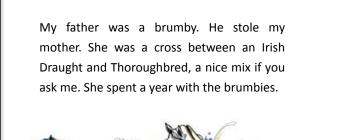
PAGE LAYOUT IDEAS

My father was a brumby. He stole my mother. She was a cross between an Irish Draught and Thoroughbred, a nice mix if you ask me.

She spent a year with the brumbies. Then she was caught with me in a muster. I was born in the wild, but grew up to be a champion.



gutter







Then she was caught with me in a muster. I was born in the wild, but grew up to be a champion.

gutter

