



HOUSE... ...CALLS

Pamela was HORSE-CRAZY GROWING UP. She's a HUGE animal LOVER. She LOVES ART TOO. She's an ARTIST. "GROWING UP, ALL I DREW WAS HORSES – I WAS A HORSE NERD," SHE SAYS.

Pamela didn't grow up on a farm, but she vividly remembers the first time she sat on a horse. She was just three years old. After riding right through high school she faded away from horses until she was in her 30s when she bought a Thoroughbred off the track. She is still horse-crazy.

She only owned Thoroughbreds until a special horse named Charlie came into her life. "Wild mustangs were always on my wish list. When I got my own farm I knew I could get one."

Pamela is definitely Charlie's best friend. If she's away from him too long, he comes looking for her. He strolls right into her house to say "Hi!" He'll go room to room until he finds her.



CHARLIE IS THE FUNNIEST HORSE Pamela has ever known. He has a BIG PERSONALITY. "He is SUPER EXPRESSIVE," she says. "AND he's NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHING."

Charlie is Pamela's dream horse. And she's living her dream as an artist too even though she was never encouraged to be an artist growing up. "If you love something, you can do anything you want," she learned. "I love art and I love horses. I count my blessings, not my problems," she adds. "And I want *Blaze* readers to follow your own path and your own dreams too."

Pamela wants you to meet Charlie. So, let's hear what this remarkable horse has to say!

Blaze: *Hi Charlie. Thanks for taking a few minutes to stand still for our interview with you.*

Charlie: No problem. I'm used to standing around the house for photos and snacks and stuff.

Blaze: *Uhhh... ya. You're in Pamela's house right now. You know that's a bit strange right?*

Charlie: Well, my herdmate Harley thinks so. He'll look in the window from the backyard but never wants to come in. He was a racehorse, a big Thoroughbred, so just no room to run for him I guess. But Mac and Lucy, my Mini Horse pals, come in sometimes too.

Blaze: *You have a big, beautiful barn that is your house. Why do you come into Pamela's house?*

Charlie: I like to check on my bestie Pamela. Find the dogs. I'm fascinated with the horse paintings on the walls. She has some vintage equine artwork for me to enjoy up close. I love looking at myself in the mirror too. Snacks in the fridge are always good... fresh fruits and veggies and always chilled. Watermelon is my favorite! I love the kitchen but the design is awkward for me. I manage around the island but it's a bad spot to put a feed bin.

The house always smells really nice too. I'm crazy about scented candles. I'll tell you something though. I've been visiting the house for years now and I still don't like it when Pamela rearranges anything. I notice it right away.



Blaze: *Tell our Blaze readers a little bit about yourself. Where are you from?*

Charlie: I'm a Mustang. I'm smart. I'm brave. I'm curious. And I'm super chill now, but I was pretty wild in my youth. A handful you might say.

Blaze: *Where did you grow up?*

Charlie: I'm from Arizona. I roamed free as I pleased on a Navajo reservation. I've got a really cool Navajo brand on my shoulder. I moved in with Pamela when I was six years old. She saw a picture of me and really wanted to meet me. She knew nothing about me but had this feeling that we were meant to be together. She drove five hours to come and get me.

Blaze: *Okaaaay. Soooo, you are a wild horse that comes into the house?*

Charlie: Horses change you know. I was really stressed out when I was put in a round pen on the reservation for training. I got very agitated and angry. I rubbed on the fence a lot. Rubbed a lot of my long, thick mane right off. I wasn't looking or feeling my best when Pamela came to visit.

Blaze: *Did you want to leave with Pamela? I mean, she was a stranger to you then.*

Charlie: Yup. I wasn't all that cooperative at first but when they handed my lead rope to Pamela I was good to go. I'd never been in a horse trailer before but I walked straight on like it was nothing. I wasn't very well behaved with someone on my back and a bit in my mouth if you know what I mean... I admit, I was a little ornery. But when we got to Pamela's farm, we strolled into her arena and she got on my bare back. I knew she was a little nervous, but I wasn't. It felt so good without a saddle. I stood stock still for her. When we go for trail rides, I use a bitless bridle... so nice!

Blaze: *Let's chat more about your house visits. Do you ever lie down?*

Charlie: Never. Just a stroll.

Blaze: *How long do you stay?*

Charlie: Not long. Never want to overstay my welcome. Check things out and go. If I linger, Pamela says it's time to go and puts her hand under my chin and walks me to the door.

Blaze: *Do you take your shoes off like everyone else?*

Charlie: I don't wear horseshoes.

Blaze: *Do you have a favorite room in the house?*

Charlie: I really like Pamela's stall. I try and share some herd smell by pawing at her bed covers. I like to pull the covers off and onto the floor. Just not enough room for a roll though.

Blaze: *How do you get in?*

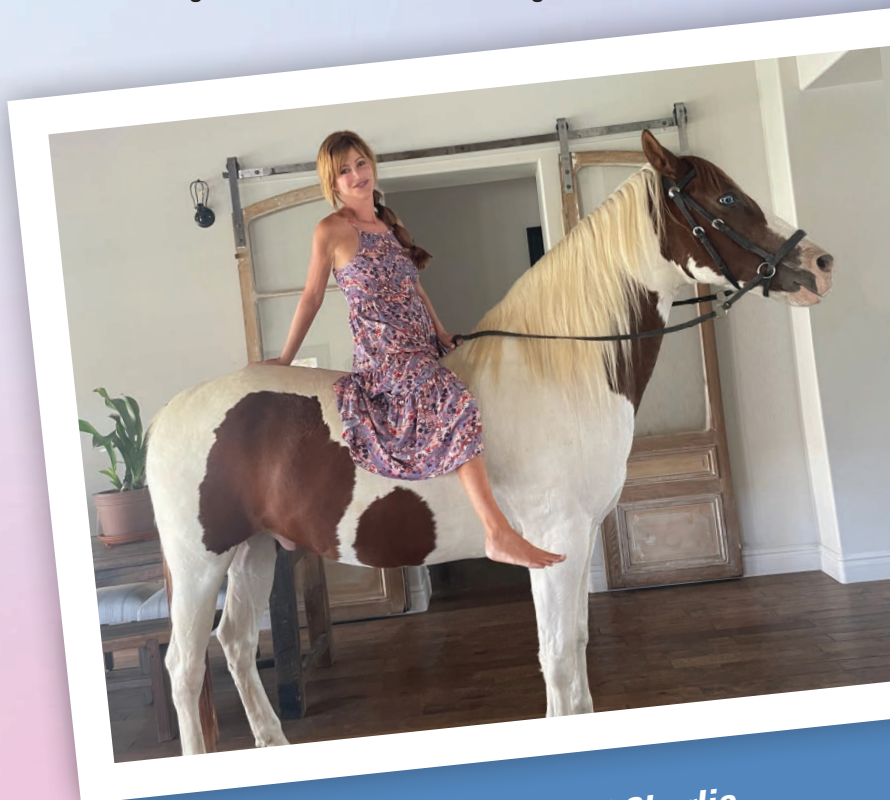
Charlie: It's an open-door policy. Pamela leaves a door open for me. If it's closed, I just stand and stare in the window until someone lets me in. I'll pace back and forth if nobody notices me at first.

Blaze: *Have you ever knocked anything over?*

Charlie: Nope.

Blaze: *Last question. Have you ever... you know... had an accident in the house?*

Charlie: Never. Well, once. I've never peed in the house but pooped just once. I was posing for pictures which took a long time. I was trying to hold it and Pamela thought I was OK. I know not to "go" in the house.



You can follow Pamela and Charlie on Instagram at [PonyMacaronilove](#)