Friendship on a Farm
There was a farm. There were cows, chickens, goats, rabbits, barn cats, and huge fields leading to big corn mazes. But the most loved animals on the farm were Whitney the white thoroughbred, and Patch the pure white Dalmatian. Both Whitney and Patch loved the farm and were best friends.

Whitney and Patch enjoyed doing things together, but they never had as much time to be together as they would like. Whitney worked all day practicing for shows. Patch was catching opossums and keeping other dogs away.

One day Mrs. Blackensmith heard a knock at the door.

“Yes?” said Mrs. Blackensmith.

“I need to talk with the farmer,” requested Mr. Carson, a local horse trader from a nearby town.

“Of course. Come right in. Mr. Blackensmith will be here in just a minute.” She went to fetch Mr. Blackensmith from the field.

“Honey! Mr. Carson needs to see you.”

He turned off his tractor and climbed down. Mr. Blackensmith went into the house, and the men shook hands.

“Mr. Carson – nice to see you,” Mr. Blackensmith said.

“I’ll make you both tea,” said Mrs. Blanckensmith, and she walked out of the room. The men both sat down to talk. Mr. Blackensmith suspected what Mr. Carson wanted.

“As you know I have had my eye on Whitney for a while now, and I am here to put in an offer for purchasing Whitney,” Mr. Carson said.

Mr. Blackensmith replied, “I don’t know. I have had Whitney for many years. I will let you know soon.”

“Thank you for considering it,” said Mr. Carson.
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“Good day, Mr. Carson.”

“Bye, Blackensmith.”

Meanwhile Whitney and Patch were as happy as could be, snuggled in at the chimney in the barn.

The next morning Mr. Blackensmith opened the door and walked to the back of the barn. He got a rope and put it on Whitney. Then she heard a trailer pulling into the farm. Mr. Carson walked in, patted Whitney on the back, and gave her a treat.

“Ready to hit the trail, ol’ girl?”

Whitney was surprised and a little bit startled! Suddenly it all hit her. She was leaving the farm!

“Patch, they’re taking me away! You’ve got to do something!”

The horse started to resist and tug on the rope, but she could not get free. The men finally got Whitney into the trailer.

“Thank you again, Mr. Blackensmith,” said Mr. Carson.

Mr. Blackensmith did not reply. He at once regretted his decision to sell Whitney.

Mrs. Blackensmith said, “Thank you,” and Mr. Carson drove away.

Patch the dog was split from Whitney. She made a loud howl and ran back into the barn.

A few days later, Patch had decided that she was no longer needed there. So she left to find Whitney! She had no idea where Whitney was, but somehow she would find her.

Meanwhile, Mr. Carson was settling Whitney into her new stall. She was sad, lonely, and miserable. She didn’t like Mr. Carson. She wanted Patch.
That night there was a bad storm. Lightening cracked! Thunder rolled! Wind blew restlessly! It was dark night as Patch ventured forth in the terrible storm. The dirt path had become wet and muddy.

Suddenly a large gust of wind blew down an old oak tree right in front of Patch! It barely missed Patch, but he was safe from the tree! Wet, muddy, and tired, Patch faintly saw barn lights in the distance. She began to race toward the lights. Upon reaching them, she burst through the barn door! Whitney jumped up from her cozy spot by the furnace, startled to see her best friend barging through the doors! Dripping wet and muddy, Whitney and Patch were happy.

“Patch, you’re wet,” Whitney exclaimed. “You need to get cleaned up.”

“That’s probably not a bad idea,” Patch laughed. They snuggled in together by the furnace. They talked and laughed all night in the cozy warmth of the barn. Whitney and Patch were content and happy to be reunited and together just as it should be!

The next morning, when Mr. Carson woke up, he went to the barn to check on Whitney, but what he found was the two friends snuggled asleep by the furnace. After finding Patch with Whitney, he phoned the Blackensmiths at once. They all decided that Patch and Whitney should not be separated. They felt like it would be best for the two friends to live at their home with the Blackensmiths.

Patch and Whitney were delighted to be together at home once more! Mr. Blackensmith was relieved to have Whitney back where she belonged.