

Horse Sense

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HORSE SENSE **Â Â Karin Bundesen Baltzell and Georgianne Nienaber** Authors Choice Press New York Lincoln Shanghai **Horse Sense** Copyright © 2006 by Georgianne Nienaber and Karin Bundesen Baltzell All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced by any means, graphic, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, taping or by any information storage retrieval system without the written permission of the publisher except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews. Authors Choice Press an imprint of iUniverse, Inc. iUniverse books may be ordered through booksellers or by contacting: iUniverse 2021 Pine Lake Road, Suite 100 Lincoln, NE 68512 www.iuniverse.com 1-800-Authors (1-800-288-4677) Horse Sense is a work of fiction, but it was inspired by actual events. Some locations, events, and organizations contained in this novel exist, but are used fictitiously. All other plots, themes, dates, events, locations, organizations, persons, names, and characters contained in this material are products of the authors' imaginations. Any resemblance to any locations, organizations, persons, or characters, real or fictional, living or deceased, is entirely coincidental and unintentional. Quote by Charles de Kunffy copyright by Dressage Today. Used with permission. ISBN-13: 978-0-595-38299-6 ISBN-10: 0-595-38299-1 ISBN: 978-1-4620-9662-6 (eBook) Printed in the United States of America **Contents**[ACKNOWLEDGMENTS](#) [Â PROLOGUE](#) [CHAPTER 1](#) [CHAPTER 2](#) [CHAPTER 3](#) [CHAPTER 4](#) [CHAPTER 5](#) [CHAPTER 6](#) [CHAPTER 7](#) [CHAPTER 8](#) [CHAPTER 9](#) [CHAPTER 10](#) [CHAPTER 11](#) [CHAPTER 12](#) [CHAPTER 13](#) [CHAPTER 14](#) [CHAPTER 15](#) [CHAPTER 16](#) [CHAPTER 17](#) [CHAPTER 18](#) [CHAPTER 19](#) [CHAPTER 20](#) [CHAPTER 21](#) [CHAPTER 22](#) [CHAPTER 23](#) [CHAPTER 24](#) [CHAPTER 25](#) [CHAPTER 26](#) [CHAPTER 27](#) [CHAPTER 28](#) [CHAPTER 29](#) [CHAPTER 30](#) [CHAPTER 31](#) [CHAPTER 32](#) [CHAPTER 33](#) [CHAPTER 34](#) [CHAPTER 35](#) [CHAPTER 36](#) [CHAPTER 37](#) [CHAPTER 38](#) [CHAPTER 39](#) [CHAPTER 40](#) For Prince Charming who started it all.

The improvement of the horse is its own reward. —Charles de Kunffy [ACKNOWLEDGMENTS](#)
Â The authors wish to thank their families. They supported, in every sense of the word, this project. They cajoled, prodded, read endless copies of the book, and made suggestions of every sort, from start to finish. We wouldn't have done this without them. In addition, we would like to note our appreciation to Dr. James Collins of the University of Minnesota Veterinary School. He gave us the Royal Tour, and helped us solve the mystery, all for the joy of doing it and helping two people he didn't even know! Frank Dosal arranged a tour of the Federal Building, which gave us insight and first-hand information beyond the ordinary. We couldn't have had the intimate knowledge of the inner workings of the Federal Building, rules, and regulations had he not "gotten us in the door." The authors are indebted to Donna Danorovich-Meyer, Elizabeth Rufenach, Kathy Blake, Nancy Smith and Laura Rosecrance. Sarah Nienaber worked behind the scenes with Web design and cover graphics, and was the inspiration for one of the characters in the book. All of the above would have been to no avail had not Robin Netherton, Editor Extraordinaire, bailed out our bacon. Special thanks to horse lovers everywhere, who are trying to help horses and make life better for them. They cannot speak for themselves. [PROLOGUE](#) Tremor snorted as the electric fan kicked in, circulating the heat that collected in the barn's rafters. Usually the black stallion was oblivious to the whirring and soft swish of the fan blades, even in the middle of the night. The only other barn

sounds were the shifting hooves and soft rustlings of the mares rearranging the hay in their mangers. Something had unnerved the magnificent horse, setting in motion ancient instincts of wariness and flight. At seventeen-plus hands, he could see to the far end of the barn aisle. Nothing. He sniffed, ears forward, then back, noting nothing more than the usual barn odors of urine, sweet manure, leather, and oils. He snorted again and went back to picking through the stems of hay that had fallen to the mat on his stall floor. The Dutch Warmblood mare across the aisle shifted in her box, jingling the bells that her owner had tied to her stall door. Tremor was aptly named. The horse had shocked the classical European dressage community when his true abilities became evident. It was unthinkable that a thoroughbred off the track could ever compete with the European masters—even if he was the grandson of Seattle Slew, descendant of Bold Ruler, with the blood of kings coursing through his powerful heart. A savvy amateur trainer had noticed his performance form, and the big black had rocketed through the FEI international dressage levels, surviving accusations of steroid use and competition fixing. No other horse could do the extensions and suspensions as perfectly as he. World-class trainers had shaken their heads in disbelief. His lineage had produced the perfect horse, in the body of a thoroughbred, no less. The combination of Tremor's marvelous genes and a willing and brave heart went on to take the Olympic gold for Team USA. Now, two years later, the semen of the retired racehorse was worth \$100,000 a session. Serious breeders hoped that his offspring would not only share his spectacular obsidian color, but that the perfect diamond star would be the kiss of the gods on the foreheads of his progeny. Of course, this meant nothing to the stallion. His world was the dressage ring and his ample stall. There were times when he longed for the herd. Not in a conscious way, of course. It was more of a longing for companionship. He looked forward to the stream of visitors that would line the paddock fence at his turnouts, the constant parade of veterinarians, and the curious who would stop by his stall to look, but not touch. Stallions as a rule were not to be approached, but Tremor truly enjoyed his human contacts. Humans could offer him nothing more than the herd; nevertheless, they were the only source of touching he had. The sure hands of his groom on his face and especially around his ears pleased him even more than the steady hands of his riders, and he had carried the best riders in the world. Grooming offered some comfort and relief from his longing. The stallion snorted again. Someone was there. He sensed it first, seconds before the shadow played on the mare's stall door. His stomach wasn't telling him it was feeding time, and other early-morning intrusions had meant it was time to be loaded into the van. His liquid eyes focused into the darkness as the figure approached his stall. Tremor shifted toward the grate in his door, eager to embrace the companionship that was surely to be offered. The door slid open and he nickered softly. A treat. Gloved hands offered him a sugar cube, which he chomped politely, yet with some hesitation. He was trying to decipher the smell, but it didn't matter; the hands were gentle. They started to play around his ears and he felt content. The furtive human worked quickly putting a saline-soaked sponge on the stallion's right ear, with an alligator clip holding the sponge firmly in place. Without the sponge the clip might leave a mark. Unacceptable. No traces could be left behind. Tremor shook his head lightly at the new sensation, but it wasn't unpleasant, so he waited patiently for the carrot he smelled in the coat pocket. The hands continued moving downward from his ear, past his throat, and lingered at his jugular groove. A sharp slap on his breast caused him to startle, but he immediately calmed as the hands worked over his ribs and to his flank. The hands lifted his tail, his only flaw, really. Thoroughbreds never seemed to have the perfect long flowing tails of the warmbloods, yet in his racing days, Tremor's tail was like a banner trailing behind him. He felt something being attached to the skin around his anus. Again, that was nothing unusual, since he had his temperature taken often. He nuzzled the silent one, hoping for the carrot or a stroke on his face. Nothing. No pat, no murmur of encouragement as the person brushed past him and out of the stall. A general uneasiness began to creep through the stallion's consciousness, increasing his rate of breathing. Sensing danger, Tremor turned to look at his flank. The mare across the aisle was responding to Tremor's anxiety. The feeling of alarm spread swiftly as the instinct of the herd pulsed throughout the building. The mares began to rock back and forth in their stalls. All movements seemed to be in slow motion compared to the emotional energy that was flowing through the barn, as the horses became one entity in their anxiety. The gloved

hands took the ends of the wires attached to the stallion and jammed them into the electrical outlet on the nearby support beam. The whites of the mare's eyes were the last thing Tremor saw before his majestic black body crumpled into a heap on the sawdust. Hearing no whinny or warning snort, the mare returned to her water bucket and took a long drink. She restlessly knocked against the wooden sides of her box and pawed the ground. A muffled curse floated through the barn as the shadow form slipped in Tremor's fresh excrement, a macabre signature of death by electrocution. The wires were retrieved and coiled, and the sponges went into the pocket with the carrot. The shadow played along the wall and vanished into the deep night as the sound of partying came from the main house. [CHAPTER 1](#)

The sleek Gulfstream looked puny next to the other jumbo jets. From it two passengers emerged and were immediately clutched by the bitter wind. Huddling deep into their coats, as if the fabric could really protect them, they scurried toward shelter. The wind pushed them sideways as its icy fingers tried to grip anything loose. They pressed forward, heads bent. Carlos was the first into the terminal, and he was aware that John was shivering. "Quite a change of pace from Patagonia, eh, old buddy?" John looked at Carlos, crossed his eyes, and said, "What a genius. I bet you could even be an investigator for a living! You sure do know how to detect the most subtle clues!" The old friends laughed, thumped each other on the back, and made their way to customs with their carry-on bags. Once their passports were examined and stamped, they turned to each other again for the briefest of goodbyes. That was easy to do. They had been friends since the sixth grade, and they saw each other often. One was short and rotund, the other tall and athletic. But there was an ease between the two of them bred from long years of sharing lives and travels. "Hasta la vista, my wily friend!" said the smaller, balding, man. "And you, too, Minnesota-boy. Thanks again for the plane ride back, and the hospitality. Tell your dear Iris hello for me!" And with that, Carlos swirled out into the terminal, leaving John to make his own way to the ticket desks, where he needed to arrange for the next trip he and his wife Iris were planning. The airport was busy for this early in the day, and Carlos found himself dodging people and luggage. There seemed to be lines everywhere. He looked over the tops of heads, many still in snug hats, and tried to see where there were open spots to move. It was at times like these that he did not mind being well over six feet. His height, along with his muscular build and Latin features, always gathered stares. At least, he thought that was why people looked at him askance. Women would have said it was because he was drop-dead gorgeous. His dancing, piercing eyes seemed especially to catch their attention. The crowding was the worst part about re-entry from his time in Patagonia. It shattered the peace he had gained from the wilds. Carlos began to deep-breathe. He was glad he had eaten the last of the Argentine fruit while he was on the plane. He would have hated to have had to throw it out at the insistence of some stolid customs agent. As he found his way to the Caribou Coffee stand, he thought that of all the places he had traveled, Patagonia was truly one of the most stunning. He was pleased that he had just spent a month there with dear friends. Yet though he loved Patagonia, he recognized its irony. With the beauty always came the beast. There was so much poverty, and so much wealth. But then, his job was to deal with people who had money, or who wanted to get it through insurance collections. People with money, lots of money, were constantly looking for ways of spending it, and then of increasing the value of what they'd bought. A favorite money dump was horses. Not just ordinary horses, but horses that also provided excitement, training, and challenge. And Carlos was the man who in the end saw to the exchange of money—or not. It was his job to go to the rough places. However, he had never gotten used to the choice of so many wealthy people to pay enormous sums of money to be inconvenienced. And Patagonia definitely could be considered inconvenient. But then, some of the wealthiest acquired their funds by nefarious means and wanted to be someplace remote. Someplace very difficult to get to. Someplace an insurance investigator like Carlos would never go to check up on their claims. Someplace like Patagonia. Carlos Dega was not known to be an ordinary insurance investigator. He looked into horse claims. That was all he did. It involved plenty of travel. What he liked most about his job was that he often was given the most difficult cases, after the regular investigators had given up or were ready to cash in million-dollar portfolios. The challenge made his blood race and his mind quicken. He'd gained admirers in his field for his tenaciousness at going after the kernel in the

mystery, and solving it. He'd gained enemies as well. He was good at what he did...the best, as a matter of fact, and he knew it. Some people interpreted his confidence as arrogance. He never felt that. But at times it grated on those he worked for. At his best he was passionate. At his worst, he was fierce. Horses were more than a commodity to him. Yes, the best show horses represented serious investments, but investing in a living creature was not the same as purchasing a ten-year CD. Horse investing was much more complicated and sometimes much more sinister. Life and death could be too easily manipulated for financial advantage. Carlos knew this was his personal soapbox. As far as he was concerned, horses were the most abused and mistreated animals in America. Impossible obstacle courses taxed the animals' endurance and cardiovascular systems, often pushing the animals to the brink of serious injury and beyond. So often owners viewed the animal as an article of commerce or a showpiece. When the merchandise failed, the owner's investment also failed, unless events led to an insurance payoff or tremendous stud fees. As he worked his way toward the taxis, Carlos heard his pager beep. He didn't remember turning the damn thing on, and he wished he hadn't when he saw the phone number and message crawling across the readout. Susan Lindstrom, Assistant U.S. Attorney in the Minneapolis Federal Courthouse. "Urgent...important case. Please call immediately. 612-545-5800." The thought of an urgent case made his stomach turn. He hated injustice. He might have a chance to help make things right, at least for one animal. Still, Carlos had spent time with Susan before. He felt unsettled about how they had parted ways. She had a special charisma, and a way of making him feel...he couldn't put his finger on it...he'd have to work on what it was she did to him. He managed to wind his way through the endless airport construction, into the skyway, and back down to the street, and then ran across to the cab area. He had to wait in line. He tried to keep the deep breathing going and let his shoulders come down from his ears. Determined to maintain the peace of the South, he distanced himself from the traffic noises. He counted about twelve people in line ahead of him. Then he glanced at the person getting into the next cab—a smallish woman dressed in black. Her shoulder pack had the Olympic emblem embroidered on the side. With her head ducked down, she popped into the cab. He noticed a trim ankle being pulled inside. The door slammed, and she was gone. Carlos trembled. He bit his lip. It couldn't be Kate. He was just in a reverie. Kate was...where now? In Spain? In Brazil working with the polo ponies? It would be too much of a coincidence for her to be coming home now, at the same moment he was. He realized his hands were wet with sweat, despite the cold. There were several places where his soul was still tortured, and Kate fit one of those slots. He had loved her truly once, and hadn't recovered from her rejection of him. It had been a lot of long years since he had trusted women. Since Kate, actually. He had tuned out the noise so effectively he didn't hear the horn honking next to him. The cab driver had the passenger window rolled down. "Hey, buddy. You want a cab, or what? You're next in line." "Oh. Yeah. Thanks." He jerked on the handle and folded his lean frame into the seat. "Forty-seventh and Abbot." "Is that near the Linden Hills area?" "Yeah, closer to that than Fiftieth and France in Edina, but more like halfway between the two." "Great bakeries in that neighborhood. Lots of great bakeries," the driver said. "Which is your favorite?" Carlos never tired of looking for little locally owned bakeries, especially if there was a coffee shop with the real stuff in it, home-roasted. The cab driver was local. White-bread type. Probably some Scandinavian derivative. Carlos could only guess what he would choose. It took quite a while for him to answer. "Turtle." "Hummm?" Carlos's mind had wandered to the phone call he had to make. He didn't want to answer the beeper page Susan had sent. He had decided that he would go home, check the silk fern, have a good workout, and then face the call. "Turtle. You know, Turtle Bakery. Linden Hills. Not far from you. I love that place." Carlos could not think of a Minnesota cab driver as being a cabbie. That might be so in New York, Chicago, L.A. or Atlanta, but not Minneapolis. Life was a bit more straightlaced here, more reserved, and therefore it assumed a more proper demeanor. "Oh, yeah. Me too." "You know, I was hoping you lived further out, like maybe Elk River." "Why?" "I had to wait two and a half hours to get this fare, you know, in line at the airport. Now, if I go back there, it will be another two-and-a-half-hour wait in line with the other drivers till my next fare. Can you imagine the taxes we drivers pay? The license for the airport is sky-high. Not to kid ya about the sky part." He chuckled at his own pun. "I mean to tell ya, it's rough. I can hardly clear my

expenses every day with these airport fares." Carlos didn't know if that was a rush to get a better tip, but he let it blow over him. He had other things to think about. He kept nodding and "mmm"-ing as the cab pulled off Highway 62 onto France Avenue. Not too far to his house. He couldn't really think of it as home. Leaving John and Iris' estancia felt like leaving home. He realized he was going through a culture shock. A big one. A few minutes later he was paying the cab driver and wishing him well in the airport queue. The slate-gray sky was typical for this time of year. He looked up. Carlos often thought Minnesotans spent half the day, when there was sunlight, looking up to savor it. The other half of the day they spent looking up to see what the sky was going to do, when and if a storm was coming or going. It was a habit bred of long years of working around the weather. He tried not to let it rule his life, or his workouts, but it did. To think he had begun to take the weather for granted while down South made him shake his head at himself. The house was spotless, just as he had left it. He liked order. It lent serenity to the mind. He kicked the door and let it stand open to the February air. A little freshness would do nicely—at least for a few moments. Here, a few moments in the cold could seem like a long time. The elusive Minnesota winter light bathed his living room. He loved the leather chairs, oriental rugs, and deep matching sofas that surrounded the fireplace. These were rooms that he felt reflected his sense of order and stability. His office, his private bastion, was painted a deep red, and the walls were filled with pictures of horses. Some of the photos were of him in dressage uniform standing next to the horse. Each picture held a memory for him, as they represented cases he had solved or horses he had ridden. He checked the fridge to see what he had left for himself. Living alone did not have the surprises bestowed upon those who lived with others. He found four bottles of St. Pauli Girl, some apples that were past their prime, and a few frozen \$1.99 dinners. The six jars of dill pickles merited consideration. He reached in and grabbed a large cold one, and sucked on the pickle juice as he contemplated what he would do. He decided to take time to stretch his limbs, mind, and soul a bit and go for a run. His run would be delicious. He knew enough to enjoy it, as he didn't know when he would get another. If Susan's phone call meant what he thought, he would be busy, even though he didn't want to work just yet. He felt good, despite the hours of flying. He was rested in both body and spirit. Patagonia always did that to him. Carlos found his heavy sweats, wind gear, Gore-Tex running shoes, and stocking cap. He warmed up by stretching, jogged in place to get his body heat revved, and then raced out the door to do his ten-mile loop around Lake Harriet, Lake Calhoun, and Lake of the Isles. Even in the early afternoon, the paths around the lakes were crowded. People were exercising their dogs, talking with friends, walking, jogging, and pushing baby strollers. Carlos never tired of seeing the great mix of abilities, skin colors, and sports. In the spring there would be rollerbladers and bikers, once the ice, snow, and grit were cleared from the pathways. He was right. He enjoyed his run in the crisp air enormously. The miles seemed to have no bearing on his mind, as he mulled over some of the horse cases he had been involved with and heard about during his career. Carlos had seen so much in his investigations. Some of the cases he could prove, the rest were shadow thoughts, a sickening knowledge that ate at him. The methods of killing were many and unspeakably evil. He never ceased to be shocked by what humans would do to animals, especially horses. He'd seen legs smashed with crowbars, burnings, and injections of salmonella. Ping-Pong balls in the nostrils effectively cut off the airways, but the idiot who thought of that torture forgot to remove them, an easy win for the insurance company Carlos was working for at the time. One asshole of an owner tied a piece of sheet-metal to the back of his racehorse and turned him out in an electrical storm, all because the horse had had a few lackluster races. As fate would have it, the lightning missed the horse and hit the guy's house instead. The fire department responding noticed the sheet metal, which had been left attached to the horse in the confusion. What really got to Carlos was that there was nothing illegal about killing your own horse unless outright cruelty or insurance fraud could be proved. His job was to focus on the fraud. Everyone who even had the barest notion about killing their animal, or anyone else's animal, should be sent to jail on charges too numerous to mention—at least that was his feeling. Then Carlos corrected himself. It was more than a feeling. It was his mission. He advocated for horses. Represented them, really, much as a lawyer might. He rounded the curve of Lake Harriet and adjusted his breathing. He looked at his watch. He had a good pace going. The serotonin was

kicking in, but it didn't seem to take the edge off the memories of his cases. It was usually like this before he started a new case. His mind was trying to find relationships. Killing horses for money had been a dirty little secret in the industry for years before Susan Lindstrom and some nameless little snitch brought national attention to a few of the indiscretions of the show-horse world. But there was so much more. The scams involved owners, veterinarians, trainers, top Olympic riders, gigolos, and hit men. The whole mess made many politicians' escapades look like a cakewalk. This horse stuff rarely got the juicy media coverage. It wasn't sexy enough...although there was plenty of sex to go around, too. Lonely heiresses had con men consistently preying on their desolation and vulnerability. Oh, there were a couple of stories about the heiress who disappeared from the New York theater district while on holiday. She was worth millions, and her body was never found, at least according to the official report. Someone dug up a corpse in a county forest preserve outside of Cincinnati. The medical examiner said it wasn't the heiress. When the dental records were requested, none could be found. The records finally turned up, and when they exhumed the body for a second time, the head was missing. It was anyone's guess at this point whether it was her or not. But it certainly looked suspicious. Of course, any corpse without a head would look suspicious. And then, there were no traceable fingerprints. Heiresses are not prone to be fingerprinted. Carlos remembered his peripheral involvement in that case. The heiress, who knew nothing about horses, had purchased a string of worthless racing stock at the urging of her gigolo boyfriend. The boyfriend was a suspect for a while in the murder investigation, but that went nowhere. No one could figure a motive...although there sure was plenty of opportunity. Carlos was in charge of the disposition of the horses, since he was often called upon to do appraisals. At least this time the animals were still alive. Too many times the "investment" was dead and he had to figure out whether the "accident" was phony or not. As far as Carlos was concerned, a horse killing was murder...even if the feds couldn't, or wouldn't, use that label. He knew, and he would continue to work to make horse murderers take responsibility for their actions. Carlos mentally shook himself. This run should be for him. It was for The Zen of the Mind where all else faded from "his little gray cells," as Hercule Poirot would say. He suspected that soon he would be taking another hard, up-close-and personal look at the horse industry. It was his job, but something about all those previous cases racing around in his head made him feel uneasy. Maybe he felt this nervousness because there were too many unresolved murders—both horse and human. And he was an idealist. He wanted to solve them all and bring every lowlife to justice. He felt invigorated from the run, and was grateful there were plowed walks and trails. No telling when the next storm would come to make running outside much more difficult. While he was cooling down, he called Susan. Better face it now. He dialed her direct, private number. Either she was at her desk, or she wasn't. She was in. He couldn't say he was pleased. He'd take another month off if he could. "Carlos?" she said when she heard his voice. "Is that really you?" "Yeah, sure." Before he'd even finished the words he could have kicked himself. That was pure and simple Minnesota talk. Yeah, sure—tinged with a Spanish softness. "You don't sound like yourself. What's with all the heavy breathing?" "Just got back from a run." "How far did you run?" "Oh, you know, the usual around the lakes. Made some good time, too." Susan let out a little sigh. "For a guy almost forty, you're in great shape." "Careful, now. My age is a sacred thing. I have two whole years before I hit those big numbers." Susan laughed. She heard Carlos say, "Susan, I gotta tell you, I am not glad to hear from you." She was disappointed to hear that, but tried not to let it show. "I know, Big Guy, but come up and see me as soon as you can. There's a new case, and you're the only one who can help me with it. We've got some things we need to discuss, and I don't want to talk about it over the phone." "That makes sense. By the way, how secure is your office?" "We're talking Minnesota here! People are too nice to breach security. Besides, this place is built like Fort Knox. You know it's a new building. New security. Top of the line. No one is going to be in my office that I don't invite." Inexplicably, he was irritated. "No, Susan, that's not true. Remember last year when the city offices in St. Paul were bugged, and it was all over the front pages of the Star Tribune? No one knows who did it or why. I need to remind you, we are dealing with some nasty people here, not your typical Minnesota Nice."

Carlos Dega, insurance investigator, has an extraordinary job. His clients are expensive horses. Unfortunately, most of them are dead.

A former Olympic dressage rider, Carlos is brought into a swirl of intrigue, deaths, and beautiful women. With the help of fiery Minneapolis Assistant District Attorney Susan Lindstrom, Carlos is quickly tracking criminals who would harm beautiful animals for personal profit. There are plenty of thrills and trails that lead nowhere but trouble. A cast of unforgettable characters races through mayhem straight to a devastating and surprising conclusion.

Horse Sense will jump-start your heart and you won't want to put it down until the final page is finished.

"The authors really know their horses. This is a horse-lovers book, a real thriller that has opened my eyes to fraud in the high stakes world of championship horses."-Mark Fazlollah, Staff Reporter, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*

Turkey says killing of Soleimani to fuel instability - Duvar English - Horse Sense for Leaders Prepare to learn about leadership from the expertsHorses Leaders today are faced with unprecedented challenges Horse Sense For People :HarperCollins Australia - Nonsense to Horse-Sense: How Horses Tell Us the Truth about Ourselves and How to Live This book was in the works for a decade; Dave just didn't know it. [E180.Ebook] Download Horse Sense: The Key to Success Is - It is employed in most language manuals and children books. This poem.. Horse sense is the thing a horse has which keeps it from betting on people. I want to Book metaphors - "And they have to have horse sense," Stevie continued. "And that's it," Carole finished. "Not quite," Lisasaid. "There's one thing I did that I didn't even put Lisacould A sad day as Bellrowan Valley Horse Riding closes due to the - I would wish for every horse and rider to be comfortable while doing our sport.. options dressage riders demand while keeping the check book under control... With more than 50 years of savvy and horse sense packed into the design of Jessica Jahiel's HORSE-SENSE: The Newsletter of Holistic - This is the last post planned for the Horse Sense Blog.. In the book of 2 Chronicles, chapter 7, verse 14, God says, "If my people, which are Saddle Club Book 3 Horse Sense Bryant Bonnie - JMS Books LLC Horse Sense - GENRE: Gay Western Erotic Romance LENGTH: 7776 words RATING: Truckers have a reputation for doing Equine practice Leahurst - Christopher Lochhead (Host/Legends and Losers Podcast). Question: What books had the biggest impact

on you? Perhaps changed the way you see things or HORSE SENSE FOR PEOPLE BY MONTY ROBERTS - Monty - The day of the midterm elections in the United States, I was reading a book that seemed the furthest thing from American politics. The story of Horse sense - AbeBooks - Bellrowan Valley Horse Riding has become "another casualty" of the "The flow on effect from the fires is the feed, in the sense our hay Mr Ennor plans to stay with tourism developing a new venture called Book It, Do it. Bike Poems That Rhyme - Papier Style Design - Book - Horse Sense [None Listed] on Amazon.com. *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Only Hearts Club Book - Olivia Hope is passionate about horseback

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