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A tall, brown horse was running in a grassy field. I saw it trip and fall.

I said, "Dad, I just saw a horse running and it just fell!" My dad said, "Why didn't it jump?" I was wondering the same thing. I said, "I saw the leg was bleeding. Can we help it?" My dad said, "Yes."

We walked over to the horse carefully and saw that she had hurt her leg pretty badly. My dad went back to the house and got a trailer and bandages for the horse.

We went back to the horse, and I helped to wrap up her leg. My dad helped the horse stand and walk over to the trailer. We took her back to my uncle's farm to care for her because she needed to rest.

Next, we tried to find it's owner. We made signs and called a local veterinarian. The owner never came back so, we kept the horse. The horse is now mine. I named her Jules and I take care of her everyday.