



MARGUERITE HENRY
AUTHOR OF *MISTY OF CHINCOTEAGUE*

KING ^{OF} THE WIND

THE STORY OF THE GODOLPHIN ARABIAN
A NEWBERY MEDAL WINNER



The Great Son

THE morning fog had lifted, giving way to a clear day. Nearly all the people of Windsor, Ontario, and thousands of visitors were surging into Kenilworth Park, filling the stands and overflowing to the infield. It was the greatest crowd ever to attend a race in Canada. For this was the day of the match race between Man o' War, the great American horse, and Sir Barton, the pride of Canada.

Bands were playing, first an American air, then a Canadian air. Flags of both countries draped the grandstand and fluttered against the sky.

Under a covered paddock Man o' War, affectionately known as Big Red, was being saddled for his twenty-first race. As the trainer was about to tighten the girth strap he turned to the jockey at his elbow. "Let Red run his own race," he said. "Don't hold him in."

The freckle-faced jockey nodded. He looked over at the clock. In exactly twenty minutes Man o' War would meet Sir Barton, the horse that had won the Kentucky Derby, the Preakness, the Belmont, in one year. Sir Barton was a Triple Crown champion, a horse to be reckoned with!

The trainer finished his careful check of saddle cloths and weight pads, and signaled to the jockey, who swung up on Man o' War. He had ten minutes to walk him around the saddling ring, ten minutes to calm him down. Without this ritual, Big Red was as unruly as a colt.

Across the paddock the trainer caught the eye of Samuel Riddle, owner of Man o' War. They watched the ripple of the smooth muscles as the horse walked, the curving of his powerful neck, the burnished red-gold of his coat. Their glances locked. "Big Red's in fine fettle," they were agreeing with each other. "He's in top form."

Meanwhile, in Sir Barton's camp, well-laid plans were being rehearsed. Sir Barton was to run an explosion race. Instead of matching speed for speed around the track, he was to start off with a wild spurt and run Man o' War off his feet. It was a good plan, for everyone knew there was no greater sprinter than Sir Barton. If, at the very start of the race, he could get Man o' War to overreach his usual stride, he might never find

it again. The race could be won in the first furlong.

The bugle sounded. Sir Barton, a dark chestnut horse, and Man o' War, the red-gold stallion, were paraded past the judges' stand, past the grandstand, past the stand where moving-picture men were grinding their cameras. Man o' War heard the roar of the crowds. He smelled his opponent. But his eyes were fixed on the track, spread out clean and inviting before him. He knew what it meant. Business! *His* business. Racing! He had walked enough. He was ready to go!

Now he was moving toward the barrier, plunging against it nervously, trying to spring it. Sir Barton caught his excitement. He strained against the webbing. And almost at once it was sprung.

Like a two-horse team the golden-red horse and the dark chestnut were off together. According to plan, Sir Barton's jockey began using the whip, and the Canadian horse shot to the front in one of the fastest sprints in history.

Man o' War's jockey was holding him back, saving speed for the finish. But Man o' War had other ideas. He fought for his head. He pulled at the bit. He was in business for himself!

And then the jockey remembered the trainer's words: "Let Red run his own race. Don't hold him in." He gave Man o' War his head. Like a dynamo on the loose, Big Red leaped out. He was a machine with pistons for legs, pistons that struck out in perfect rhythm. He caught Sir Barton. He flew past him in great long leaps.

It was Man o' War who was running the explosion race. It was Man o' War who was running Sir Barton off his feet!

KING OF THE WIND

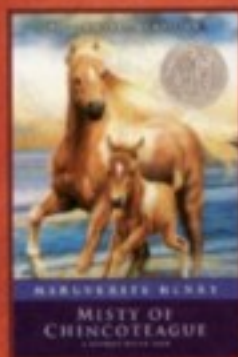
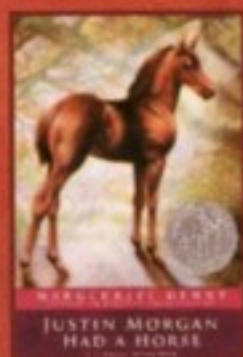
THE STORY OF THE GODOLPHIN ARABIAN


HE WAS NAMED "SHAM" FOR THE SUN, THIS golden-red stallion born in the Sultan of Morocco's stone stables. Upon his heel was a small white spot, the symbol of speed. But on his chest was the symbol of misfortune. Although he was as swift as the desert winds, Sham's proud pedigree would be scorned all his life by cruel masters and owners.

This is the classic story of Sham and his friend, the stable boy Agba. Their adventures take them from the sands of the Sahara to the royal courts of France, and finally to the green pastures and stately homes of England. For Sham was the renowned Godolphin Arabian, whose blood flows through the veins of almost every superior thoroughbred. Sham's speed—like his story—has become legendary.

"A BOOK TO DELIGHT ALL HORSE LOVERS." —*Horn Book*

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