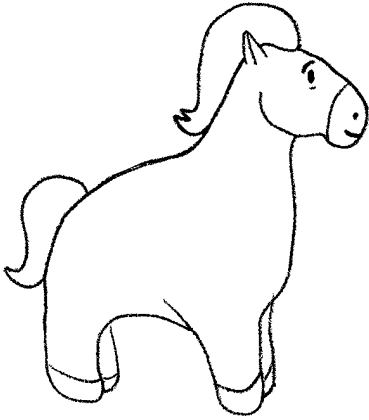


Two Happy little Horses



*"Combing"
makes the difference*

...that's why **Nashua**
combs the cotton in its
Percale Sheets!



SUNNY LITTLE FARM

Once upon a time, on a sunny little farm there lived a happy little horsey. His name was Tate. Tate really liked it, when he was being groomed. It was such a pleasant way for him to find joy in life.

He was truly happy, and therefore, thankful to everybody, who took care of him. Tate was in fact one of the kindest little horses out there. He never bullied or got angry at anybody at all. Everybody by nature is kind, but those, who grew up surrounded by such care and affection, are the ones, who cannot be bad. And that especially applies to Tate.

It was once again a sunny colourful day on the farm, and once again, Tate's classy, golden mane was being combed by a human. What could possibly go wrong? The answer is quite simple: when everything is too good to be true, it all goes downhill very quickly.

The human saw dandruff falling from Tate's perfect chevelure. You may think, what's so scary about dandruff? It was a common belief, where they lived, that dandruff is a result of a very dark curse, casted by a very nasty evil witch. All the people on the farm got consumed by fear and kicked Tate out into the woods, alone.





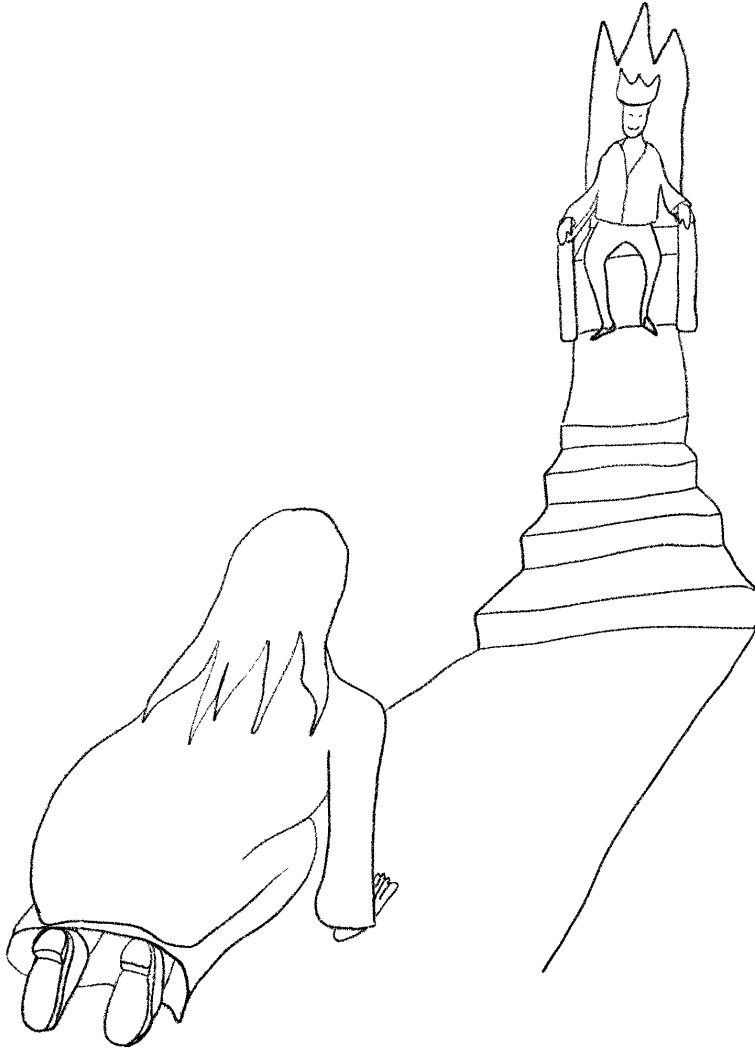
THE DANDRUFF CURSE

The dandruff curse comes from ancient times, long before the farm ever existed. A kind sorceress once resided in this forest in a kingdom so old, nobody even remembers its name. The king of this forgotten kingdom had a problem — dandruff was falling from his hair everywhere he went; and it bothered him greatly.

Once, he caught onto a rumour, that the forest witch was able to heal any injury or illness. And he sent a whole army into the forest to capture her and bring to the castle.

The troops invaded the forest, and while there, hunted an immeasurable amount of animals, all of whom the witch considered to be her friends and family. They found the witch's hut and took her away by force.

She was brought right to the king's throne room. And there he told her, that the soldiers will burn the forest if she refuses to solve his predicament. The witch, therefore, was left with no other choice, but to obey the command. She spent three days and three nights, brewing a miracle elixir, called head & shoulders; and then, told the king that he had to wash his head with this elixir everyday for one month, so that the dandruff wouldn't ever come back.



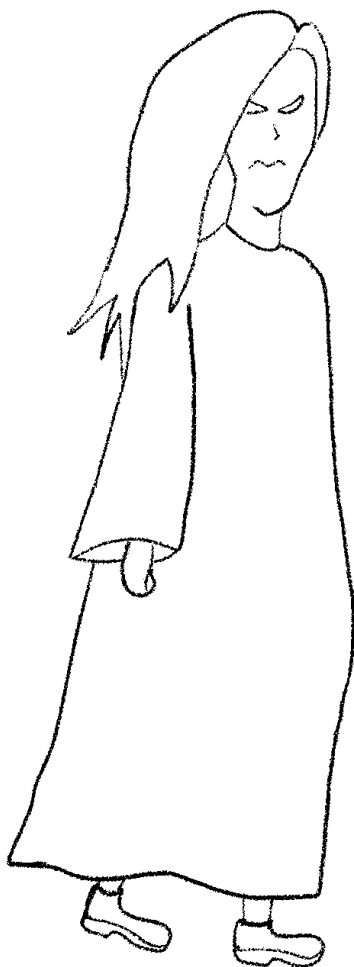


Finally, the king let the witch go, but there was one thing that he didn't consider — the witch became furious after her friends were treated in such a fiendish manner, and came up with a ridiculously mischievous plot to take her revenge.

One month passed and the king saw that his dandruff fully dissipated, he was satisfied. As soon as he thought that, dandruff appeared again and started falling down more than ever before. The king felt such a strong exasperation after being shamelessly betrayed, that he immediately lead his army personally into the forest.

However, a trap awaited all the trespassers. Right when they entered the woods, they all got dandruff, which was falling in extremely large quantities. There was indeed so much of it, that the whole army was buried in dandruff together with the unwise king.

This legend is still known to this day by many, and in this region people believe in the curse, but in reality it's just a myth and there exists no curse. So the kind little horse was kicked out, just because these people were very dumb and couldn't even consider the possibility, that Tate just needed a good bath.





DEEP DARK FOREST

Tate was enormously startled by such treatment. As he was walking inside the wild forest, he was thinking to himself: “What wrong have I done to deserve all this?”; but there was not a single soul there to calm him down. That’s all he actually needed — love and affection. Meanwhile, the woods were getting deeper and much-much darker.

The poor, lonely horsey walked for only god knows how long. And the darkness of this deep forest started eating him from the inside. Tate was exhausted and scared. All that surrounded him at the moment were the terrific silhouettes of overwhelmingly large trees and the piercing coldness of the night.





All of these things tired Tate out both physically and emotionally so much, that he simply fell over onto the cold, hard soil, covered in tree branches and stones. And he just laid there with nobody by his side. All the bad feelings accumulated even more inside of him, but there was nothing to save him from such a nightmare.

As he laid there in total darkness, he saw something – a little white dot. And as time went by, the dot was becoming bigger and brighter, as if he was closing in on the end of a very dark tunnel. He already thought to himself: “That’s it. It will all end soon.”

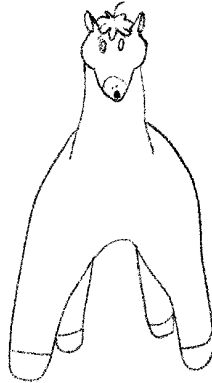
However, once the light became bigger, he got a glimpse of some sort of movement from it. And a silhouette started to resemble that of a mighty stallion.

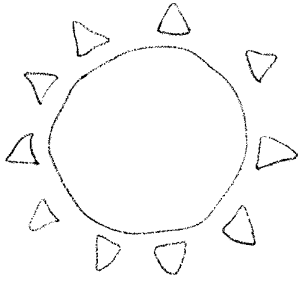
A shining white horse approached Tate and asked:

— What's wrong my man, need any help?

Although, Tate couldn't even make a sound, he only exhaled hoarsely. The white horse figured out that he was exhausted and very thirsty as well. So he picked Tate up on his mighty back and started walking.

Tate would have been in an awe, if he had the energy for that. All of his tiredness and fear, though, didn't matter anymore. After all, he finally felt it – what he longed for so much, he felt that someone cared about him. And all the loneliness disappeared, as soon as he felt that little bit of warmth in this cold world. At some point, Tate's consciousness faded away.





NEW SUNNY LITTLE FARM

The sun was high up, and a smell of freshly cut hay was carried over by the warm wind right into Tate's nose. He slowly opened his rested eyes, and saw that same white horse looking at him curiously.

— Good day to you man — said the white horse. Tate nodded in return, confused by what was happening and where he was. The white stallion continued:

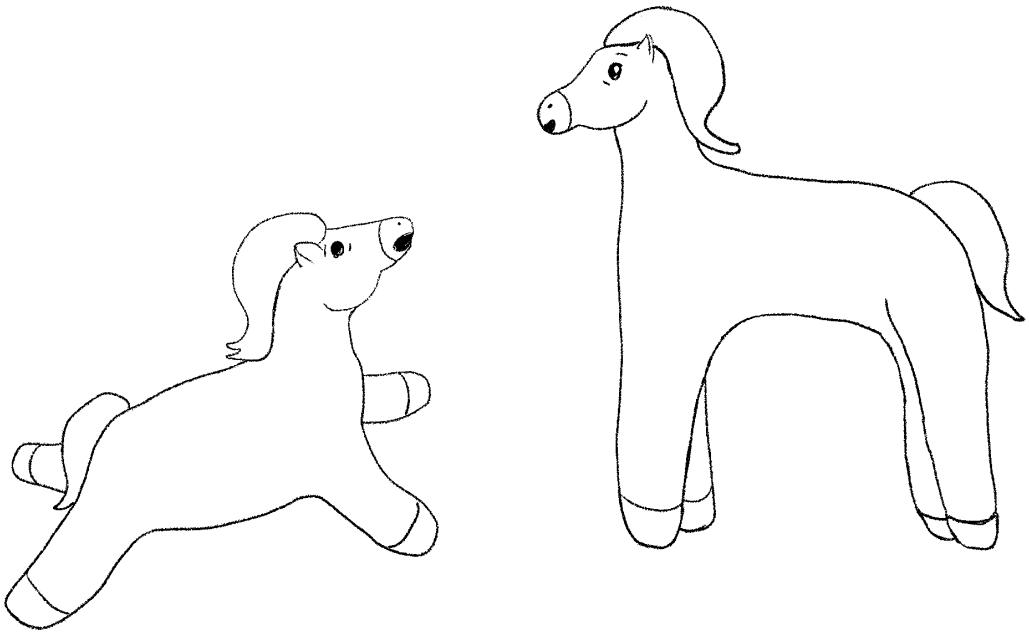
— I carried you over here, this is my farm by the way. You can stay here if you want to, friend.

Tate was taken aback, he was so surprised after realising how much effort somebody he doesn't even know put into saving him. He got his thoughts together and figured, that it would be very appropriate to give his thanks to his hero:

— Thank you very much for saving me.
— No problem, man, what's your name by the way?
— I am Tate, and you?
— I go by Billy. What happened to you, how come you were dying alone in the forest at night?

Tate told him the whole story about how humans found dandruff on him and then kicked him out, because of some nonsensical curse. Billy listened very attentively and emotionally to his unfortunate experience and after that said:

— Poor Tate, let me help you with your trouble. You seem like quite a good fella, so you definitely wouldn't be an extra here at my place.



It was very refreshing to finally get such affection, but Tate still hesitated. He was very worried about anyone accepting him with his dandruff in the new place and shared his worries with Billy.

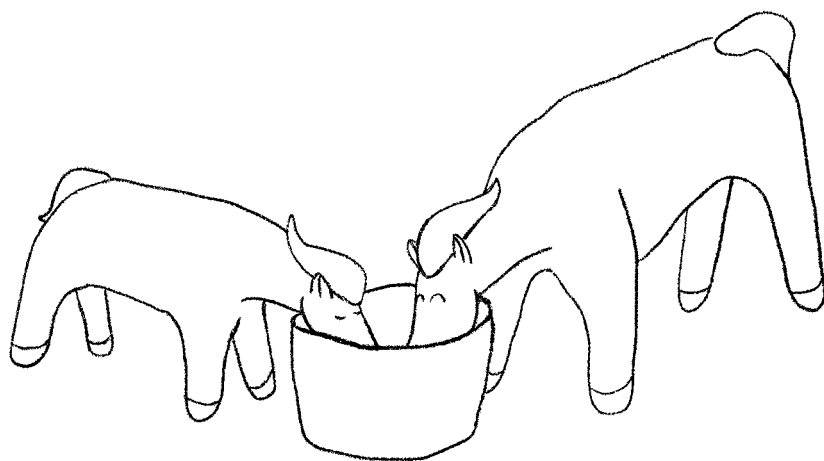
Billy considered this not to be a problem in any sense, although, for the sake of Tate's comfort he decided to act. He found a permanent solution, which could dissolve dandruff forever, and it was his saliva.

He approached Tate, very carefully, meaning no harm and whispered excitedly:

— I'll help you, bro, and you'll never have to worry about anybody doing something bad to you ever again.

Billy started licking Tate's fur passionately, trying very hard for the sake of his new friend. At first, he touched his mane with his tongue, as it was the main source of dandruff. After that, it was necessary to clean every single corner of Tate's body, and Billy worked like never before and succeeded in this physically intense activity.

Tate felt even happier, than when he was being combed. Through warmth he perceived all the care and affection, he wanted so much. This is what one would call true brotherly love. Tate and Billy weren't brothers by blood of course, but they became such, after emotionally connecting to each other through showing care, helping out, when it was truly necessary, and of course just being there for one another. And their brotherhood thrived happily ever after.



—THE END—

*The story is based on true
events*

Both of these amazingly
kind horses continue to live
on Billy's farm to this day,
sleeping in the same stable
and eating from one bowl,
together as one.

