



Trainer to glamour model, turned horsey supernova Katie Price,

Andrew is one of the countries most promising young dressage riders. At just 28, he competes internationally at Grand Prix level and has already won three National Titles. He has competed on five consecutive Young Rider European Championship teams, riding Koffee Break – who he trained and brought on to Grand Prix level himself. Although Andrew is still searching for his ‘horse of a lifetime,’ he dreams of representing his country and would desperately like to be a part of the 2012 Olympic dressage squad if the right horse were to come along at the right time.

At 17, Andrew was already a regular on the competition circuit and had been bringing on youngsters for several years. But in Boulogne – a talented four-year-old bay – Andrew met his match.

During Boulogne’s very first dressage test, Andrew found himself dismounted in

Pride comes before a fall

ANDREW GOULD TAKES AN EMBARRASSING TUMBLE

Words by Rebecca Gibson

spectacular fashion right in front of the judges’ box.

‘I’d backed and started Boulogne, so I had a great deal of pride resting on a successful performance. He had a great deal of natural ability and, as I entered the arena, I was confident we’d be leaving with a respectable test under our belts.

‘The test started off well, I had Boulogne’s full attention

and he seemed eager to please.

But disaster struck when we started cantering on a circle. Boulogne was falling out through his shoulder so I put my leg on to correct him. For some reason he took great offence to this and tried to kick up at me.

‘Losing his balance, he stumbled and fell right down onto his knees. Before I knew what was happening, I was

flung out of the saddle. Lying in the dirt I could already feel myself starting to go a rather ravishing shade of red – but that wasn’t the worst of it.

‘Before I had time to register what was happening, Boulogne decided to head for the exit. My foot was still stuck in the stirrup and, as Boulogne put in a lovely extended trot down the centre line, I was helplessly dragged along behind.

Fortunately one of the judges took pity on me and came running out of the judges’ box to my rescue.

‘Somehow I still managed to score five marks for the movement, which I think is pretty impressive considering all that happened. But, to this day, re-calling the shambles of that test makes me cringe.’

Boulogne did a lovely extended trot down the centre line, dragging me along behind him

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