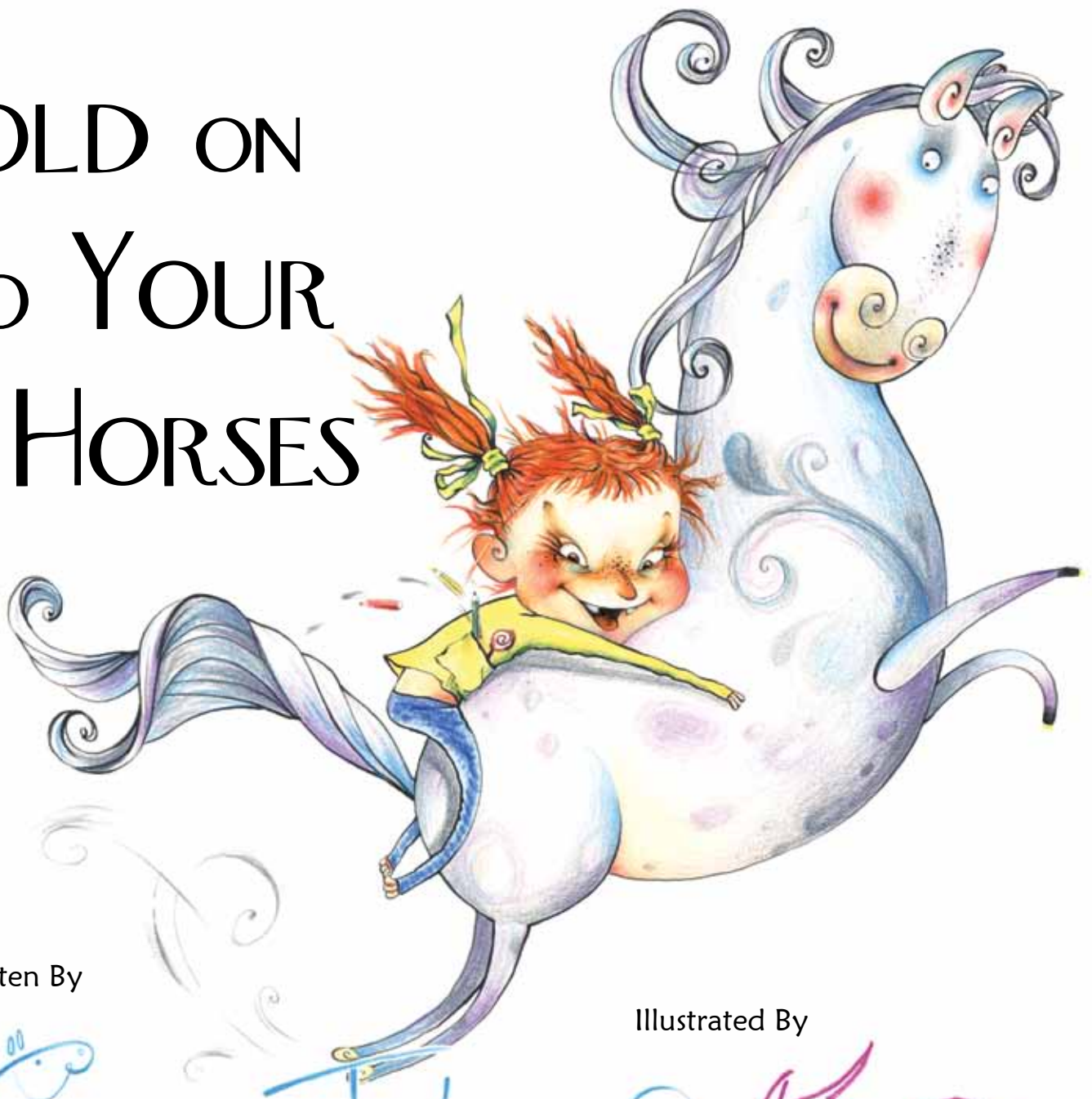


HOLD ON TO YOUR HORSES



Written By

Sandra Taylor

Illustrated By

Angela Call

HOLD ON TO YOUR HORSES

About this pdf:

Hold on to Your Horses exists because my daughter needed a story that helped her visualize and control her impulsive ideas. I wrote the story, but quickly realized that the full effect could only be reached if the story had pictures. I was fortunate enough to be able to connect with Angela online and a collaboration was born. I could not be happier with the result. The pictures are perfect, exactly what this story needed.

By mutual agreement, Angela and I have decided to make this story available for free. We love this story and want others who love it to be able to share it easily. There may be other children out there who will benefit as much from this book as my daughter has.

A hardback book edition of this story will be released Summer 2008. Copies may be purchased through www.holdontoyourhorses.com.

--Sandra Tayler

Written by  Sandra Tayler Illustrated by  Angela Call



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Additional information available at www.holdontoyourhorses.com.

Amy was excited by the whole world.



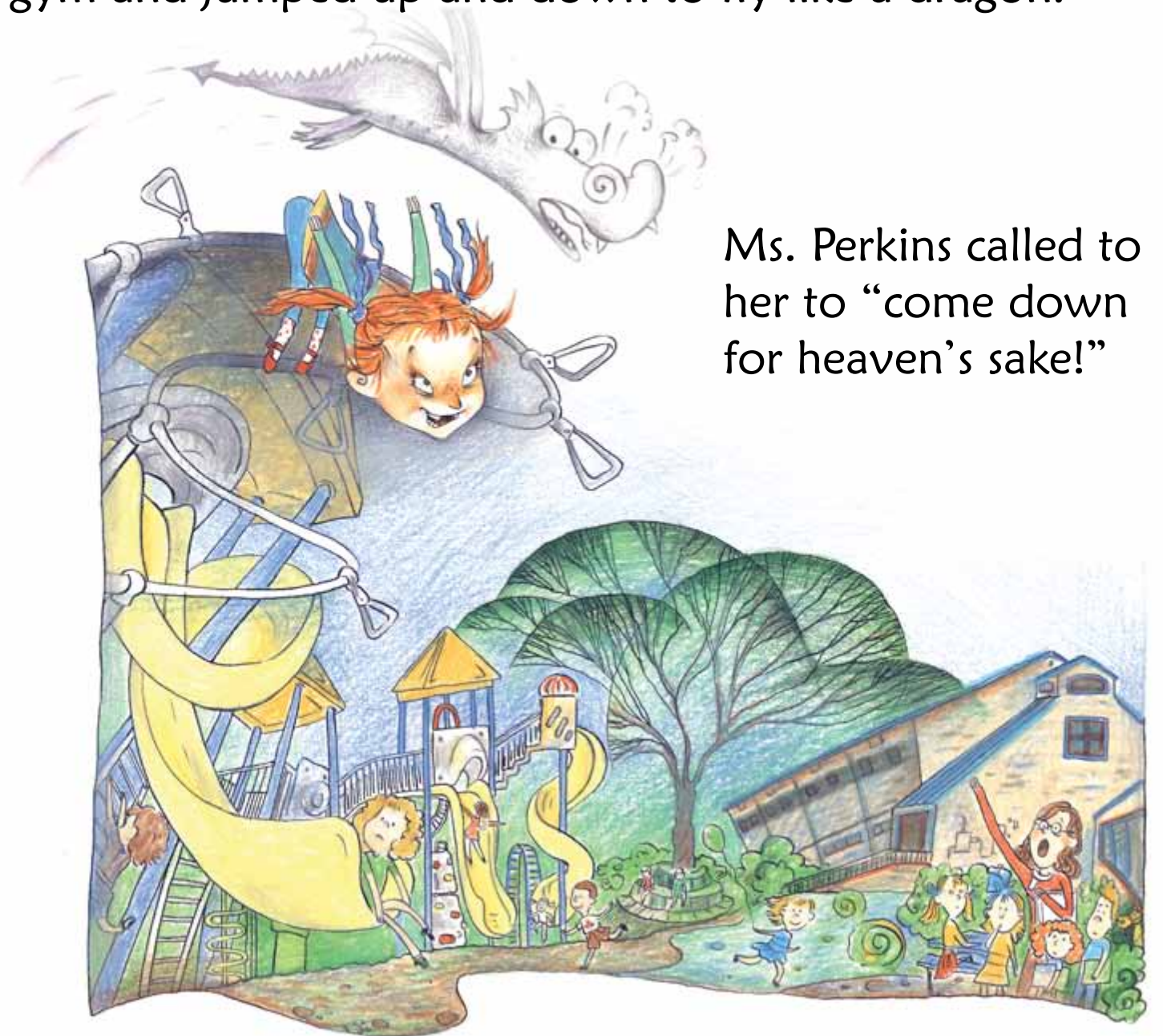
 Each morning, she sprang out of bed with a head full of ideas and feet ready to put them into action.



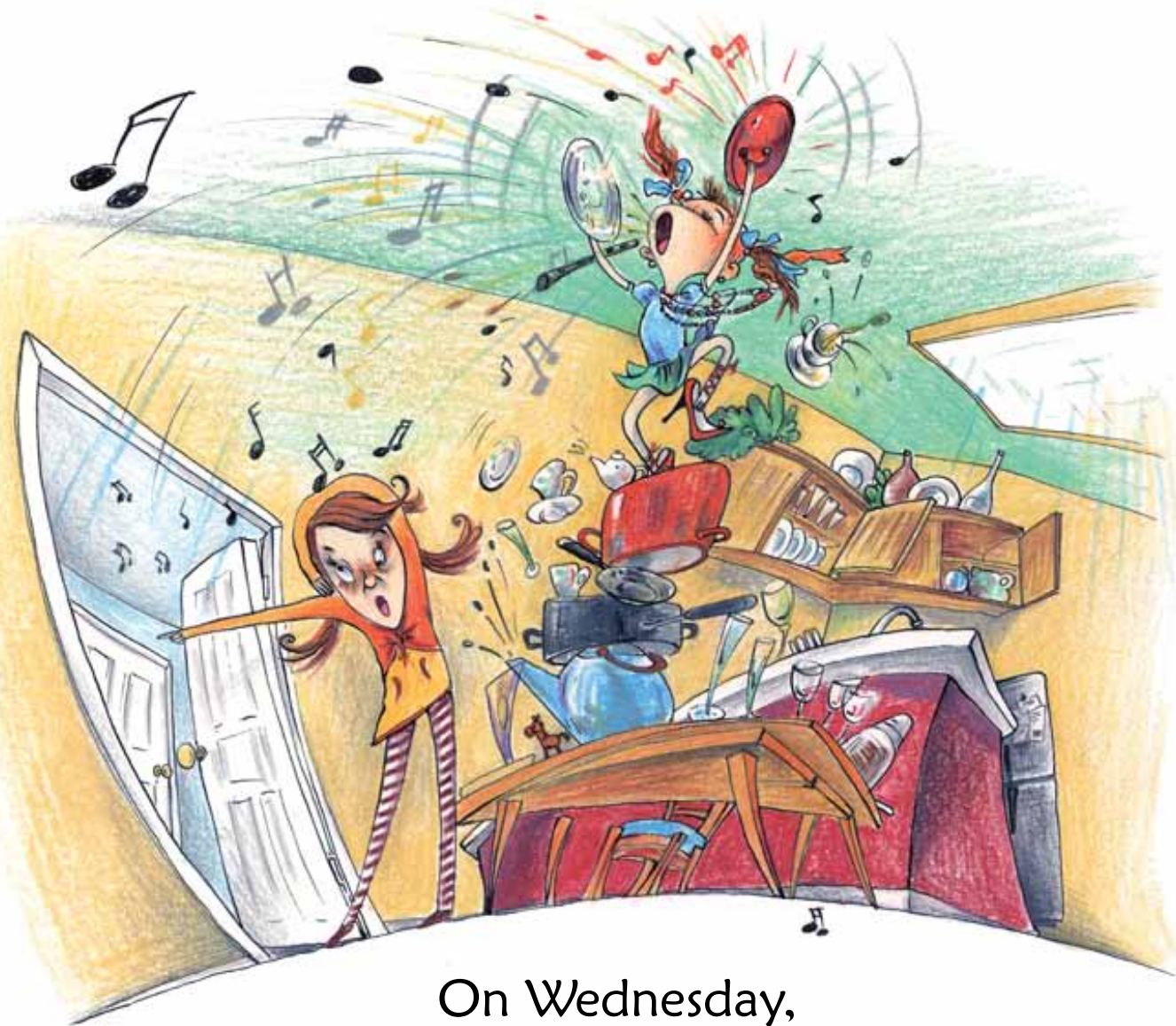
On Sunday, Amy discovered that she could use a straw to blow really **big** bubbles in her breakfast cereal.

Mommy scolded her for making a mess.

On Monday, she climbed to the very top of the jungle gym and jumped up and down to fly like a dragon.



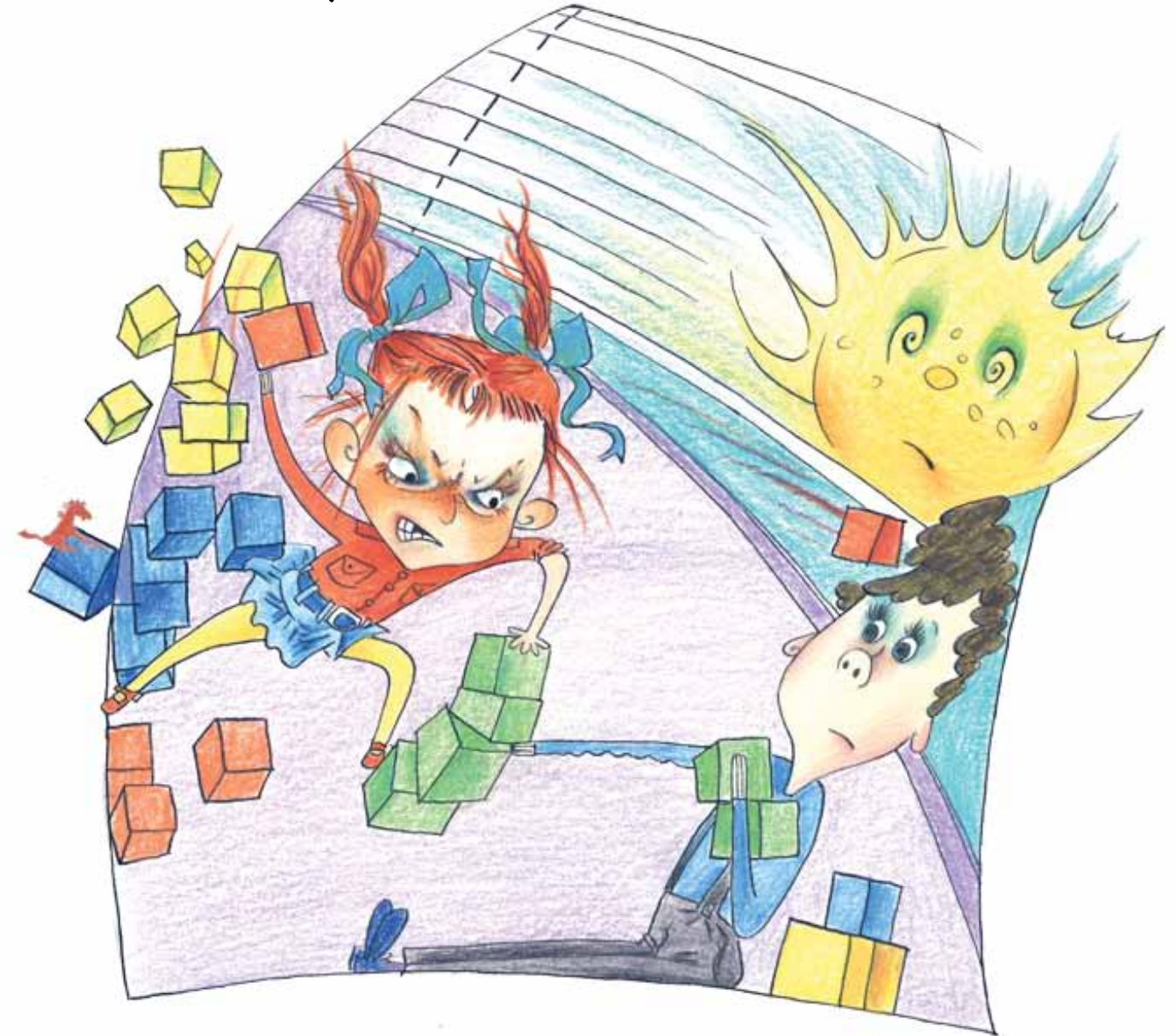
Ms. Perkins called to her to “come down for heaven’s sake!”



On Wednesday,
Amy made a band out of pots
and glasses and a whistle. Kari shouted
at her to be quiet and get out
of the room.

Thursday, she had a plan to sort the blocks at school by
colors, but Billy kept grabbing them.

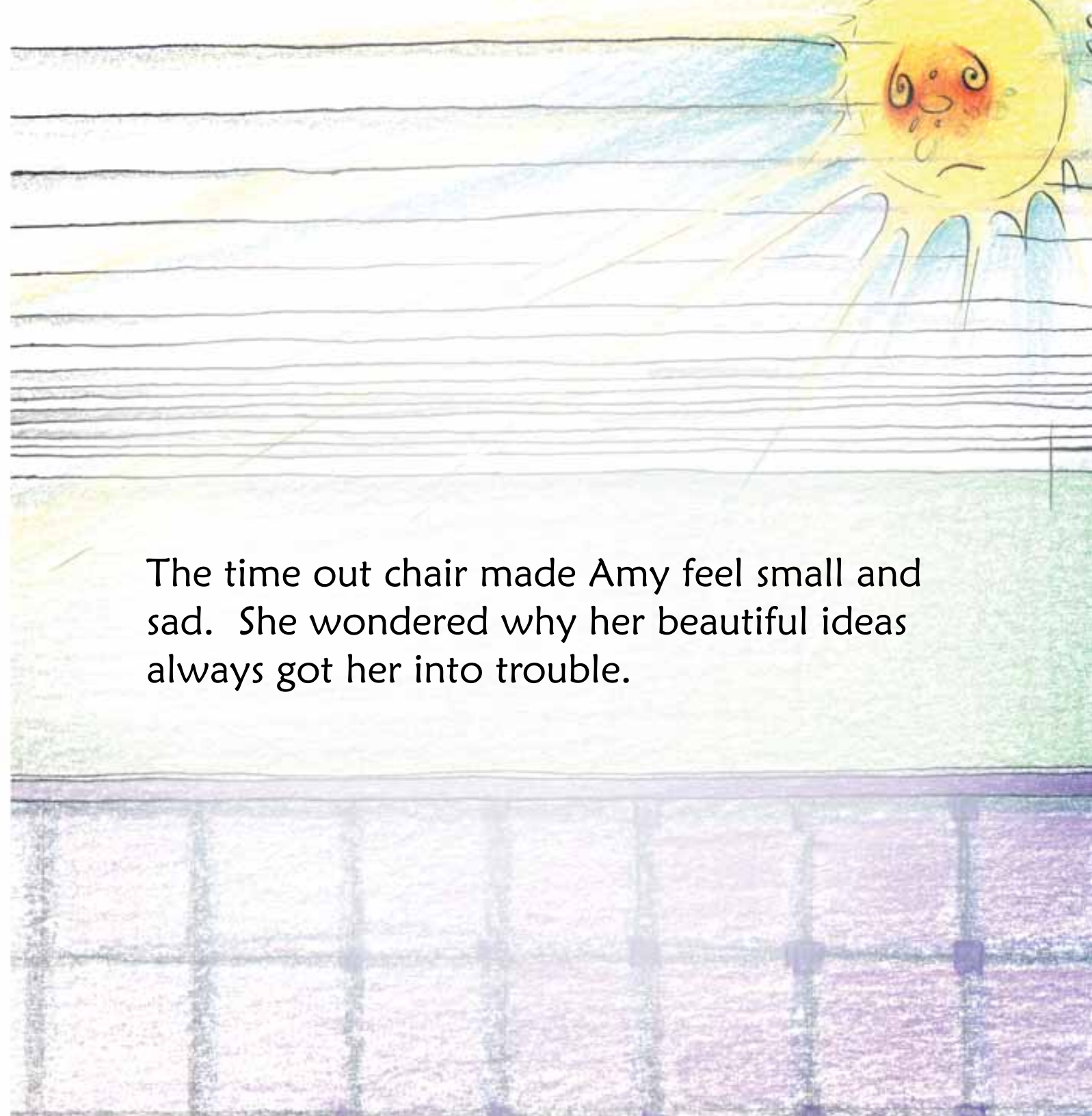
Amy screamed and threw blocks at him.

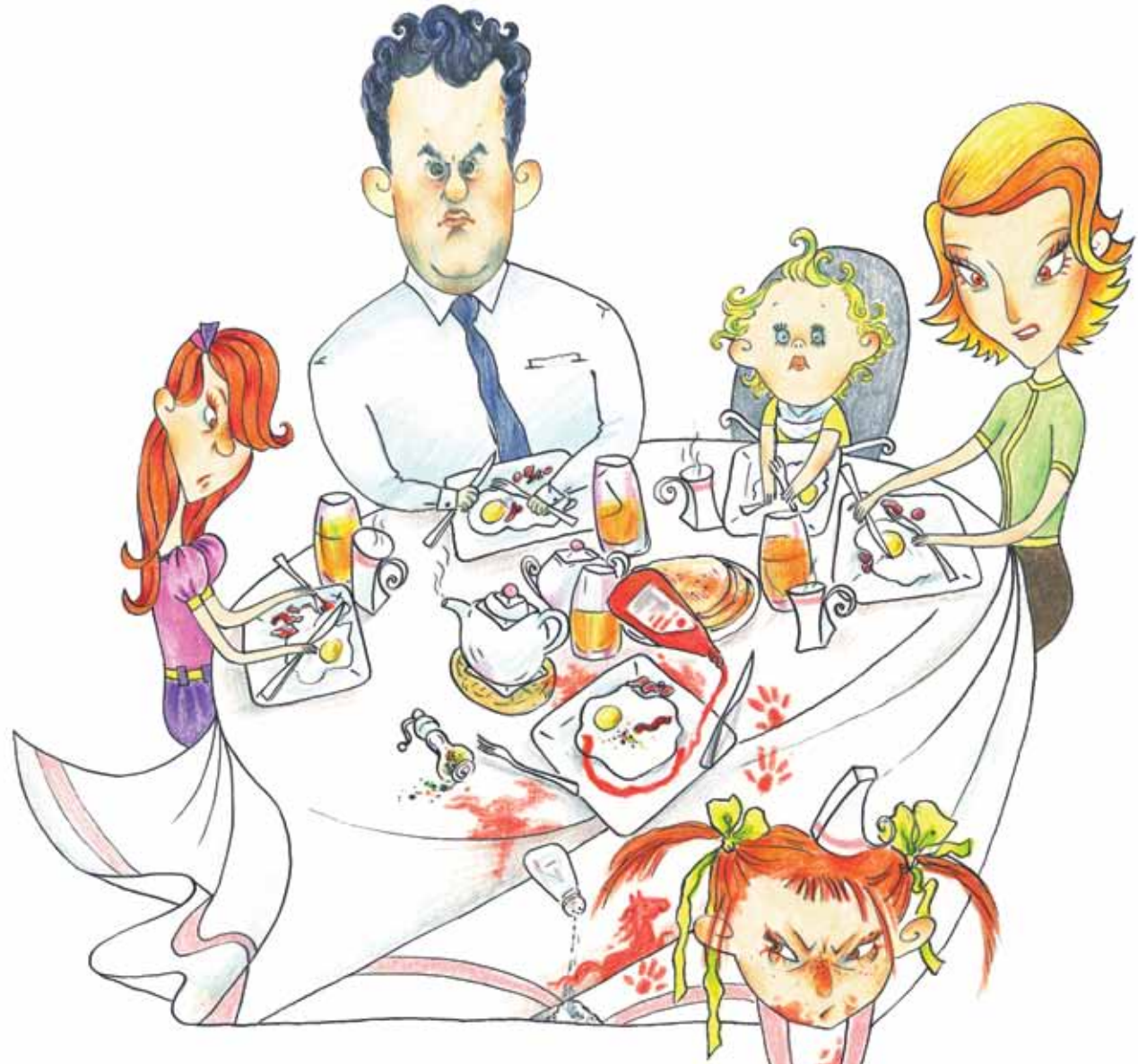


Amy had to sit in
the time-out chair.



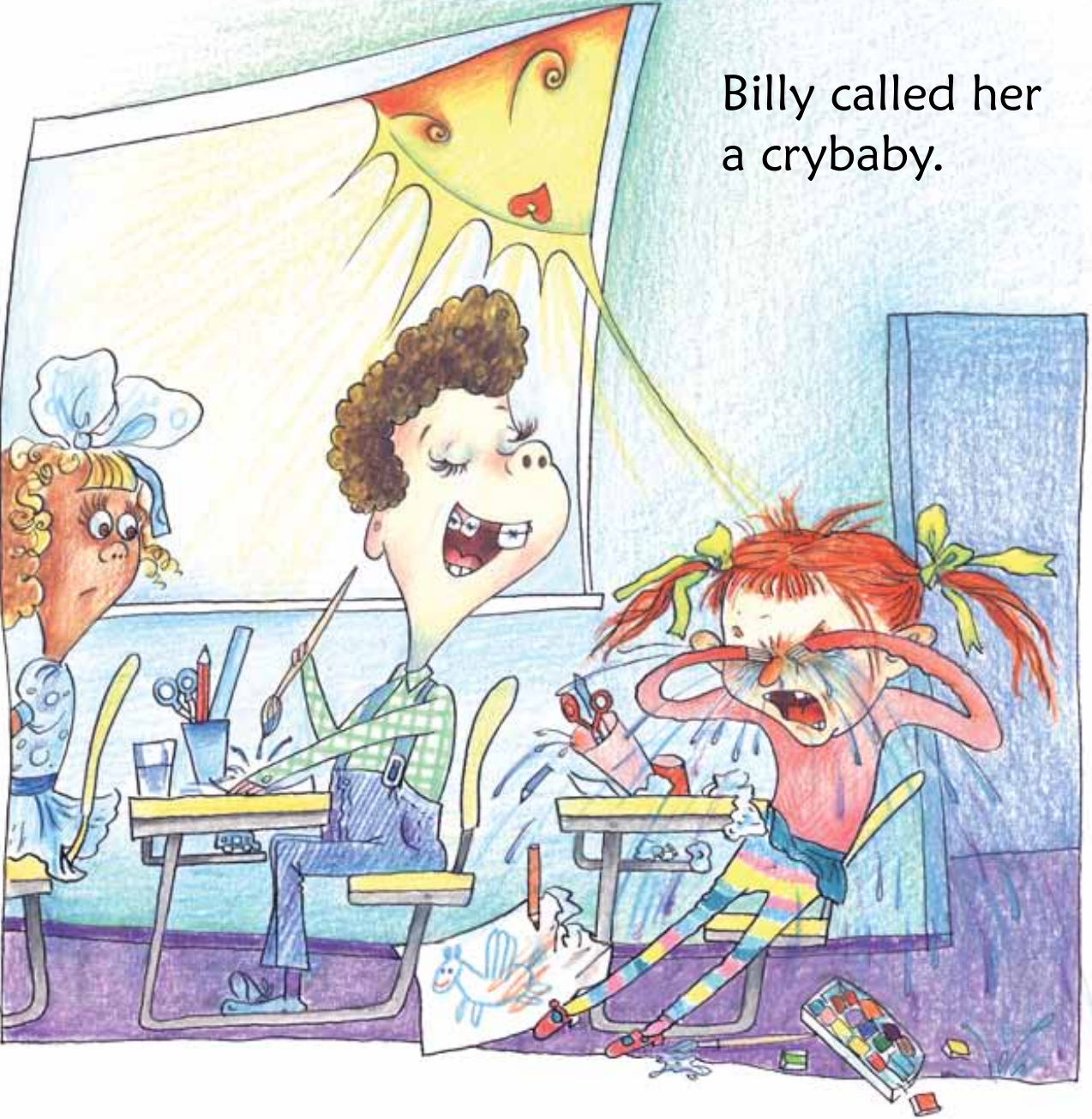
The time out chair made Amy feel small and
sad. She wondered why her beautiful ideas
always got her into trouble.





On Friday, everyone yelled at Amy because she did circus tricks on her chair during breakfast.

At school, she cried because her picture was coming out all wrong.



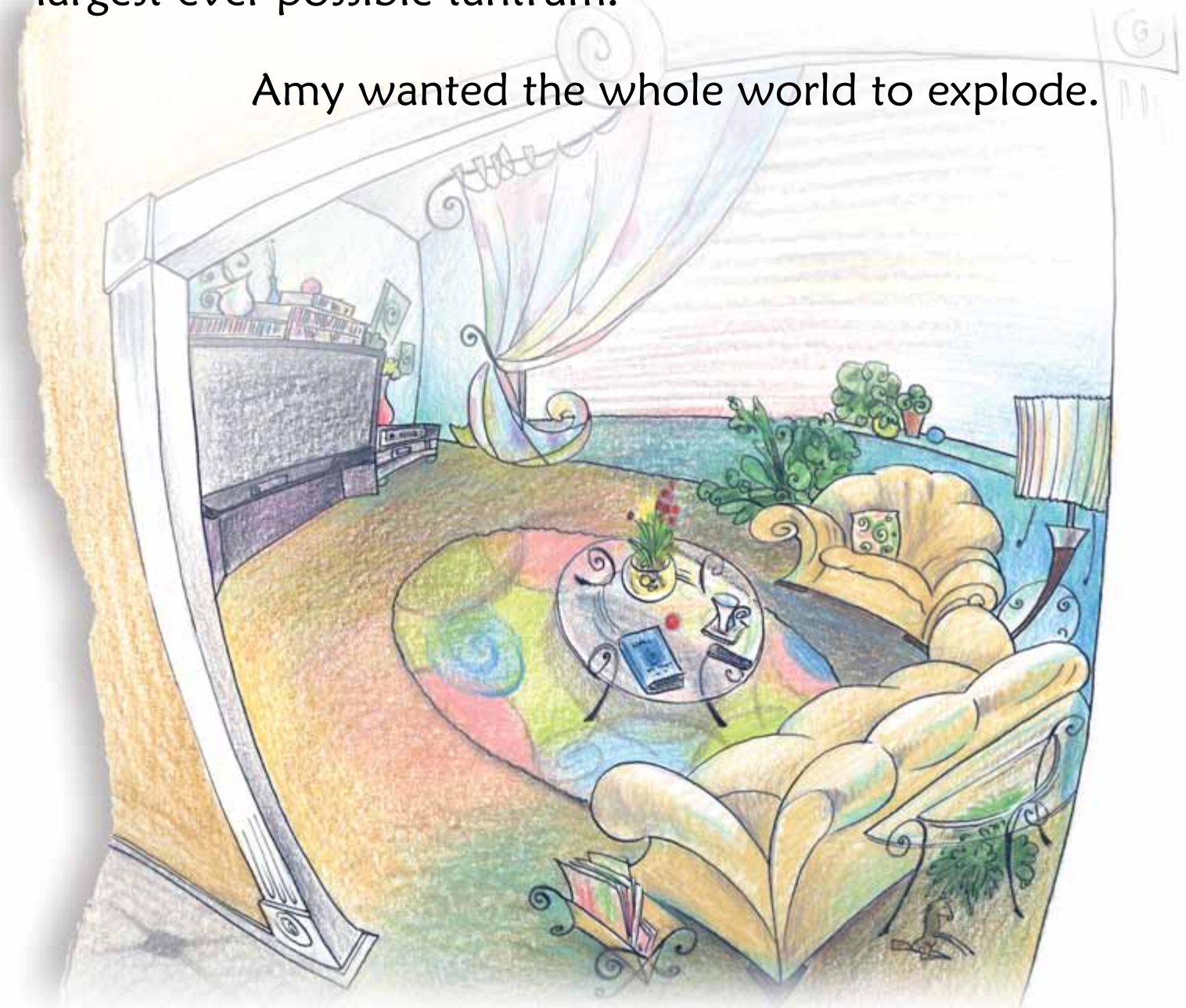
Billy called her a crybaby.

When Amy came home she wanted to watch cartoons,
but Mommy told her to put away her coat.



It was too much. Amy threw a gigantic, humongous,
largest-ever-possible tantrum.

Amy wanted the whole world to explode.





The world didn't explode.

Amy curled up with her blanket and cried quiet tears.

Mommy snuggled Amy into her lap.
In her smallest voice Amy asked,
“Why am I always the problem?”



“Have you ever watched horses?”
Mommy asked.

“Sometimes they are quiet.
Other times they run
like the wind.”



“Horses sometimes get scared of
things that won’t hurt them.
Other times they run right
into things that will.”



“That’s why horses need
people to take care of
them.”



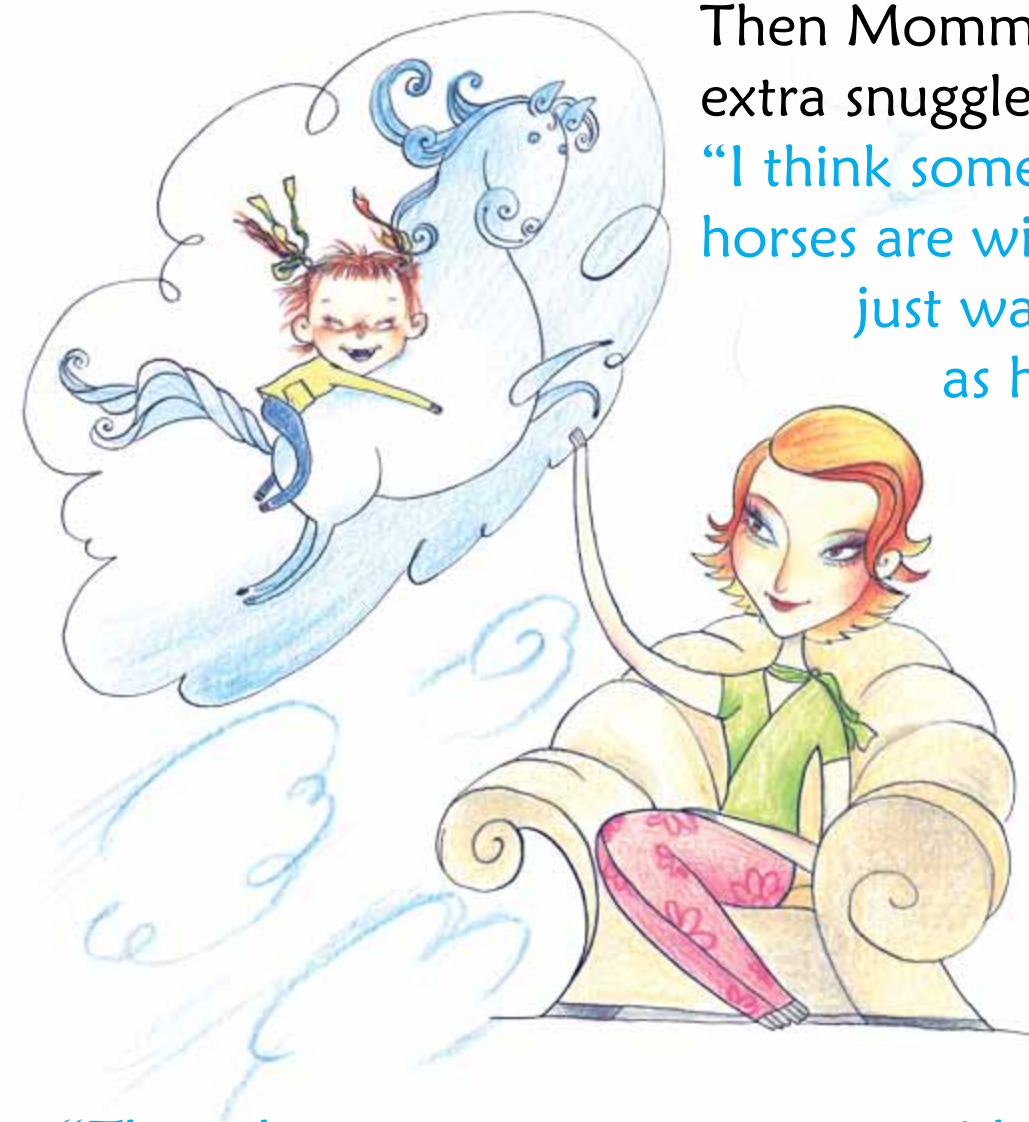
“When a horse runs away, people will
calm the horse and take it home. If the
horse gets hurt, people help the
horse get better.”



“Amy, you are filled with ideas every day. Your ideas are like horses. You need to take care of them and keep them safe.”



Then Mommy gave Amy an extra snuggle and said, “I think sometimes your idea horses are wild. They don’t just walk; they gallop as hard and as fast as they can.”



“Those horses want to run away with you, but if you can slow them down, you can guide those horses to wonderful places.”

Amy snuggled closer to Mommy.

“Can some of my horses be white ones?” she asked.

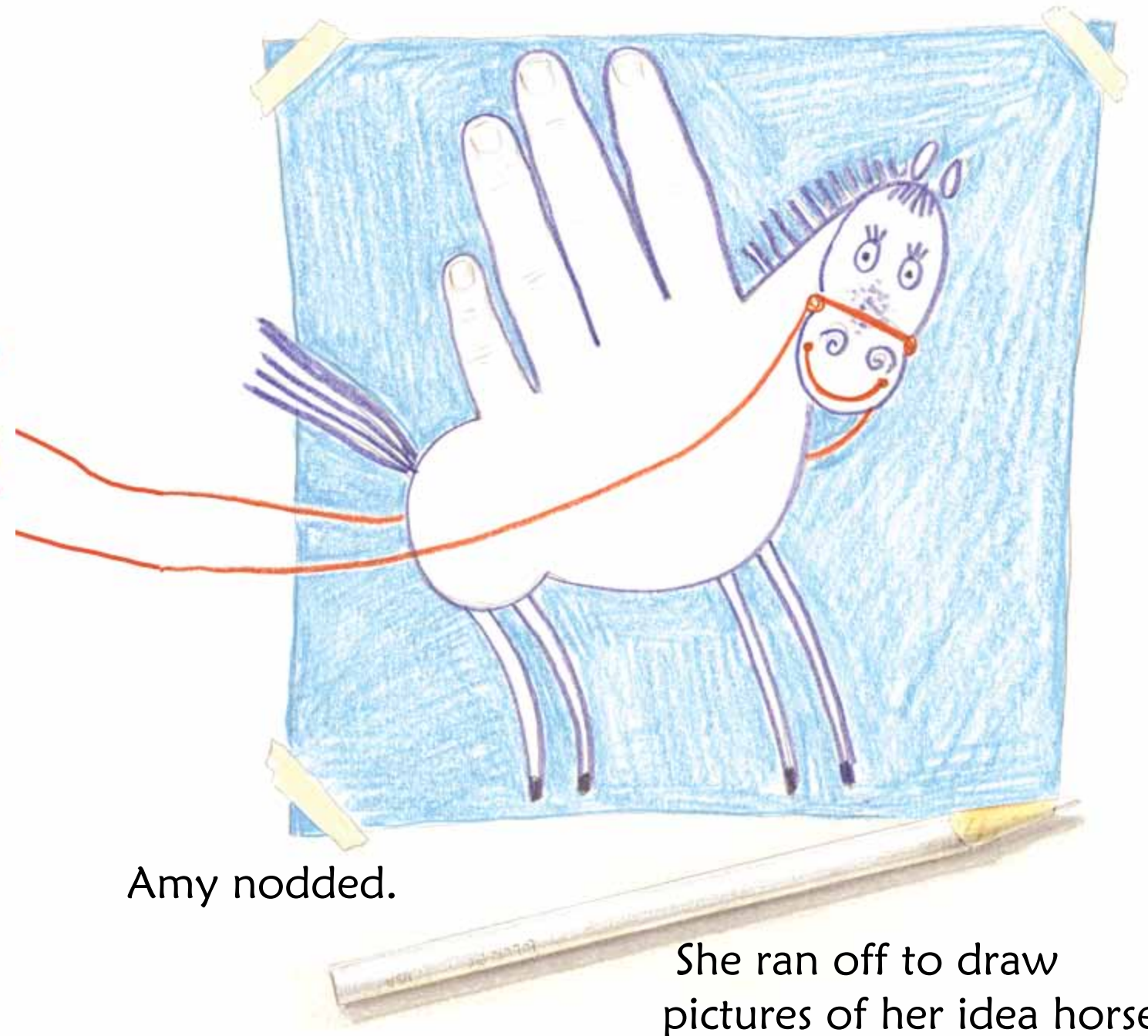
“Of course.”

“And can they fly?”

“Sure they can.”



“Just make sure they don’t fly wild.”



Amy nodded.

She ran off to draw pictures of her idea horses.

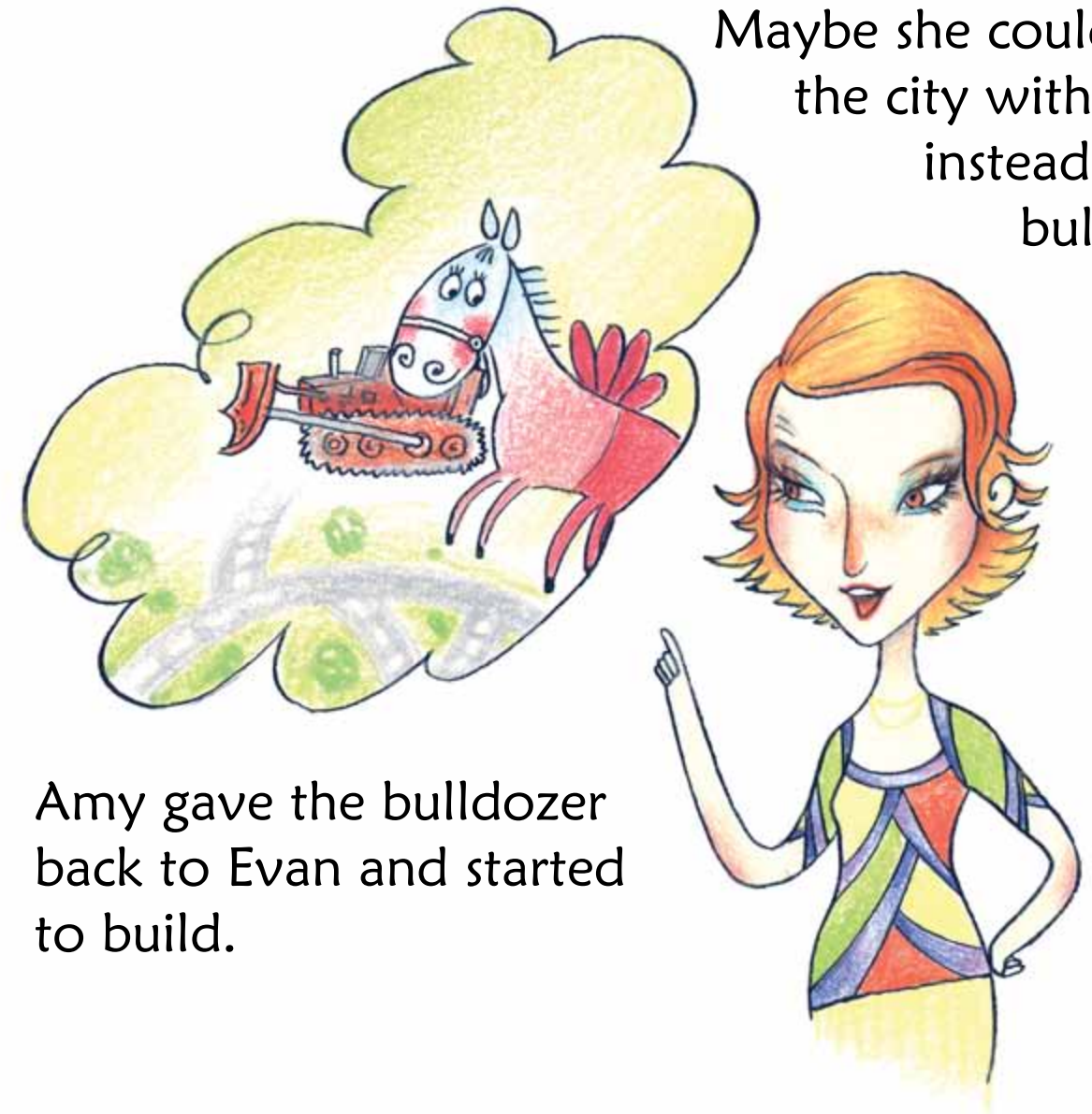
That evening, Amy grabbed a toy bulldozer from Evan. She wanted to use it to build a city. Evan tried to grab it back, but Amy danced away from him.

Evan screamed.



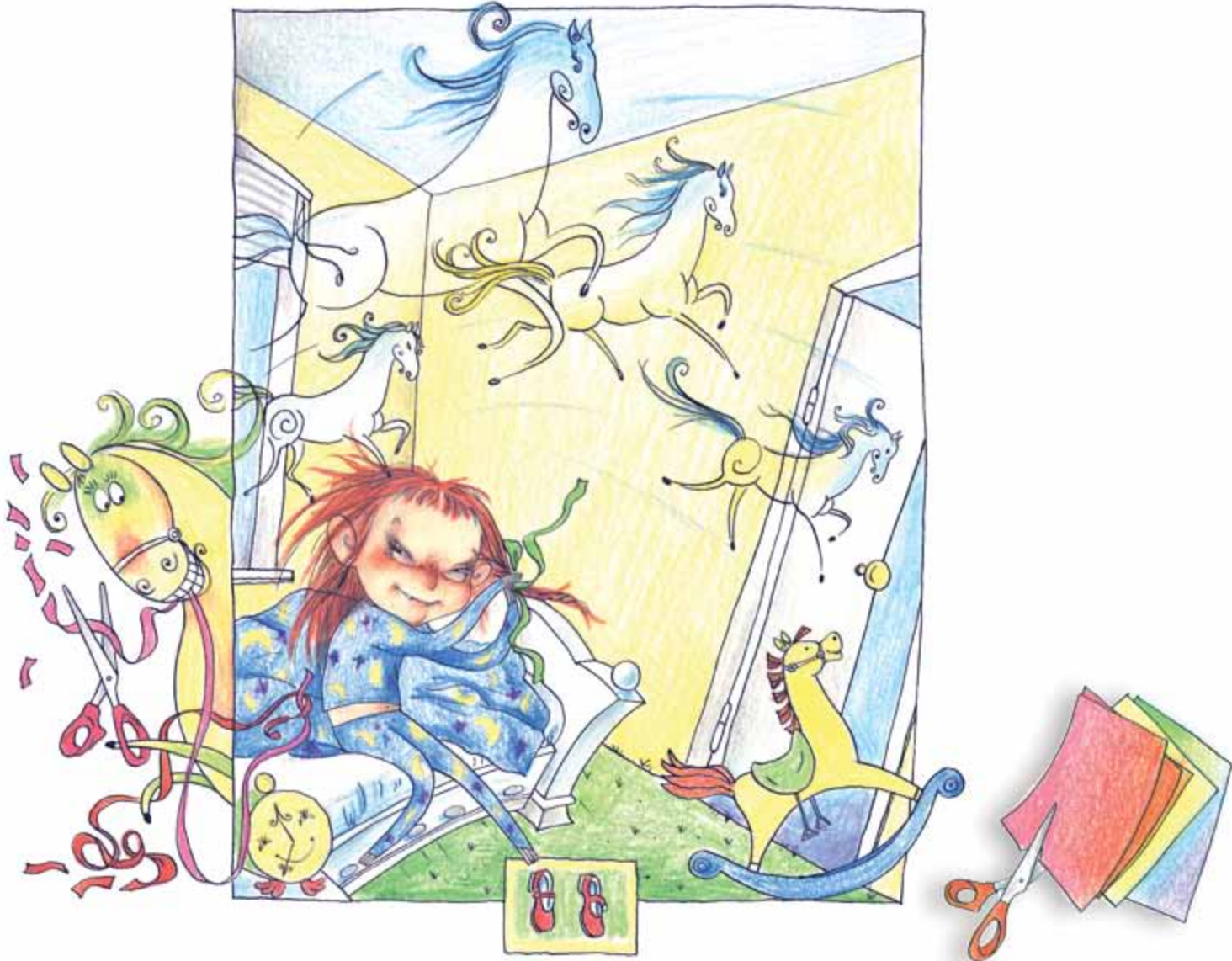
“Amy, hold on to your horses.” said Mommy.
Amy stopped dancing. Her idea horse was running away with her.

Maybe she could build the city with a truck instead of the bulldozer.



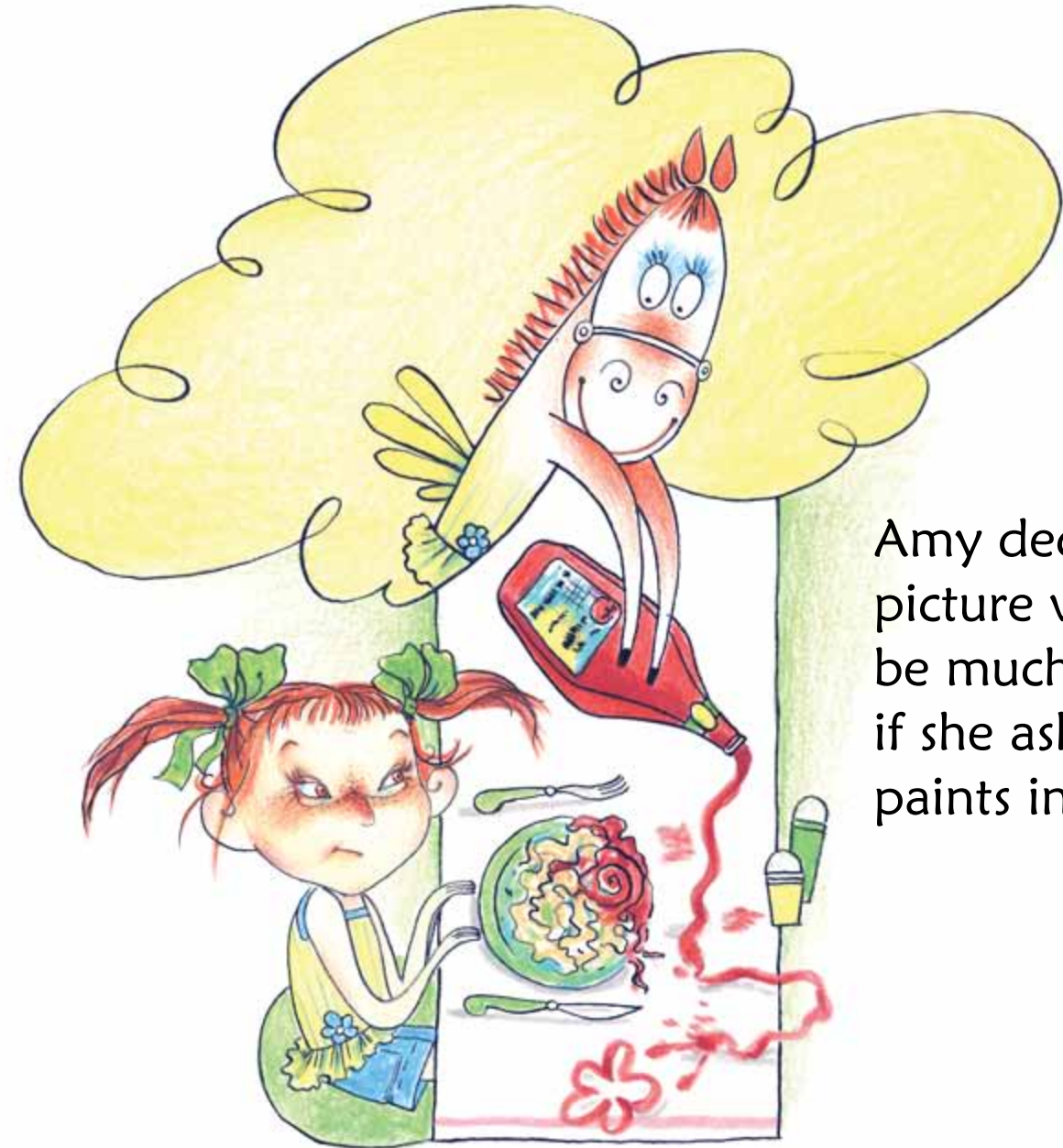
Amy gave the bulldozer back to Evan and started to build.

On Saturday, Amy still sprang out of bed with her head full of ideas, but now her ideas were horses.



One idea horse wanted to cut hair ribbons into confetti. Amy steered the horse to paper instead.

At lunch, a horse wanted her to fingerprint with the ketchup.



Amy decided the picture would be much better if she asked for paints instead.



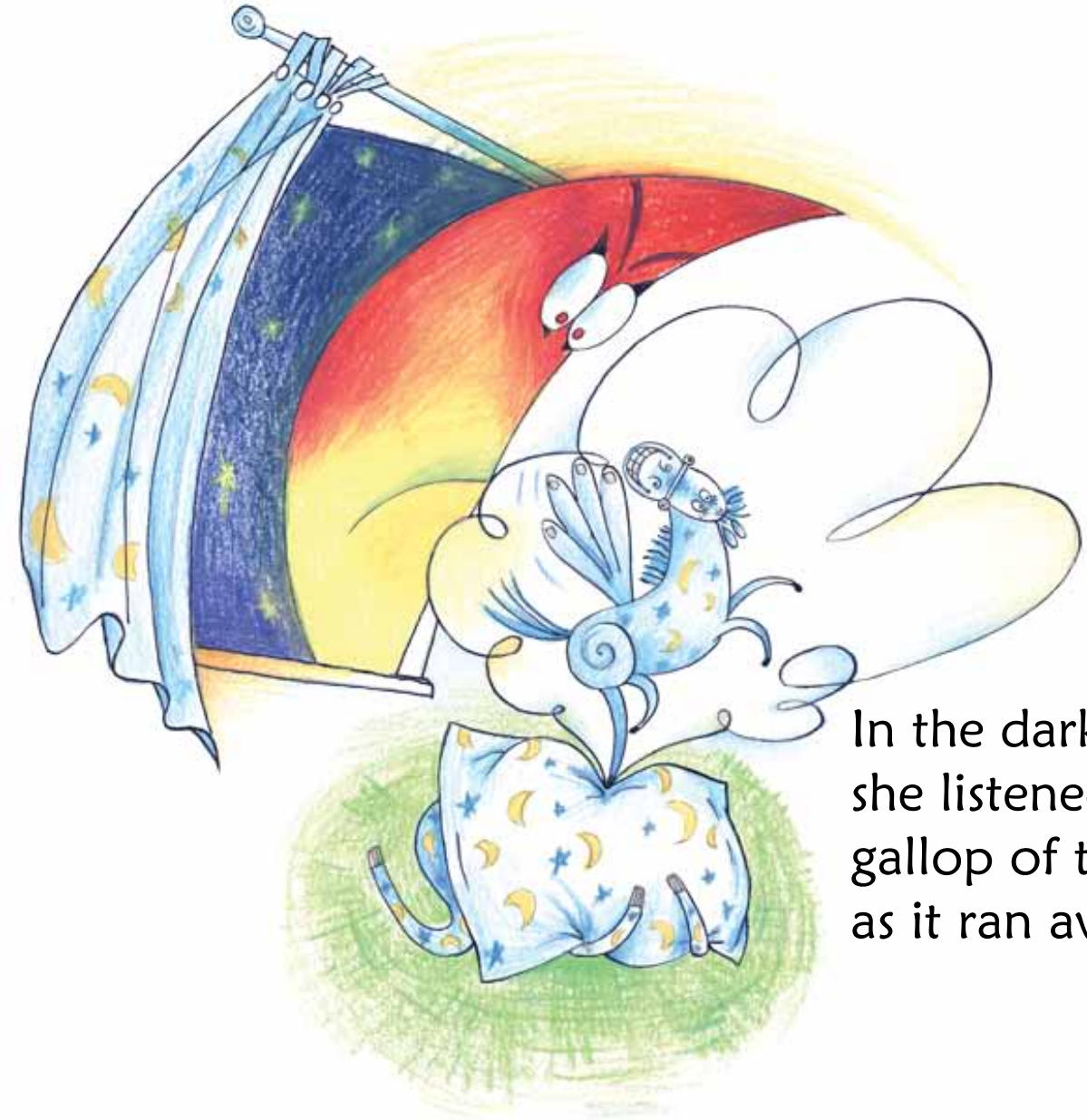
During Evan's nap, a horse wanted to sing and dance.

Amy knew it would wake up Evan.

She led the horse outside, where they could be as loud as they wanted.



At bedtime, Amy did not want to go to bed. She ran away from Mommy and hid under pillows.



In the dark softness, she listened to the gallop of the horse as it ran away.

Amy didn't want the idea horse to run away. She wanted to take good care of her idea horses.



She jumped out of the pile of pillows and ran back to Mommy.



“Mommy! I held on to my horses!”

“You did?
That’s wonderful!”

Mommy
clapped her
hands.

“Yes. They’re
right here!”
Amy pointed
to her head.

“Tomorrow, I’ll ride
them more good
places.”

Mommy smiled a great big smile
and tucked Amy into bed.



About the Illustrator:

Born in the buffer state of Moldova at the height of the Soviet Union's power, Angela's artistic career began from the moment she discovered pencils. Walls, in particular, were frequent victims of her early creativity, but the good furniture suffered in equal measure.

As a young student, Angela's interests turned to caricaturization. This talent earned her as many enemies as it did friends, and attracted the attention of the editor-in-chief of the republican newspaper "Youth of Moldova." In complete disregard for the vagaries of Soviet-era child labor laws, Angela started her first job as a professional illustrator at the age of 15.

Angela found ready work in the field of journalism, culminating in relative fame as a political cartoonist after the collapse of the Soviet Union. In 2001 Angela married her second husband and subsequently immigrated to the United States. She is currently living in Austin Texas, with her husband and two children.

About the Author:

Sandra Tayler began writing her first story at the age of 6. It wasn't a good story, but she loved it. She continued to love writing stories all the way through high school and into college. At the age of 20 Sandra met and married Howard Tayler, who at the time was a musician. Together they had four children, two houses, one failed record production business, and far too little time for anything else. Somewhere along the line Howard realized that he wanted to be a cartoonist and Sandra realized that she wanted to start writing again. Now Sandra spends her time running the distribution arm of Howard's cartooning business (schlockmercenary.com), being the mother of four kids, and managing a household. In the spaces between everything else, she writes.