



All Things WPT — Jeff Lifson

Invariably, when I feel compelled at these sales, and when the horse strikes me...I wax a little poetic.

So I have a few moments. I have a keyboard at my disposal.

I have a photo. Boy do I have a photo.

And I have a sweet story to tell.

Black Beauty was no taller than a garden shrub when the cut appeared above his eye. He was still so very much a weanling, still by his mother's side when the gash above his eye appeared without explanation--maybe a fence cut, maybe a stall swipe.

Didn't matter, it was nasty enough that it needed treatment....round the clock, personal touch stuff to make sure it didn't turn into something nastier...or worse.

So his breeder, Tori Gladwell made a firm decision. They'd move the mare and the black beauty colt into the small almost shed like barn right next to house. She'd set the alarm. She'd get the ointment and the dressings ready....and she'd visit the colt every two hours for several weeks. Personal touch, TLC for a little fella who Tori believed could be special beyond imagination. She made the commitment and followed through.

"You, know," Tori said after wiping away the tears shed while her little Black Beauty towered over the OBS auction ring this week,"it changed this colt, all that attention he got early. He had that constant human touch so early in life, it made him...I don't know, maybe smarter, maybe all that more unique...." Tori trailed off and wiped the last proud tear from her eyes.



The funny thing is that along with the contact with humans and all the good that contributed, the little Black Beauty learned something more from that clockwork medical visitation....apparently he got really precise with his internal clock....he learned to tell terrific time.

So now...the big, powerful Black Beauty, all grown up and spectacular has to be the first fed each day. Because with physical action and audible demand, he lets you know "it's noon, lunchtime.....it's 330 afternoon feed!" And it's uncanny....Tori swears....well....you could set your watch by him.

The rest of it is pretty evident. He's super fast, incredibly built, beautifully bred and uniquely intelligent now that he's all grown up. The garden shrub is tall timber and a colt that can take you

as far and as high as any dreamer would wish to go.

But it all started in the tiny shed-like barn next to main house at Tori Gladwell's place in Ocala. Momma and weanling and breeder all working together in the mystical way that nature and nurture combine to develop the best and the brightest. Boy did it ever.

We bought the Black Beauty colt with a sweet story....an important story when you try to understand why he was just, this, necessary to have.

A few moments after the hammer fell, Tori came over to our team with tears in her eyes and asked to be allowed to stay involved as a part owner of her beautiful colt.

For what she'd done thus far....was there any question....the answer was yes.