



MY CHOCOLATE PONY

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I had a chocolate colored pony visit me in my dreams the other night. It was the most fantastic thing! He was so sweet, and when I touched his nose, he was velvety soft, and he made my fingers taste like candy.

He whispered, softly, “My name is Tony the Pony”.

I giggled, quietly, “That’s funny, my name is Tony, too.”

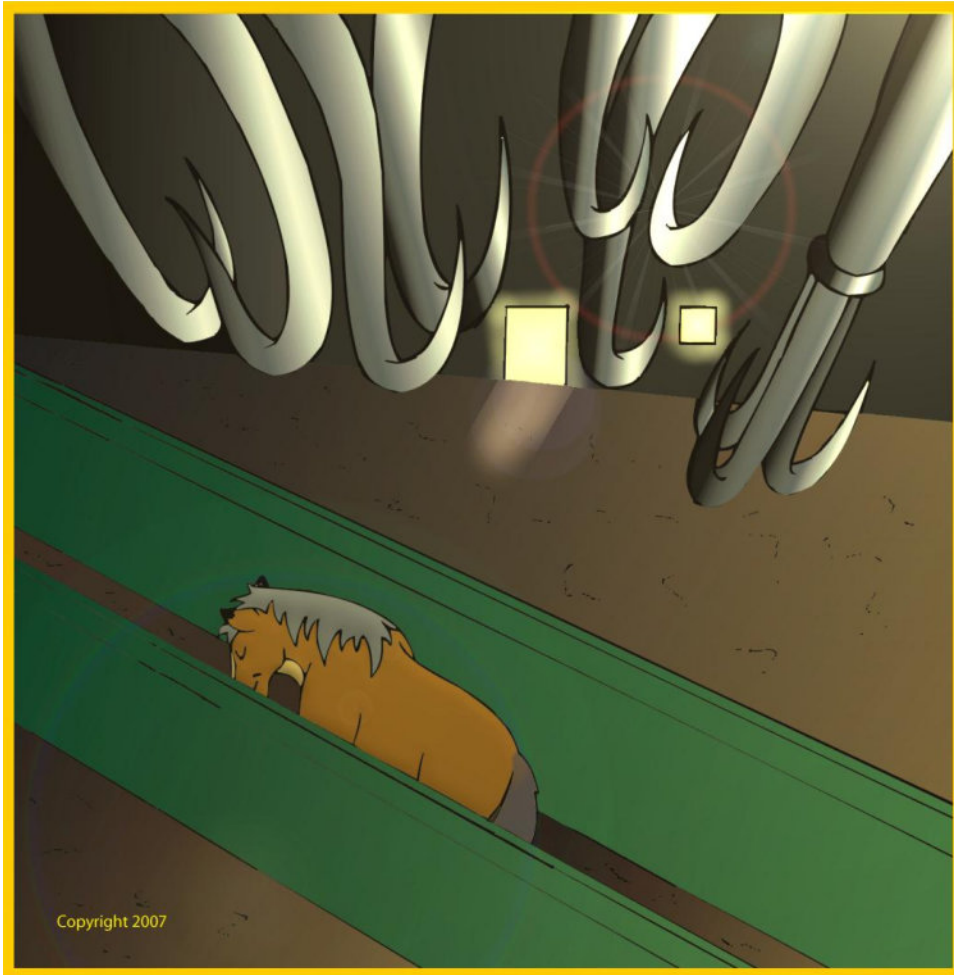
“I have a very real story to tell you,” he whispered again, his sound exactly like a pony’s would be, with a little whinny.



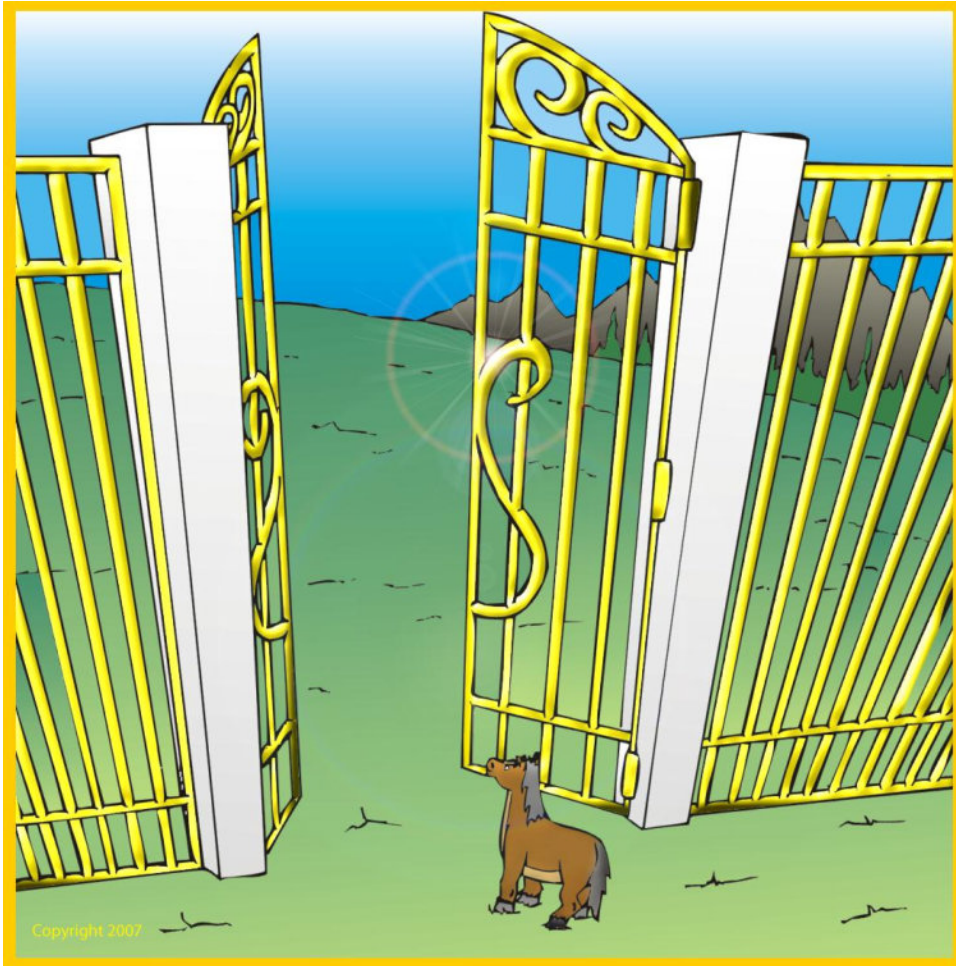
The great Equine Savior, Ujesus, from Mount Olympus, sent me from my heavenly pasture when he heard you crying, soulfully, for all of the horses and ponies that were in need: The wild horses that are being rounded up by frightening mechanical helicopters and very loud exhaust filled motorcycles, and then forced to live in tiny unclean corrals, when they were meant to run wild and free through the open plains, full of wild grasses, tasteful clovers and clean fresh air. The loving pleasure horses, and beautiful show horses that have been abandoned by the owner they thought would love and take care of them forever, and the graceful racehorses that cannot run any longer, because they are too old to perform, or aren't competitive any longer. These poor horses are unknowingly, and sometimes knowingly, sent to slaughter.



A charming little girl, who grew up to go to college once owned me. Her name was Sara. She was always very loving, gentle and kind to me. I loved her so much, as she did me. She would always hug me, kiss and sing to me, and brush my sometimes, thick wooly coat until I was brilliant and shining like a topaz jewel. I would smell just like honeysuckle when she was finished. She always brought me treats, like carrots and apple slices, sugar cubes, and sometimes a piece of chocolate candy. She grew into a gorgeous young woman, always smelling like a rose, and I thought she had forgotten all about me when she said she was going to college. Especially when her mother sold me to a man, whom I hoped would take her place, love and take care of me forever, but he never pet me, or brushed me, and never made sure my hooves were clean. It didn't take me long to realize that he owned a hundred horses or more, crowded into tiny corrals that were hardly ever cleaned, and although he fed us very well, with bland and tasteless oats, he was just fattening us all up for slaughter.



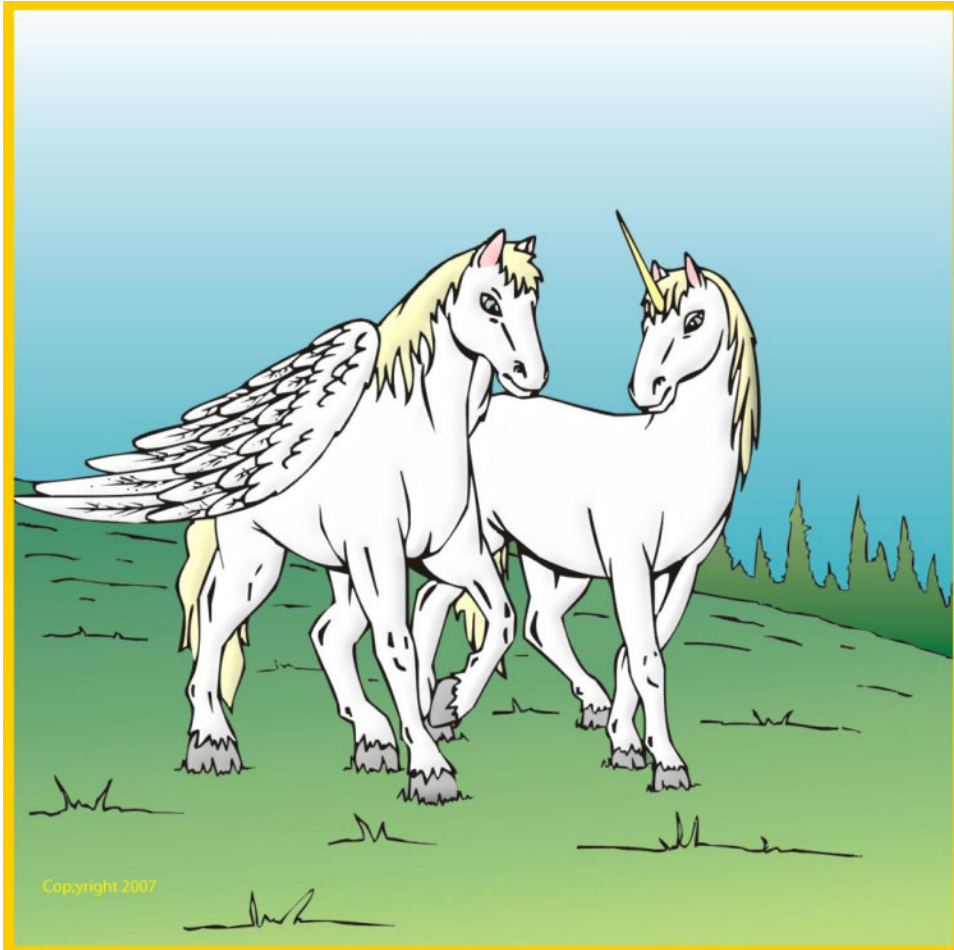
Just before it was my turn to be slaughtered, I prayed as hard as I could to the almighty Equine Savior to be saved by a loving horse rescuer. This was a frightening and cold experience, and I did know what was happening, hearing my fellow friends I had met going before me. I could hear the loud noises, and see the machinery. Instinctively us horses know, because we can smell, and hear, see and feel the fear all around us. I had heard about these heart-felt rescuers from the other horses in the corrals. I also prayed that if I could not be saved, I would like to donate my soul to all of the horses, ponies, mules and donkeys that needed love and affection, so that they might be saved by a soulful rescuer. I had heard that it is sometimes very hard to do, to find a rescuer, and that's because it takes so much money to help us. I also prayed for all of the people who loved horses so much, to never let us die this way.



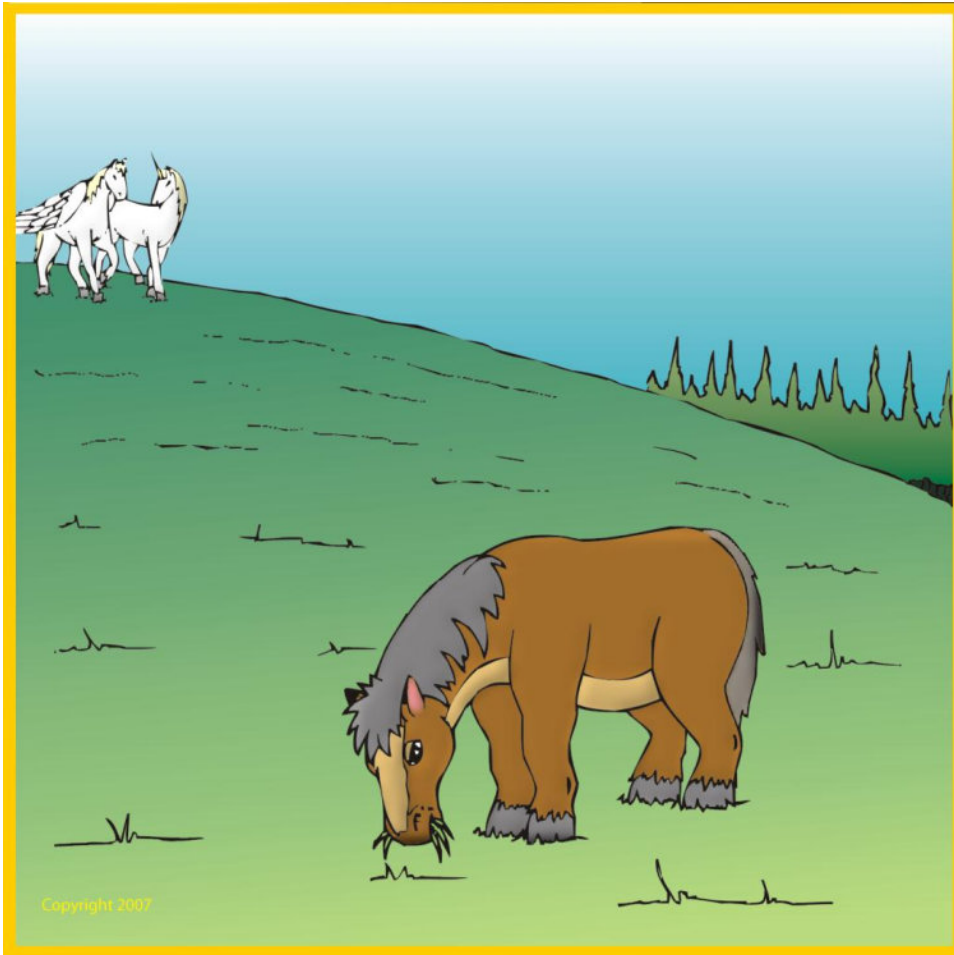
A loving rescuer never came, maybe because they didn't know, or weren't allowed there, but when I died, my pony soul went straight to the pearly gates of Mount Olympus in Heaven. I was, instantly, no longer sad and scared, but filled with everlasting and unconditional love. There was such happiness about me. I had no idea where it was coming from. It was all around me, all inside of me. The air was fresh and clean, the sun was bright and warm, and the grass was vividly green and luscious beneath my hooves. Honeysuckle was everywhere, and so were roses, and countless trees and flowers, vibrantly full of color. Apples hung on some of the trees and were low enough for me to get them myself. Dazzling streams of water flowed endlessly. They were cool and clean, and ever so gratifying. There were so many birds singing, I could not tell you which kind they were, simply all of them, and they made my heart sing along with them.



Pegasus and the Unicorn, Unasus, greeted me at the tall and golden gates. They were very magnificent and truly quite beautiful together. Now, I was a fat little chocolate colored pony, with grass like butterscotch hanging from my mouth, but they didn't seem to care. They were, both, a brilliant white with bright blue eyes, the same color as the sky above us. They were full of jasmine in their presence. Pegasus had huge wings that seemed to be as muscular and elegant as he was tall. Unasus had a beautiful ivory tusk protruding straight out of her forehead.



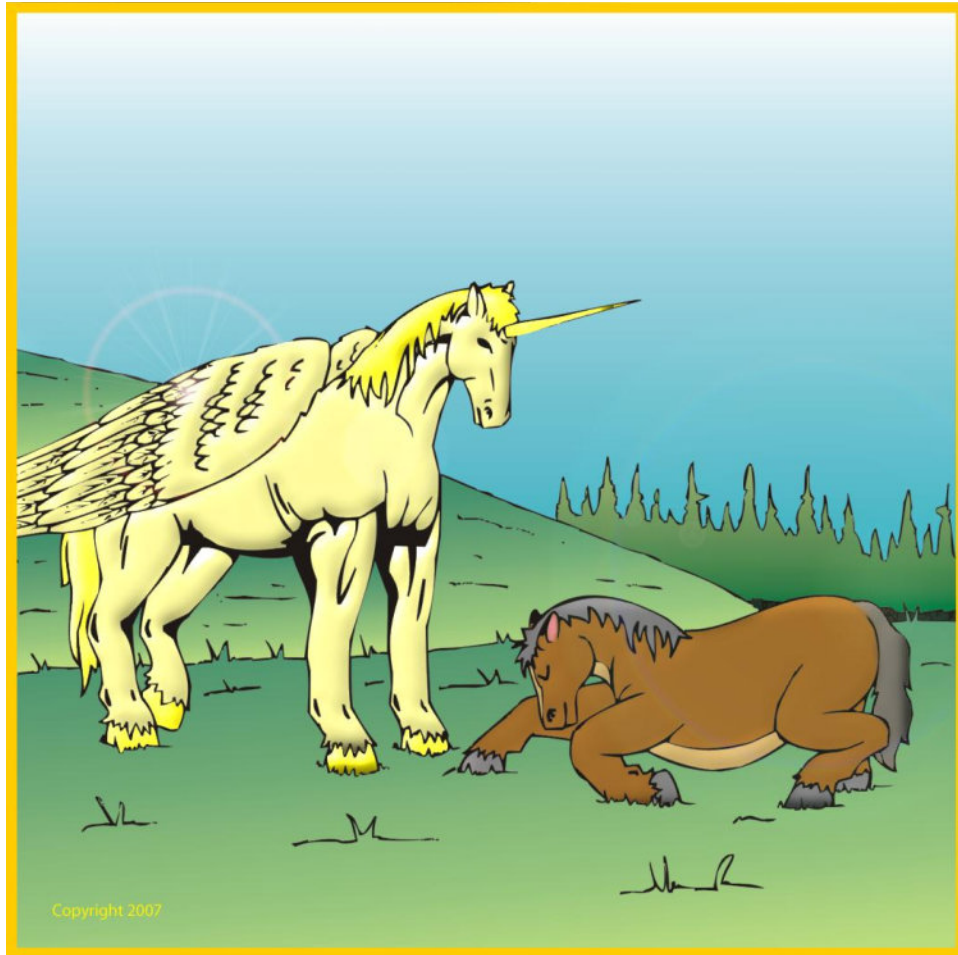
They did not intimidate me at all, because they were so nice, calm and gentle, Pegasus hugging me with his wings to greet me. They spoke very softly, and were very kind, their voices chiming with the birds. Pegasus and Unasus were married, and they had a son named Ujesus. They all lived together on Mount Olympus with at least a thousand other winged horses, in a stable built out of solid gold. They advised me that their son, Ujesus, was the almighty Equine Savior, and that he wanted to meet me as soon as I got there.



They took me to the top of a large green and grassy hill, where they said Ujesus would come to meet me soon. They left me there all alone, and just when I started to get a little scared, I decided to eat some luscious butterscotch grass, and I calmed right down. I believed that's what it was for. I didn't have a care in the world, with the blue-sky above me, and crystal clear water not too far away, and birds chirping all around me. My heart and soul were very content. I was filled with happiness, and I knew I wouldn't be lonely, because I could see other horses and ponies in the fields full of colorful grasses and flavorful flowers all around me. There were hundreds of them in all different sizes, shapes and colors. All of them were equally as content as I was to be there. I knew I would make new friends after I met Ujesus.



Suddenly, I heard this thunderous sound coming from behind me. The ground trembled, and I turned abruptly to see what it was. Racing across the colorful meadow in front of me was a massive golden creature, at first the likes I had never seen, because it was moving so fast. It looked more like a thunderbolt of golden lightening. The ground and air was filled with rumbling as it raced toward me. The closer it got, the more I could see that it was indeed a horse, a huge and massive horse. It was solid gold, with wings of gold, and a golden tusk coming straight out of its forehead. My heart and soul were instantly alive with excitement, because he was so magnificent.



It was indeed Ujesus, and he did not stop running until he was right in front of me, and standing right above me. I was very thrilled by his beauty, with an aroma of eucalyptus, and I bowed to him, not knowing what else to do, as he stood at least ten feet tall compared to me. I must have also eaten some tart clovers without realizing it, wiping my mouth on my foreleg so I would be clean in his presence.

“Raise your head, my friend,” he said, his voice so strong and bold my heart fluttered. “You need not bow to anyone here.”



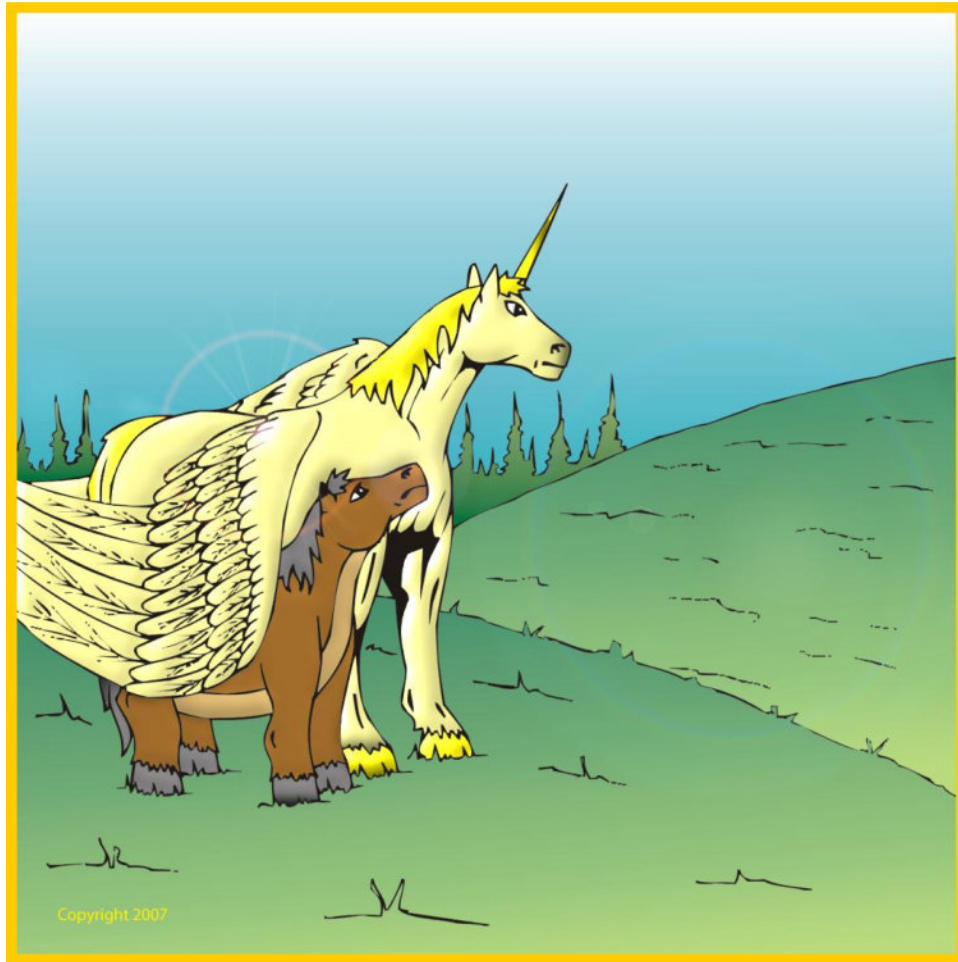
I raised my head and gazed directly into his eyes of icy blue. They were mesmerizing, and so full of love and energy. It was amazing. Although I could physically see the similarities of Pegasus and the Unicorn, Ujesus had a completely different demeanor about him. His muscles were bigger and bulging like boulders. He looked more like a warrior horse, ready to do battle with the forces of evil. Still, he was quite beautiful, his hot breath blowing his eucalyptus scent all over the top of me. Even that was incredibly powerful, warm, and also loving. He, too, hugged me with his golden wings, assuring me that I was at home and at peace there.

“I am Ujesus. Equine Savior. I am going to answer your prayers. Tell me, how would you like to donate your soul to human kind, and to horse kind?”



I told him that, once, a long time ago, the charming little girl that used to own me, Sara, whom I felt loved me with all her heart, used to call me Chocolate, probably, because I am the same color as chocolate. She once gave me a piece of chocolate from the palm of her hand, and it was the most fabulous thing I had ever tasted. It was far better than a sugar cube, or any sweet oats I had ever tasted. Its flavor lasted forever in my mouth, and made my tongue feel like it was alive. I will always remember her loving hand on my nose, as she stroked me and kissed me, because of it. I would like for every horse or pony to experience at least one piece of chocolate before they died, and every person, who loved a horse with all their heart should have one, too.

“Your prayer has been granted,” Ujesus said, boldly.



I was immediately enlightened and joyous. My heart could not have been happier in this moment. Ujesus then proceeded to tell me, in his bold, but tender voice, that the charming little girl who loved me so much, did love me with all her heart and soul. She indeed went off to college, and never intended to leave me for long. She never graduated, because she was unfortunately in a very bad car accident. I was extremely saddened by this at first, my heart just sank, but he held me with his golden wings and informed me that she was here now in Heaven with me, and just over the next hill, waiting with a box of chocolates. He was so all loving and all caring, and his scent of eucalyptus filled me with energy. Sara's mother did not know the man she sold me to was going to, ultimately, send me back into her loving arms, but he would, personally, make sure she knew it was so. He also assured me that most people do not know their loving pets are going to be treated cruelly once they are sold, or given away, and always hope for the best.

"As horrible as it seems, all things work out the way they are supposed to," Ujesus said.

“All pets come to Heaven, too.”



Now, I live eternally in the loving presence of the one person I always knew loved me, with all her heart and soul. She brushes me every day, hugs and kisses me, and makes sure I have a piece of chocolate. Her angelic voice never stops singing for my ears, and this fills me with joy and happiness. We all are reunited in Heaven, full of unconditional love and mercy.

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Thank you,

Anthony George Nicolosi

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