

# foals

a field guide to (some of) the Chincoteague foals of 2008

















It's July, in Virginia, in a salt marsh. Translation: heat, humidity and blood-sucking bugs. The foals get their first taste of civilization: shady pens and fans to keep the flies to a minimum..







How to wrangle untrained foals, weighing several hundred pounds, with a minimum of destruction and disaster: take two large guys, lock hands fore and aft, and wrestle (gently) into the trailer for home.

It occurs to me the guy on the left resembles Hoss Cartwright from the old Bonanza TV series. (He's concentrating, not glowering).

















The colt who wouldn't go home: the black colt (probably a yearling or two-year old) who turned back, with the swaybacked mare, on the return swim to Assateague.