

Poppy
the **Police**
Horse

For Marilyn & Lyndon – G. P.
For Dylan, my super godson! – T. F.

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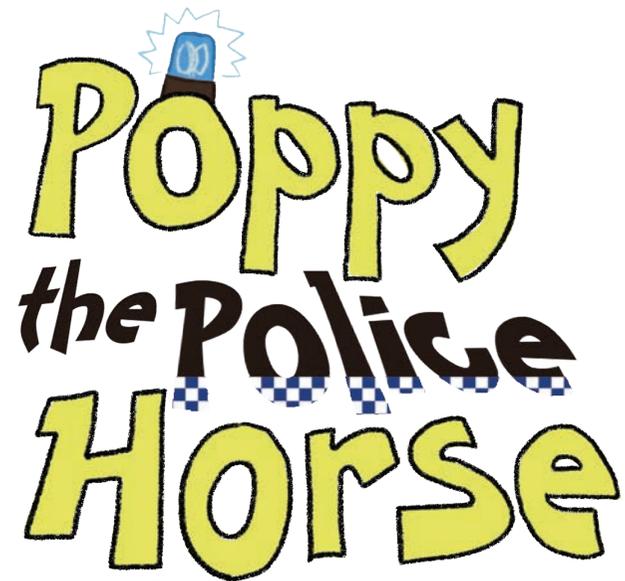
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Gavin Puckett
Illustrated by Tor Freeman

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FABER & FABER



Hello, young reader . . . !

Thanks for taking the time,
In selecting my book of ridiculous rhyme.
I'm Gavin (you'll find my full name on
the cover),
The teller of tales, which you're soon to
discover.
It's taken me years to unearth these
strange fables,
By visiting farmyards and hanging round
stables,

And this is a series with just a selection,
Of some of the weirdest in my collection.
They're all about horses –
each one of them true –
And it's such a nice privilege to share
them with you!
Well, when I say '*True*,' I mean . . .
that's what I've heard.
(It's hard to believe, since they're all so
absurd!)
So, instead of returning this book to the
shelf,
Why not read on and decide for yourself?





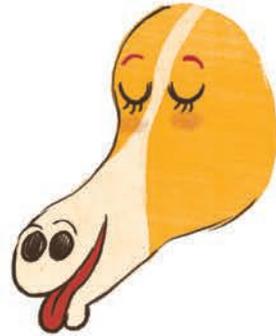
My story begins on a
cold winter's morn,
When a **marvellous** pony
called Poppy was born.
She was fit, strong and healthy
– her parents' delight.
But for reasons unknown
she was born without sight.

What she *did* have was
four very sensitive hooves,



And ears that detected
the *slightest* of moves.

She was able to gauge her
surroundings in haste –
Assisted of course
by a sharp sense of taste.



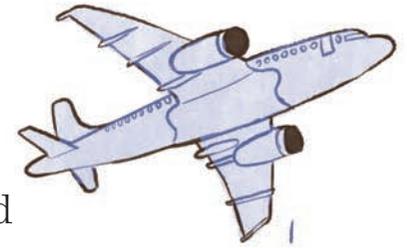
But Poppy's *real* talent
(her **GIFT**, I suppose)
Was the magical sense
that grew strong in her **nose**.



It was far more advanced than your
average foal;
Like the delicate snout of a
mouse or a mole.
In fact, people claimed
that this young horse's hooter,
Worked much like the brains of
a **SUPER-COMPUTER**.



Poppy picked smells up
wherever she went, and
Could work out an object
by *sniffing* its scent.
She could smell things a *mile* off,
like aeroplanes flying.



She could sniff
out the truth
when a person
was lying!



Poppy used **insight** to help her get by,
And saw everything clearly
inside her mind's eye.

If you met her, you'd never *believe*
she was blind.

This horse was remarkable – one of a kind!

One afternoon, **Chief Officer Rees**
(The person in charge of the local police)

Visited Poppy and said to the horse,

**'A talent like
yours would be good
for the force!'**

