

Life as a carousel horse

I was blessed with a 'stable' disposition...and a propensity for puns.

No matter how many times I've gone around I've never gotten motion sickness, though I think a few of my riders have. Cotton candy and other such confections do not look good on my back!

What I enjoy most about my job, if you can even call it that, is hearing the delightful laughter of a little child riding for the first time and the thoughtful reminiscence of a grandparent who hasn't come to the park in years.

So many different people take advantage of a spin around the carousel. There are little babies who sit on their mother's lap while the ride takes place. There are children that sit on my back and have their parents there for support. Some get a little frightened as it goes up for the first time. It takes awhile to get used to the sensation.

It actually took some getting used to for me. I used to be on my own, riding through the fields. But I always felt I had a different calling. So I found my way onto a carousel. I wasn't used to people sitting on my back or the circular motion but I've grown to love it.

I love that I can make people happy. It's especially fun when a child discovers they like the ride and I become their "favorite" horse. The same kid rides on me over and over again. It feels like they are my own children.

Watching parents enjoy it as much as the children is wonderful. Many often share their memories of riding as a child and even point out the different horses they had ridden on this carousel. Sometimes it's even me they rode as a youngster and now their children are enjoying the ride.

People are sometimes a little clumsy. I don't know how many times I've been kicked in the side by someone trying to get on my back. No one has ever completely fallen but they do wind up in some interesting positions! Sometimes I wish there were a little stepladder so that kids could at least get a little boost and I don't get clobbered in the process!

Whenever the music plays, I am instantly transported by memories of other riders and sometimes imagine I'm running free through the fields. Yet I remember mostly that I love my job as a carousel horse.