

The Story of Gypsy

By Kriston Glushko



Hello, I'm Kriston Glushko and I'm a Foster Mom for GERL. My newest resident came to me back in January after receiving a call from CeCe Calli, GERL's Foster & Adoption coordinator. She had been speaking with Hall County Animal Control about a horse they'd taken possession of after it had been surrendered to them by the owner. The mare had been running loose but was finally caught and Animal Control tried to return her to the rightful owner. After some discussion, the owner claimed he "just couldn't take care of her anymore". He signed her over to Animal Control and her new journey began.

For those that don't know me, I have been involved with the GERL for many years in various capacities. Invariably, I would get cornered at some GERL function where I was most likely whooping it up and get "persuaded" to take a new position. If you've attended one of the many Fests held each year, you may remember my amazing, one-eyed Quarter Horse Colleen. So, when I got the call from CeCe about the wandering mare of Hall County, I was not surprised and figured the Gods of Fate had a hand in it. Yes, the waif is missing an eye.

My next step was to contact David Jones at Animal Control. After a few conversations we worked out a time to pick up the mare and bring her back to my home. Sidenote: How do you Gwinnett County Residents drive on I-85 everyday and keep your sanity????!! On January 2 I drove to Hall County, which has a very nice Animal Control facility and equally nice employees. Not a pretty job but I admire anyone who does it. After filling out the

transfer paperwork I pulled around to the barn and prepared for the worst. How long would it take to get her on? Just observing her in the paddock I noticed she was not too keen on humans. The old bucket of feed changed that rather quickly. As David and I walked to the trailer we paused for a few quick "before" pictures. She was a body score of about 2. He then led her to the trailer while asking how I wanted to load her when shazam! She walked onto the trailer. That butt bar flew up, ramp got closed and we secured all the other doors. A few minutes with guys promising updates about her recovery and we were ready to go. Now for the journey home.

It was an interesting drive, to say the least, coming down I-85 to get to I-285 then to I-75 and off the free-way. Wears me out just thinking about it. Once we reached my home, I got her off the trailer without too much fuss but could tell she was worn out. We walked around for a while to get her bearings and then she went into the paddock adjacent to the barn. My gelding made his way over and made the introduction over the fence.

She got her first small meal of Senior feed which went down quickly. A few hours later she got the same thing. Dinner time came and we started her on Senior feed with additional supplements of Source Micro Nutrients and Cocosoya. Before turning her back out she got some Alfalfa cube "soup". Again, met with great appreciation. I repeated the same small frequent meals on Sunday.



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Monday was our first test of patience and manners. Should have reminded her to study for that. My long time Farrier was coming out and of course, I didn't tell him about the new addition. Surprise! We started off ok on the front feet so I relaxed a little. I even asked his apprentice "do you want to hold her?". "No, you're doing fine". Well, that was short lived. The back feet were the challenge but they got them done and no one got hurt. I told them the weather was going to start turning nasty and I wanted to get a sheet on her. His reply was to not try to do it alone. Hmmmm, a challenge.....

Being a worry wort I enlisted my non-horse husband for assistance in trying to get a sheet on before the cold rain started. Yes, she'd be in a stall at night but we had several nights coming below freezing. Yes, horses have lived in the wild for years, etc. I can't help myself! Our first try was a little scary but we got it on.

From there it was just a matter of keeping her fed. After 2 weeks I turned her out with my gelding who proceeded to inform her of just how their relationship was going to work. When we got a little warm up I removed the sheet to find that she had started to gain weight. Next we scheduled the vet for a visit.

My very patient vet came and Gypsy was tolerant for about 10 minutes. She was probably having flash backs to when she had her eye issues and didn't want any more of that. He determined that she was a little older than first thought but not much, 9-10 years old. We got a tape on her she had gained more weight since when I first taped her.

So her daily routine has been one of leisure. Eat,

sleep, eat more, take a short nap then eat! From what little I've done with her she seems to be pretty compliant. I finally got the nerve to see if she's tie In my barn. Using my handy Blocker Tie Ring for safety I put her on the loosest setting. Success! She handled that just fine. Now, to find her a great forever home.

