

MY BEST FRIEND RADAR

When I woke up in the morning I knew that today is the day for meeting my best friend Radar. Radar looks absolutely gorgeous. His black expressive thoughtful eyes are always slightly sad. His moisturous nostrils puff up, that is usually followed by sniffing. He breaths snoring, sometimes bearing his healthy teeth as if he were smiling. His muscled body with smooth skin, his slender tall legs, his magnificently shaped head look the picture of health and passion.

Every single day I look forward to meeting my faithful friend, while saving for him his favorite dainties - pieces of sugar. Shortly after getting to the race course I head into the half-darkened barn. that pleasantly smells of fresh hay, mixed with the familiar, warm smell of Radar. Inside the dark silence I can hear him chewing. Suddenly, as soon as he hears the grinding of an opening lattice door, he raises his head and the rays of the sun, running through the small window, lights his beautiful head up. I embrace his warm neck, kiss his soft nose and offer him some sugar. He sniffs me round and I feel that he is glad to see me as well.

Almost all day long we spend together. We walk around in the green field, strewn with small, spring, colorful flowers. The air is filled with smell of the fresh grass. I share with him all the news I had gotten up to that time. And then, finally, splitting the air impregnated with spring, we rush along across the field into the distance, into the perspective, into nowhere. I feel the power of my reliable friend, while holding onto his black mane. The speed, moving the bodies in time, breathing - all of these merge into one, indivisible, something uncathable, like a sweet dream.

That is the most powerful feeling I have ever experienced. There is nothing as exciting as riding a horse. I cannot think of a friend who could be as devoted to me as Radar is. I look forward to meeting my friend again

