

# Bella



## BELLA'S STORY

On this day (June), twenty two years ago, a wee chocolate coloured foal graced the earth.

She was born in New Zealand and somehow ended up in Australia, abandoned in a factory site in her old age.

Bella is a newcomer to the sanctuary.

We met when a friend heard of her demise and asked if I could help.

This old lady had been bred as a pacer, but little else was known about her history (other than it is highly likely she was a broodmare for a number of years).

She had been 'dumped' in an industrial part of the city, but found and fed by a saintly man who kept her from starvation.

However, she was extremely resistant to being handled – even stroked or touched. She had, in fact, been unhandled (and in limbo) for approximately two years.

Initially, Bella was extremely reactive, quick to pin her ears back and bite, snake her neck and use her massive head as a sledgehammer – rearing, striking.

She would certainly be classified 'dangerous' and it was pretty clear that I was her only hope. Over a period of about six weeks, I visited Bella daily with anti-inflammatory herbs and feed (and eventually a rug and halter).

In the beginning, I simply sat with her or walked casually around her domain. Her receptiveness was unforgettable.

In mere days the angry, frightened, confused old lady had softened into a welcoming, nickering, bum scratch addict who followed my every move.

We had become firm friends. Accepting the halter only took a day, but she had to be re-taught to walk on lead and eventually, step into a float to travel home. It was mid winter and the weather was not helping matters.

Gale force winds hurled through concrete alleys and hail whipped our cheeks. Flooded entrances hindered any form of vehicle entry or loading practice. However, we finally managed to get a once terrified mare to step willingly into a float and travel to her new home.

There was no force involved in the process at all.

With fluffy halter and immaculately trimmed feet, thanks to the beautiful Sarah Morgan, Bella was on her way home. Bella's transformation was miraculous (as was her introduction to our home herd when she arrived, shivering, quaking and covered in sweat).

She slotted in as if she had always lived here.

Via tracking her brand, we discovered that Bella was born in New Zealand, on 10 November, 1998.

Her name was 'Whizzing Star'.

Whatever transpired from that day to this, only Bella will know, although I can guarantee her life was a roller-coaster ride of small pleasures and great pains.

I can also attest that this magnificent mare deserves so much more than to be abandoned and discarded so ruthlessly in any instance, let alone after clearly offering nothing but silent servitude all of her life.

Thankfully, those days are gone.

Today, Bella is bolder and brighter than ever.

She has the world, a lifelong best friend and a herd of minions at her feet.

Lest we forget a devoted human or two.

Forever.













