

SALLY

THE TRAVELIN' SADDLE



Written and Illustrated
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Cover Art by Christine Cason

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Cover Art by Christine Cason

Cover Design by Deborah Lowrey

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ISBN 9780984163823

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<https://geanpenny.com>

Acknowledgements

A very special thank you goes out to the Texas Word Wrangler Book Festival committee chair and members for their planning and implementation of the wonderful festival they provide every year to celebrate Texas authors and hometown heroes. I would also like to acknowledge the Giddings Chamber of Commerce and the citizens of Giddings, Texas for their incredible hospitality each year during the festival. A special thanks to the participating school districts who still bring real world literary lessons to their students by allowing them to participate through field trips to TWWBF each year.

A big thanks to my book designer, Deborah Lowrey, for designing a beautiful cover and interior for Sally!

I want to offer a special thank you to my longtime friend, Christine Cason, for creating the beautiful cover image and small saddle image that represents Sally. You are a wonderful artist and even more precious friend without whose consult I would not be attempting to create my own illustrations for my books.

Last, but not least, thank you and shout out to these Facebook friends and family members! They know what for:

Kian Hodges
Bambi Thompson Layton
Esther Hernandez
Hope Gandy
Barb Johnson
Robin Nelson Williams
Janeen Baggette
Mary Crider Owens
Jane Cobb
Tami Erickson
Charleen Luttrell
Regina Lucien
Joscelyne Robello
Miandie Germain
Victoria Adkisson
Jackie Adler
Amanda Louise Adamson
Patricia Gay Read
Mike Rousey
Leann Hardage
Kristine Scott
Leona Marsh-Bain
Carla Marsh Pratt

Dedication

For all the hardworking committee members who put together the
Texas Word Wrangler Festival every year and to the
wonderful citizens of Giddings, Texas for their tremendous hospitality!

Happy Tenth Anniversary TWWBF!

There was an old saddle
just sittin' in the barn.
Thick dust covered her seat
when she spun me this yarn

about how she'd traveled
through the states of this land,
before windin' up here
on an old saddle stand.

"Wait a minute!
Wait just a doggone minute!
Who're you callin' old and dusty?"

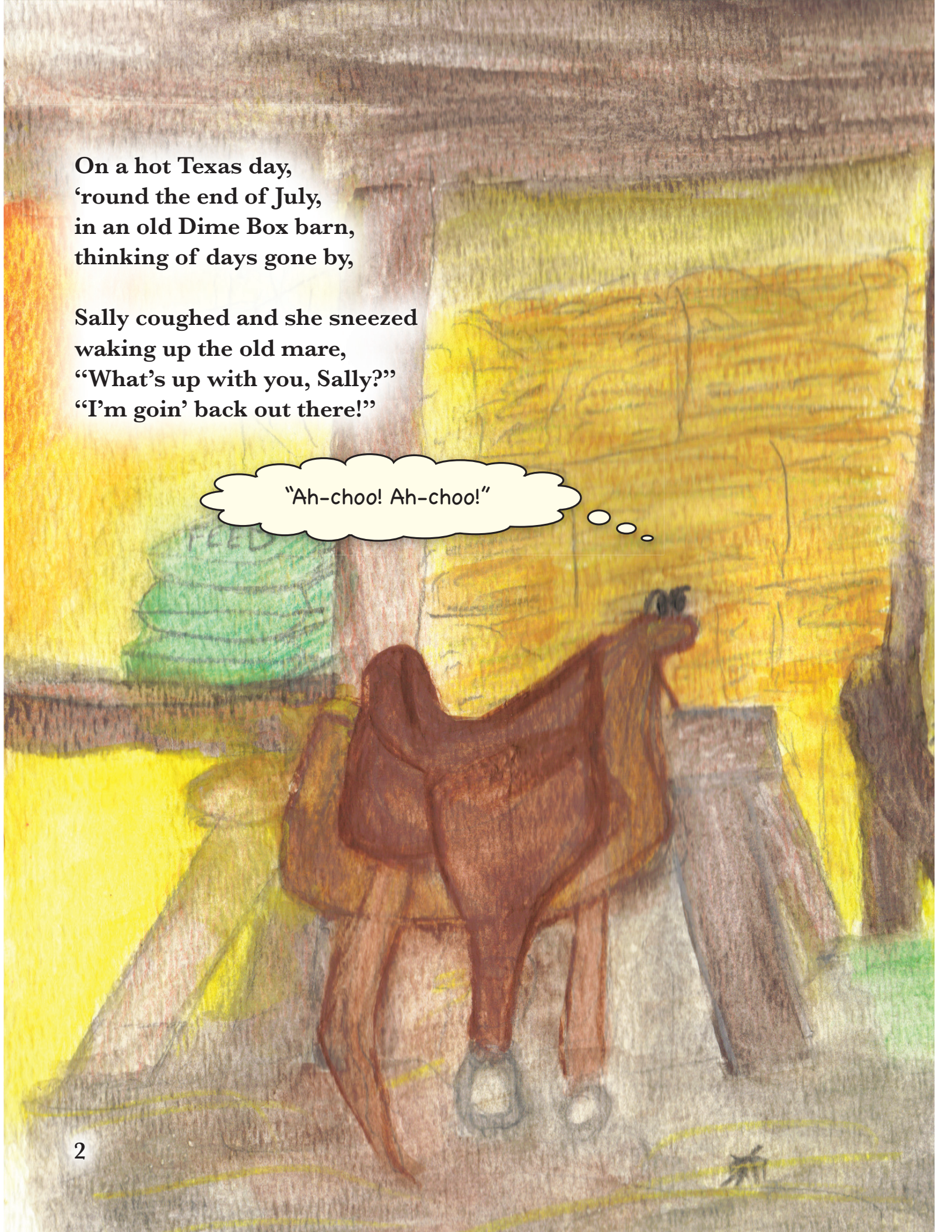


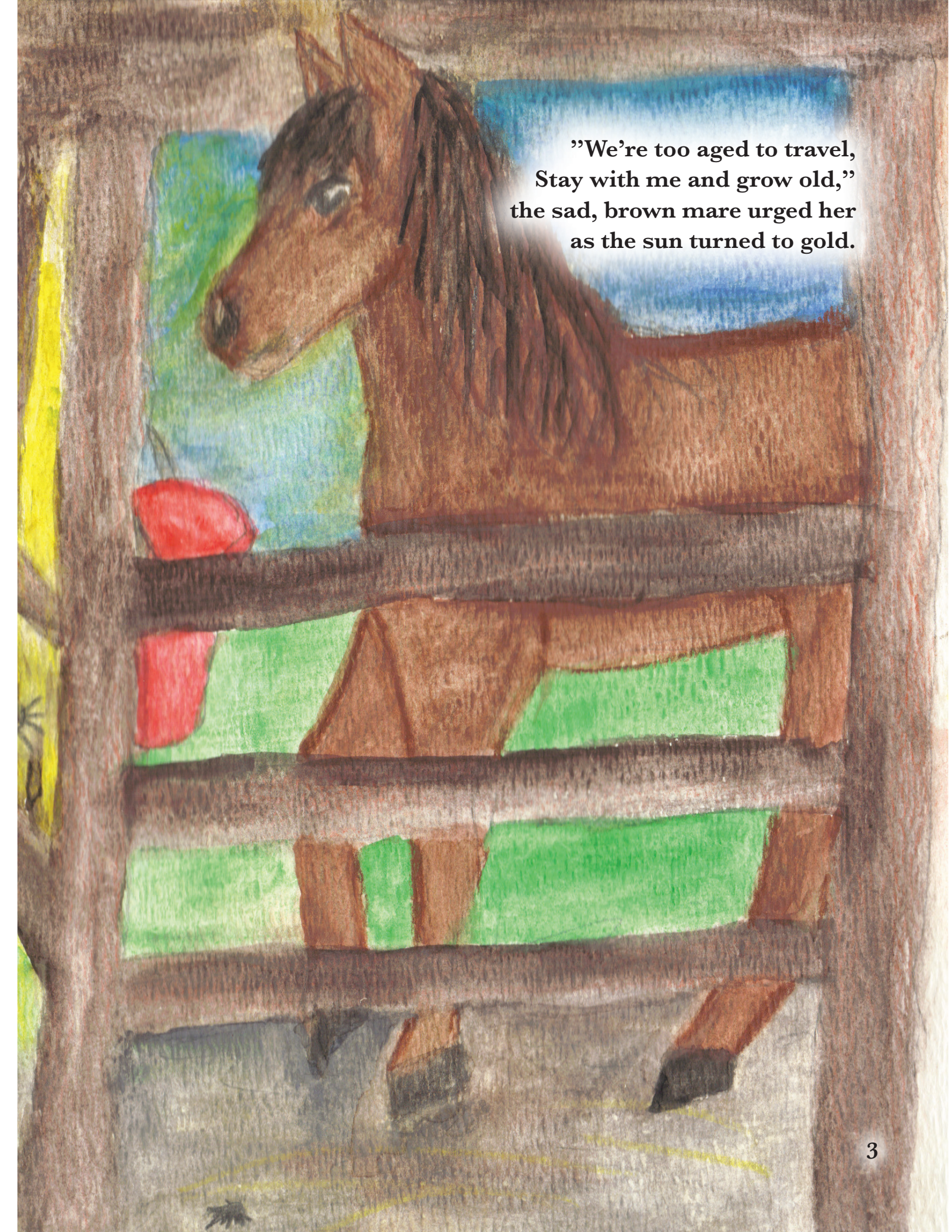
Kiddos, that was Sally
the travelin' saddle,
and here's her new story
with a little prattle.

On a hot Texas day,
'round the end of July,
in an old Dime Box barn,
thinking of days gone by,

Sally coughed and she sneezed
waking up the old mare,
"What's up with you, Sally?"
"I'm goin' back out there!"

"Ah-choo! Ah-choo!"



A child's drawing of a brown horse standing in a field. The horse is brown with a dark mane and tail, facing left. The background features a blue sky with a yellow sun, green grass, and a red sun. The drawing is done in a simple, expressive style with visible brushstrokes and a textured background.

"We're too aged to travel,
Stay with me and grow old,"
the sad, brown mare urged her
as the sun turned to gold.

“Oh, no! I’m a leavin’,”
Sally jumped from the rack,
“and you are takin’ me!”
She climbed on the mare’s back.

“Sally, my legs quiver.
I can’t travel that far
‘fore I have to lie down.”
“Then take me to a car!

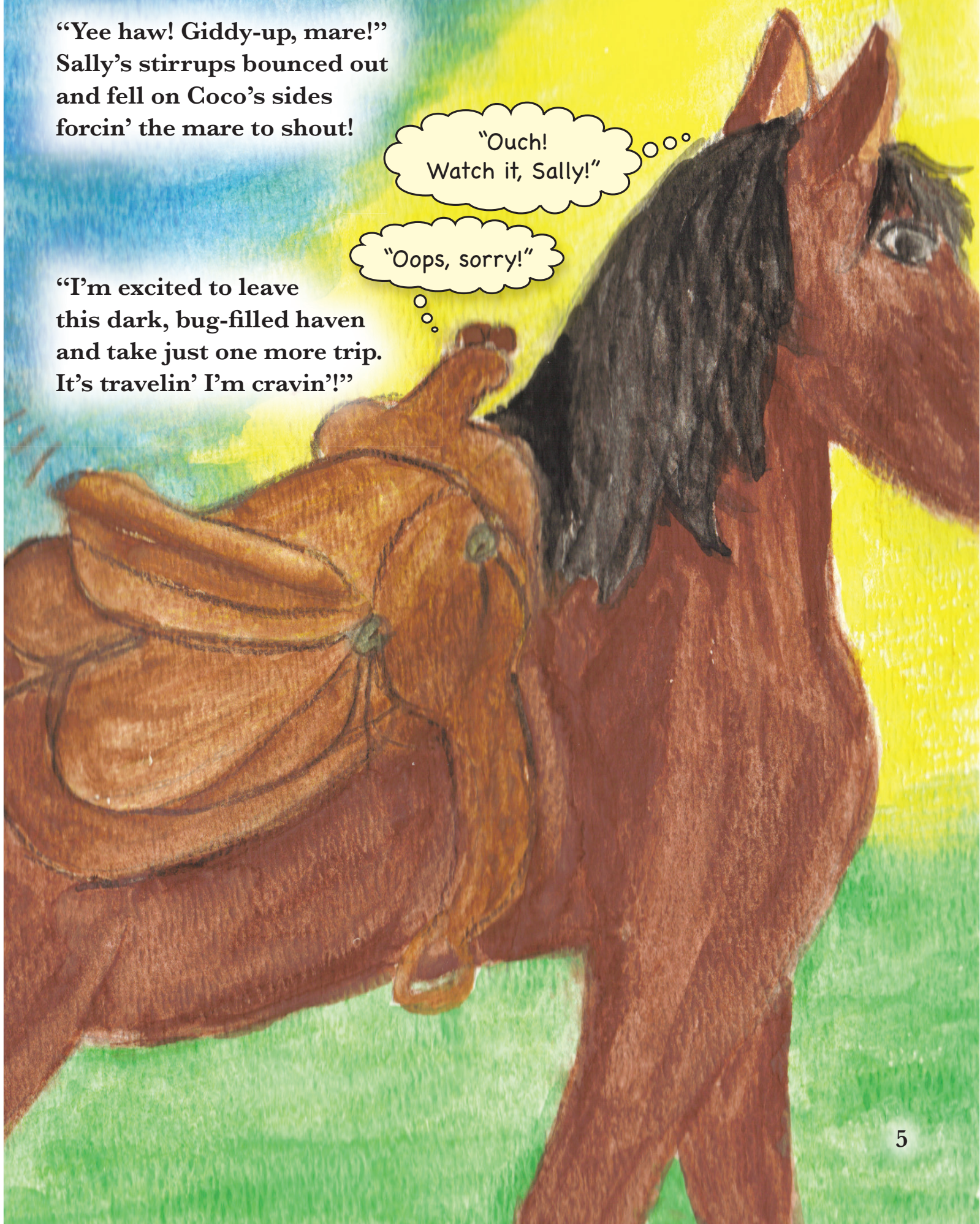


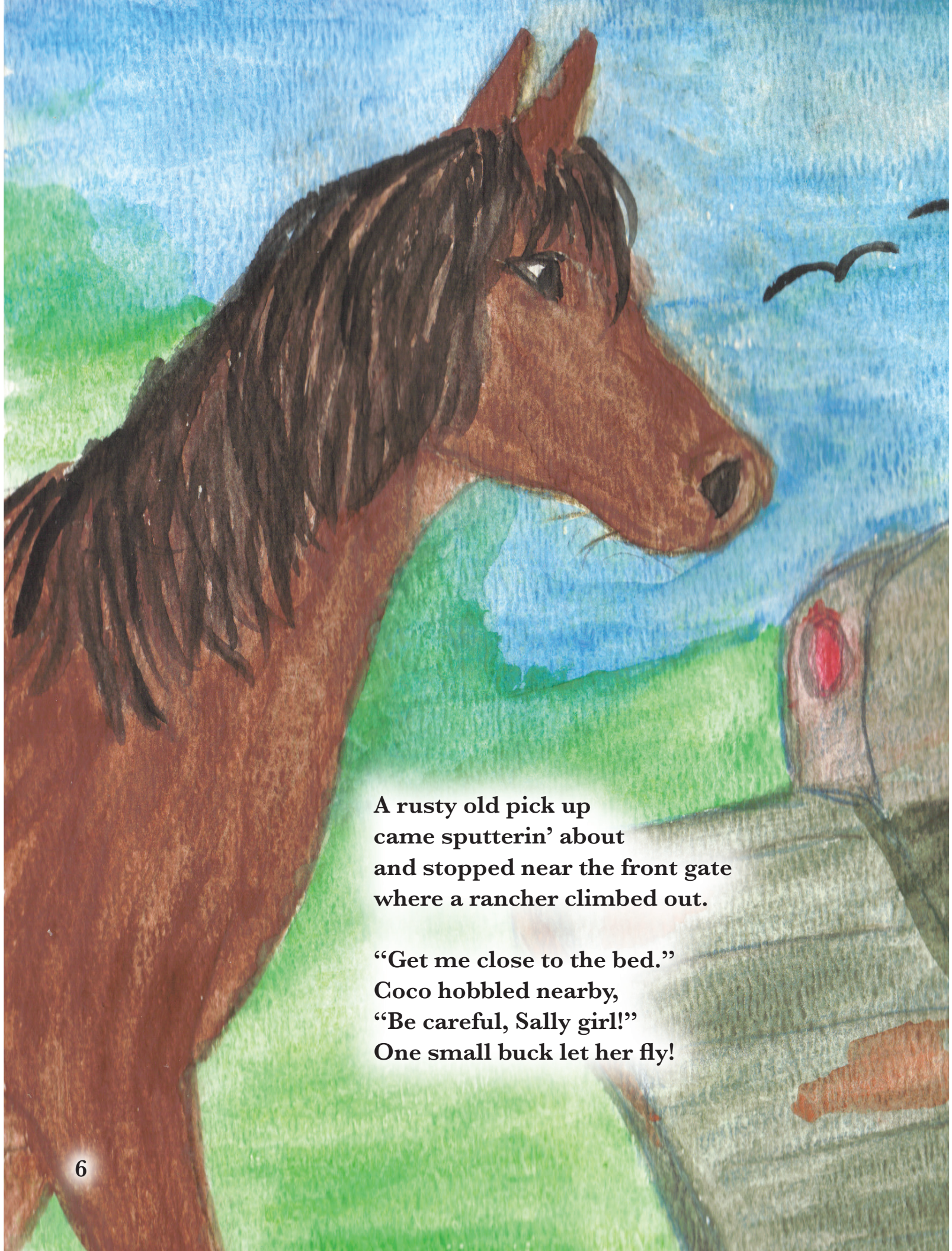
“Yee haw! Giddy-up, mare!”
Sally’s stirrups bounced out
and fell on Coco’s sides
forcin’ the mare to shout!

“Ouch!
Watch it, Sally!”

“Oops, sorry!”

**“I’m excited to leave
this dark, bug-filled haven
and take just one more trip.
It’s travelin’ I’m cravin’!”**



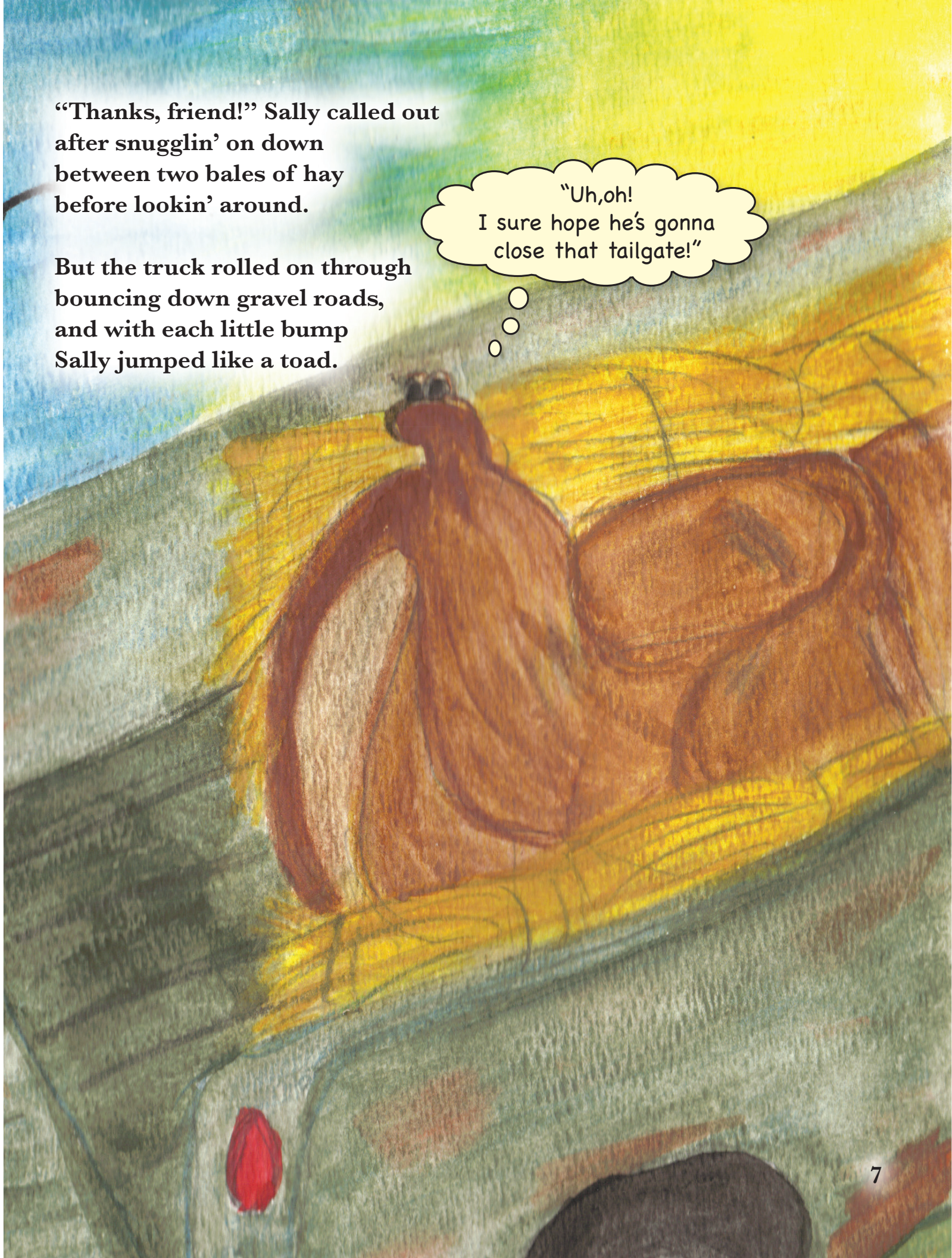
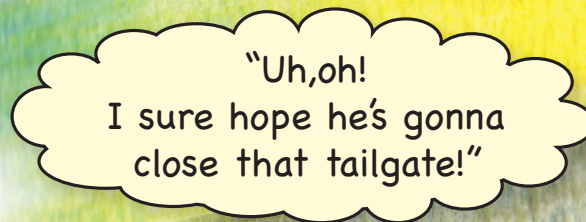


A rusty old pick up
came sputterin' about
and stopped near the front gate
where a rancher climbed out.

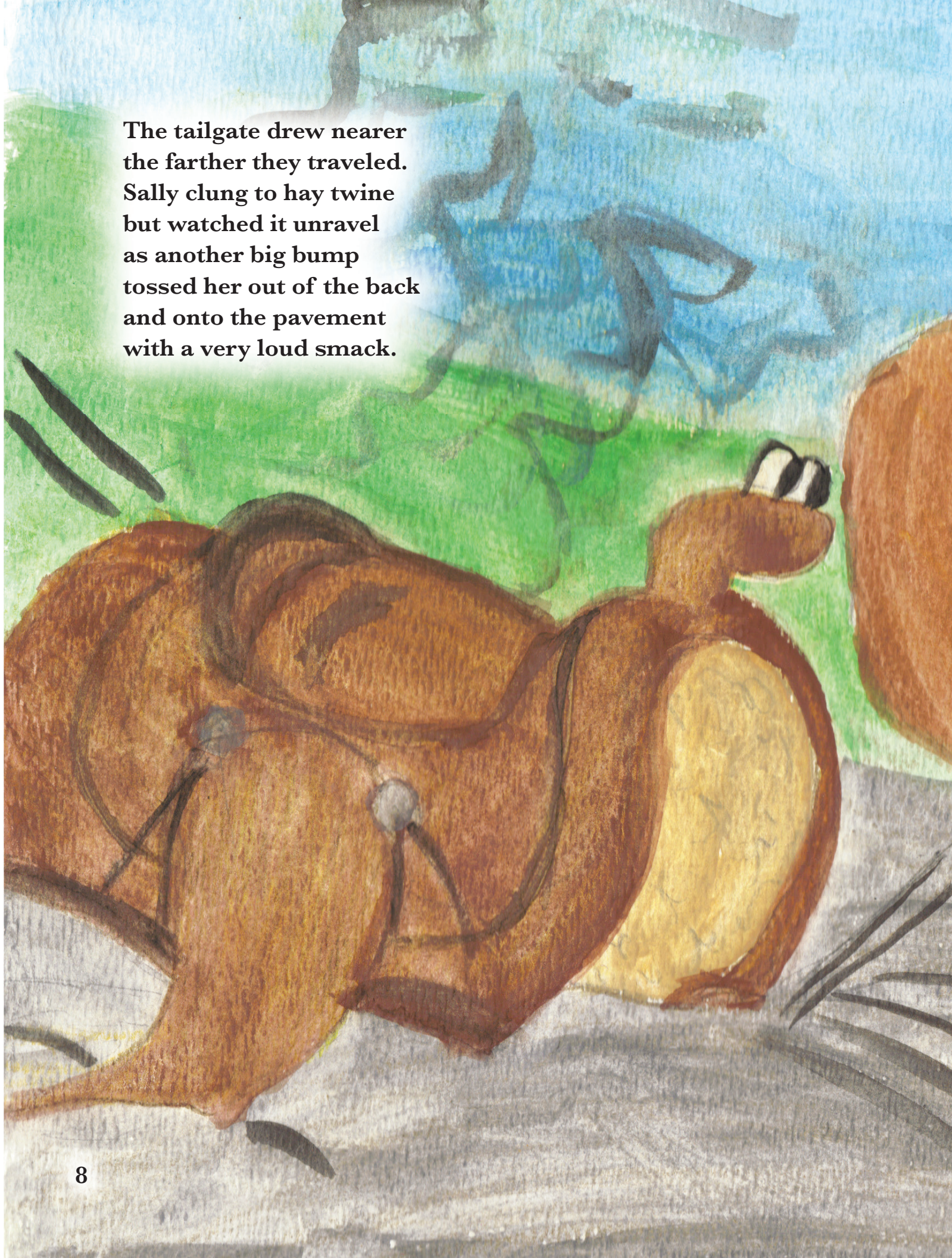
“Get me close to the bed.”
Coco hobbled nearby,
“Be careful, Sally girl!”
One small buck let her fly!

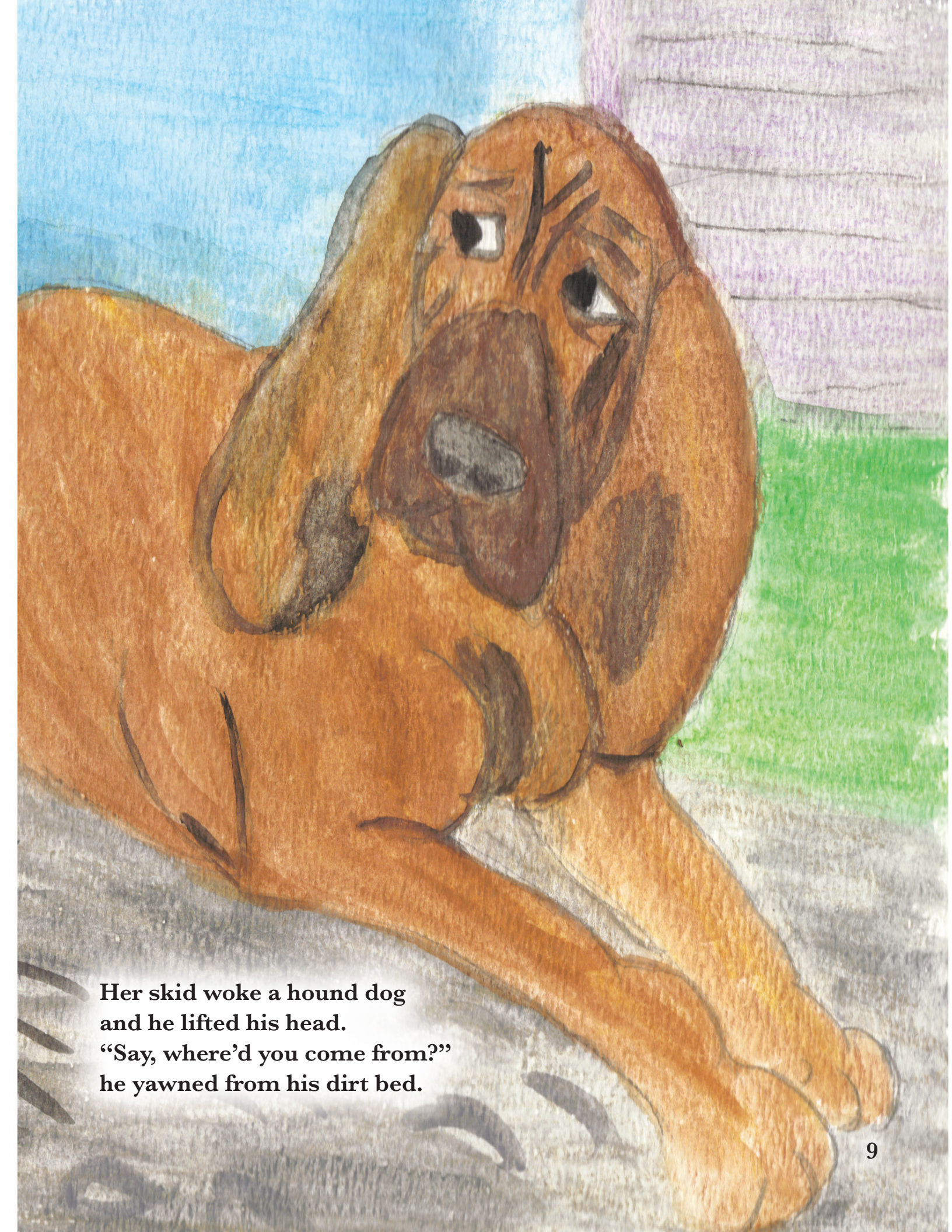
**“Thanks, friend!” Sally called out
after snugglin’ on down
between two bales of hay
before lookin’ around.**

**But the truck rolled on through
bouncing down gravel roads,
and with each little bump
Sally jumped like a toad.**



The tailgate drew nearer
the farther they traveled.
Sally clung to hay twine
but watched it unravel
as another big bump
tossed her out of the back
and onto the pavement
with a very loud smack.





Her skid woke a hound dog
and he lifted his head.
“Say, where’d you come from?”
he yawned from his dirt bed.