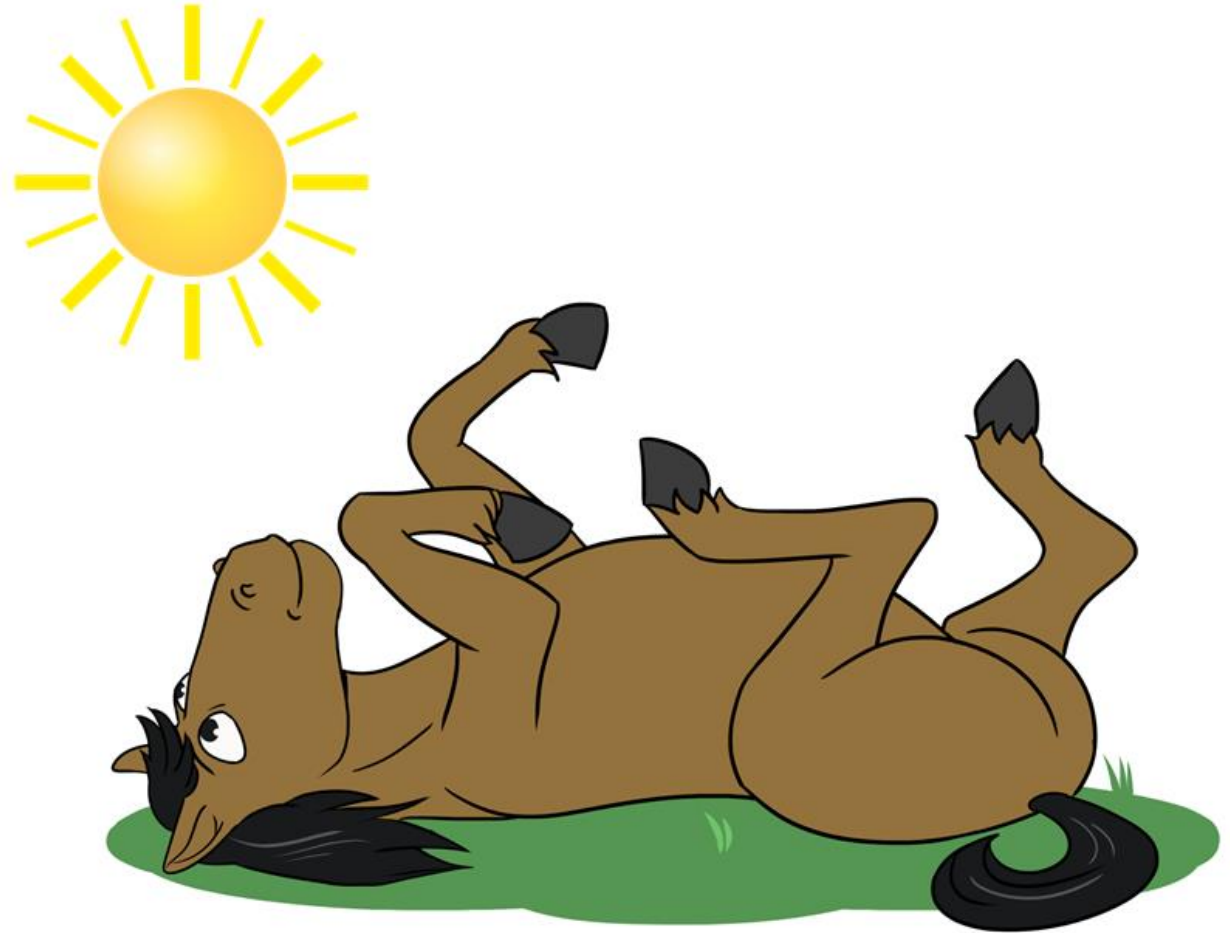




“My razzle?” said Gilbert “I don’t understand - what is it you’re talking about?”

I’m none of those things, you’re just being nice, wherever I go people shout!
They say, don’t do that and you’ve got to do this, stop messing around like a fool;
People get angry and that makes me sad, cos I really just want to be cool.”

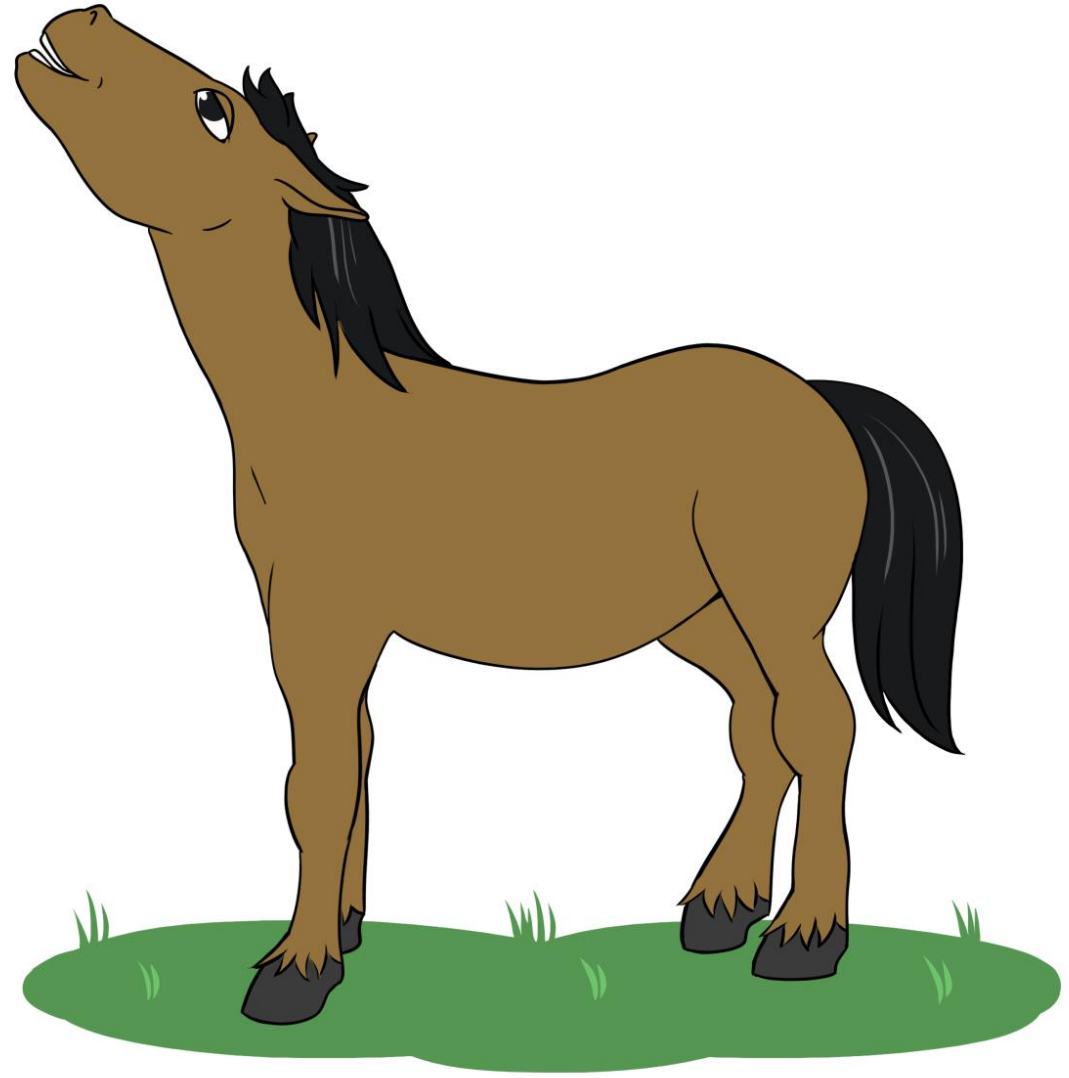
Buddy just smiled, “your razzle, that
feeling when you know you’re a part;
Of the sun on your face, or the stream
in the wood, or the smell of the hay in
the cart;
The times when nothing can get any
better and all of you’re wishes come
true,
Those moments when you don’t have
a care in the world and you’re happy
to simply be you!”





“I never feel like that” said Gilbert with a sigh “I can’t even think how it would be; That’s just the way it is, nothing can be done, there’s something badly wrong with me; I’m told all the time, that I’ll never leave the farm and will spend all my life in a stable; Yet something inside me yearns to run wild and experience all that I’m able.”

“Yeahhhhhhh” whinnied Buddy “that’s it, that’s your razzle, that’s what I’m talking about; Like that fantastic moment when you’re jumping a fence, without any fear or doubt; You have no wings and yet for a time you are flying as if like a bird; When you BELIEVE that you CAN then you WILL; when you ASK then you’ll always be HEARD”.

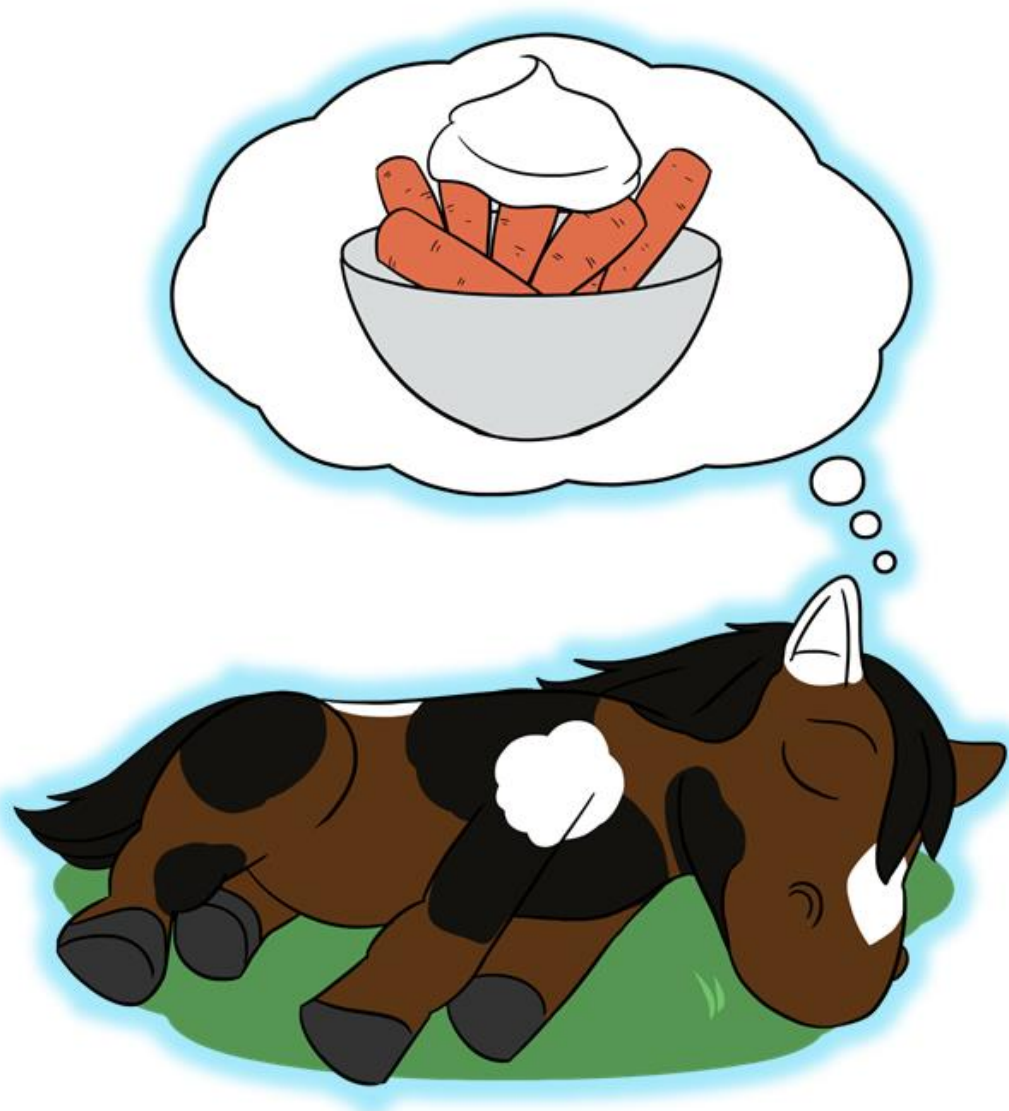




“Neighhhh?” snorted Gilbert quite loudly
“that makes absolutely no sense to me,
Since being a foal I’ve always been told
that nothing worth having comes free;
I’m supposed to work hard and be a good
horse, then maybe I’ll make people
proud;
Instead I feel bad, I just don’t fit in,
what’s my problem for crying out loud?”

“Enough” said Buddy but kindly “just stop with this miserable chat;
If you want to be happy you first need to feel it, it’s really as simple as that;
Your thoughts should always be good ones, so imagine that you can create;
A place where you truly believe that you’re extraordinarily special and great.”





“Ohhhhhh” thought Gilbert out loud
“you mean like when I’m laid on my
bed and I dream;
Of a place where rainbows light up
the sky and my carrots come topped
off with cream;
Where everyone’s nice to each other
and we laugh and just all get along;
A land where everything always goes
right and nothing ever goes wrong”.