

Feeding the Horses

“He likes my carrots,” said Joe, holding out a carrot in his open hand.	11 14
As the horse opened his lips Alfred expected to see Joe’s hand disappear forever inside the huge jaws. Instead, Big Judge grabbed the carrot lightly with his mouth and began to chew. Carrot juice dripped from his mouth while the big jaws crunched on the carrot.	25 34 45 56 60
Then Abigail Margaret held out her apple, and the horse reached for it as carefully as he had the carrot. Alfred watched as the juice dripped from Big Judge’s mouth.	70 82 90
“Want to give him a carrot?” Joe asked.	98
“No, thanks, I’d rather not,” said Alfred, shaking his head.	107 108
“Why not?” asked Joe.	112
“Because I don’t want to,” replied Alfred. “That’s why!”	121