

A sweet little colt came into this world from a loving mare and by a highly regarded imported stud. He was soon registered, given the proud name of Oden, loved on, developed and trained, had an extensive show career as a versatile horse and was quite the representative of the breed. Upon a well-deserved retirement, he was kindly moved on to a therapeutic riding facility that knew his worth and valued him greatly. His life there was posh and he was treated well and loved by many kids and adults that needed him. Then came that day that he moved to a private home or two, followed by the day when Oden found himself at an auction house. He was scared. It was far noisier and there was much more commotion than he was used to. His pen mates were strangers and pushing him around. He was still sore and stiff, although had been injected with bute not long before. The person who dropped him off, laid claim to false information on the EID form and vouched that Oden was free of all chemicals for the last 30 days. Oden had nowhere safe and quiet to stand peacefully. He had no water nor food in his new pen now and an extremely sticky sticker on his hip. It ended up that no one bid on his hip number but one person. His selling price was below \$1000 and sold as a buckskin. Oden had been purchased by a meat man and jammed into another pen in which new horses were constantly being added to, filling quotas. Oden was terrified.. The horses around him were panicking, some were clearly sick or lame, calling out and constantly jostling for position around the pen, the stronger more dominant horses picking on the weaker ones. There was no rest. Hours later, Oden was loaded onto an unfamiliar freight liner with too many other horses and hauled nearly non-stop, through 3 provinces and nearly at Bouvry Exports. Oden's fate of becoming "safe and consumable" protein on a plate was miraculously about to change. The truck made an unscheduled stop. The driver found Oden in the liner and Oden was all too willing to follow the man and safely unloaded. He had been trained to trust and follow for 30 years. Oden touched solid ground again and was greeted by a lovely woman consumed in tears of joy and relief. Money was exchanged and Oden ended up loading yet again onto a quiet trailer that he was far more accustomed to, and lived out the rest of his years with complete health care which was dearly needed and loads of love. He left this world on his own terms years later and given the final moments he deserved. Did you find this story far-fetched and unbelievable? It is indeed based

on a true story and was essentially how the Canadian Fjord Horse Rescue came to be; a dedicated and hard-working volunteer organization across Canada that facilitates private sales of Norwegian Fjords. Sometimes selling or downsizing is challenging and leaves one feeling stuck and needing help. Contact the CFHR for assistance with networking the sale of your Fjord. The CFHR exists on Facebook as an online social media platform, reaching far and wide. It is not a physical location. Profits are not made and donations are the sole source of funds. The CFHR is not a horse trader, dealer or broker. The CFHR is completely comprised of compassionate Norwegian Fjord lovers trying their best to find good homes for those wanting a fjord in their life. The Rescue would far prefer to not exist at all but reality suggests otherwise. The CFHR to date has orchestrated many quick paced rescues of Fjords at auctions, particularly in western Canada. This is the reality and plight of a fjord at auction but the average Canadian, yet horse owner, is unaware. The CFHR simply exists to network quickly to prevent the special and beloved Norwegian Fjord from ending up on someone's plate. The CFHR can be contacted by email at canadianfjordhorserescue@gmail.com or on Facebook as the Canadian Fjord Horse Rescue.