HIGHLY COMMENDED
TEACHER CATEGORY

A Story IN Miniature

Tim was a terrible horse

Dave McCarthy, Bundoora Secondary College

Even before he'd found himself crammed and caught in the backseat of a 2003 Honda Civic, there was no doubt in town that Tim was terrible.

Known by all (who knew better) to stand on the edge of his field, towards the fence closest to the town's busiest footpath. Tim would be found beckoning and begging for any unknown passersby. A neigh, a whinny and the flick of his tail as he cantered and called like the great equine siren he was. Tim seemed inviting before the inevitable biting. A bloodthirsty beast, Tim knew the temptation of his beauty could break any barrier as flimsy as a wire fence. All it took was a hand reaching for Tim to begin feasting.

Though that didn't mean the townsfolk for all their faults felt any less terrible for terrible Tim.

A sixteen-hand horse in a 2003 Honda Civic is a horrific sight.

Tim's owner Terry fell into tumult after a trip to the veterinarian turned tumultuous. Twenty-five-year-old Tim had been taken to town, likely for one last time, to have the tests and takings of a horse to tell the owner of such a horse how long such a horse had time left to take.

During the testing, whilst Terry was resting, the town's tinkers had taken Tim's trailer for their own. Leaving Terry with terrible Tim turned to anger after an afternoon of pokes, prods and pills and no way home. In a moment of faltering thought he found himself guiding Tim into the backseat of his 2003 Honda Civic, sans trailer. Tim bucked and bit, turned and tussled though Terry fought harder; cramming, caressing and crying until horse and Honda were one.

It was only in victory that Terry saw the error of his anger. Taking a step back into an aghast crowd, Terry watched in terror as Tim neighed his final neigh and hung his great head to rest not on hay as most horses of twenty-five tended to but on the airbag exploded against the cracked windscreen of his 2003 Honda Civic.

A dead sixteen-hand horse in a 2003 Honda Civic is a horrific sight.

The townsfolk mourned briefly before action was needed.

It was decided, as Terry went hiding, that a memorial for Tim would be established. A sixteen-day, sixteen candle vigil would be watched over by the sixteen different owners of hands that had been bitten by the sixteen-hand terrible Tim.

However, on the sixteenth night true terror struck the town.

No-one predicted that sixteen candles set around the rotting carcass of a horse crammed into an affordable and reliable family car could summon something so terrible. Indeed, more terrible than terrible Tim himself.

Mecha Tim came first for Terry then the tinkers…

Bang.

The door.

Dinner time.

A creak.

A mouth agape.

His mother always hated his monstrosities.

Especially those that through superglue meant the great meeting of Hot Wheels and his sister's horses.

Tom was grounded once more.

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