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A long time ago in the month of August in the secluded valley of Castle Salem my grandad's mare and foal were grazing. It was Thursday afternoon when thunder and lightning suddenly struck unexpectedly sending shock waves through the valley. The mare and foal got so frightened they bolted and jumped out of their field and onto the roadway. Grandad went immediately to check on all of his animals after the thunder storm. On arriving to the field where the mare and foal were he noticed the mare and foal were on the road and to make matters worse he noticed that the foal appeared to be severely injured. Grandad got the vet straight away only to find that following an examination he confirmed the foal had a broken left shoulder. The out look on the foal wasn't good but Grandad was determined to bring his well-bred filly foal back to full health. He decided to get a second opinion from the local vet. The vet gave two options to grandad, one was to send the foal to Kildare to the Top Equine Veterinary clinic for an operation or two to wean the foal from the mare immediately placing the foal in isolation for a

minimum of 10 weeks. Granddad opted for the second option as the vet pointed out that given the foal was only four months old so there was a good chance that the bone and the bone marrow would regenerate. If the foal was over 12 months of age there would have been no chance of survival. The foal was weaned and stabled immediately for the 10 weeks as advised by the vet. Granddad took such great care of the foal making sure she was comfortable at all times and to his amazement the foal was 100% recovery. She was cared for the following winter in the same way and as spring approached granddad ~~approached~~ ^{was} prepared to release the yearling into the paddock. She thrived and from the age of three she was bred, producing three ~~beautiful~~ ^{brag} foals. Then at the age of seven granddad broke her right from the start granddad could see she ~~proved~~ ^{proved} him right had great potential and she proved him right. Granddad got her riding lovely and he ~~put~~ ^{advertised} her put her up for sale. It wasn't long until she was bought. She then went on the showjumping circuit later competing on many occasions in the R.D.S. So the moral of this story is to never give up hope and never be afraid to ask for a second opinion.

I got this information from my uncle
Peter Daly, Castlesalem, Rosscarbery.

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