

An extract from War Horse by Michael Morpurgo (pages 42 and 43) - the story is written from the point of view of Joey, a farm horse who has been sent to war:



The order was given to draw swords and we walked forward. As we waited for the bugle calls the air was electric with anticipation. It passed between every horse and his rider, between horse and horse, between trooper and trooper. I felt inside me a surge of such excitement that I found it difficult to contain myself.

Captain Nicholls was leading his troop and alongside him rode his friend Captain Jamie Stewart on a horse I had never seen before. He was a tall, shining black stallion. As we walked forward I glanced at him and caught his eye. He seemed to acknowledge it briefly. The walk moved into a trot and then into a canter.

I heard the bugles blow and caught sight of his sabre pointing over my right ear. Captain Nicholls leant forward into the saddle and urged me into a gallop. The thunder and dust and the roar of men's voices in my ears took a hold of me and held me at such a pitch of exhilaration I had never experienced. I flew over the ground way out ahead of the rest of them except for one. The only horse to stay with me was the shining black stallion. Although nothing was said between Captain Nicholls and Captain Stewart, I felt it was suddenly important that I should not allow this horse to get ahead of me. One look told me that he felt the same, for there was a grim determination in his eyes and his brow was furrowed with concentration. When we overran the 'enemy' position it was all our riders could do to bring us to a halt, and finally we stood nose to nose, blowing and panting with both captains breathless with exertion.

<u>Evidence</u>	<u>Inference</u>
<i>I found it difficult to contain myself.</i>	
<i>There was a grim determination in his eyes</i>	
	Joey was not intimidated by the black stallion.