

This article is for use in eTOC lessons only. Use outside of eTOC is strictly forbidden.

Reading Article GP2

Article #6: A Horse for Matthew

by William J. Buchanan

My name is Tommy Silva. I am 14. I live in a large adobe house on the Jemez Indian Reservation in New Mexico, the ancient home of my people. For as long as I can remember, one room in that old house has been a world apart, an enchanted place of exciting smells and sights and things—my grandfather’s room. There, shelves on two walls are heavy with silver trophies, jeweled belts and medallions, awards recognizing Señor Martino Silva as the greatest rodeo champion ever to emerge from the Indian nations.

Copyright © 2018 Surely work.co

完全版テキストはレッスン前に担当講師から受け取って下さい

講師のスカイプチャットにテキスト名を送って下さい

Your teacher can send you the complete material.

Please ask them to send the complete version of this material before the lesson.

Grandpa pulled his woolen coat tighter. “So, are you going to tell me what is troubling you?”

“It’s my friend, Grandpa. Matthew.”

“The Anglo boy the horse fell on?”

“They removed his cast last week. He was in it three months, Grandpa. He won’t even go near a horse now.”

Grandpa nodded. “I’ve seen this kind of fear in grown men, much less a 14-year-old boy.”

“It’s not right, Grandpa. I mean, down here in the valley, a kid not riding. He’ll be left out

of everything.”

Grandpa rocked, saying nothing. I let the silence hang for a while, then said, “Grandpa, you know more about horses than anybody. Would you find a horse for Matthew?”

It took him by surprise. He leaned back in his chair and shook his head. “My eyes are tired. . . .” He noticed the hurt on my face and stopped. Then, with a deep sigh, he said, “Tell me about the boy.”

It poured from me in a torrent of words: Matthew’s skill with horses before the accident, how we rode the mesa together, how he tended sick calves as if they were from his father’s ranch instead of the Jemez Pueblo. At last Grandpa put a leathery hand on mine. “I will try, because it is you who ask.”

That evening after chores I rode across the Rio Jemez to the Cannon ranch. I tied

Copyright © 2018 Surely work.co

完全版テキストはレッスン前に担当講師から受け取って下さい

講師のスカイプチャットにテキスト名を送って下さい

Your teacher can send you the complete material.

Please ask them to send the complete version of this material before the lesson.

We sat like that for a while. Leaden silence. Then, figuring it was now or never, I broke the news. “I’ve asked my grandpa to find you a horse.”

“You what?”

I told him everything that was said that morning in Grandpa’s room.

“I thought you were my friend,” he snapped.

“I am your amigo. Look, the Pueblo trail ride is in six weeks. Unless you’re riding, it won’t—”

“Look, amigo”—he spit out the word with sarcasm—“I’m not going on any trail ride in six

weeks, or six years, or anytime again. You get that?" He shoved his chair back and stood. "Do me a favor: Tend to your business and let me tend to mine." He stalked into the house and slammed the door.

It was as if I'd been slapped.

"What was that all about?" a familiar voice asked. I looked around and saw Matthew's dad. I told him what had taken place.

He thought for a moment. "Thanks, Tommy. If your granddad finds anything, call me."

Each day for two weeks, Mama would drive Grandpa to a different ranch, and they would return with nothing to report. Then, one evening, Grandpa said, "Have the boy and his father meet me tomorrow at Broadbents."

Copyright © 2018 Surely work.co

完全版テキストはレッスン前に担当講師から受け取って下さい

講師のスカイプチャットにテキスト名を送って下さい

Your teacher can send you the complete material.

Please ask them to send the complete version of this material before the lesson.

Mr. Cannon stepped around for a closer look. The owner eyed him carefully, then said, "Mister, you don't want that mare."

Mr. Cannon turned. "Oh? Why?"

"Those are slaughter horses. Something wrong with all of them. Someone's mistreated that little paint. You can't get close to her."

"I don't understand," Mr. Cannon said. "Señor Silva, are you sure this is the horse for me?"

Grandpa shook his head. "Not for you," he said firmly. "For the boy."]

Their eyes met for a moment, then Mr. Cannon turned to the owner. "How much for the mare?"

The owner shrugged. "She was going for four cents a pound for dog meat. Forty dollars and she's yours."

It took some doing, but we got her back to Cannon's ranch and led her into the small corral. We set out to gain her confidence, but nothing tempted her. Open the gate and she'd bolt madly to the far end of the lot. The mere sight of a rope caused her to panic.

At first, Matthew watched from the safety of the patio. Then one day he started coming to the corral. Favoring his wounded leg, he'd pull himself atop the fence. One day he yelled, "She jumps around like a Pueblo sun dancer."

The name stuck: "Sundance."

Copyright © 2018 Surely work.co

完全版テキストはレッスン前に担当講師から受け取って下さい

講師のスカイプチャットにテキスト名を送って下さい

Your teacher can send you the complete material.

Please ask them to send the complete version of this material before the lesson.

could corner her, she spotted the lariats. Emitting a sharp cry, she lowered her head and dashed toward the barbed-wire fence. Flexing her powerful muscles she tried to clear the barrier. Her rear fetlocks caught. She crashed to the ground, savagely entangled in the sharp wire. In a few minutes she would cut herself to ribbons.

"Hold her still! I'll get the wire cutters!" Mr. Cannon yelled.

Suddenly, he was there, limping toward the terrified mare. "Matthew! Stop!" I cried.

Dodging flailing hooves, he put a hand on her face, softly, gently speaking to her. For an agonizing moment, she froze. Then, slowly, she exhaled a shuddering moan and lay back, quiet.

"The rope," Matthew said.

I put the lariat in his hand. He eased the noose over Sundance's head and held her while his dad snipped the wire from her legs. Matthew coaxed her and she stood.

While Mr. Cannon and I watched from the porch, Matthew washed and treated Sundance's wounds. All that day, and in the days that followed, he tended her while she healed.

But he still wouldn't ride, still wouldn't approach other horses. I decided my efforts were in vain.

One morning before dawn, three weeks later, the annual Pueblo trail ride set out from Pueblo Plaza. We were crossing the Rio Jemez heading for Red Rock Canyon when I heard the cry: "Hey, amigo, wait up!"

Copyright © 2018 Surely work.co

完全版テキストはレッスン前に担当講師から受け取って下さい

講師のスカイプチャットにテキスト名を送って下さい

Your teacher can send you the complete material.

Please ask them to send the complete version of this material before the lesson.

Dad, would she?"

"No," I chuckled, "she sure wouldn't."

"She took to me right off, though. Guess I'm the only one who really understood her."

"No, amigo, not the only one," I replied. And I thought of a soft-spoken old man in his rocking chair staring into a pinion fire. Grandpa had understood the little horse—and more besides.