

# NATURAL HORSE TRAINING

How to Fix Pig &  
Predator PHOBIAS



PANNY

# **SAMPLE PREVIEW CHAPTERS**

## **NATURAL HORSE TRAINING**

### ***How to Fix Pig & Predator PHOBIAS***

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& Ghostwriter Patty Ann***

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Published by: [PattyAnn.net](http://PattyAnn.net)

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Third Edition 2017

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Thank you.

# NATURAL HORSE TRAINING

## *How to Fix Pig & Predator PHOBIAS*



### **Introducin' Me, Lily!**

Hey-Hay! My name is Lily. I was just your average middle-aged mare—until one day my world was rocked wild by an unexpected screechin' swine. This is MY story. It's about how I subsequently developed a big pig

problem—and more importantly, how I got over my phobia.

I'm not that unusual. We equines typically do not enjoy bellowin' boars, much less quietly grazin' ones. Given the choice, we'd rather not partake in a pig encounter—it goes against our evolutionary nature. So a pig party of one or more is not a usual issue to contend with. Anyway, many of us horses acknowledge that, on occasion, we certainly can acquire silly fears from other nonsensical occurrences. So here are my lessons that can serve as your learning.

My story here recounts the onset of my extreme pig paranoia—from my behavior and anxieties, and then beyond, to the ultimate remedy that helped heal me: yes, I got my own personal pair o' pigs.

Find yourself in my barn seein' what I saw, smellin' what I smelled, and feelin' the angst of my confused brain. From the pig infestation, through to my final attitude adjustment, my thoughts and pictures are posted here.

Discover how one empty stall turned over to pigs took on a life of its own. And how these happy hogs quickly became the sole center of my universe.

Personal assistants come in all shapes and sizes. I had four to help me heal, plus the support of my other four- and two-legged comrades. Never let a pig fool you. They are smart. Sometimes they even have an agenda. *And* they are audacious. But, more importantly, *Never Name Your Pig*—for obvious reasons.



**Now Day 5 of Pig Mania  
March 3, 2014.**

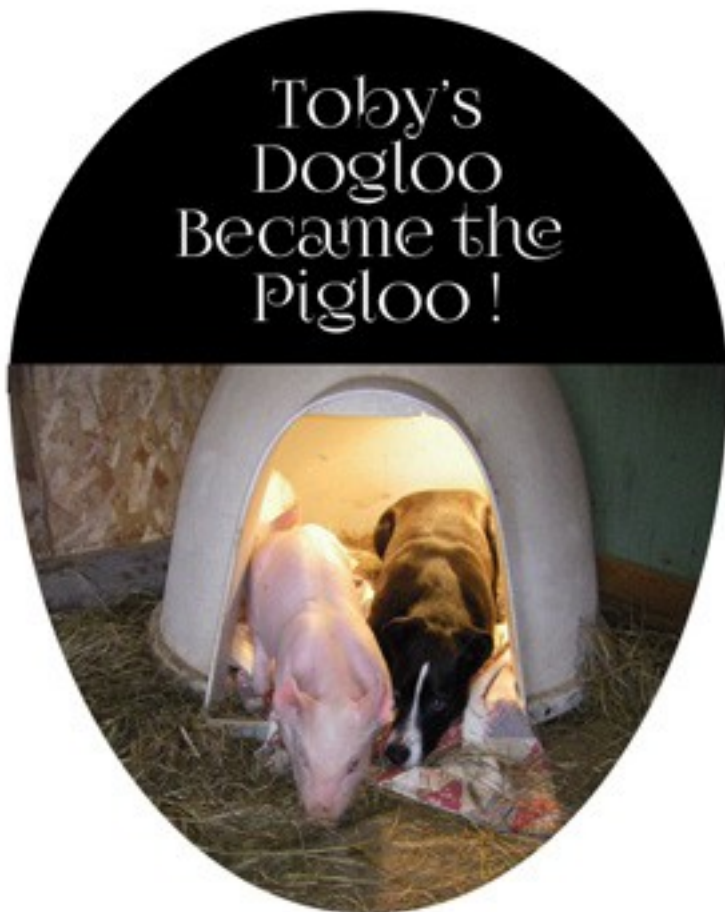
*I'm fine, Ma, really I am . . . sort of . . . well,  
better anyway.*

Ma came out to see how I'm doin'. Here it is—  
day five of PIGS in my barn—and I guess I was  
havin' a mini meltdown. See, when . . . . .



Oh, and there they go again—inside the pigpen. Ma is tellin' Toby to settle down. Now, *there's* a command he rarely obeys. From what I hear and can see through the gate grate, Toby is still waggin' his tail as he approaches his former Dogloo house. Now it's a Pigloo . . . .

Toby's former dog Igloo is now stuffed snug with old bed blankets. *Holy Cow*—or rather *Pig!* Who would have thunk this one up!



Toby's  
Dogloo  
Became the  
Pigloo !





Six days ago, Ma and her pig-farmer friend set up the Taj Mahal of a pigstall. Ma's friend breeds high-end pigs for the valley 4H kids. This time a year he has an overabundance of 'em. Ma arranged to help wean some pigs. "For Lily's benefit," she said. *Ha*, me thinks!

That day of settin' up the pig palace of a stall, I heard Ma talkin' about me again. She told her pig-farmer friend the whole story about my psychological pig problem and how it came to be. Just so happened that my trauma started at this pig-farmer friend's farm.

So, as we were amblin' down our quiet little lane, it came to be that a hog lobotomized my brain. That is the only explanation I have to offer! Abruptly, from around the corner of a blue barn, came a four-hundred-pound squealin'-freakin'-shriekin' lily-white pig that belched out screechin' obscenities. *Holy pigola!* My heart stopped. My feet couldn't move. Adrenaline popped my eyeballs outta my sockets. My muscles went taut. My brain fizzled. My Ma said "Uh-oh." Then she dismounted and held my reins, just barely.



Some would say to just cowboy me down to the farm with spurs. Well, actually, Ma tried that one day early on, sans the spurs. I backed into the neighbors' solid wood fence and broke it. Two times no less. I reared, bucked, threw tantrums, and spun—my spins made Ma dizzy sick. Don't know if I mentioned this, but I'm a reining horse. When I wind up, my sit spins are beyond fast. The first time Ma sat a spin on me, within a few turnarounds she had to pull me up. She almost threw up—as her horsey friends looked on and laughed themselves silly. Ma has absolutely no stomach for any rhythmic ride. She even gets motion sickness on a swing set! But, it does not stop her from spinning me on occasion.





## **Three Weeks, But Who's Counting?**

Basic Instinct. We all have it. Most of us are prone to following our DNA signals, and I'm no exception. Pigs hunt in packs. And pigs hunt for prey—and, if they are truly hungry, even for big horse prey like me.



Ma still ponies me regularly down the road past the piggies' farm. I do fine, most of the time, except when I see them bigger pork chops. Snortin' and prancin' is part of my game. When there is a bunch of bacon biggies in the field, I get testy. I can't go take it out on them, so in my angst I bite JD in the neck, provided he lets me get away with it. Geez. My nerves can get me so beside myself.

## A Month Later

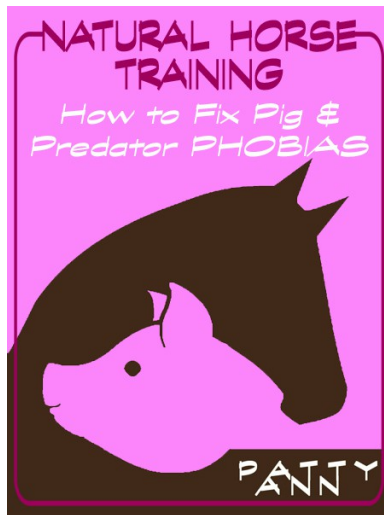
Havin' personal assistants as pigs to get me through that rough spot was probably one of the smartest things Ma did for my healing. Ya, I hated the whole thing at first—but what's a horse to do? Run away from my home, which happens to be the best darn deal in town? NOOOooo way.

Ma has been ridin' me a lot lately. She has been takin' me to gymkhanas, and some competitive shows. Guess I did good. Ma was awarded some ribbons for my reining classes. We even got a blue one!





**Thank You for Previewing**



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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Patty Ann is a life-long educator who has taught college, high school, and was an Instructional Designer who wrote training for corporate development. Now Patty authors a variety of genres. From fiction and non-fiction, to real life use-it-now lesson books.

Patty is an avid animal lover. Her book proceeds benefit animal welfare through her **Patty Ann's Pet Project** a 501(c)(3). View more thought provoking books and/or contact Patty through her website at **PattyAnn.net**. Thank you!

