

## My story began

One day in the sun,  
When the show was all done,  
I sighed and put my hand on his dappled grey bum.  
We'd been at the bottom of the ramp for only 2 hours,  
'does anyone else horse load as badly as ours?'

"He's got a great back" was what she said,  
For what I thought, as I turned my head,  
A glint in her eye and I could see her cogs turning.  
For side saddle she said, let's get you both learning!

And that's where it started, my passion for aside  
Whilst failing to load my stubborn grey ride.  
On that day in 2015,  
To ride side saddle. Oh what a dream!

Learning side saddle was quite the test,  
And I'm the first to admit that I'm not the best,  
But boy what fun I've had trying!

It's been 5 years now and I can't believe it,  
I love to ride side saddle (just a wee bit!)  
Waiting for my next show,  
Or hack on the wonk,  
I really hope he never decides to show me his best bronk!

I borrowed saddle, a habit, a cane  
And started to practice, even out in the rain  
I sat up tall, brought my right shoulder back  
.. I practiced so hard I had an asthma attack!

But it's not about winning  
(At least not in the beginning)  
It's all about having fun,  
Learning to perfect your delicate neat bun,  
And keeping the tradition alive.

My membership I pay,  
Yearly to the SSA,  
Where I've met nothing but lovely people!  
A huge side saddle family of crazy chicks,  
But really, what a fantastic mix,  
Of riders and age groups, all nations too.  
All bases covered, our big side saddle crew.