

"The Guv"

He was woken up from his slumbers by someone speaking his name.
It didn't occur so much nowadays, but he listened to the chatter with increasing humour.
He always knew the oblique wording on his grave would cause confusion, as would the size of the mound of earth covering him.
Had he been a dog, a horse or even an elephant, the passing walkers discussed.
No, he thought, just the farm manager and trainer of the horses kept there.
Every day he had walked to this spot on the edge of the Home Paddock, and looked down over the valley of the River Cherwell,
past the gallops, past the railway line and past the canal down below.
He never failed to be amazed how much a tiny river could have caused such a large valley, and how the country life he had lead
had changed during his days. Far too much money coming in from the cities and towns, disrupting the centuries-old traditions.
No longer were there the steeple chases or even the point to points. The horse racing at Mollington had survived,
which he was pleased about, as this was a great occasion for the whole community. He wasn't too troubled at the loss of fox hunting,
far too elitist in his view, not that he ever relayed his opinion to anyone.
He had been regarded as firm but fair, slow to smile and quick to give anyone a tongue lashing, or worse, should they mistreat any one of the animals in his care.
He allowed himself a thin smile at the thought of his name, The Guv.