

Opening extract from
Black Beauty

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“Best foot forward, Beauty,” he cried. “We must ride as hard as we can to fetch the doctor. Mrs. Gordon is at death’s door.”

We galloped into lashing rain, while thunder and lightning raged around us.

Leaves and twigs danced in the air, torn from their branches by a savage wind.

As we got to the main road, a terrible splitting sound crashed through the darkness. A huge tree had fallen in our path.