

# The Rocking Horse Writer



an adaptation of D.H. Lawrence's short story  
"The Rocking Horse Winner"

By Josh Aichenbaum



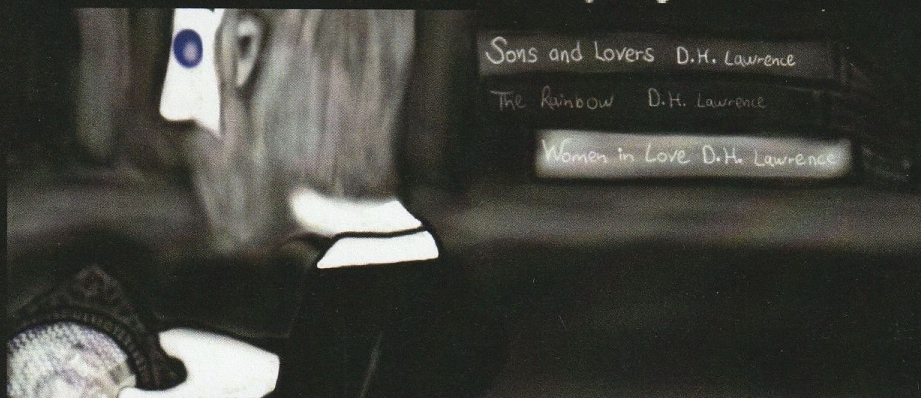
I dedicate this story to a woman



who always reads



everything I write

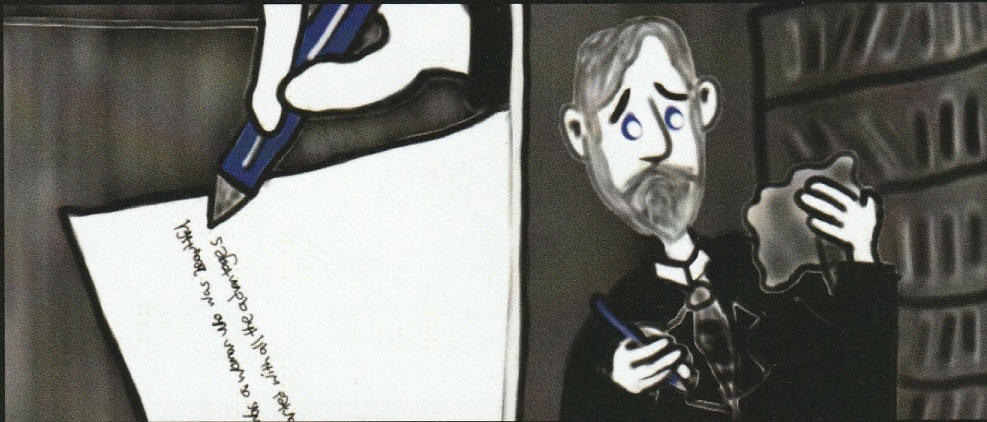




There was a woman who was beautiful



who started with all the advantages

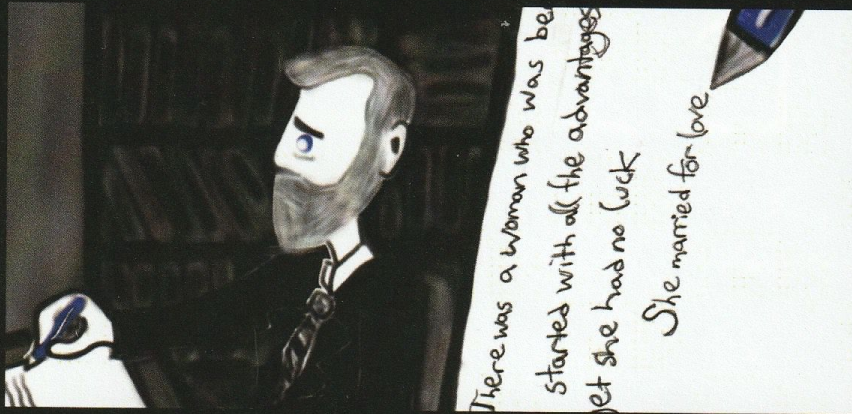


Yet she had no luck





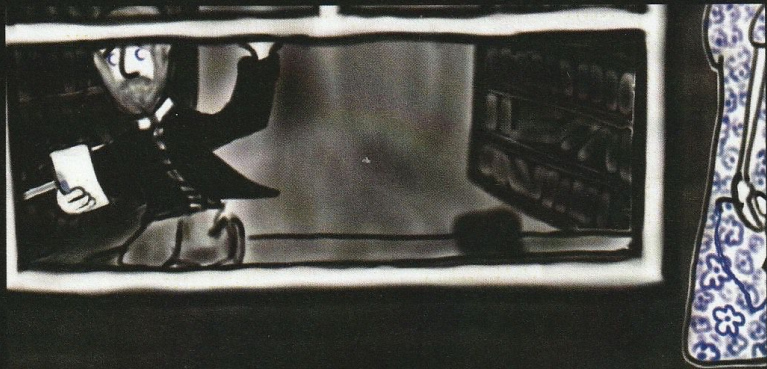
She married for love



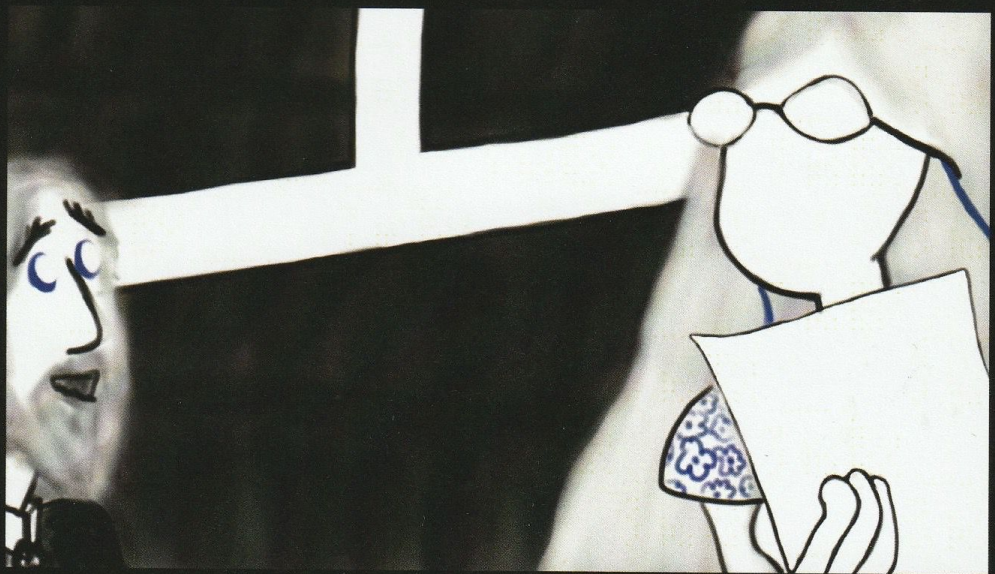
and the love turned to dust



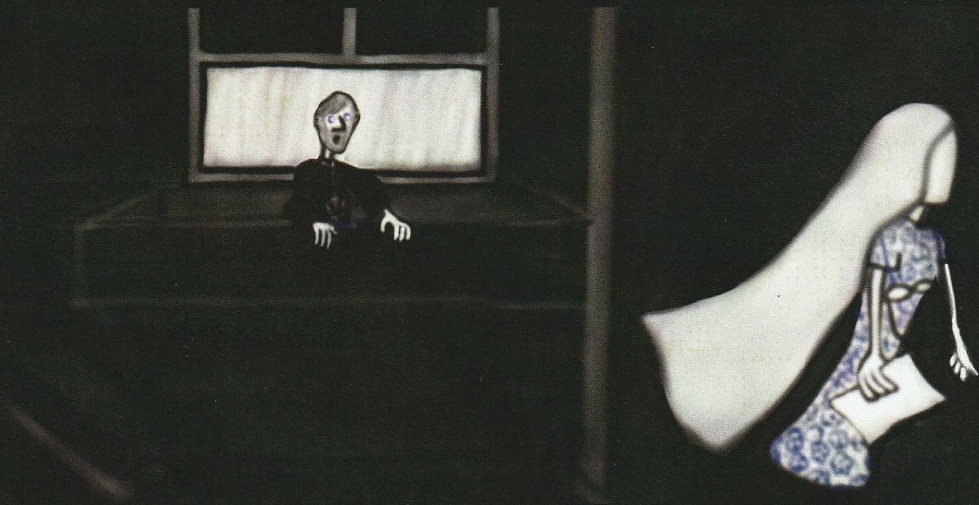




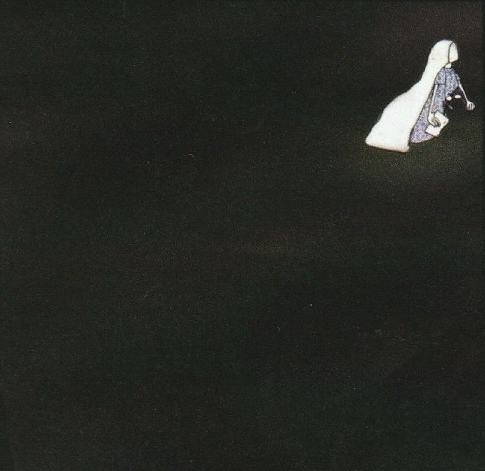
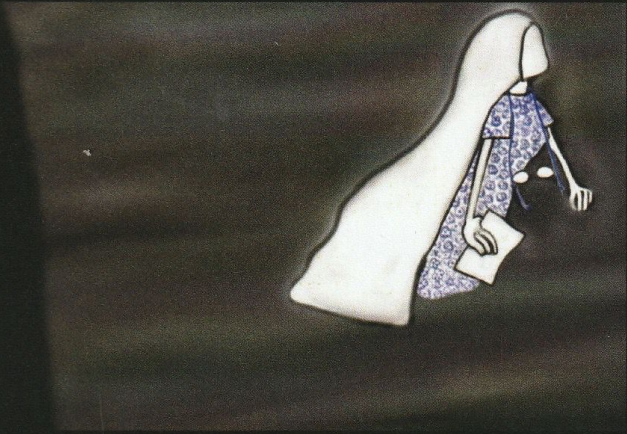




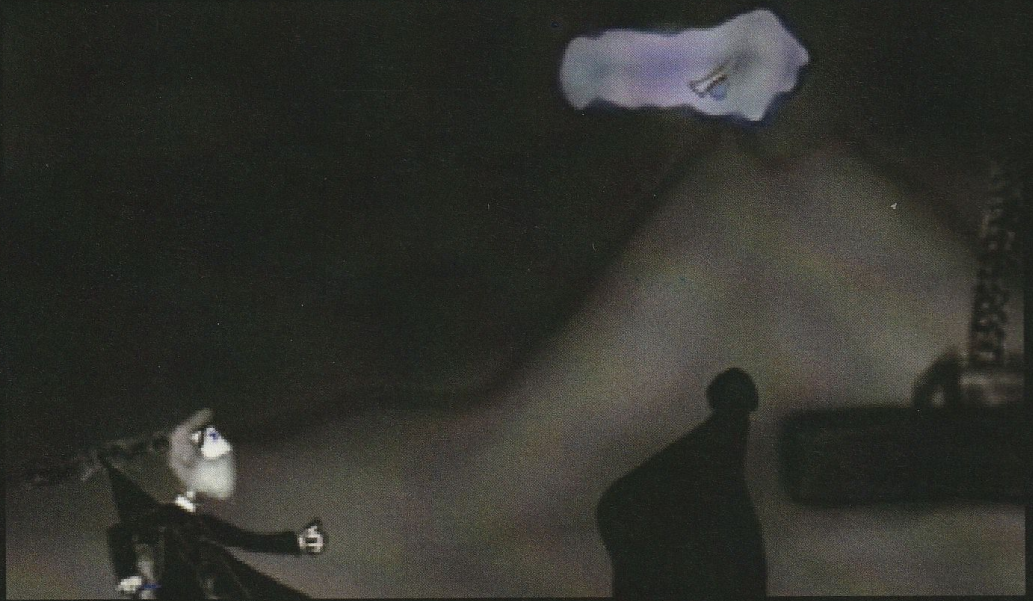
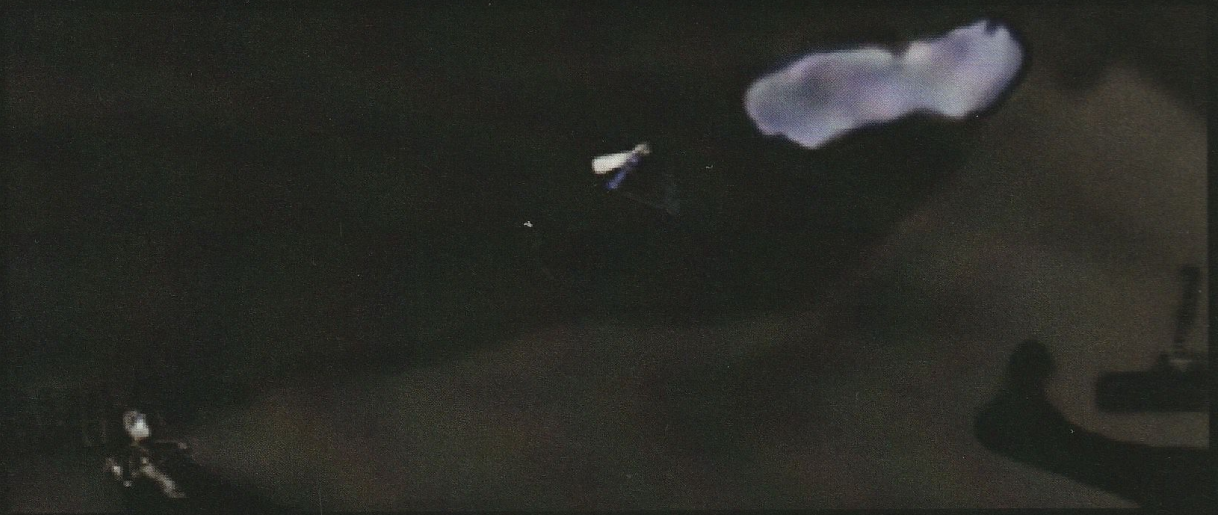












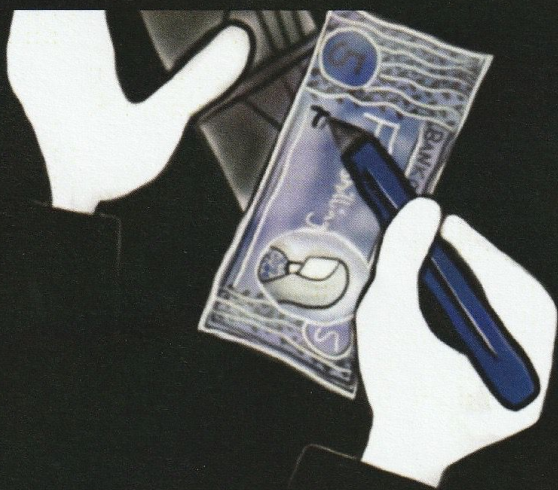






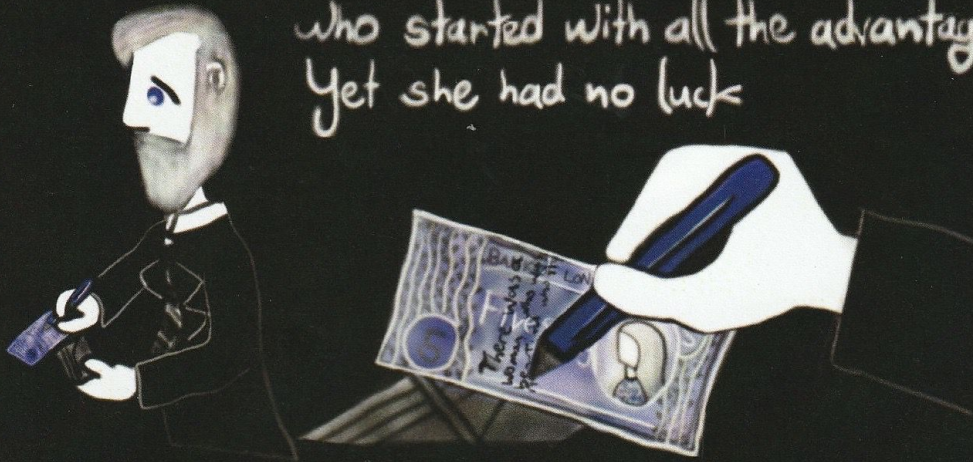


*There was a woman who was beautiful*





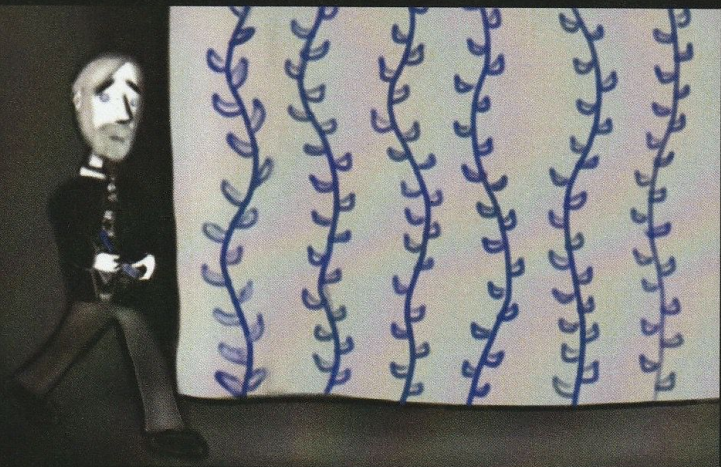
who started with all the advantages  
yet she had no luck



She married for love

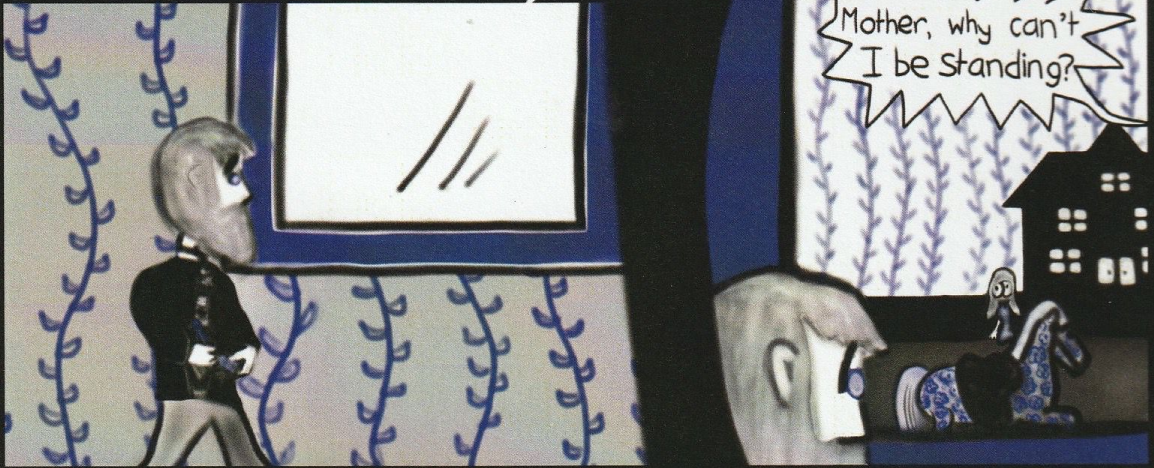


and the love turned to dust





She had bonny children



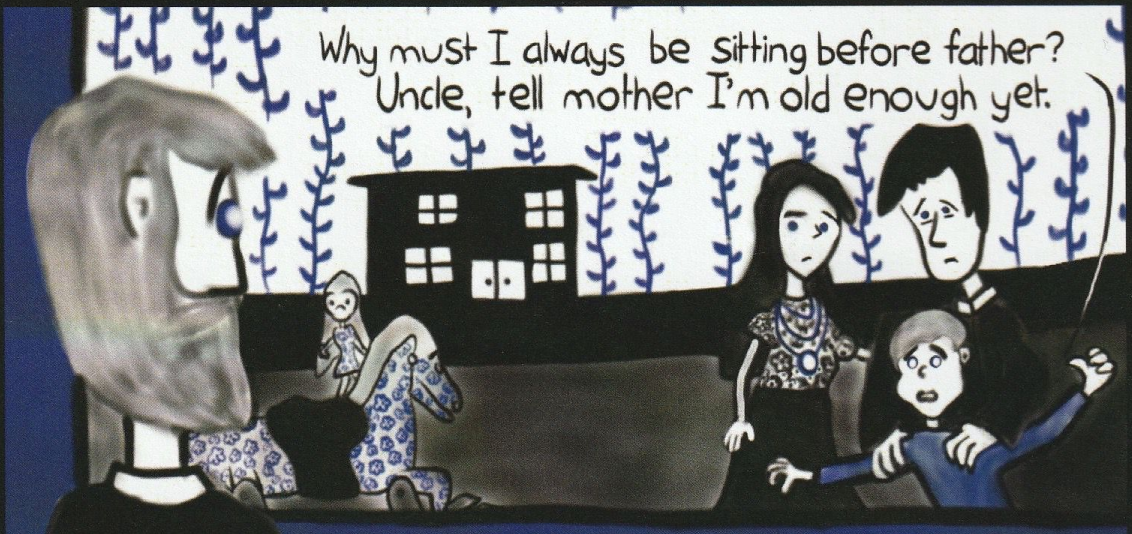
Now! David Herbert Richards Lawrence, if you would let off for a moment, Uncle will take our Christmas photograph.

yet she felt they had been thrust upon her

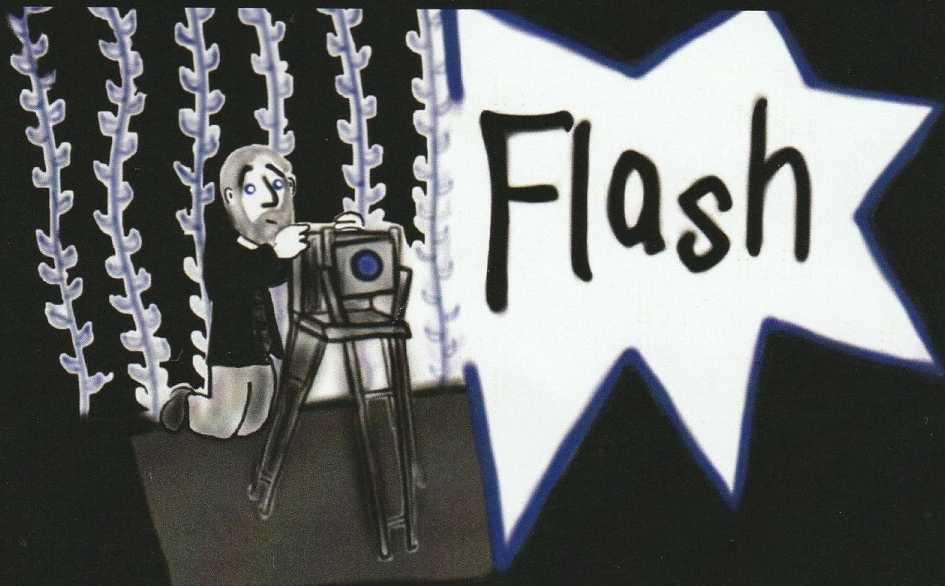
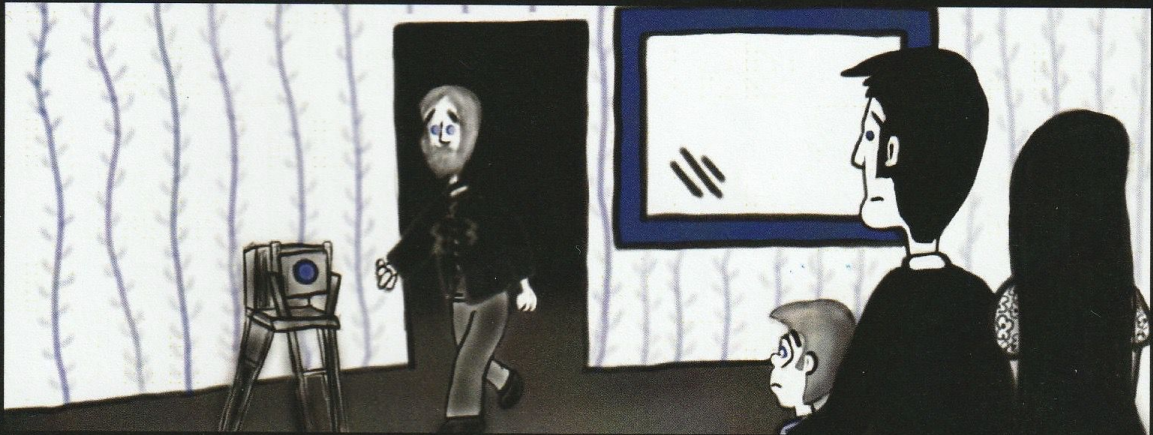


and she could not love them

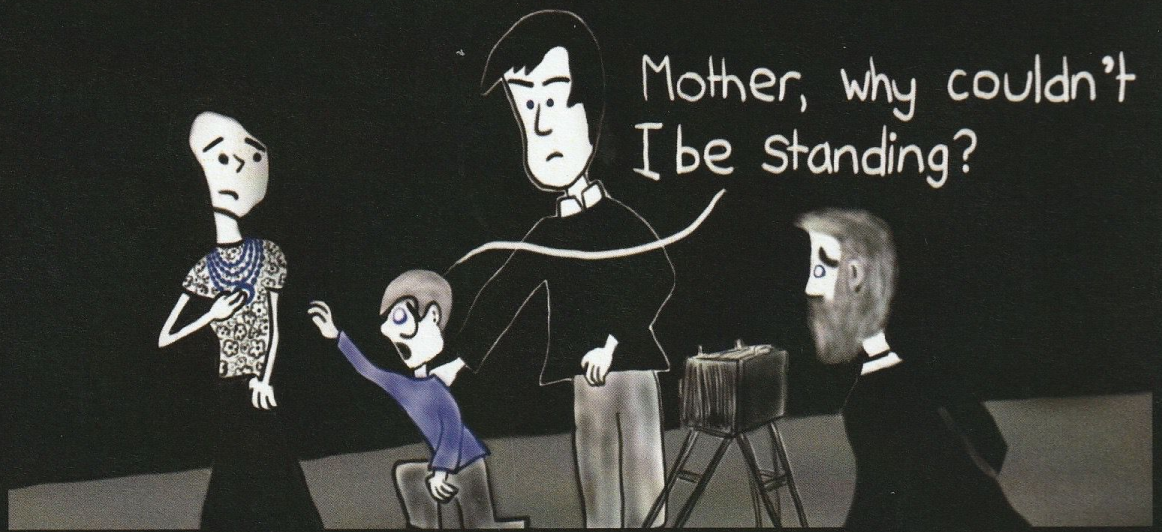
Why must I always be sitting before father? Uncle, tell mother I'm old enough yet.





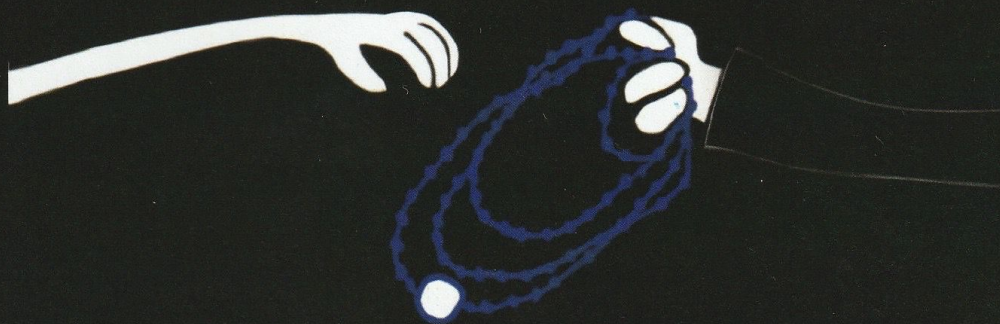




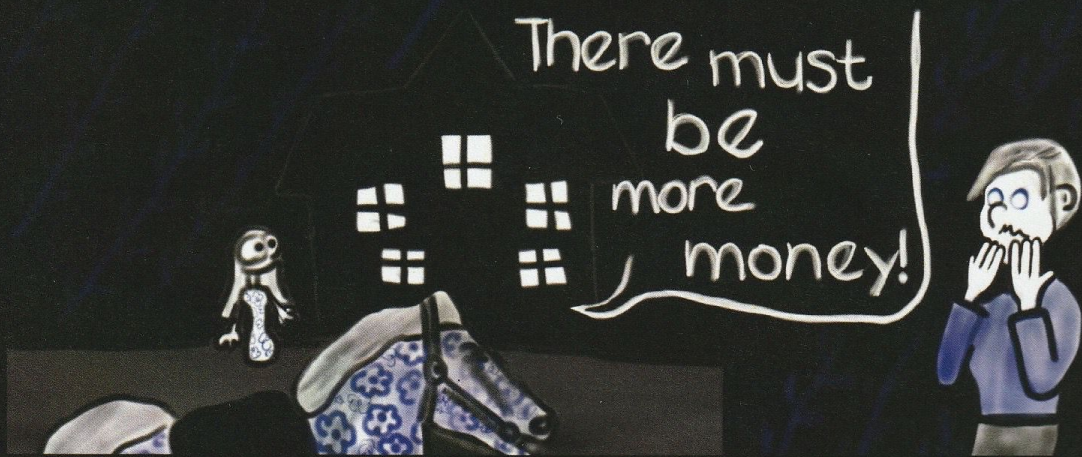




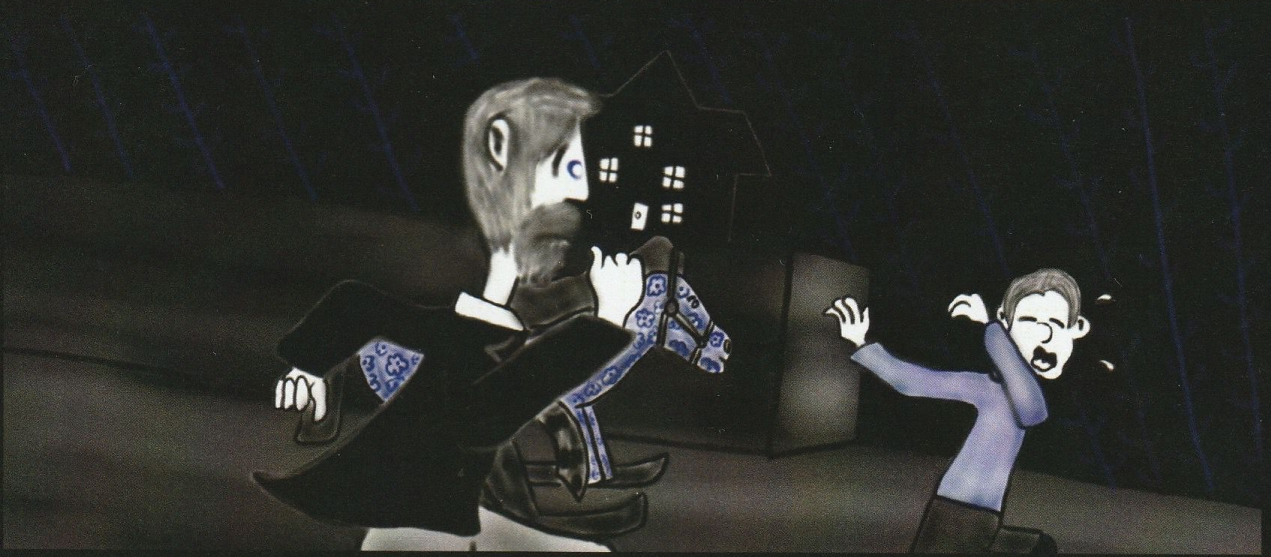
There must be more money!



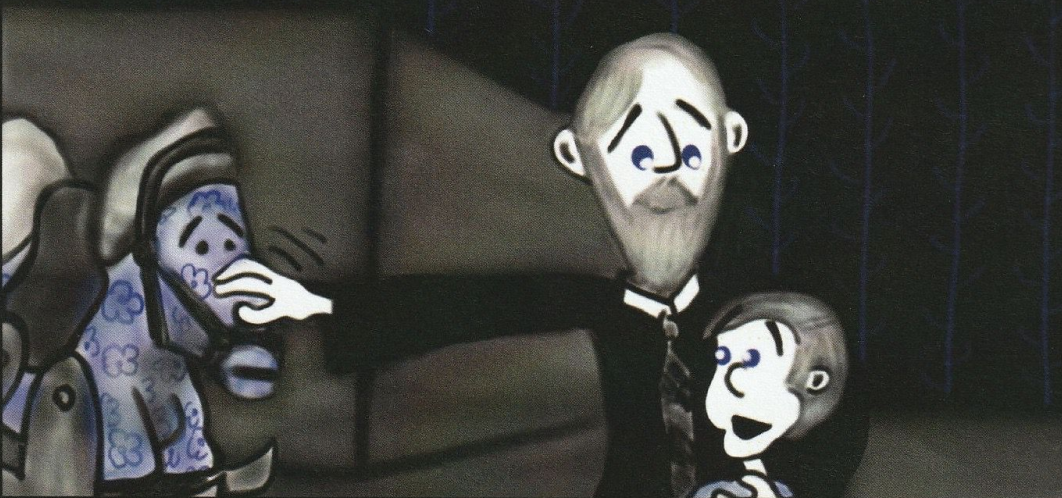








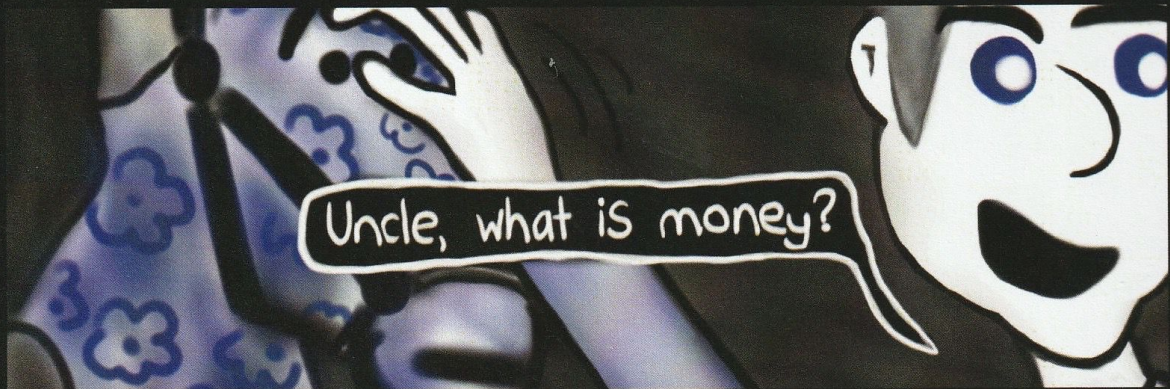




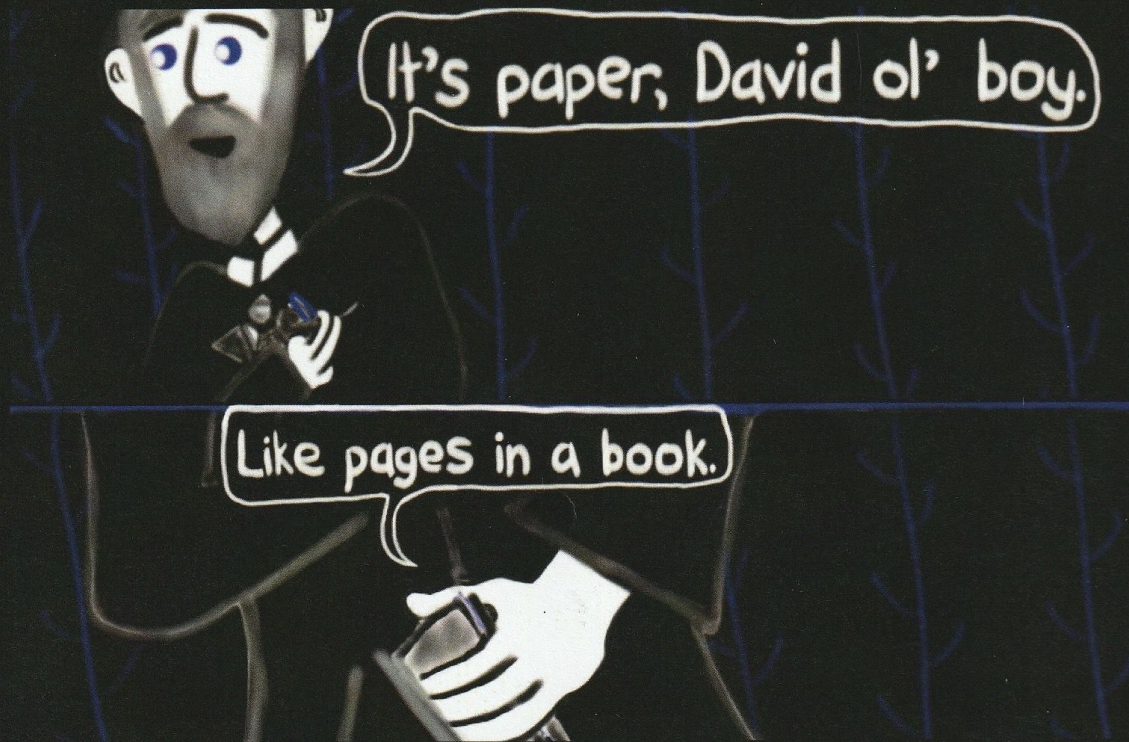






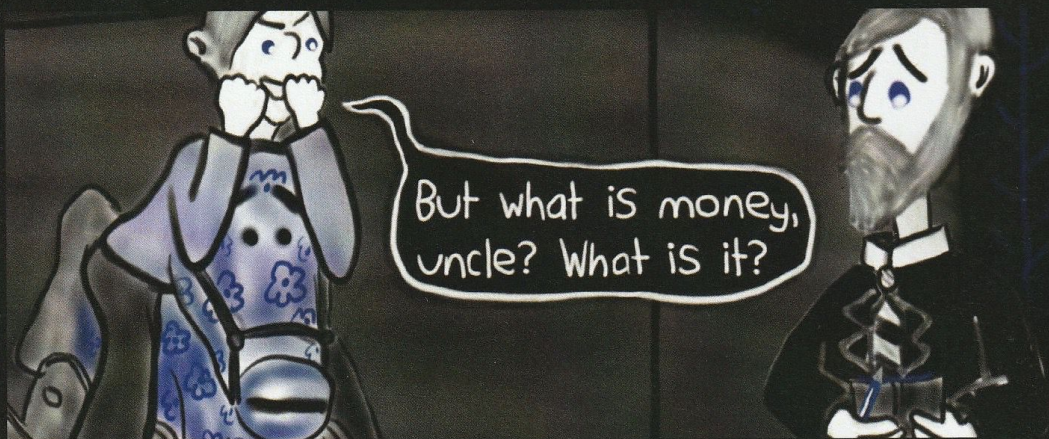


Uncle, what is money?



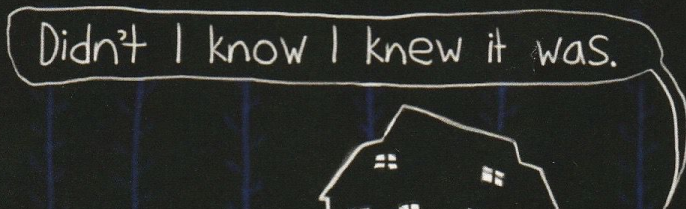
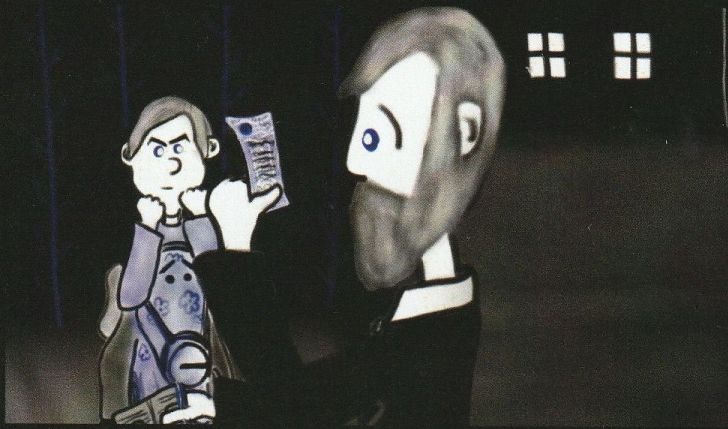
It's paper, David ol' boy.

Like pages in a book.

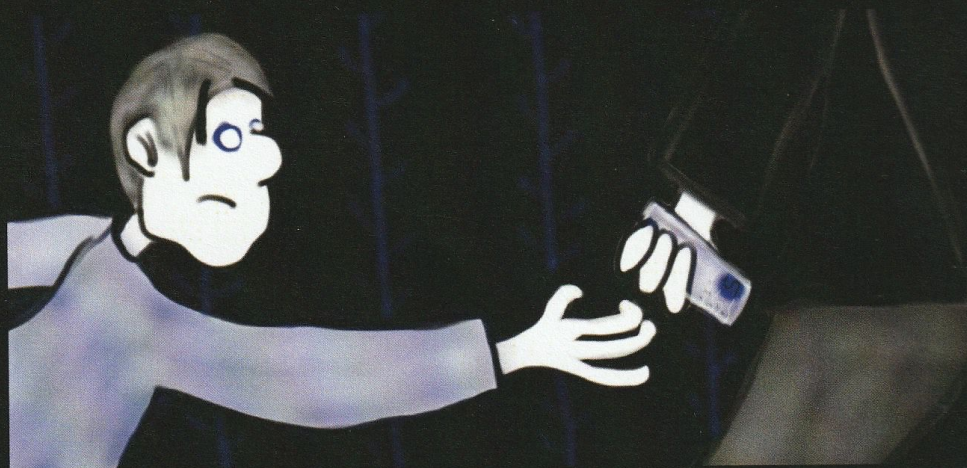
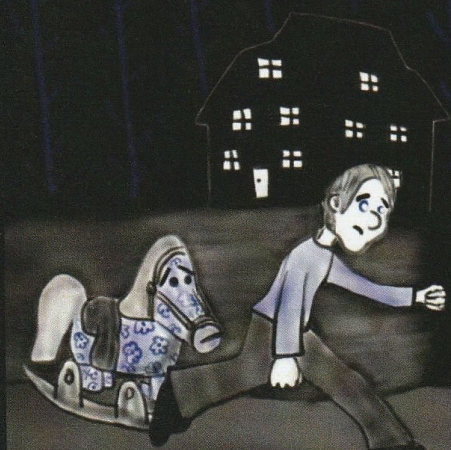


But what is money, uncle? What is it?

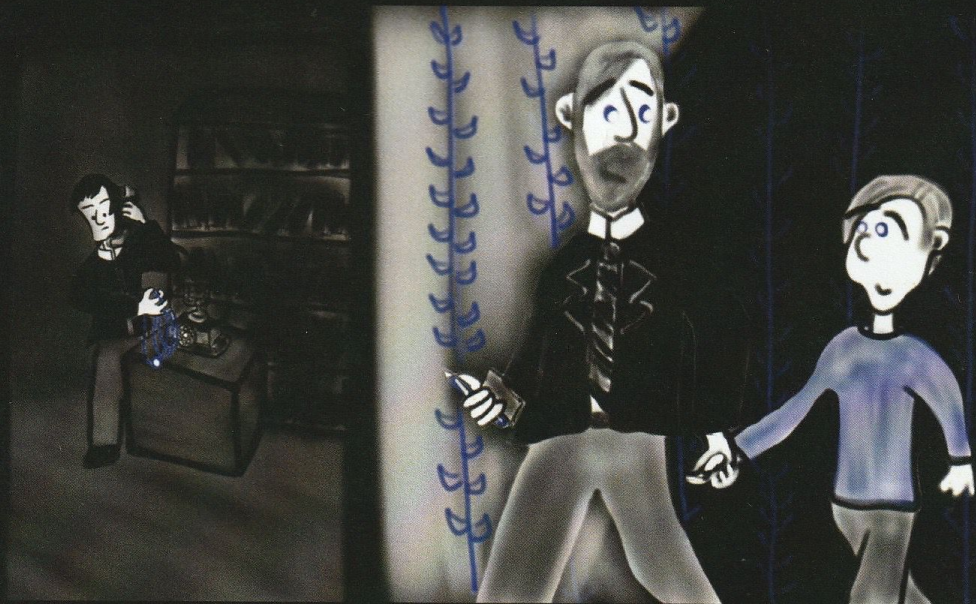
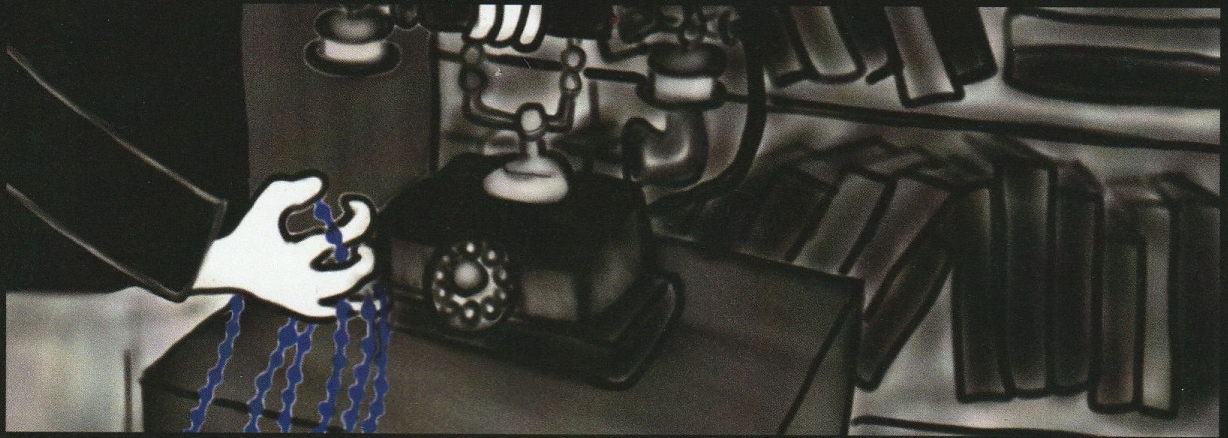




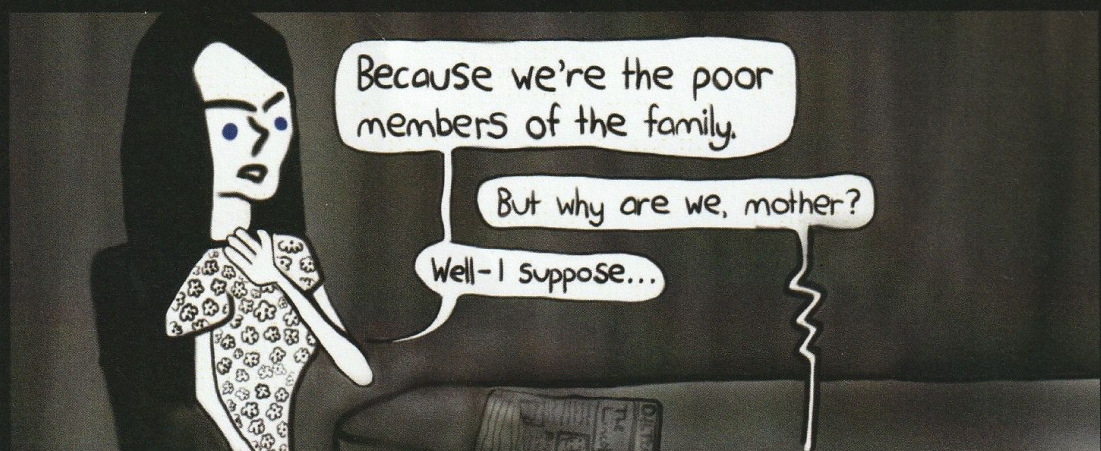
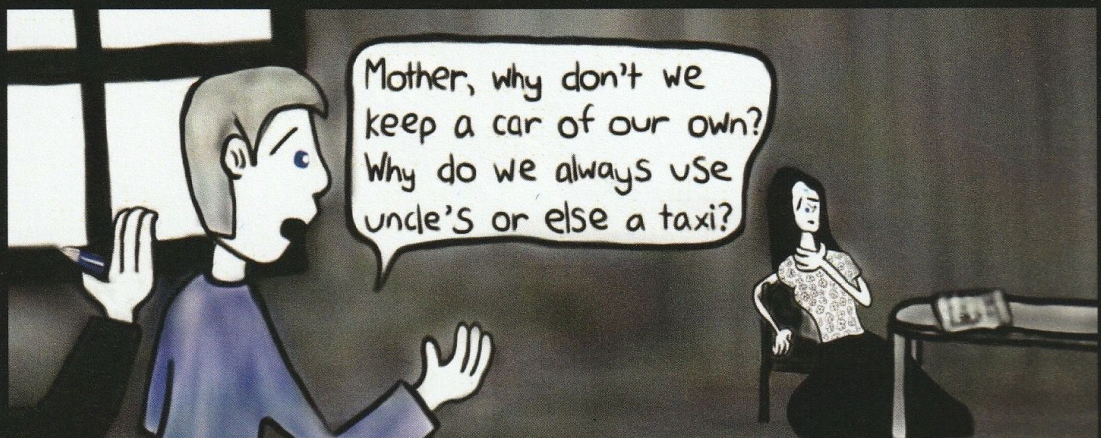
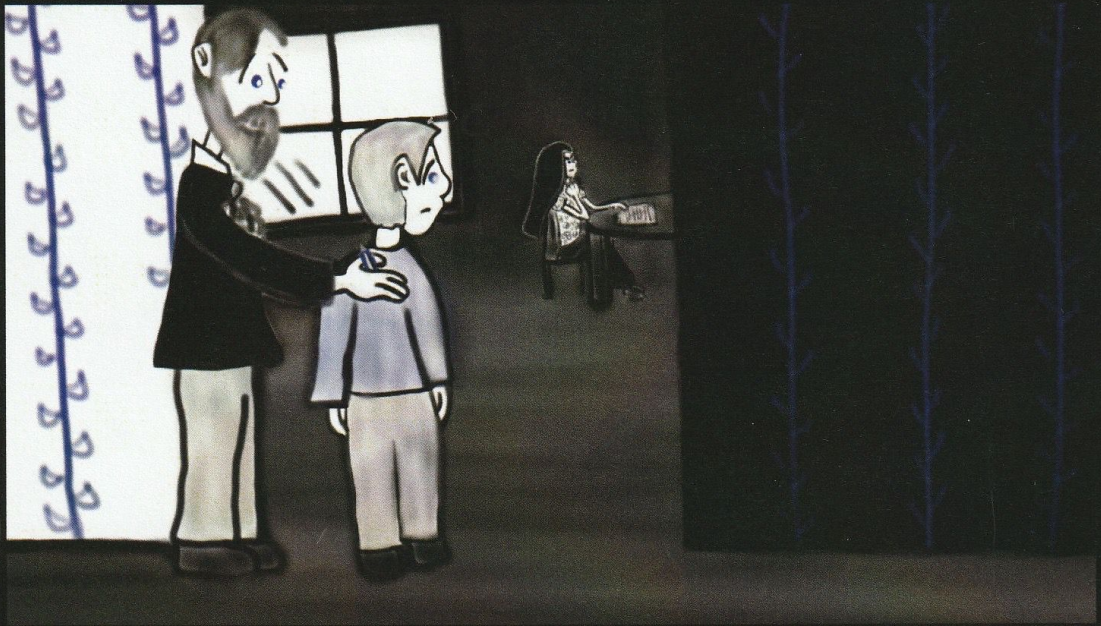




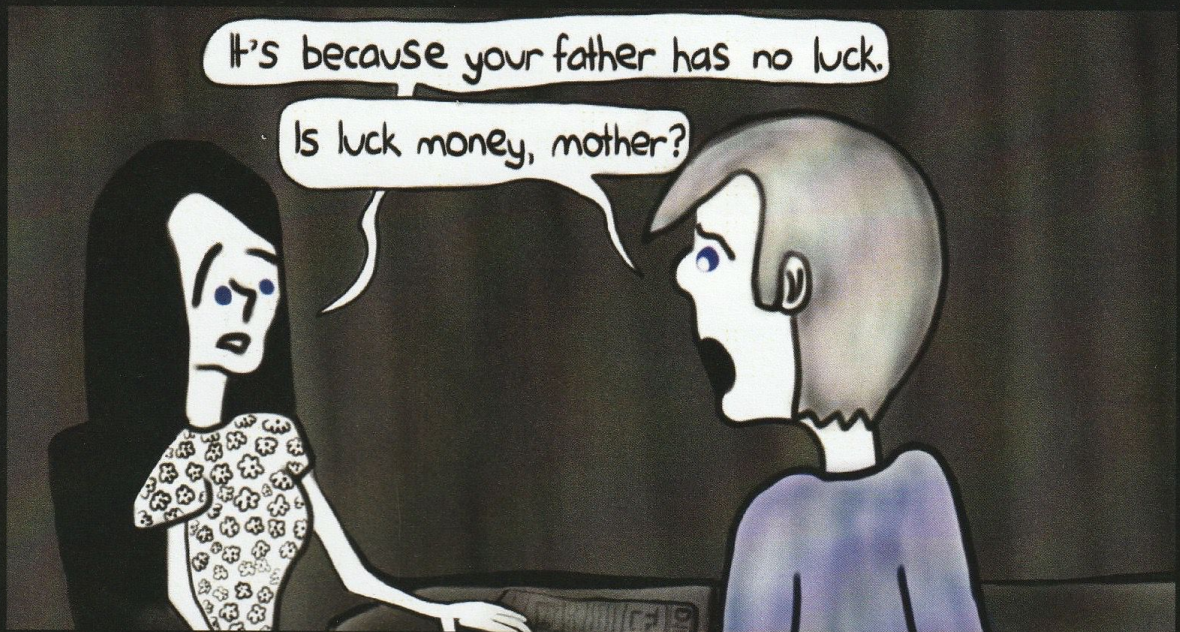




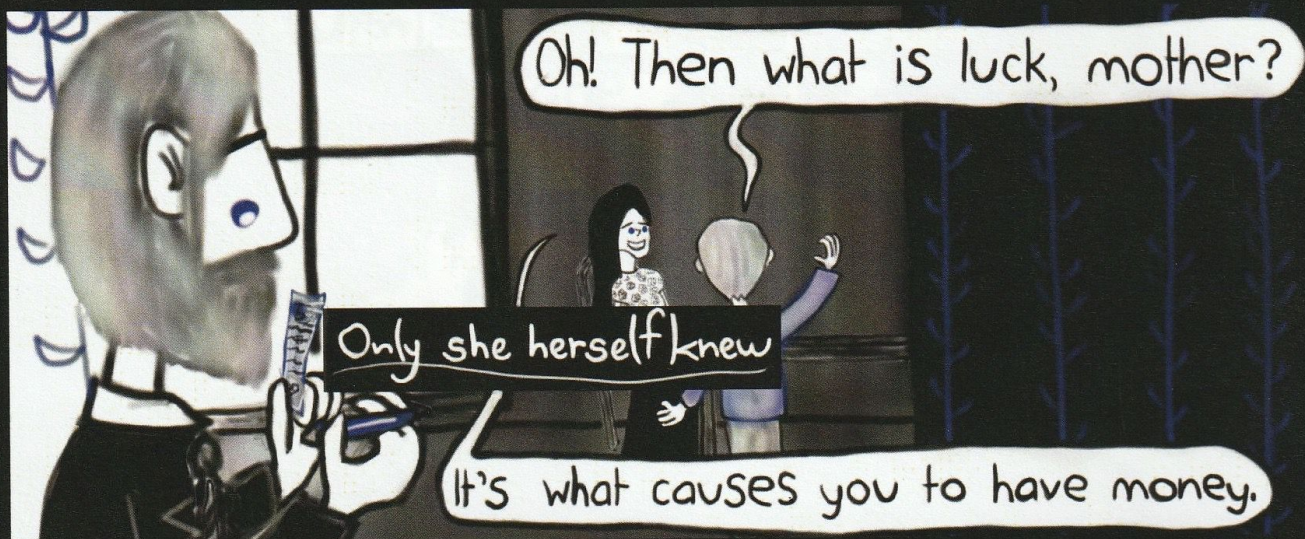








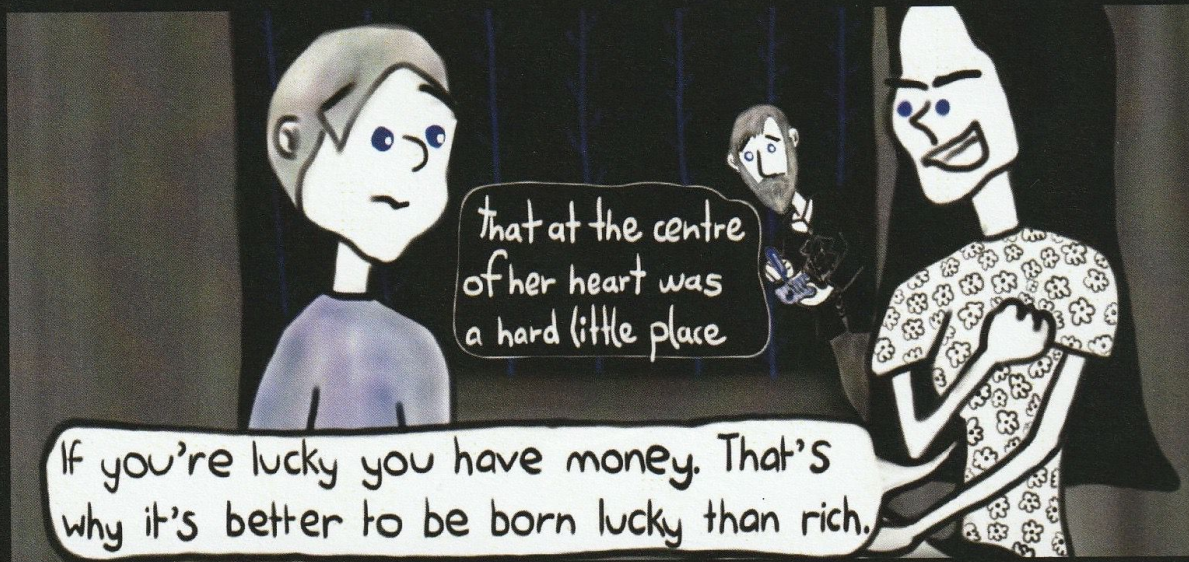




Oh! Then what is luck, mother?

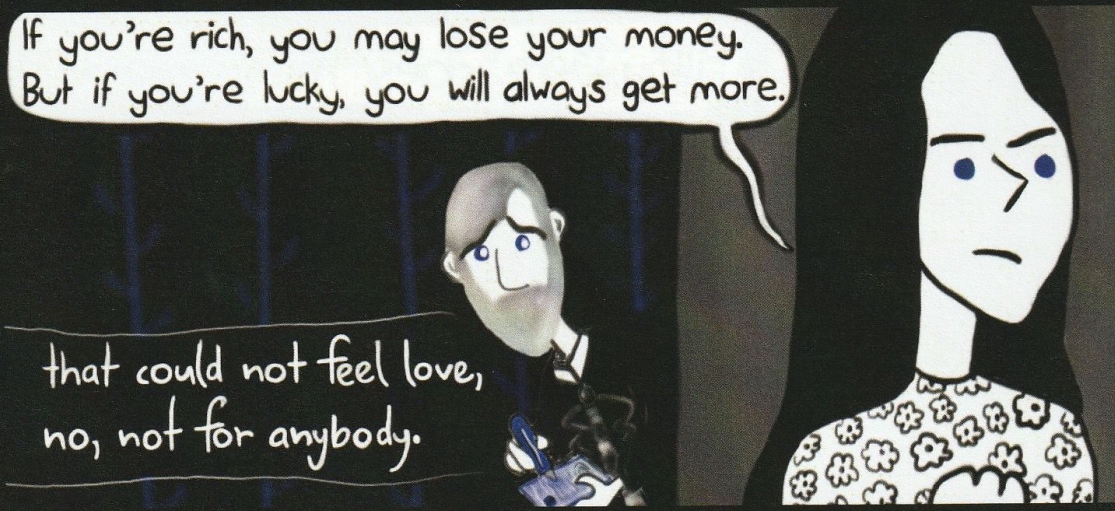
Only she herself knew

It's what causes you to have money.



that at the centre of her heart was a hard little place

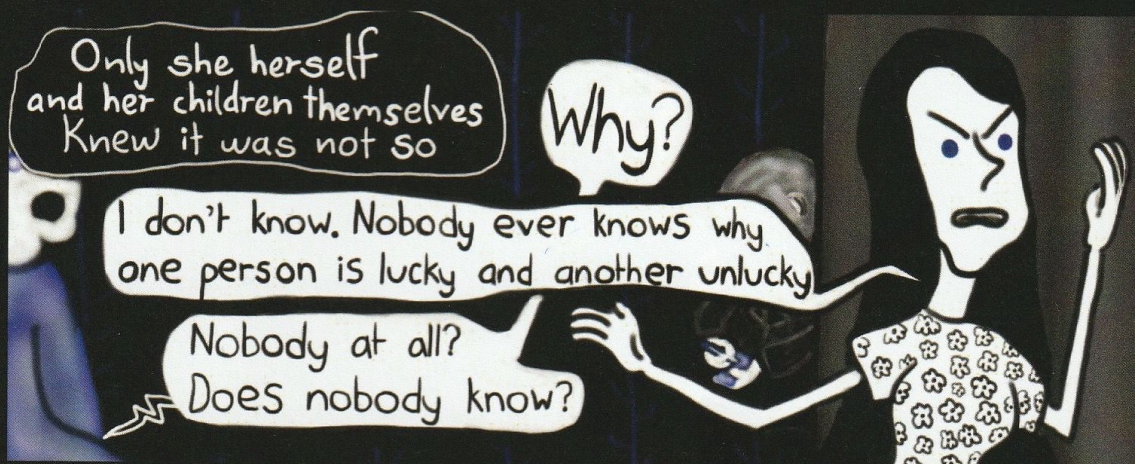
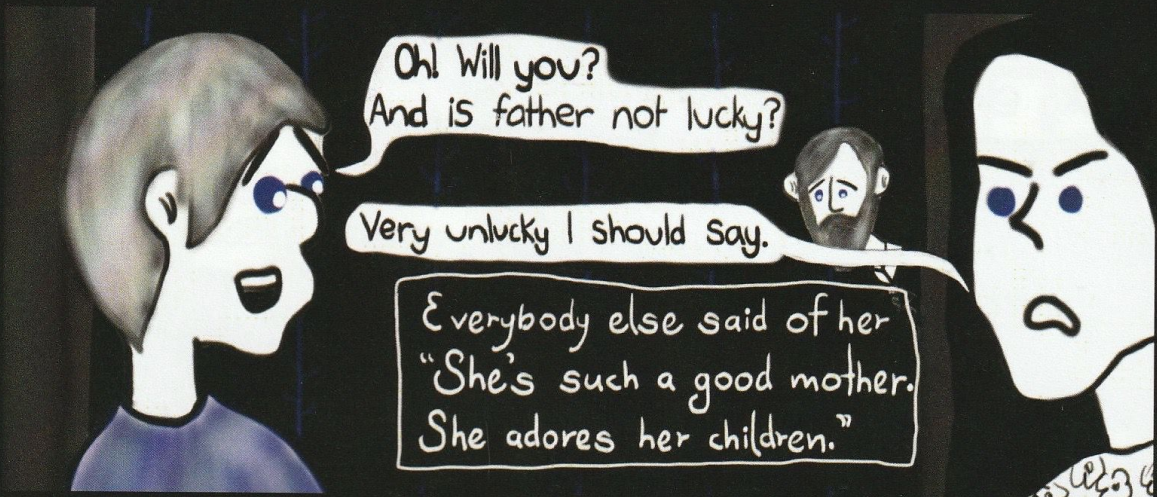
If you're lucky you have money. That's why it's better to be born lucky than rich.



If you're rich, you may lose your money. But if you're lucky, you will always get more.

that could not feel love, no, not for anybody.

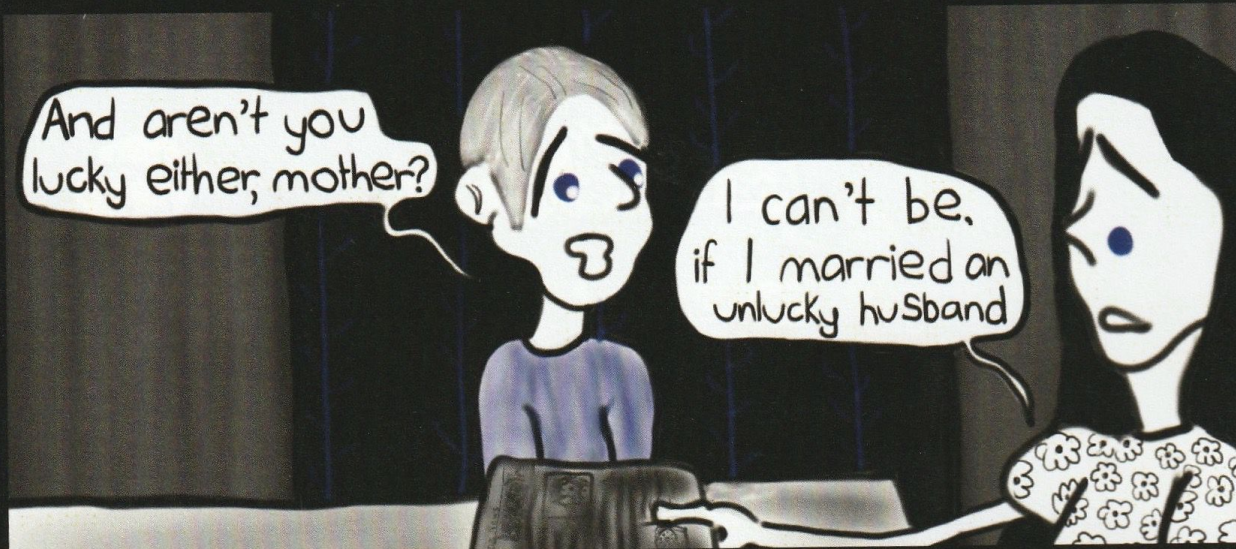




They read it in each other's eyes.



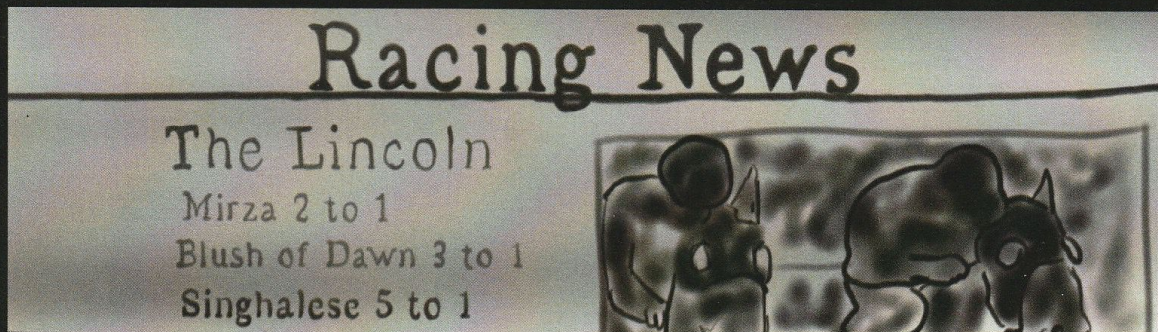
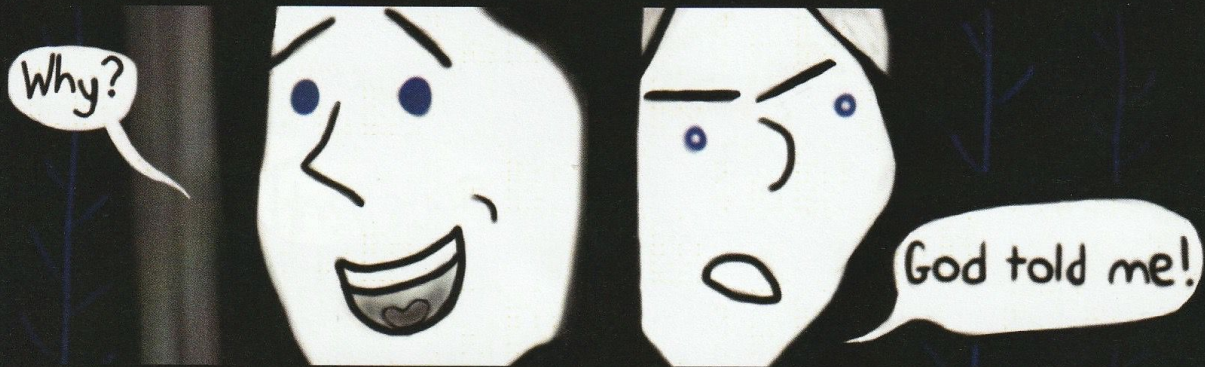




Well,  
anyhow,  
I'm a lucky person.







The boy saw she did not believe him; or rather, that she paid him no attention to his assertions. This angered him somewhere and made him want to compel her attention.



He went off  
by himself,  
vaguely,  
in a childish way,  
seeking for  
the clue to 'luck.'



Excellent!

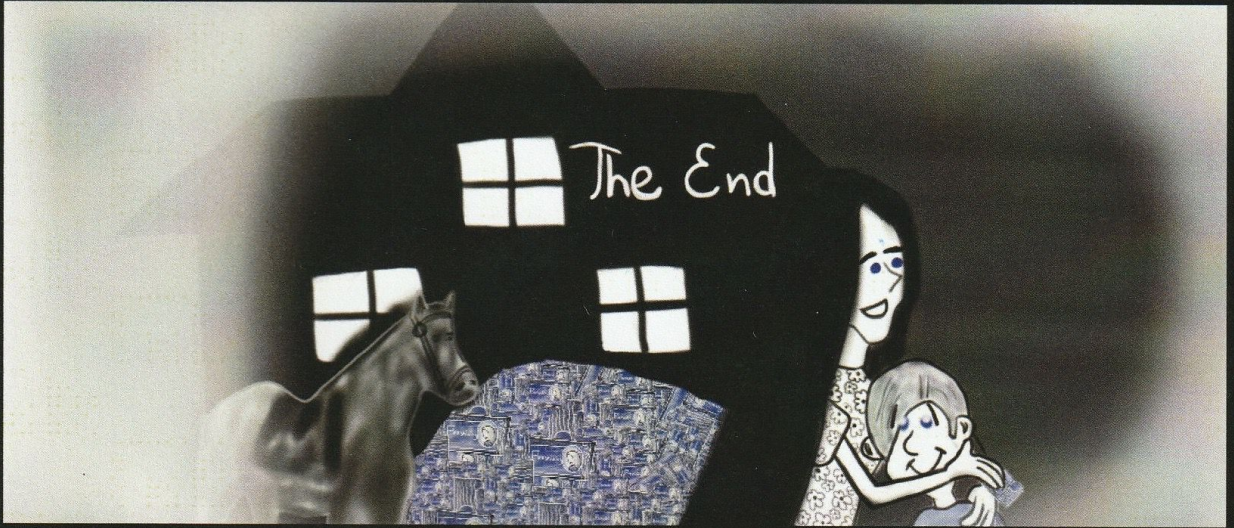
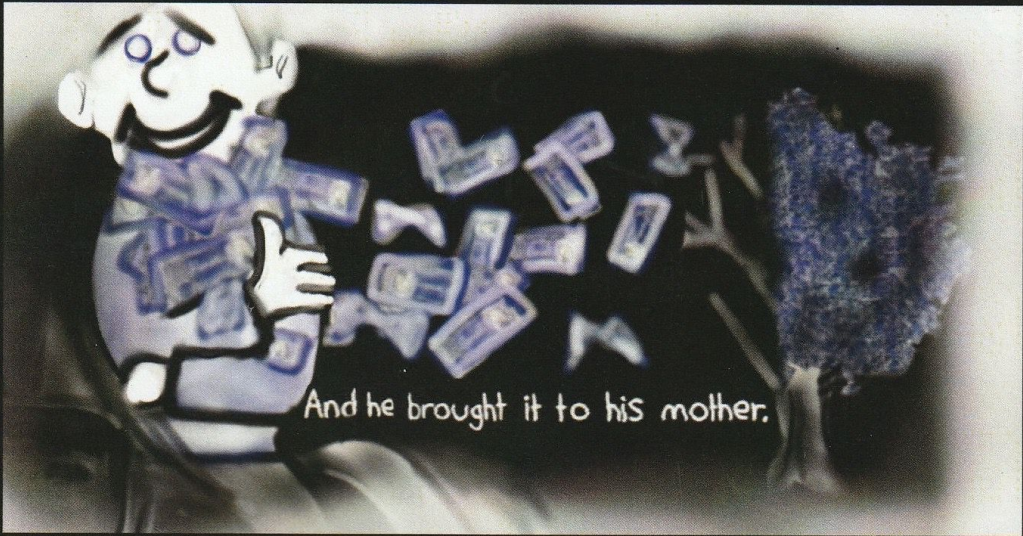


Absorbed,  
taking no heed  
of other people,  
he went about  
with  
a sort of stealth,  
seeking  
inwardly for luck.

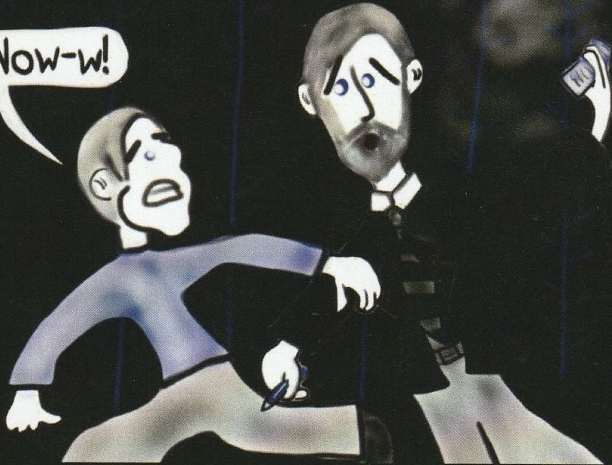
He wanted luck,  
he wanted it,  
he wanted it,  
and he found it.







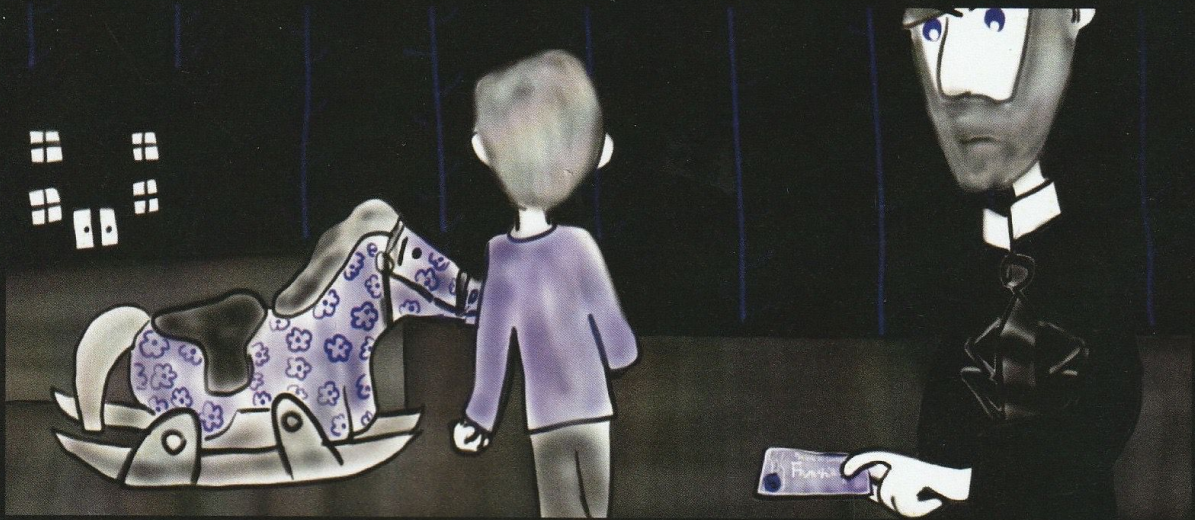
Uncle! Now! Now-w!



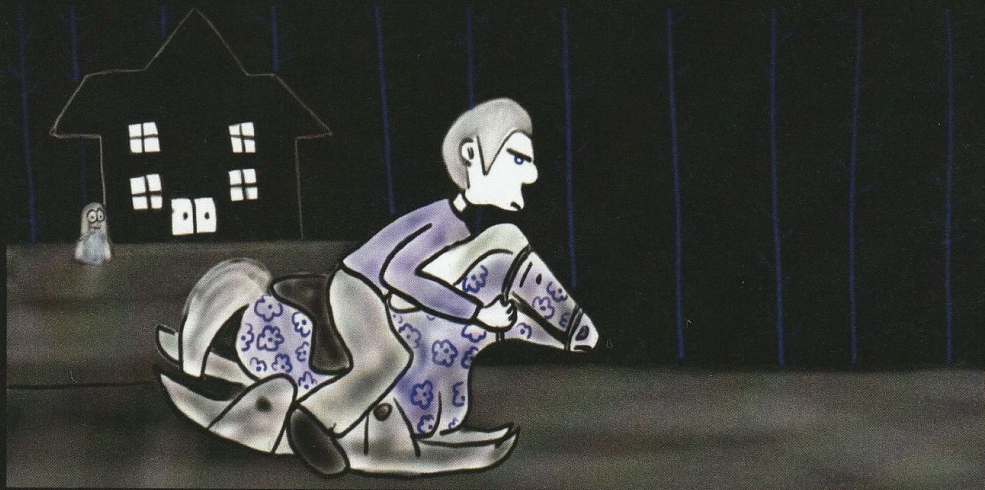
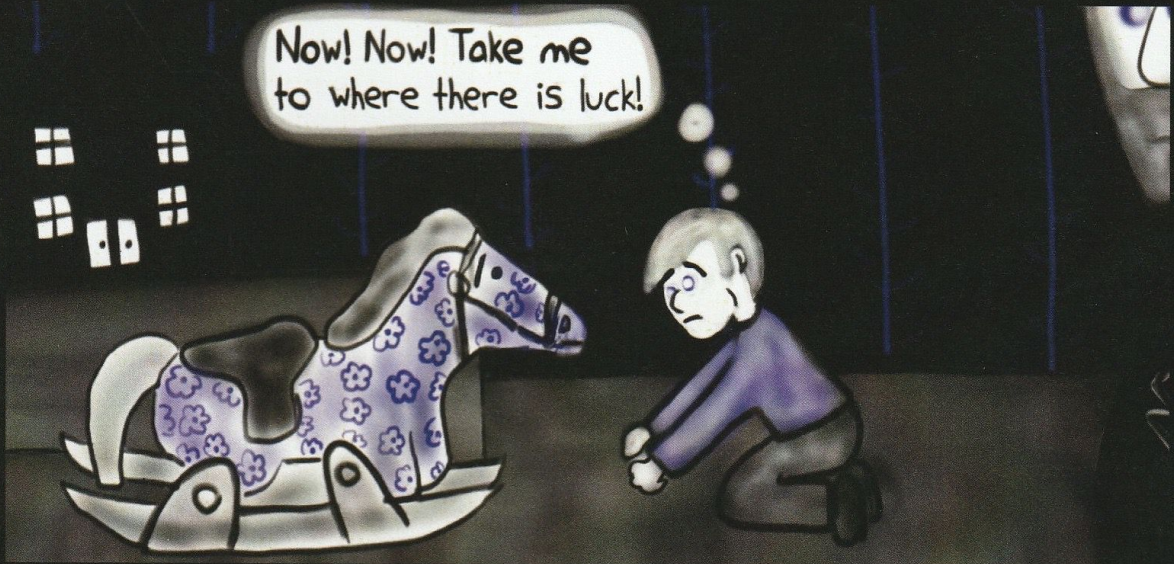




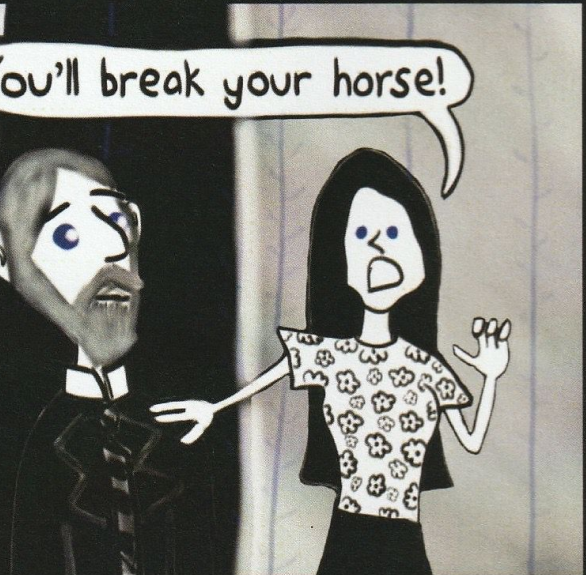
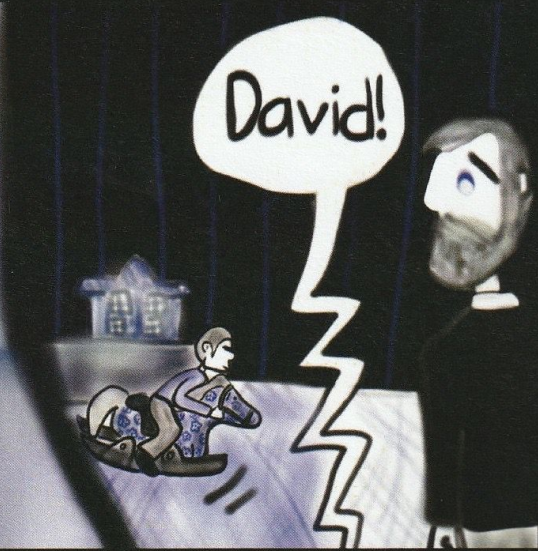




Now! Now! Take me to where there is luck!

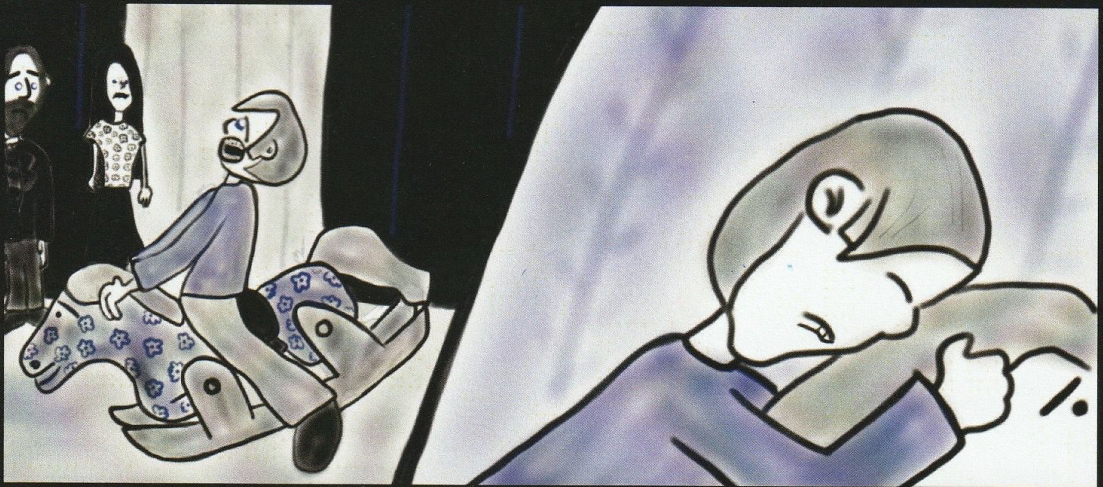
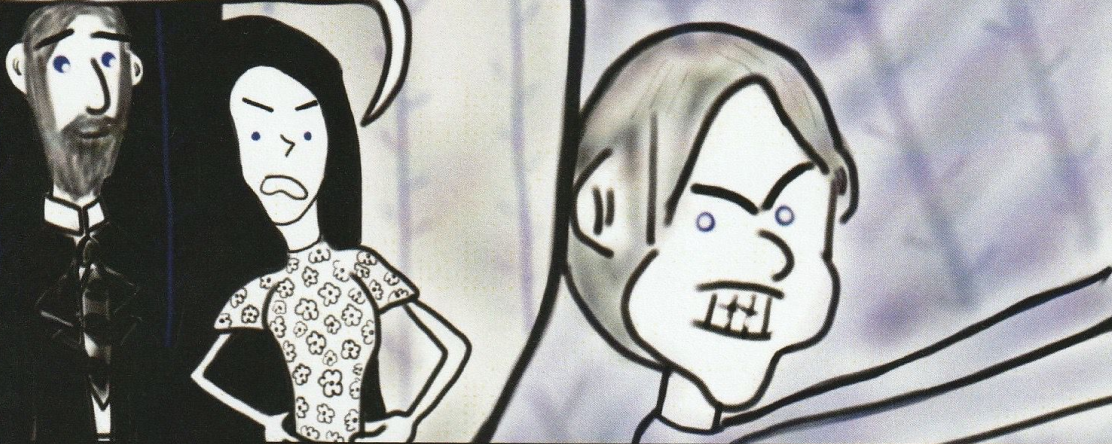




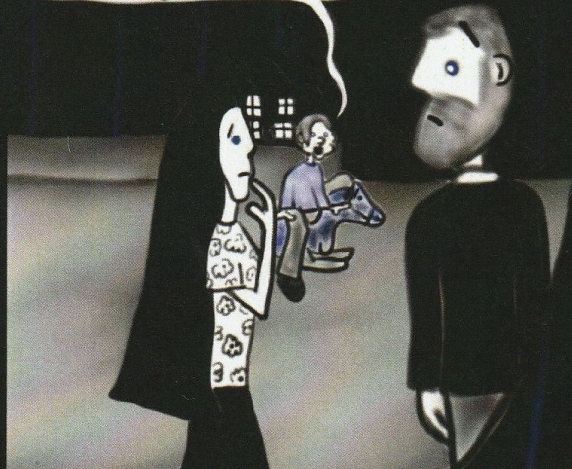




You know, you're not a very little boy any longer.



Well, I got there!



Where did you get to?

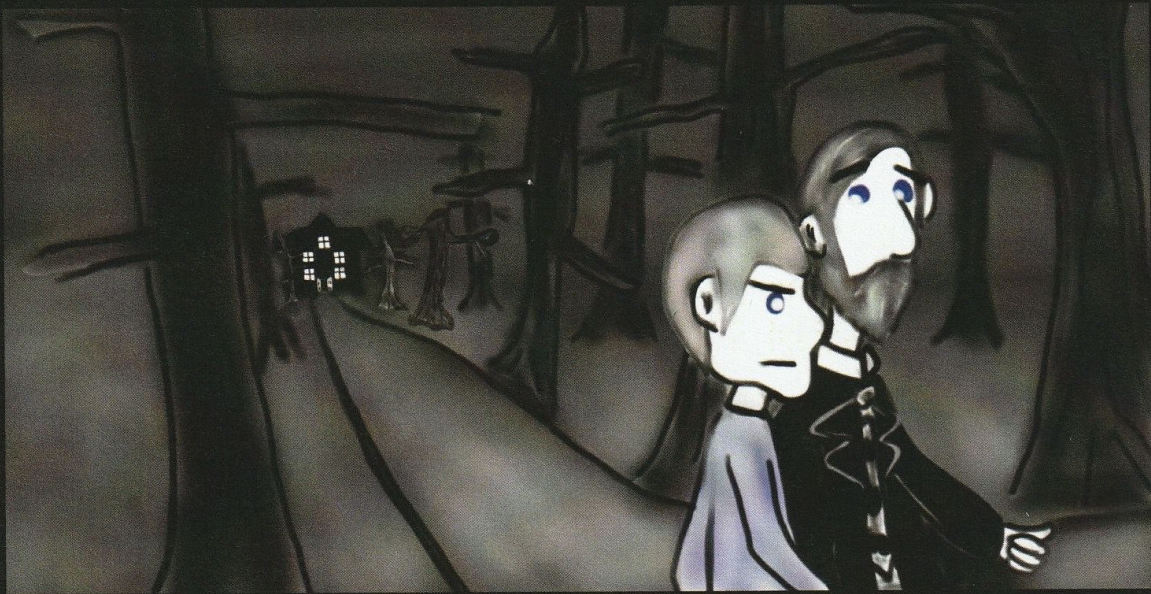




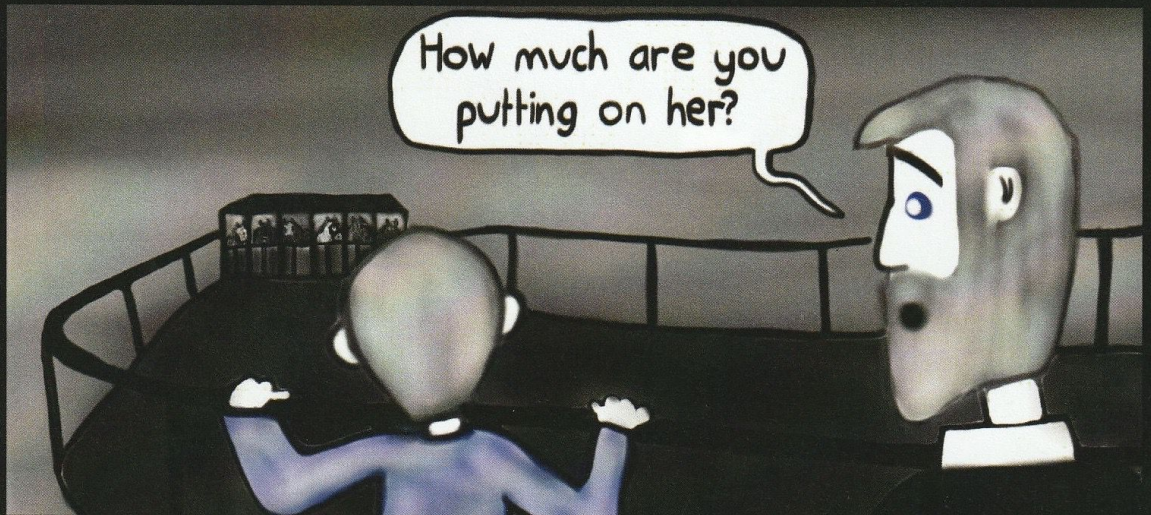
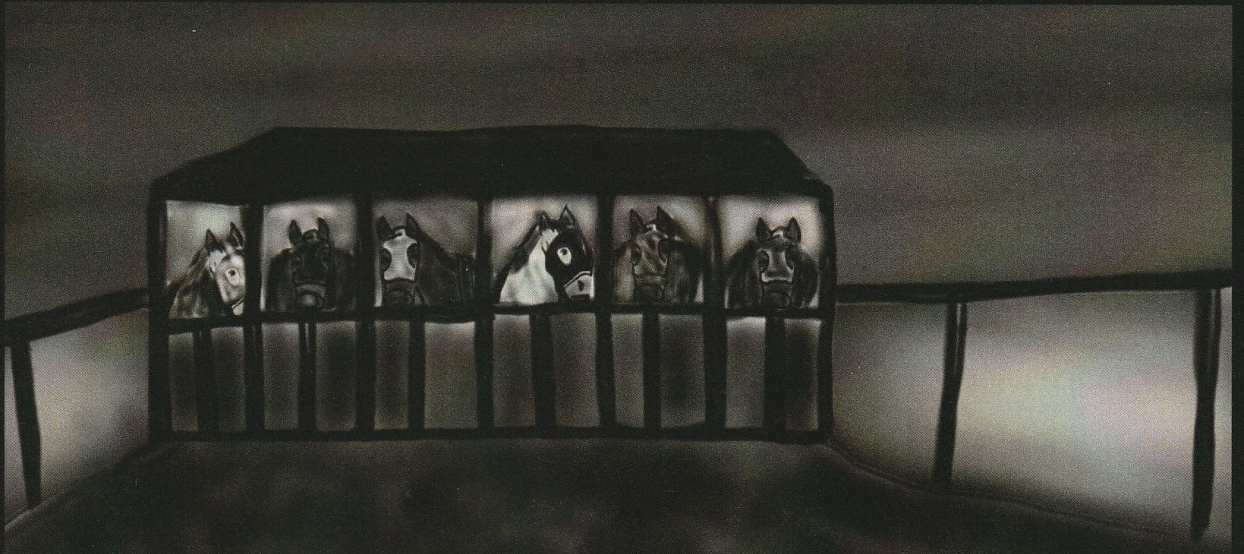
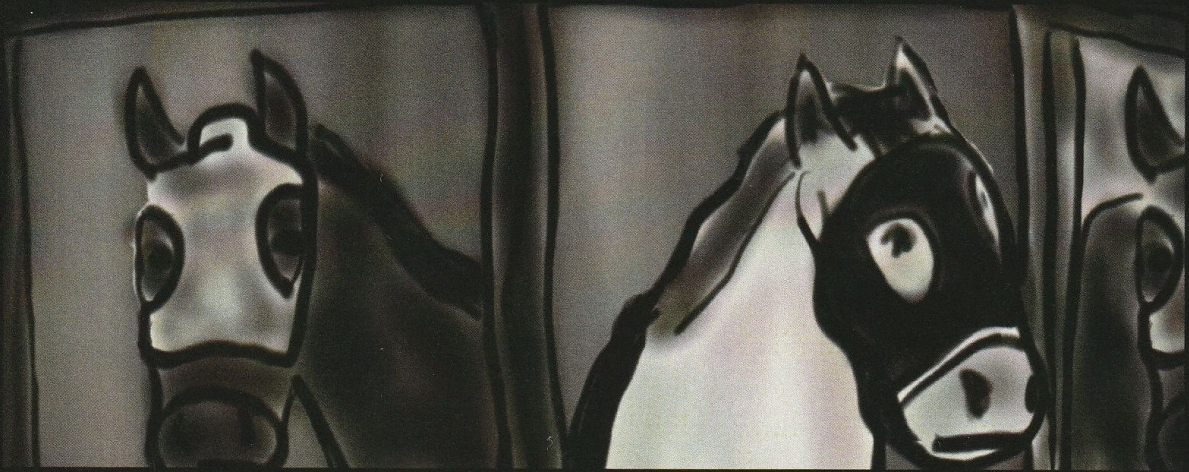




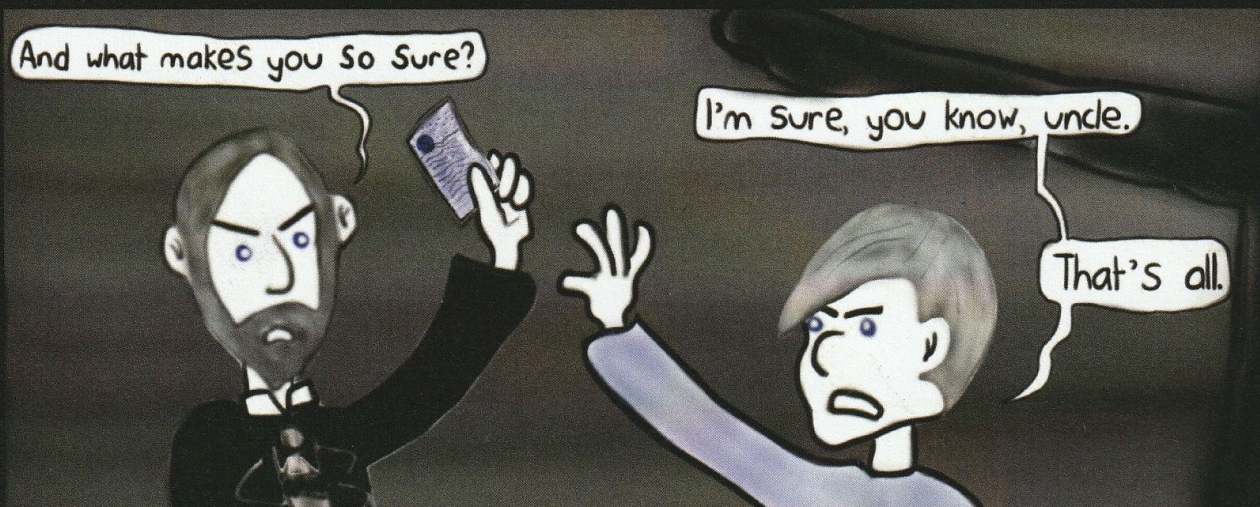




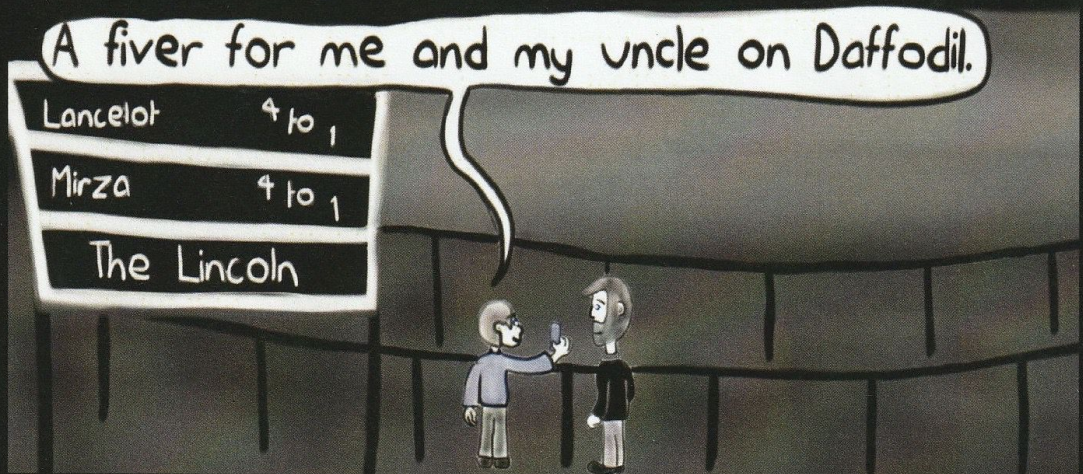
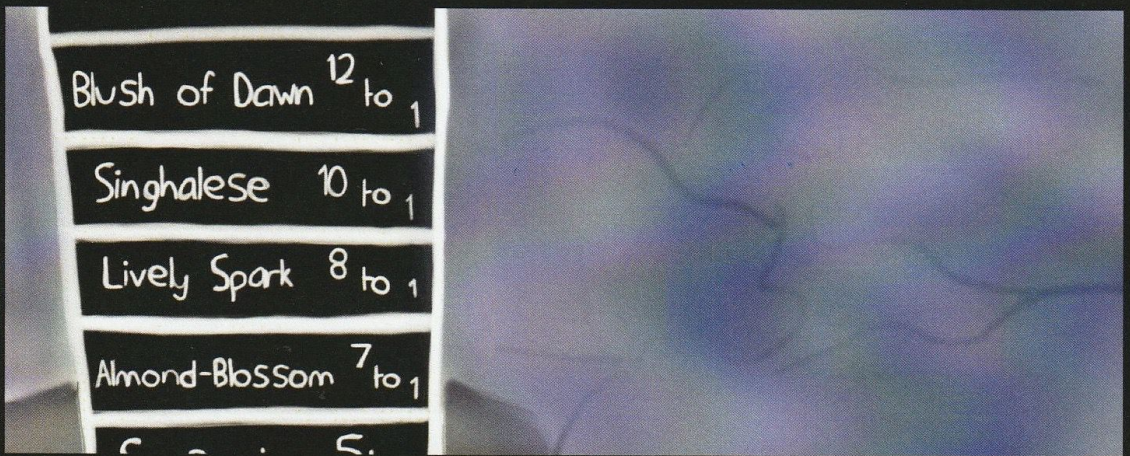
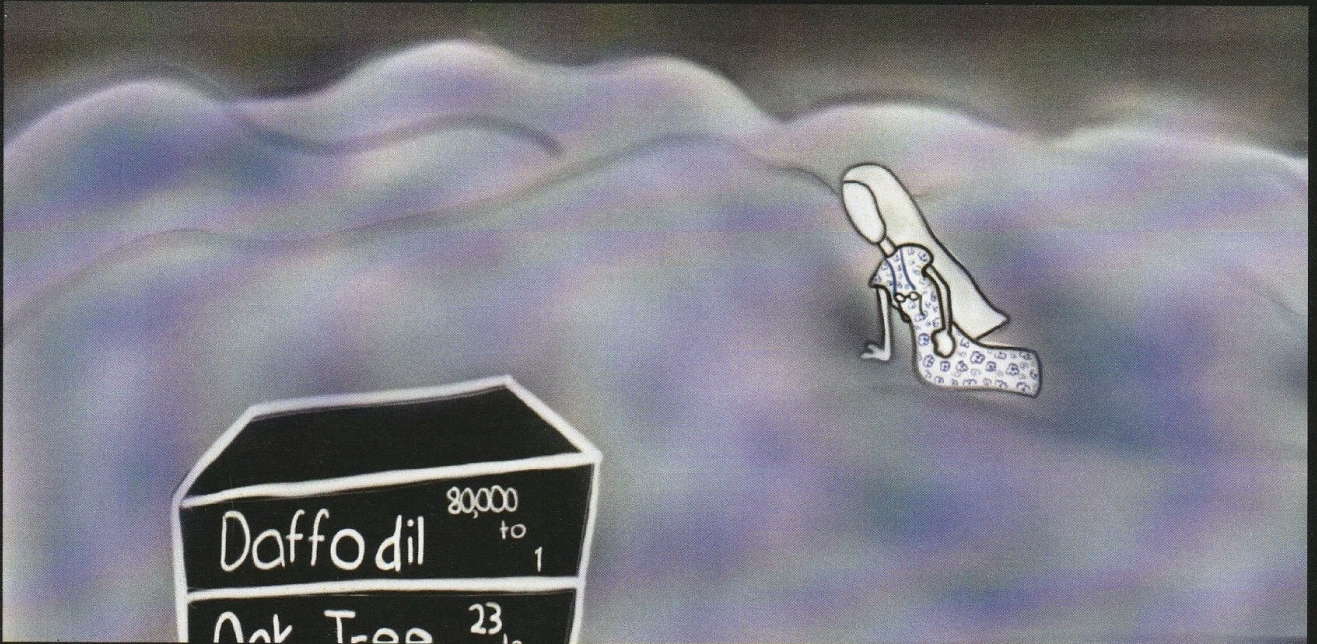




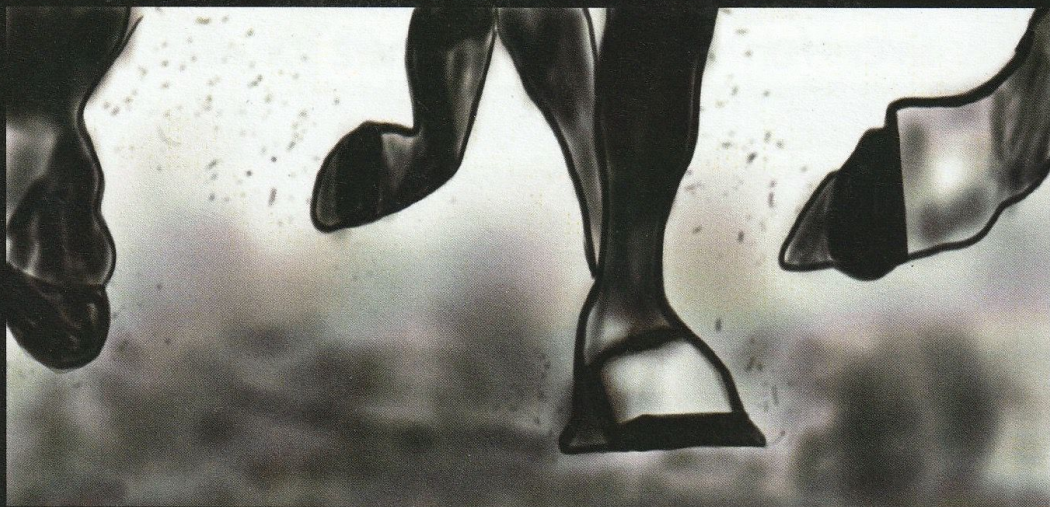
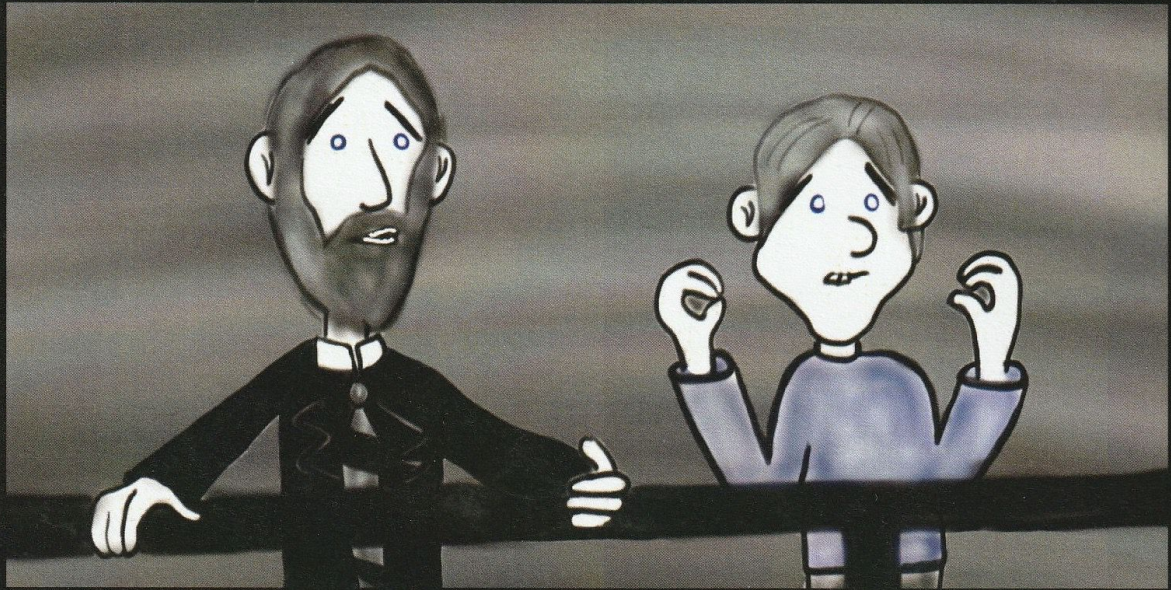




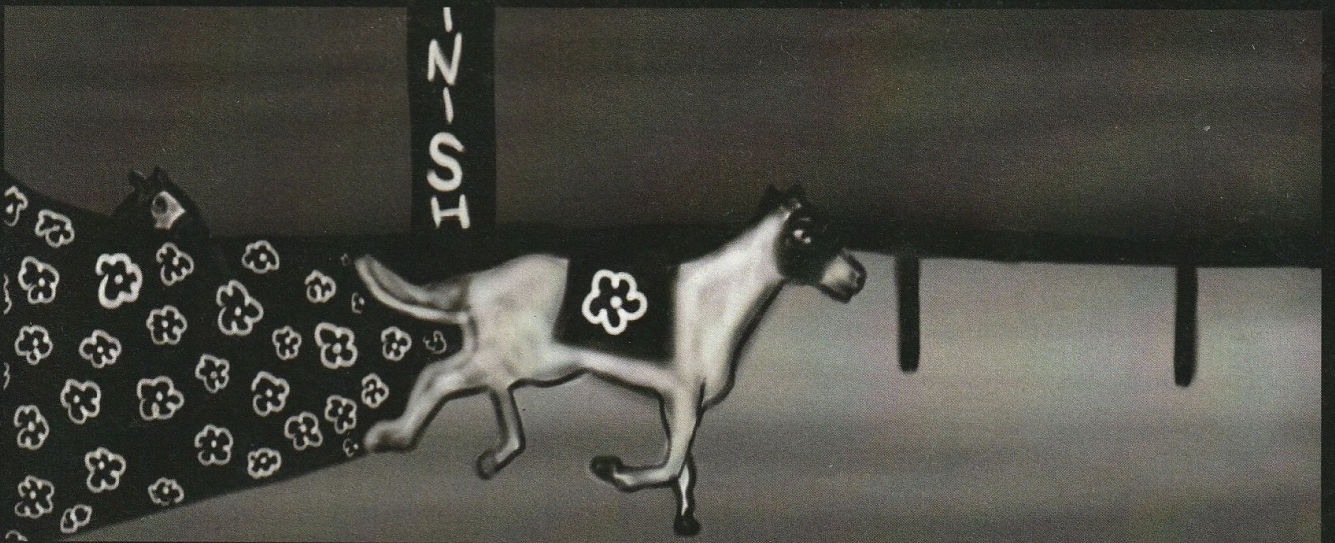
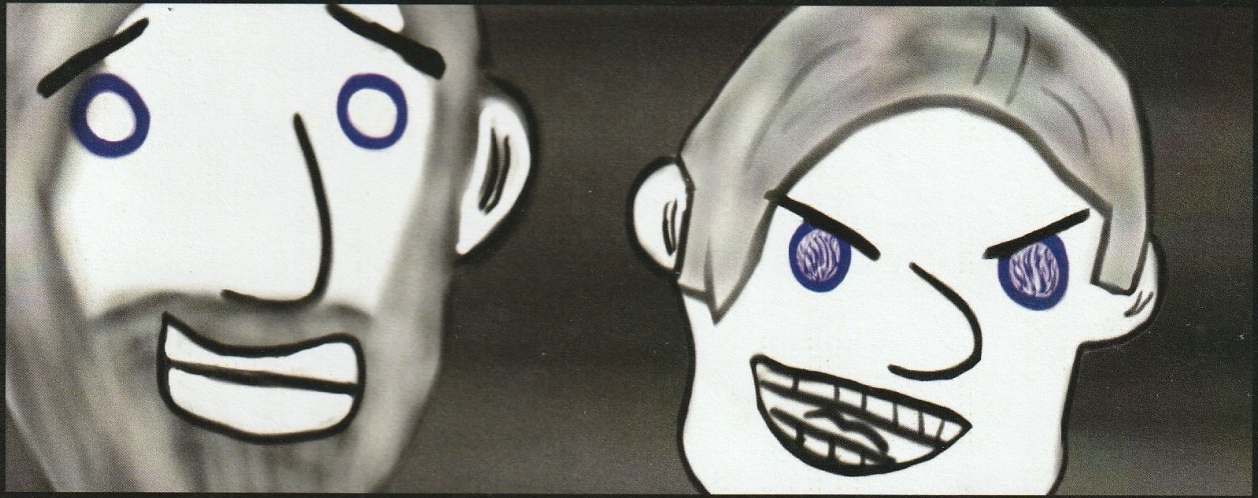












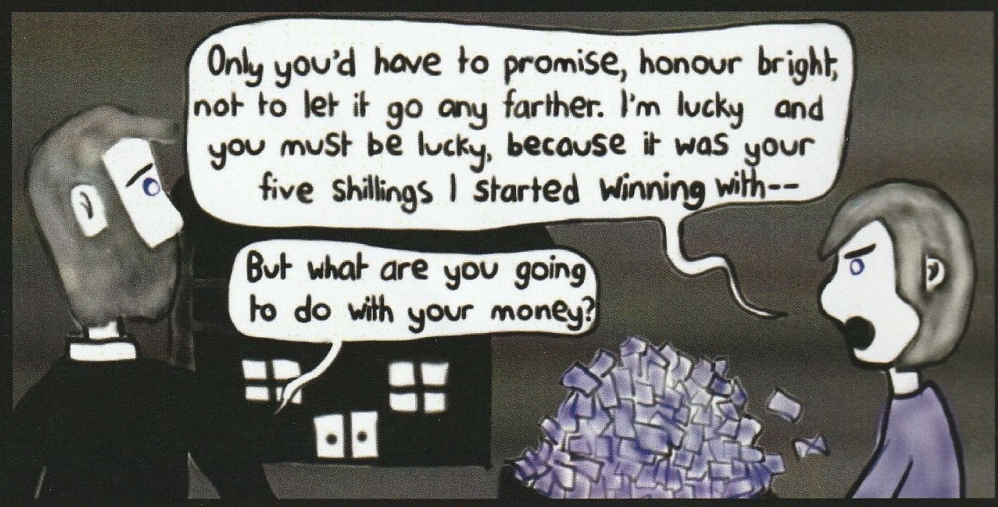




What am I to do with all these?



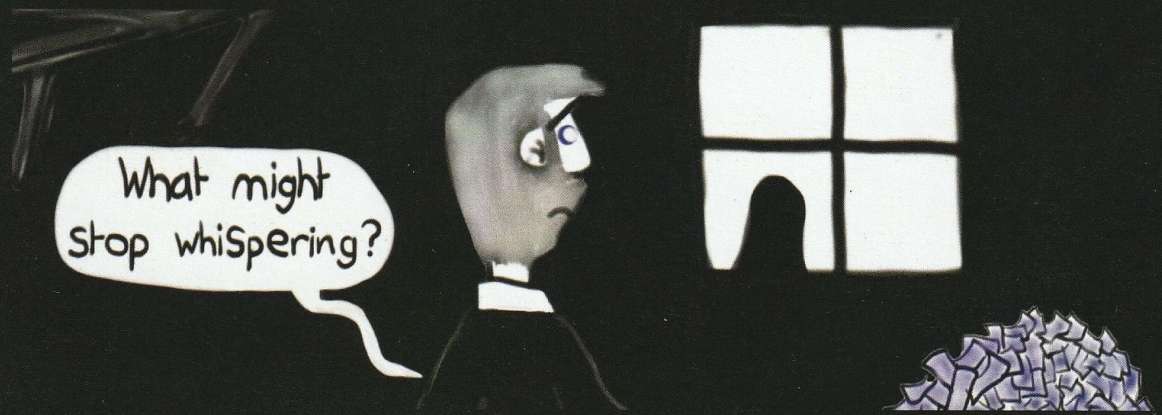
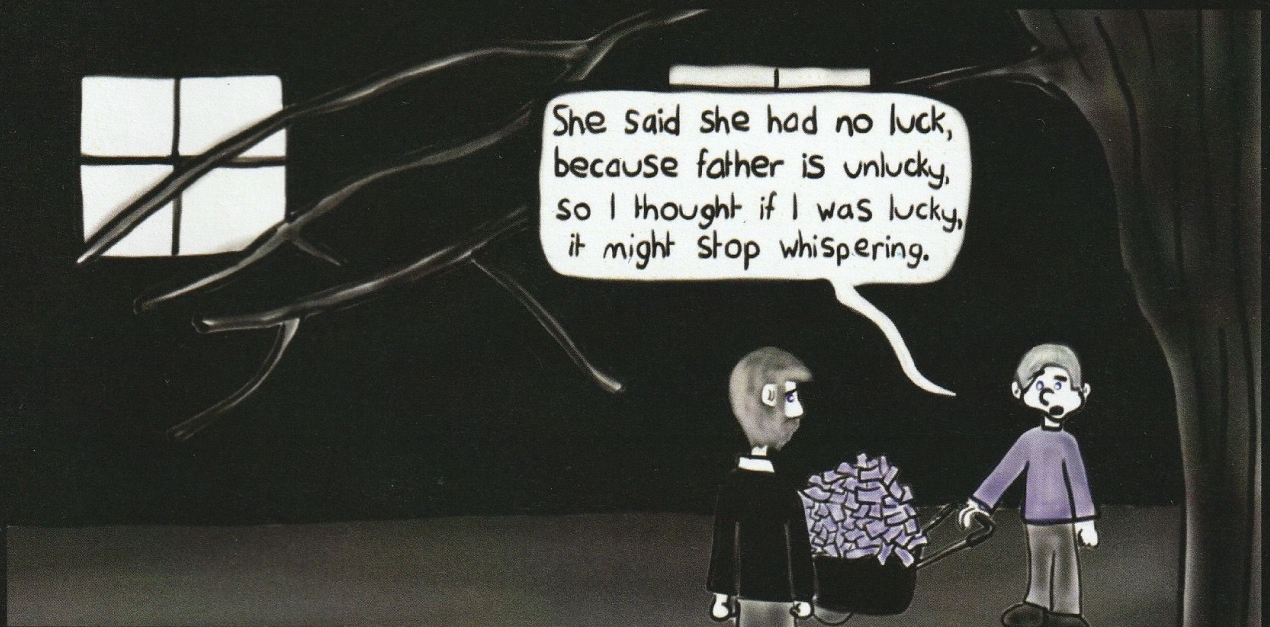
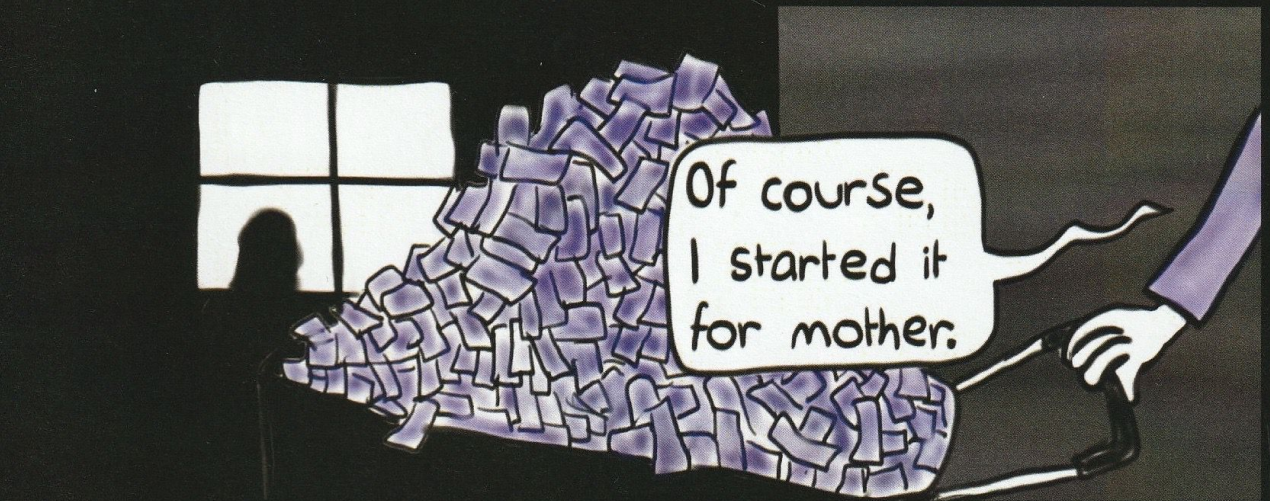
If you'd like to be partners, uncle, we could all be partners.



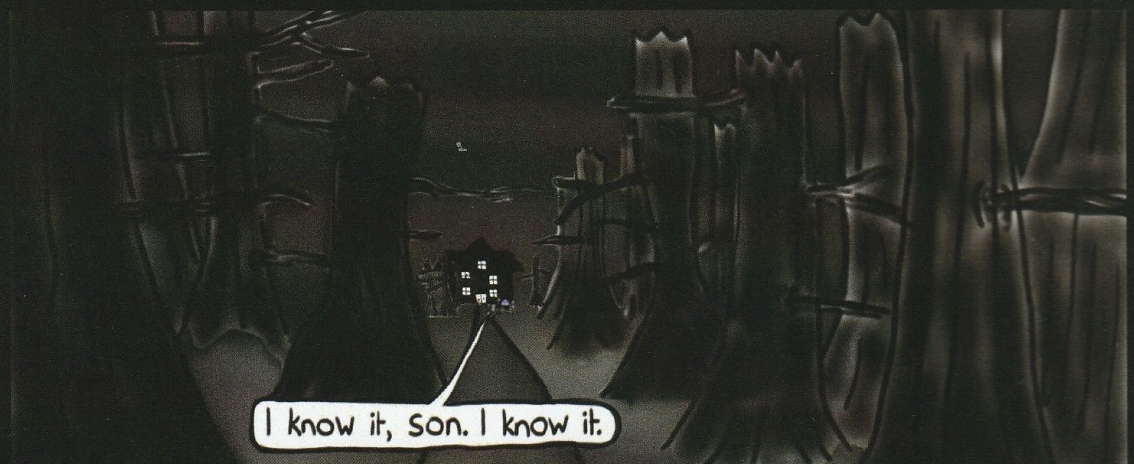
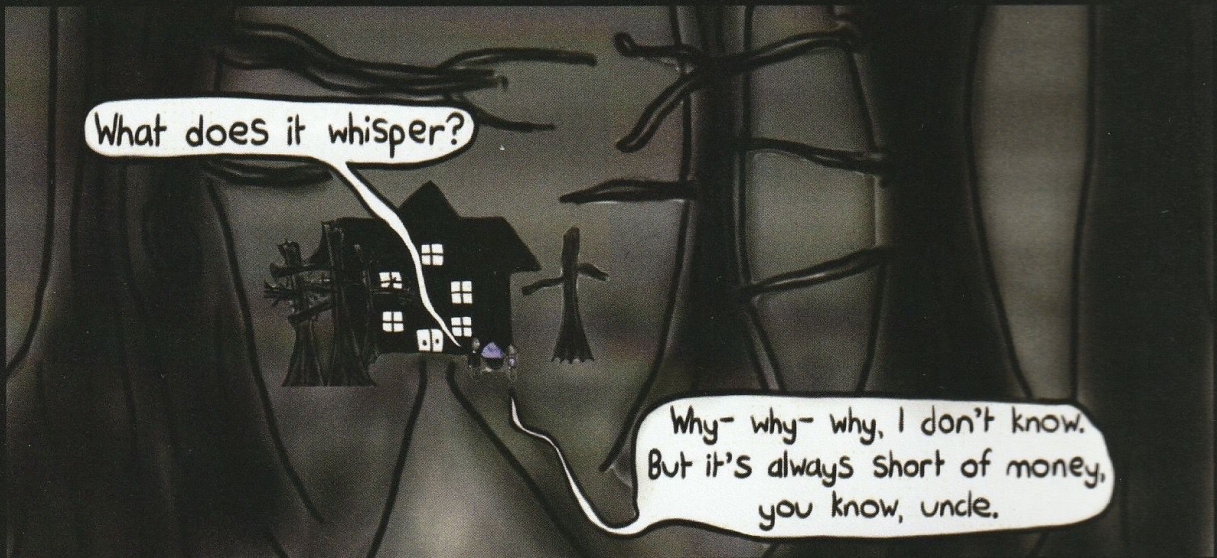
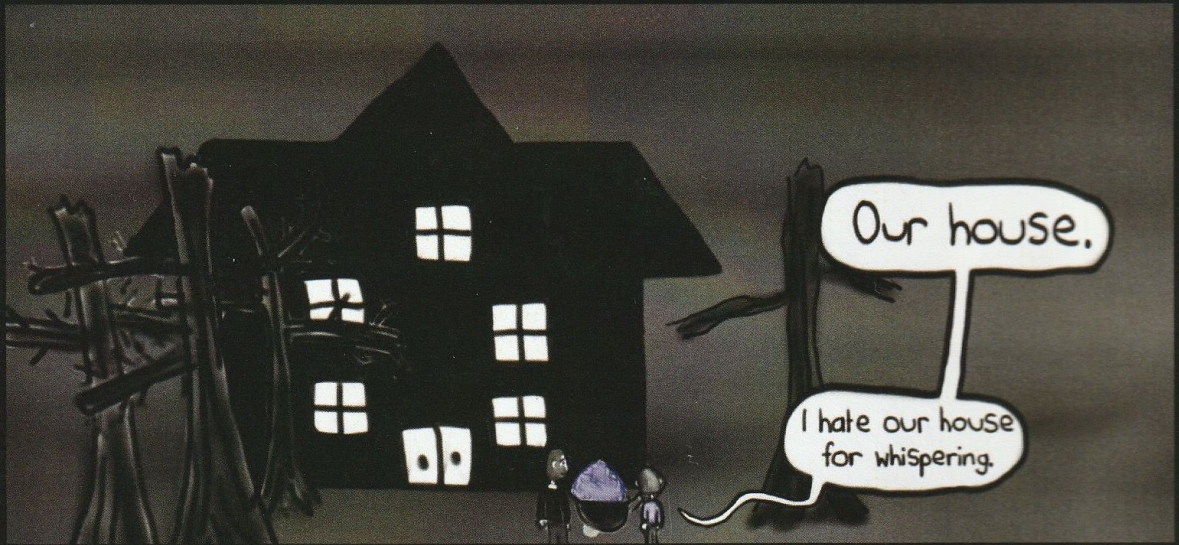
Only you'd have to promise, honour bright, not to let it go any farther. I'm lucky and you must be lucky, because it was your five shillings I started winning with--

But what are you going to do with your money?

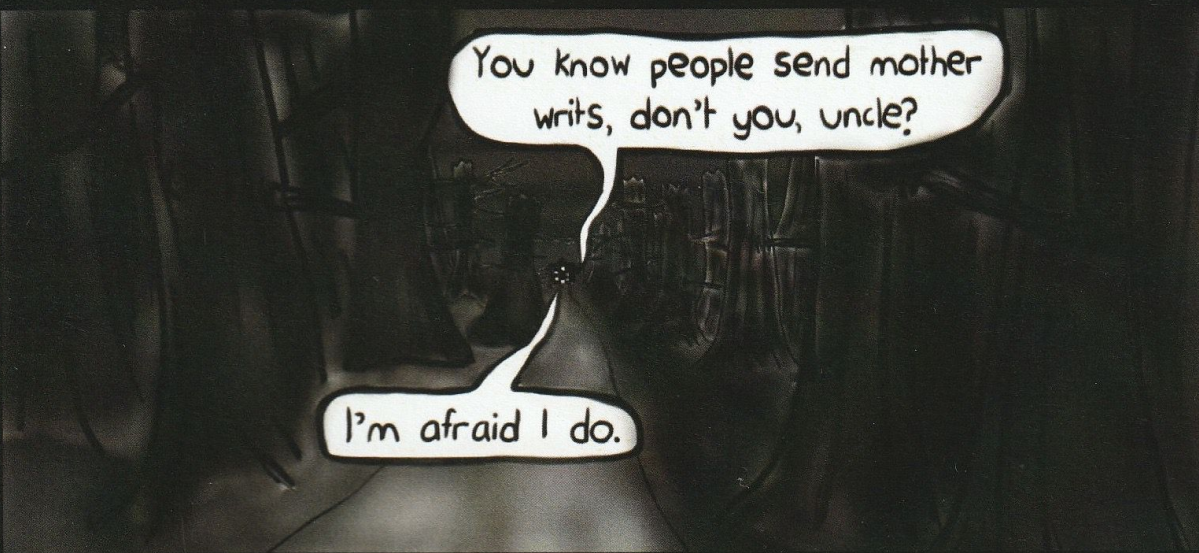






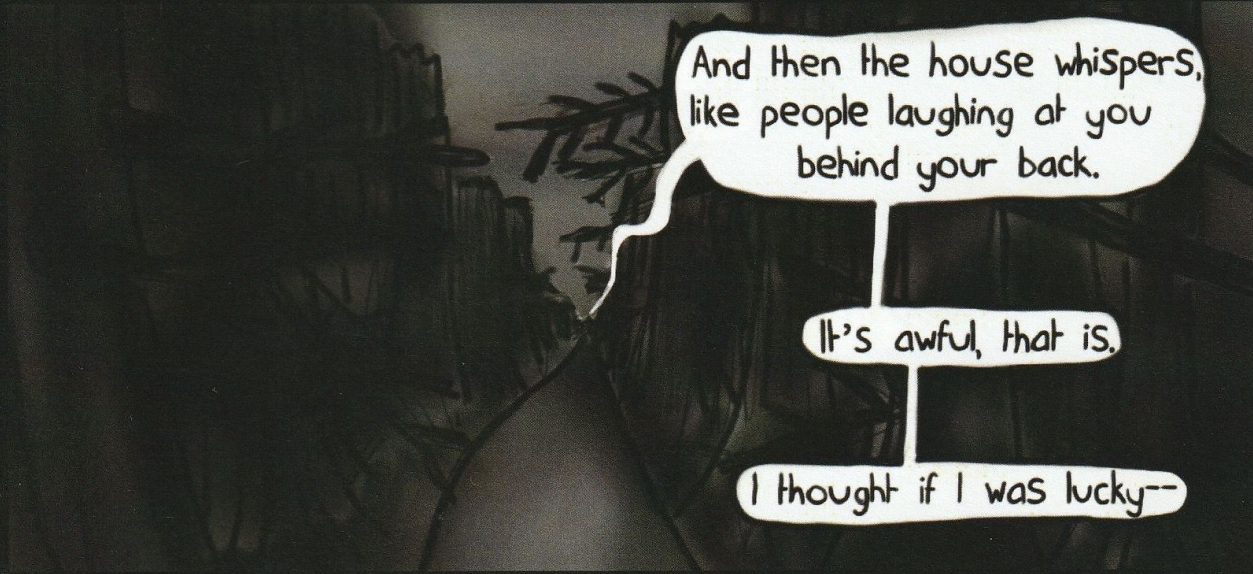






You know people send mother  
writs, don't you, uncle?


I'm afraid I do.



And then the house whispers,  
like people laughing at you  
behind your back.

It's awful, that is.

I thought if I was lucky--

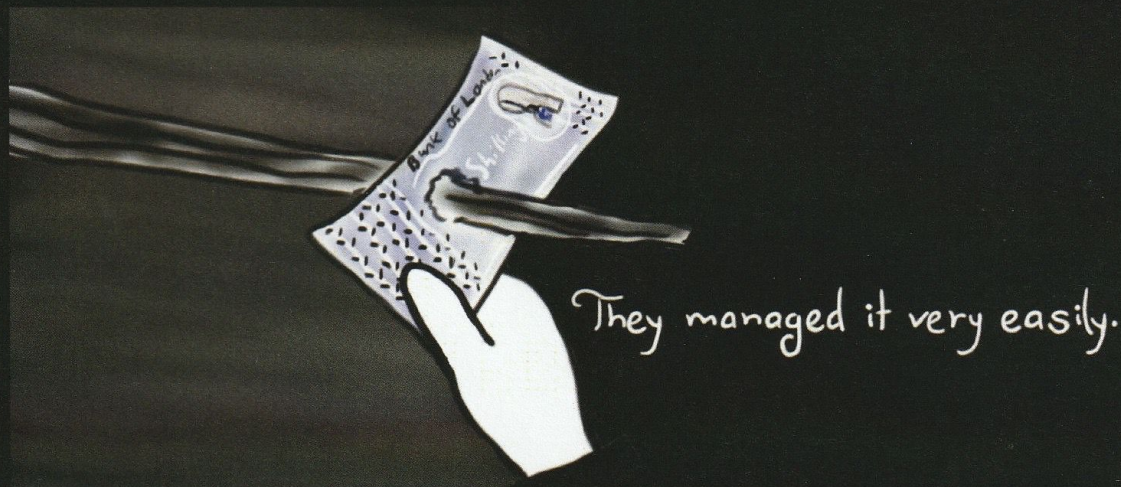
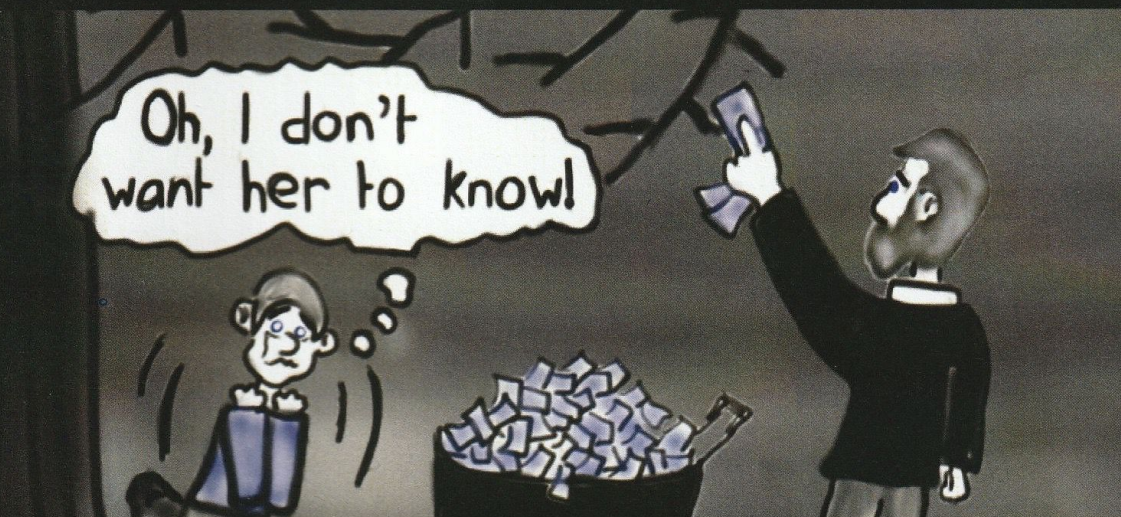


You might stop it.

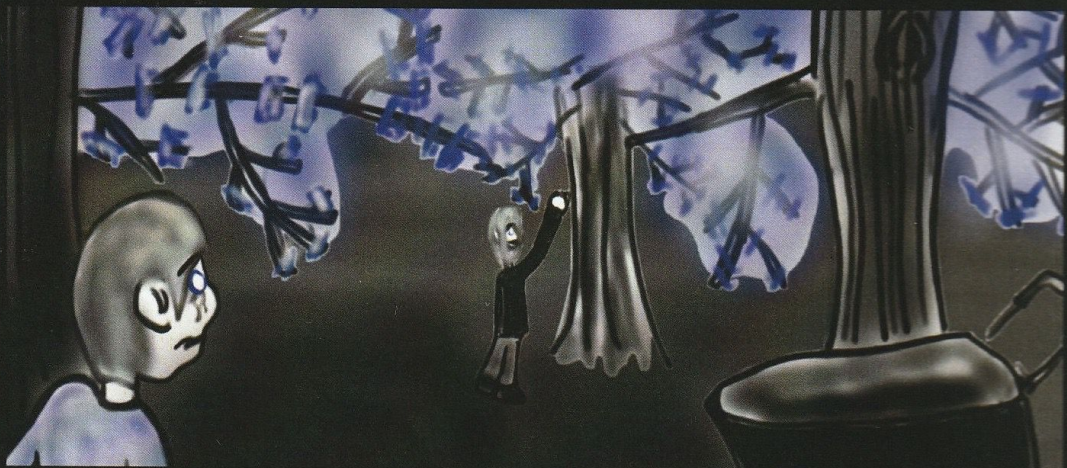
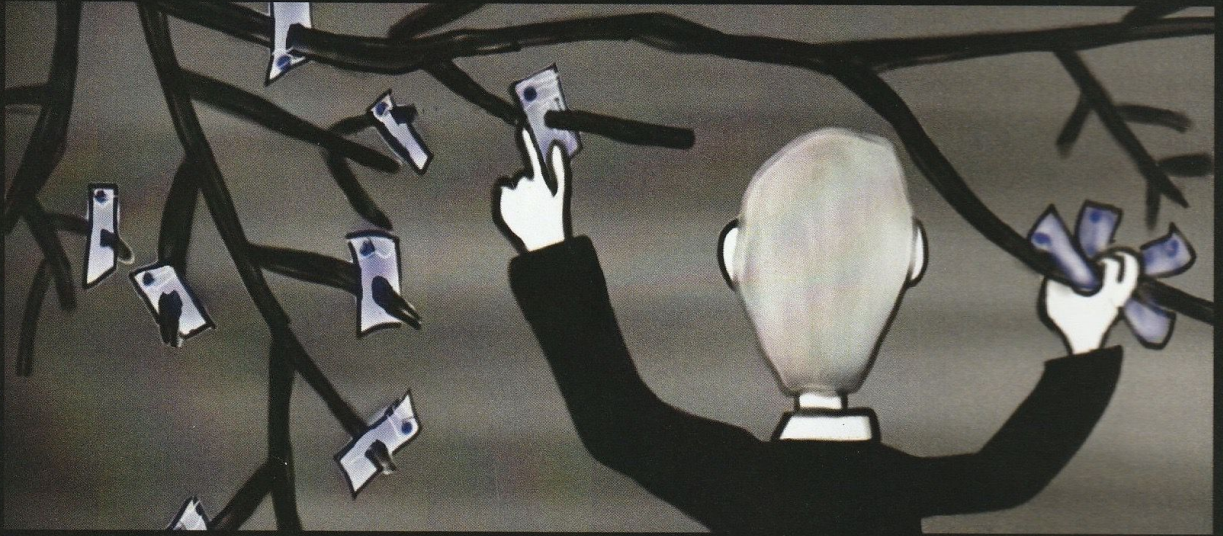




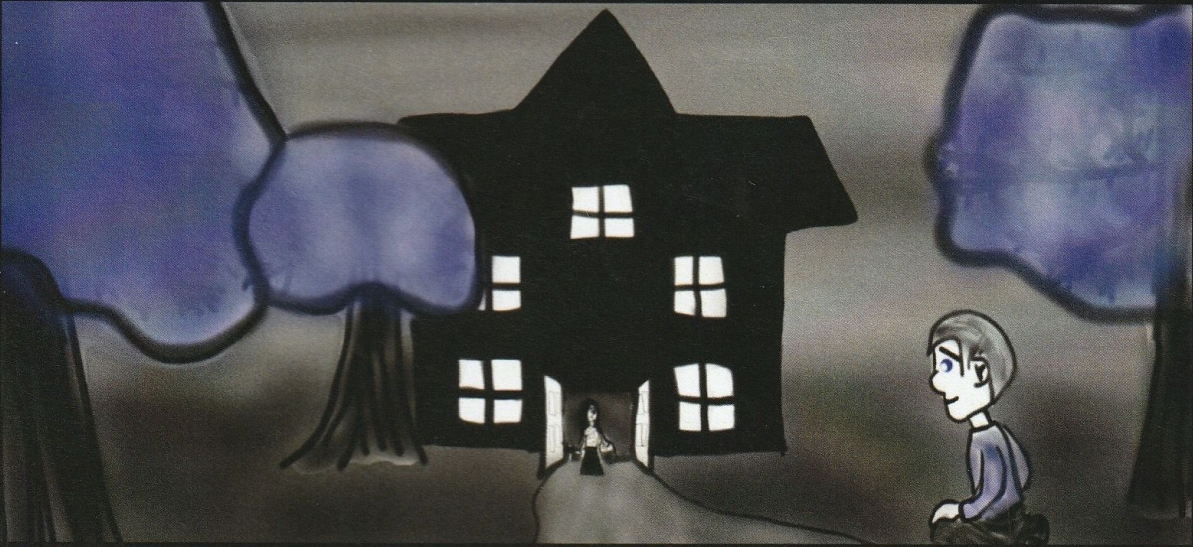




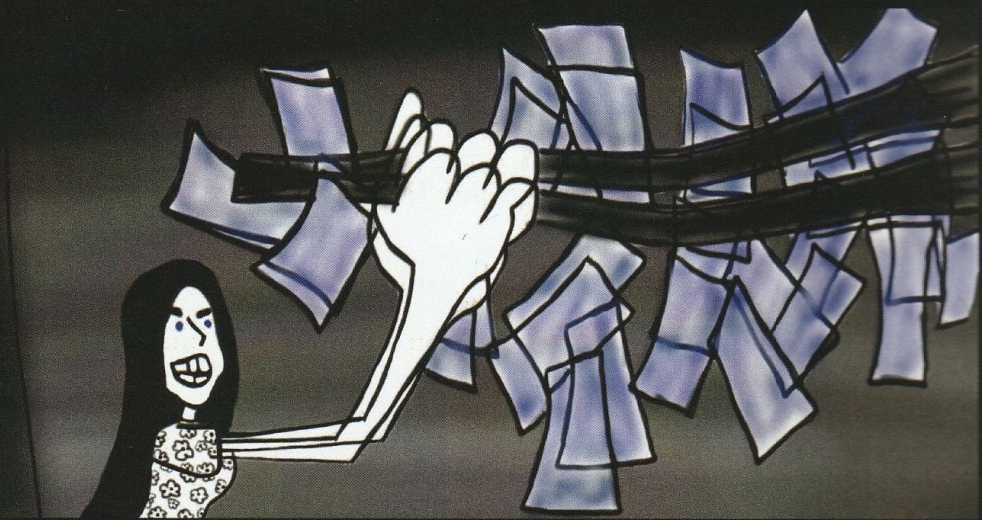




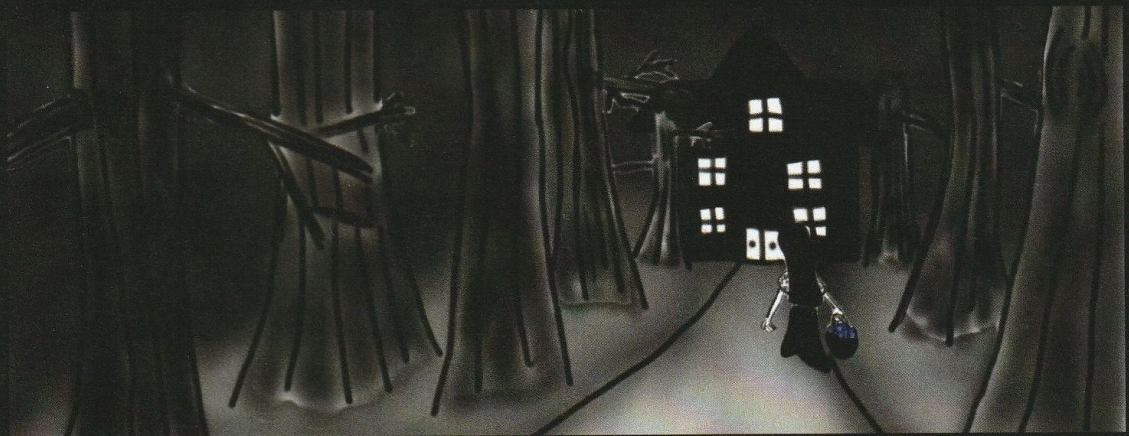
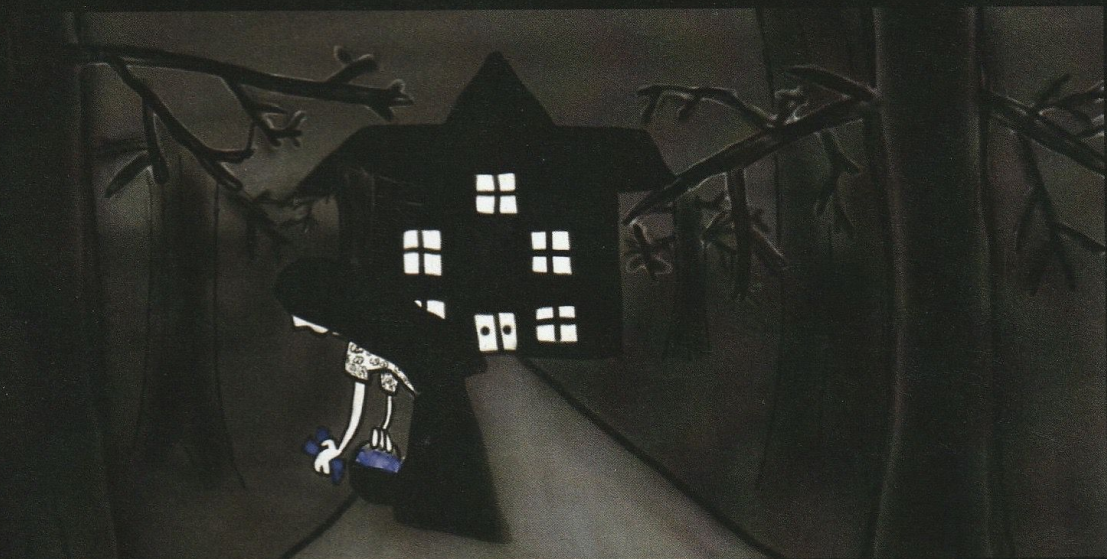
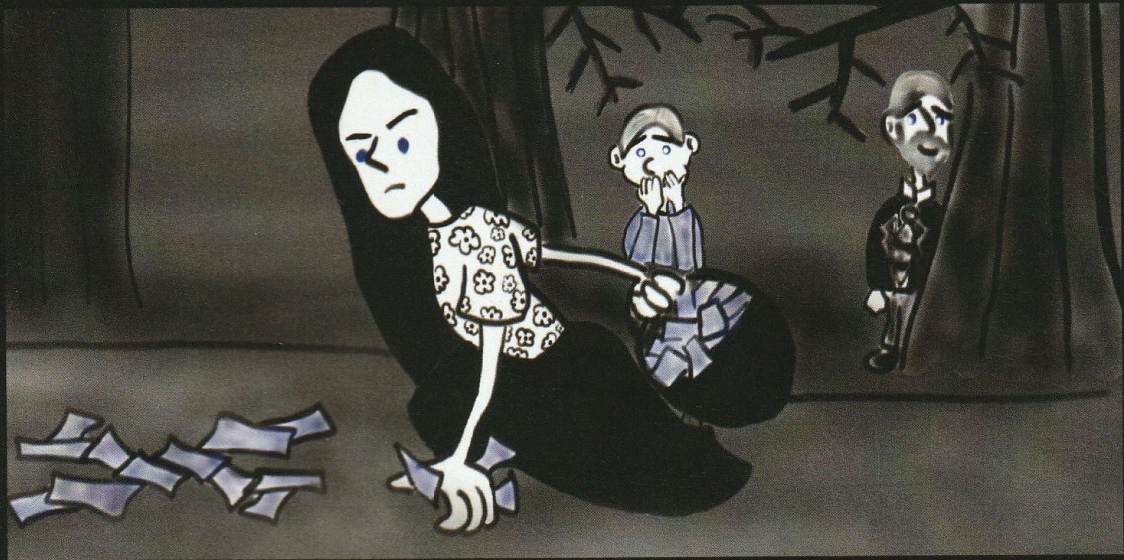




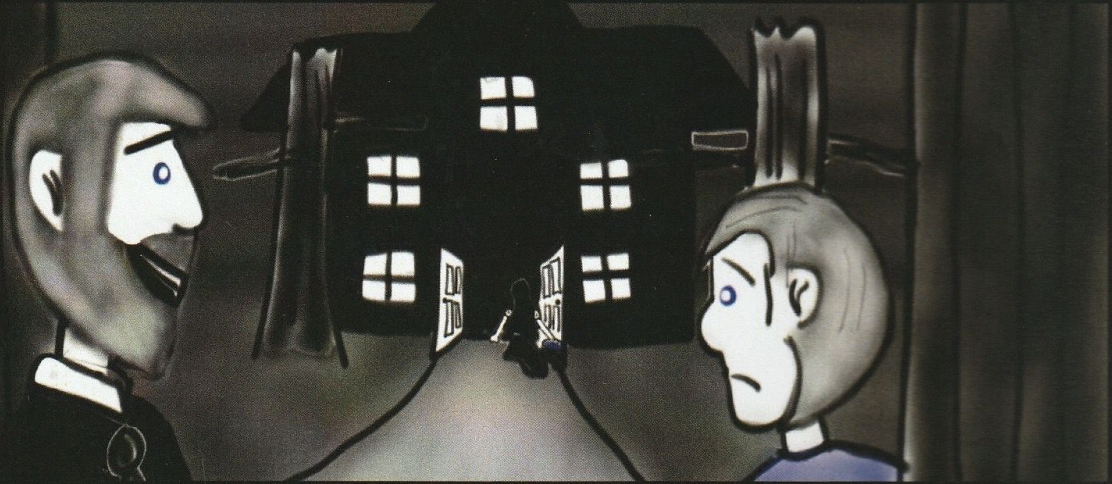




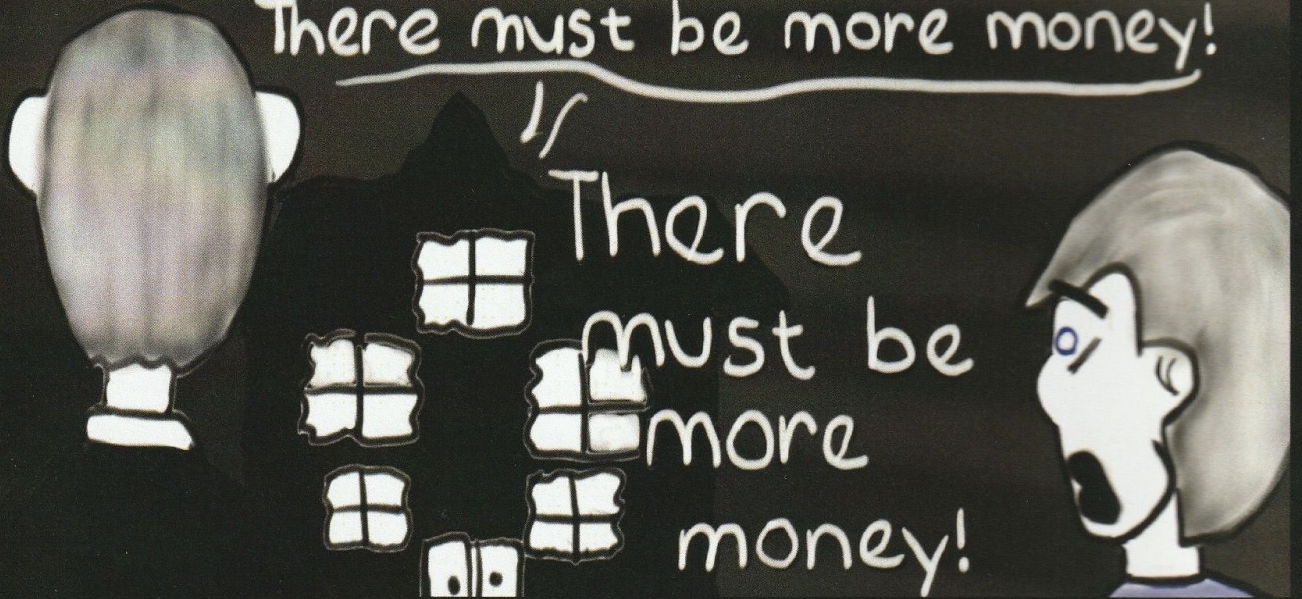




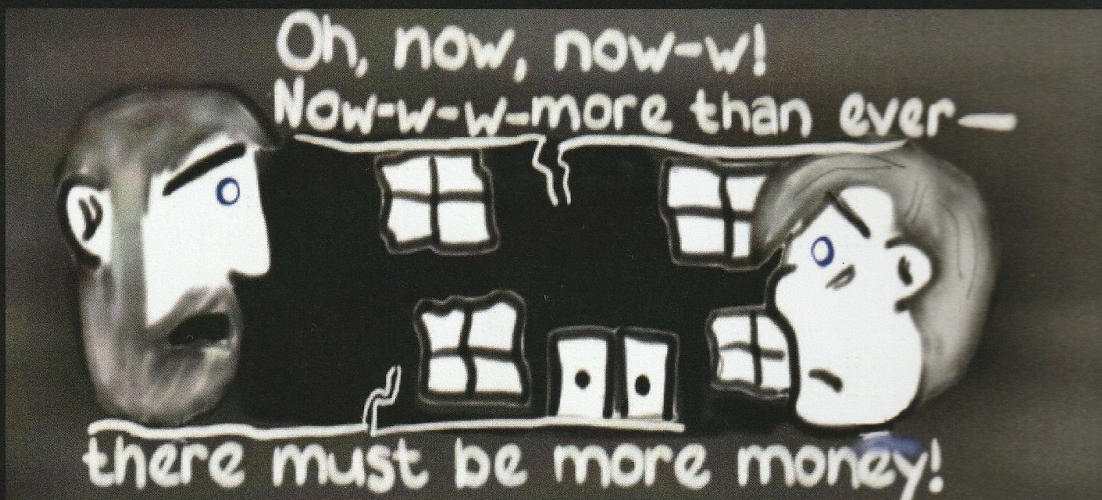




There must be more money!



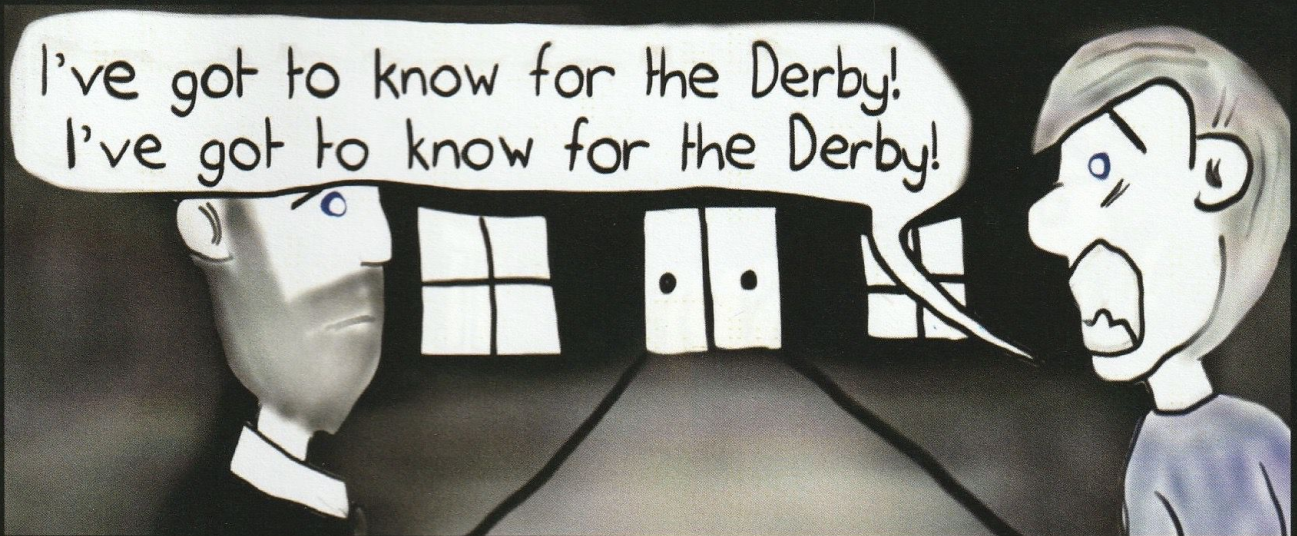
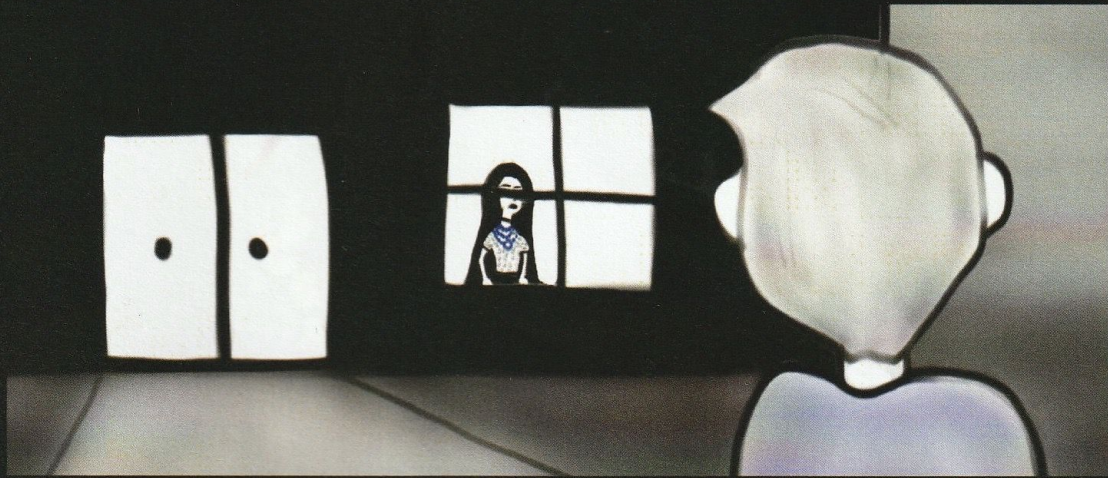
There  
must be  
more  
money!



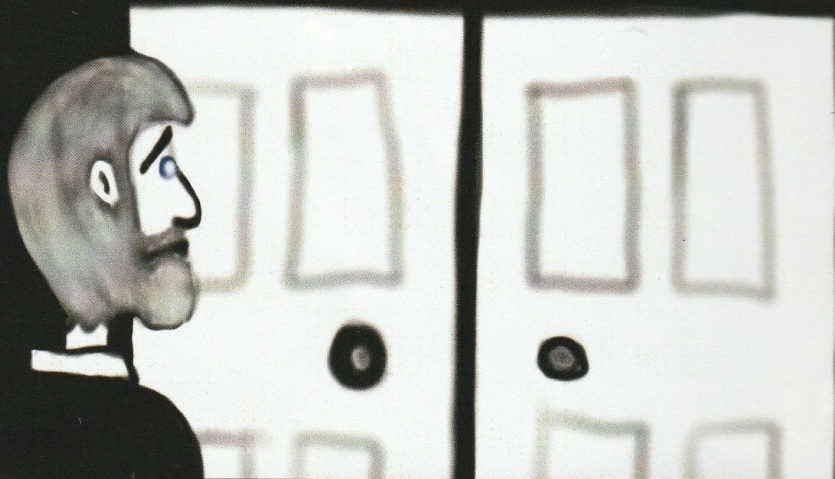
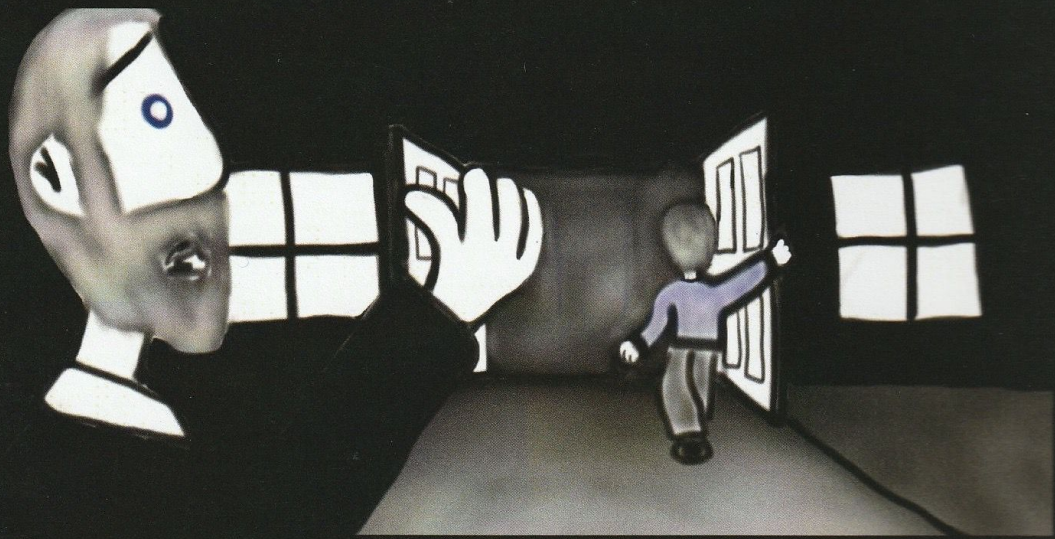
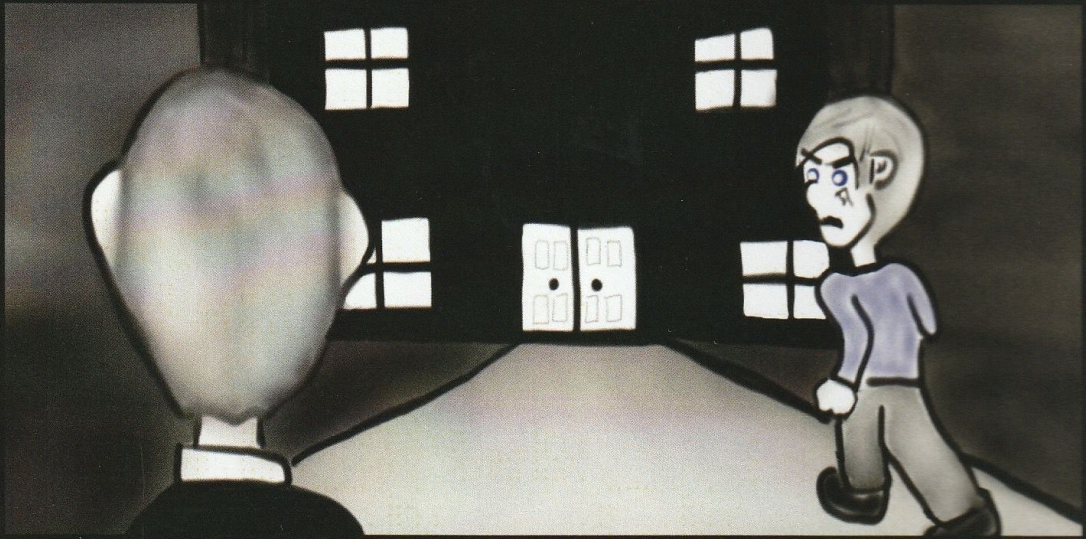
Oh, now, now-w!  
Now-w-w-more than ever—

there must be more money!

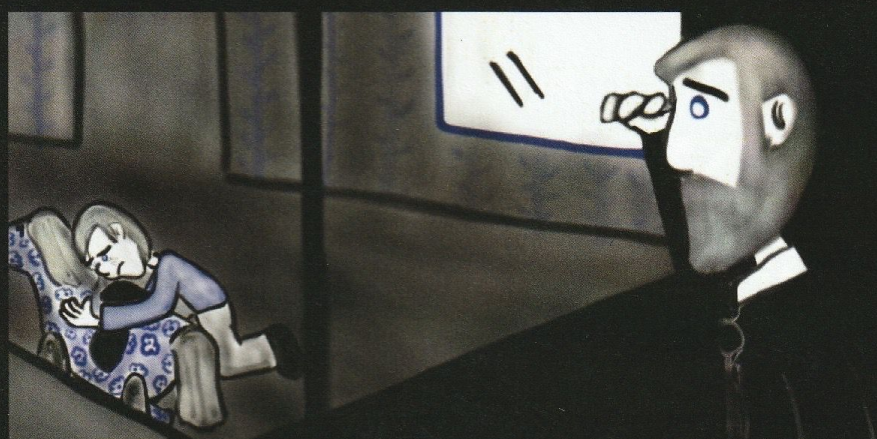
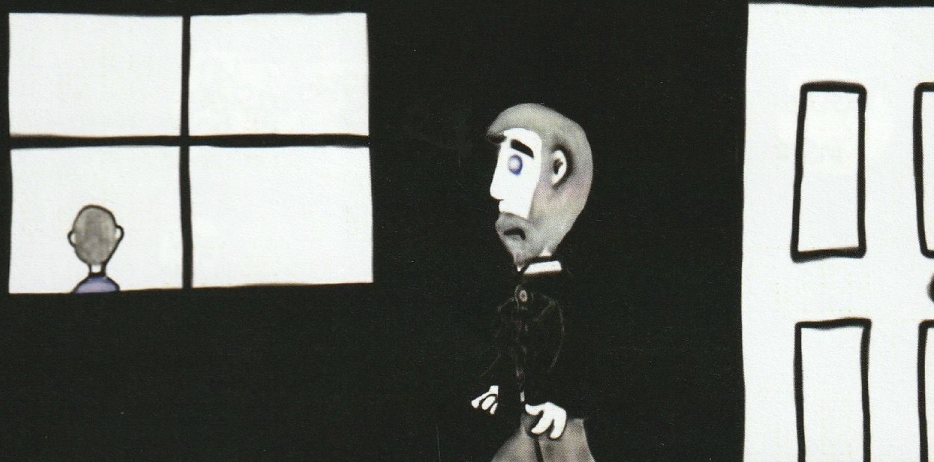












It was two days before the Derby.



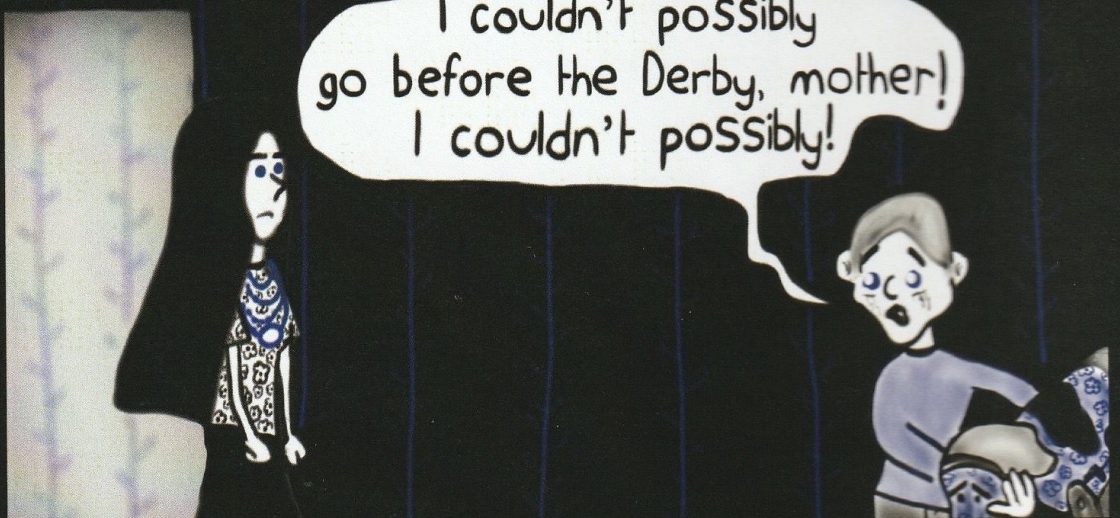
You'd better go to the seaside.  
Wouldn't you like to go to the seaside  
instead of waiting? I think you'd better.



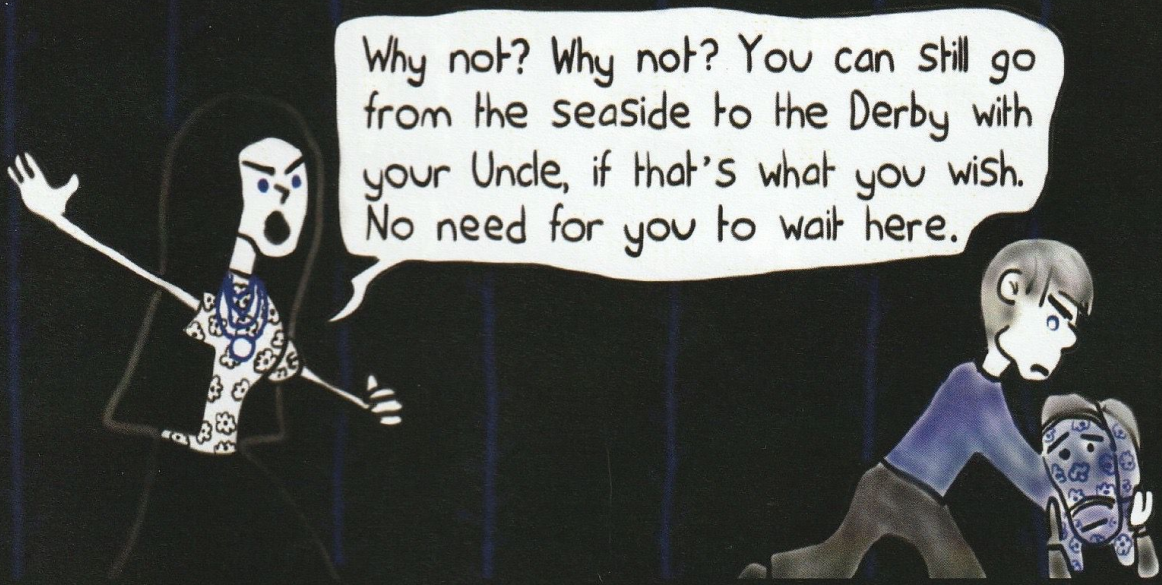
His mother  
noticed  
how  
overwrought  
he was.



I couldn't possibly  
go before the Derby, mother!  
I couldn't possibly!







Why not? Why not? You can still go from the seaside to the Derby with your Uncle, if that's what you wish. No need for you to wait here.

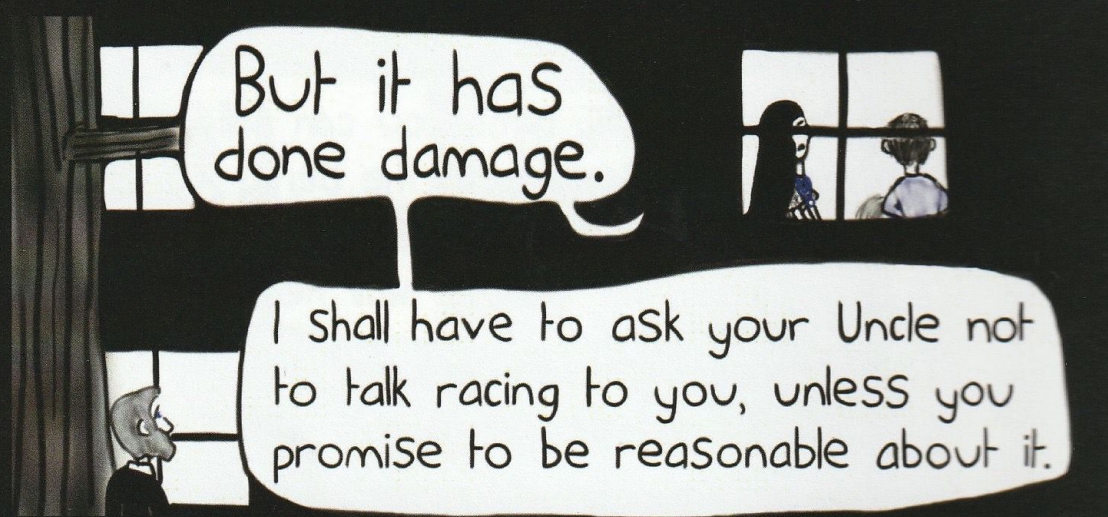


Besides, I think you care too much about these races.

It's a bad sign. My family has been a gambling family, and you won't know till you grow up how much damage it has done.

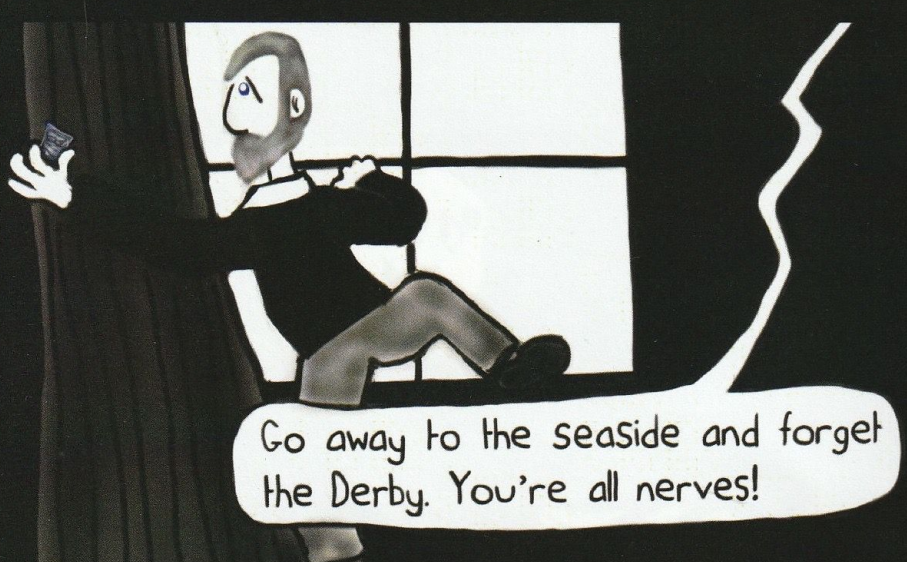






But it has done damage.

I shall have to ask your Uncle not to talk racing to you, unless you promise to be reasonable about it.



Go away to the seaside and forget the Derby. You're all nerves!

I'll do what you like, mother, so long as you don't send me away till after the Derby.

Send you away from where? Just from this house?

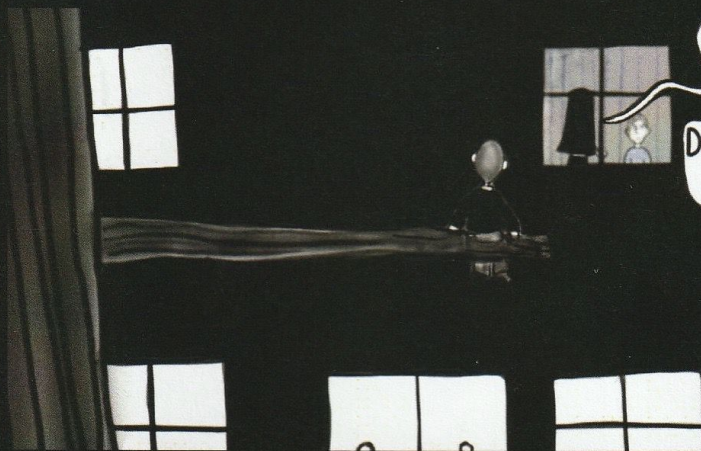
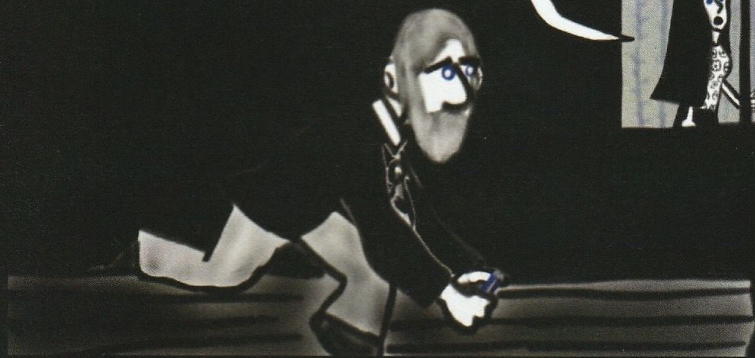
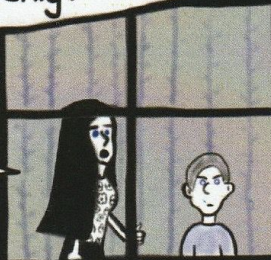




Yes.

Why, you curious child, what makes you care about this house so much, suddenly?


I never knew you loved it.



Very well then.


Don't go to the seaside hill after the Derby, if you don't wish it.





But surely you're too big for a rocking-horse!

He gazed at her without speaking. He had a secret within a secret, something he had not divulged to anyone, even to his uncle.

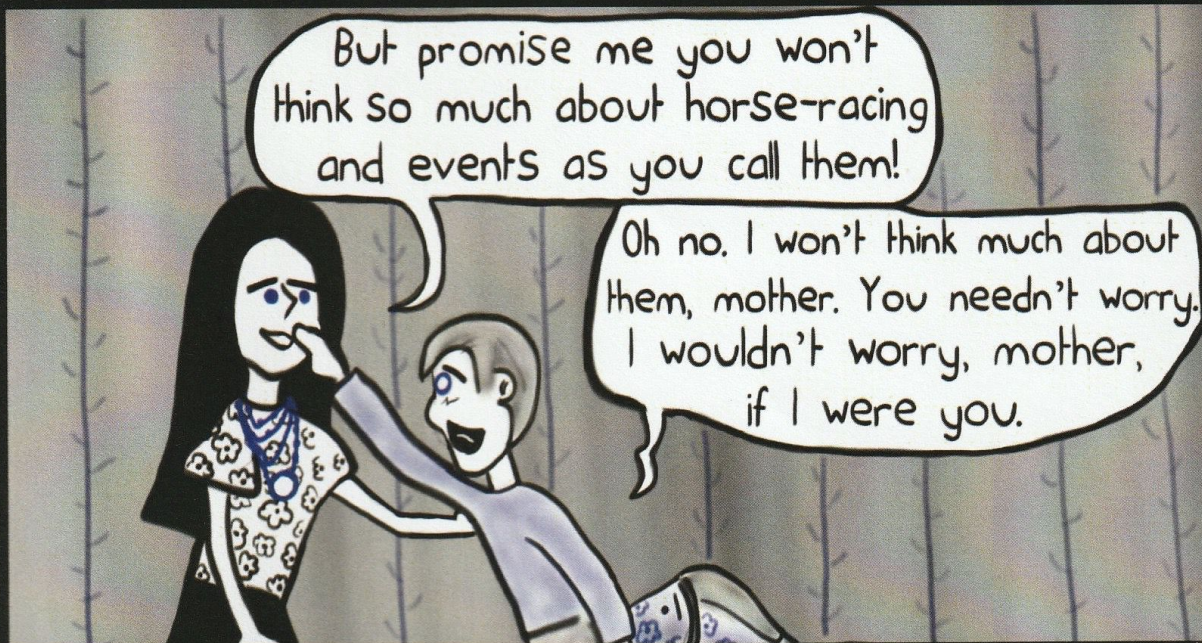


Well, you see, mother, till I can have a real horse, I like to have some sort of animal about.

Do you feel he keeps you company?

Oh yes! He's very good, he always keeps me company when I'm there.

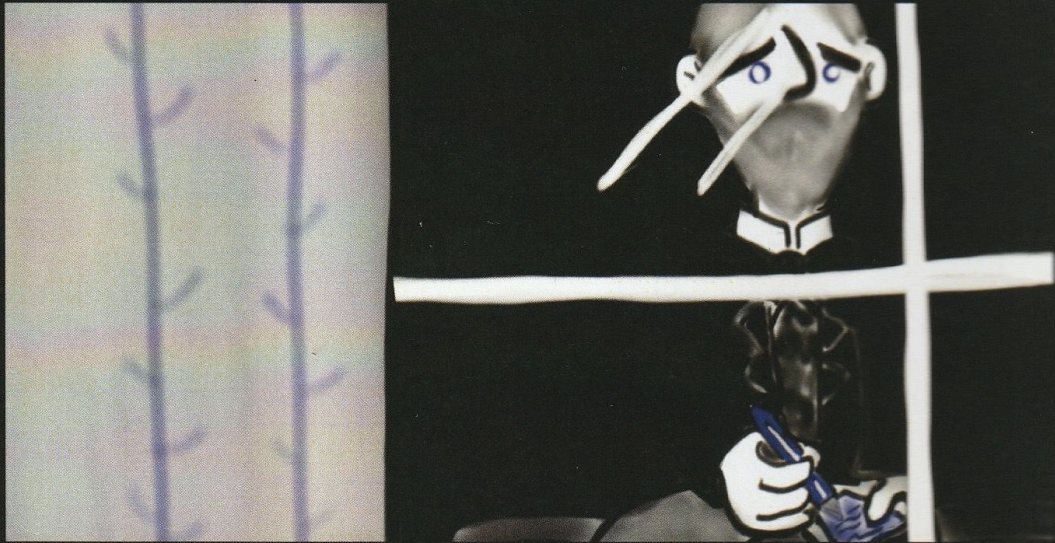




If you were me and I were you, I wonder what we should do!







The Derby was drawing near,  
and the boy grew more and more tense.



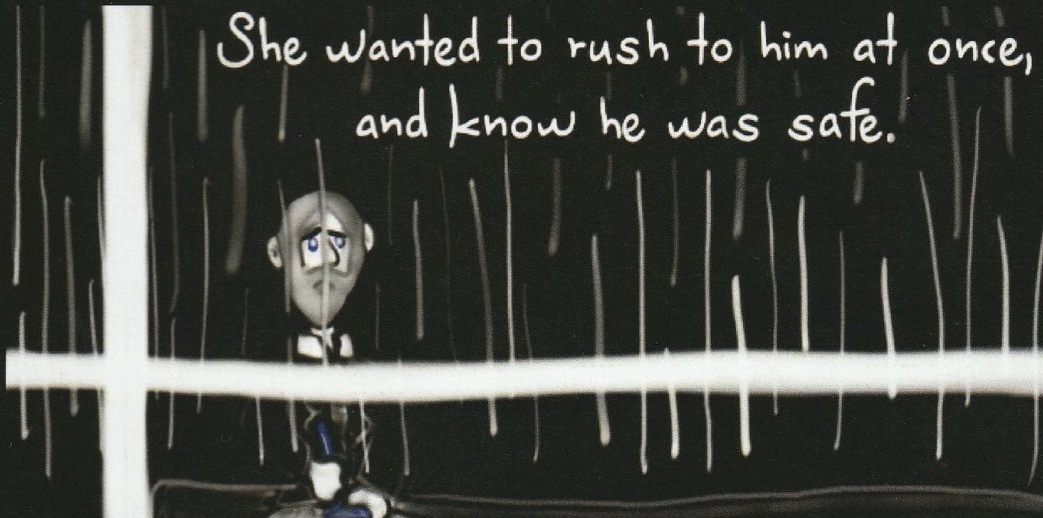
His mother had sudden strange seizures of uneasiness about him.



Sometimes, for half an hour, she would feel a sudden anxiety about him.

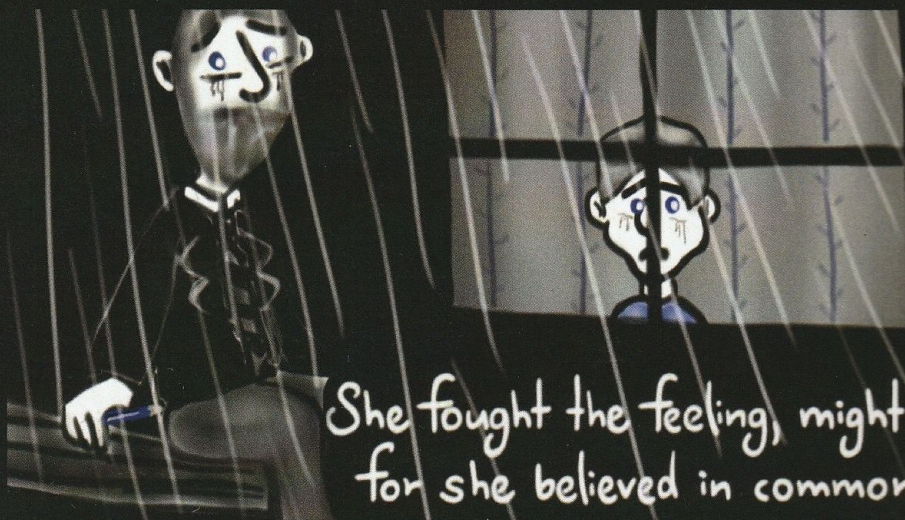


She wanted to rush to him at once, and know he was safe.



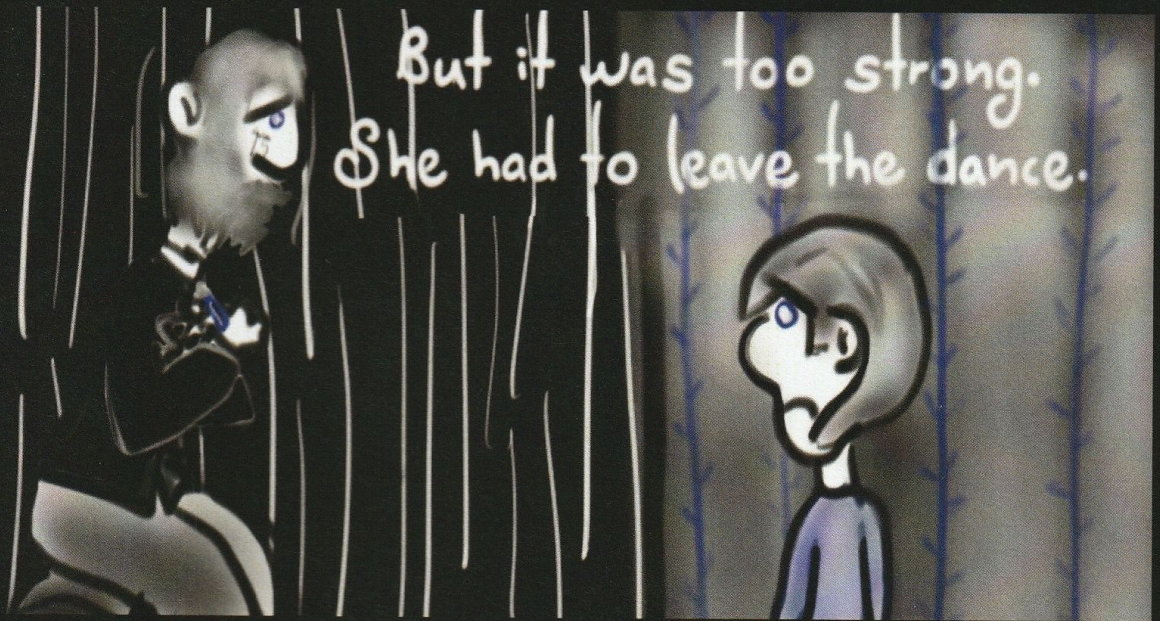


The night of the Derby, she went to a big party  
in town, when one of her rushes of anxiety  
about her boy, her first-born, gripped her heart  
till she could hardly speak.

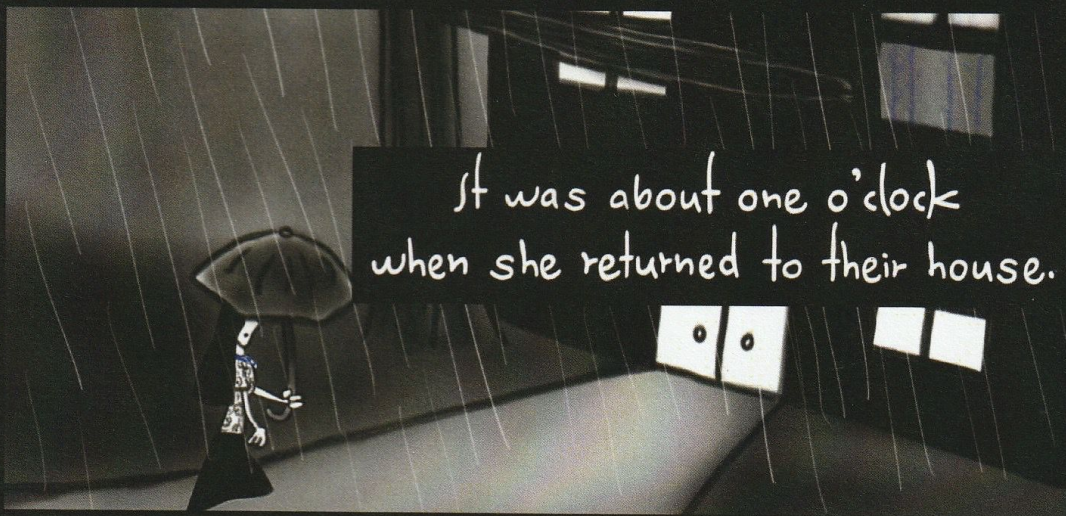


She fought the feeling, might and main,  
for she believed in common sense.



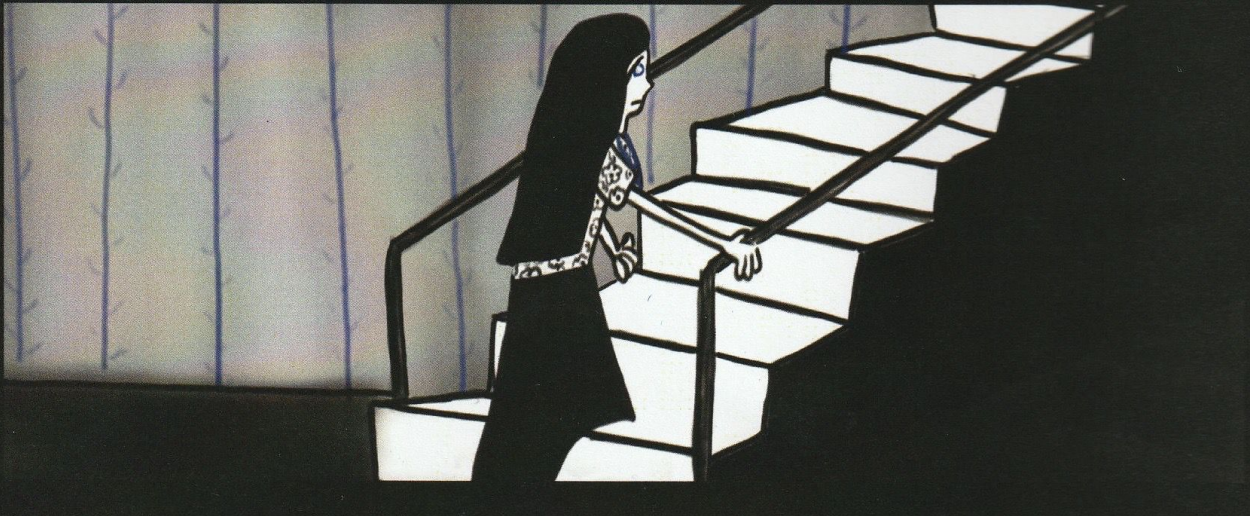


But it was too strong.  
She had to leave the dance.

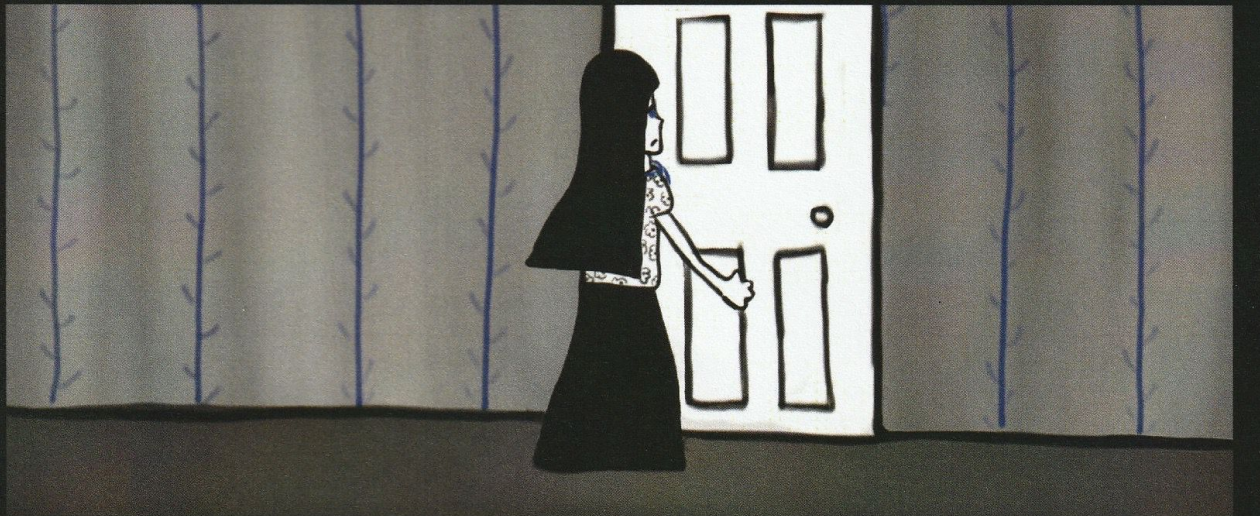
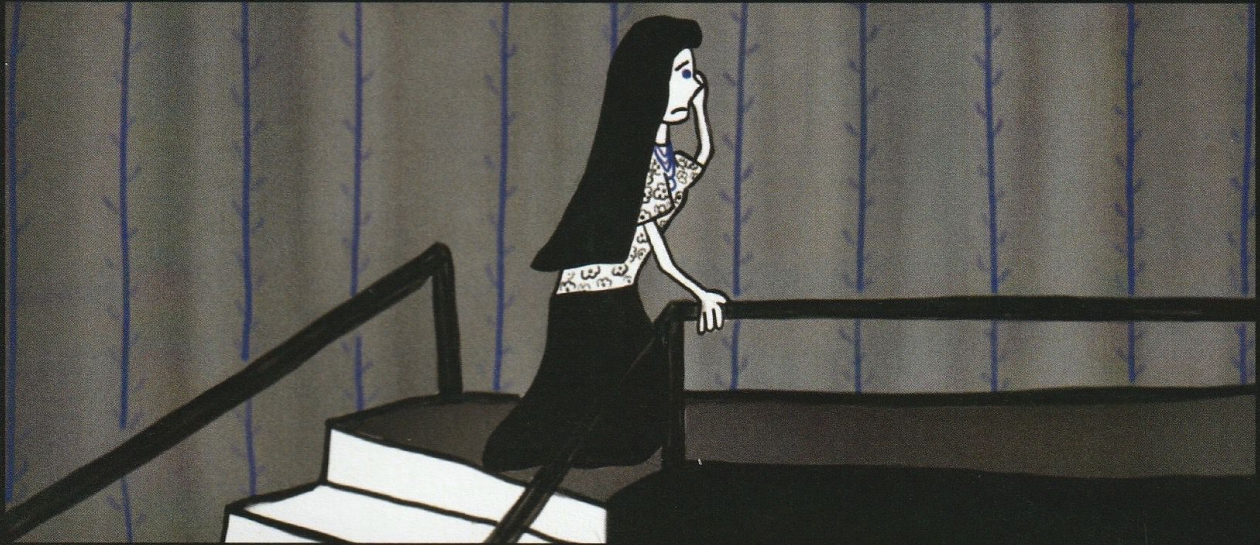


It was about one o'clock  
when she returned to their house.

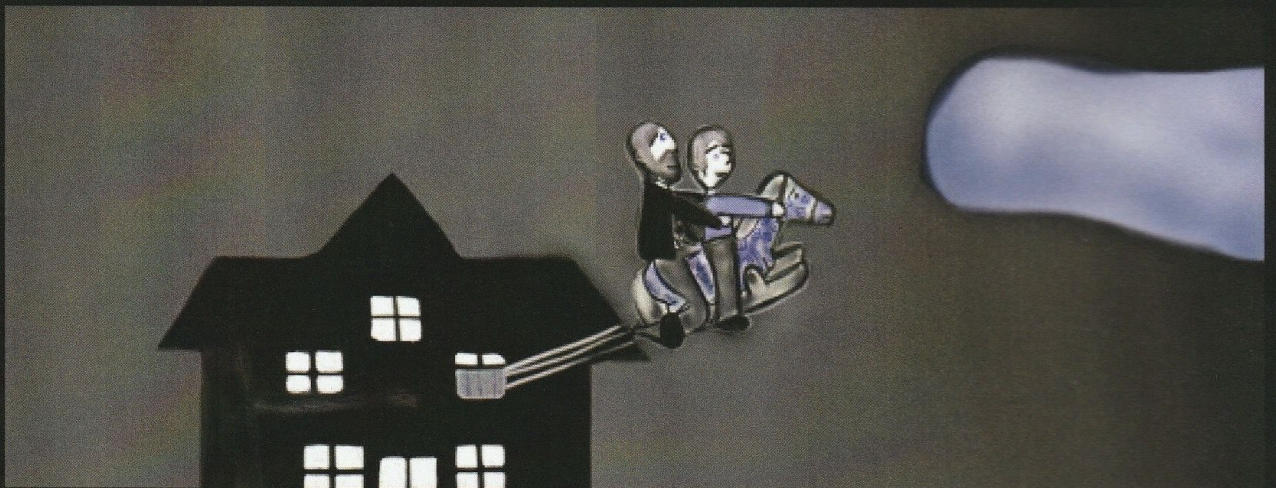
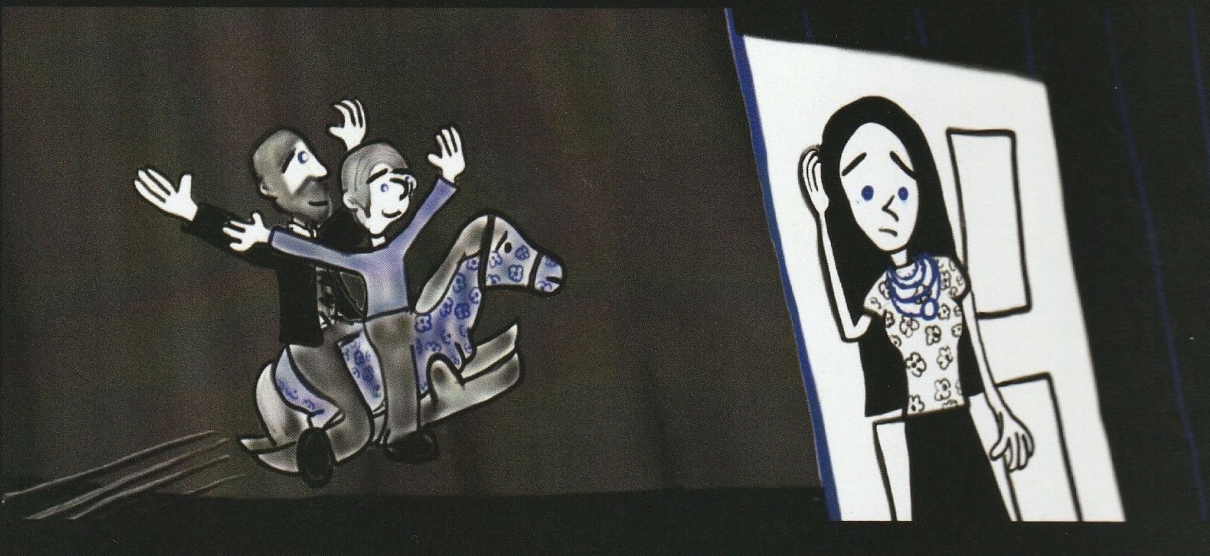




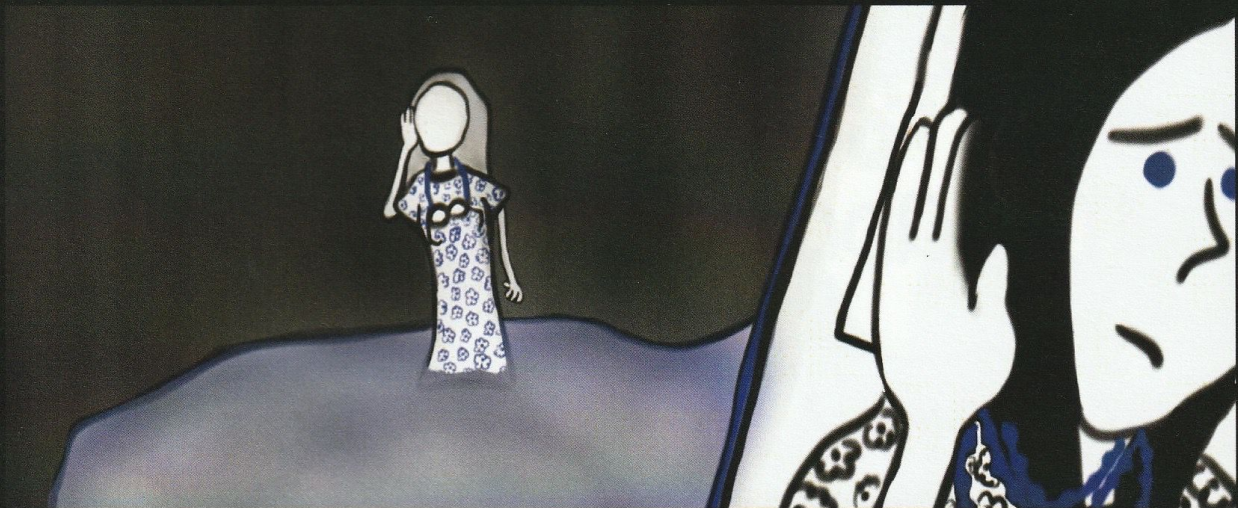
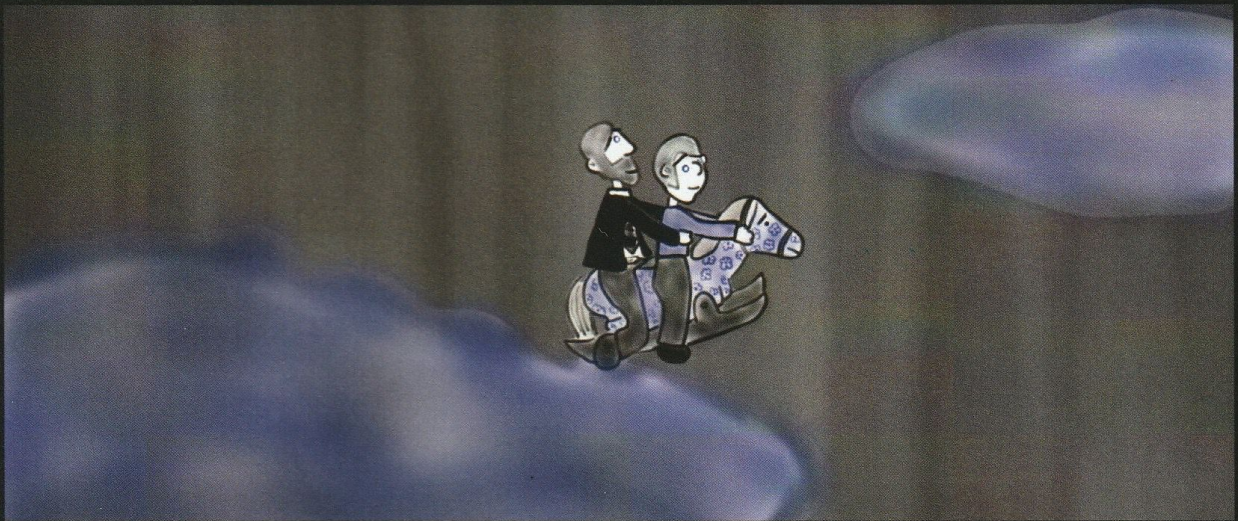
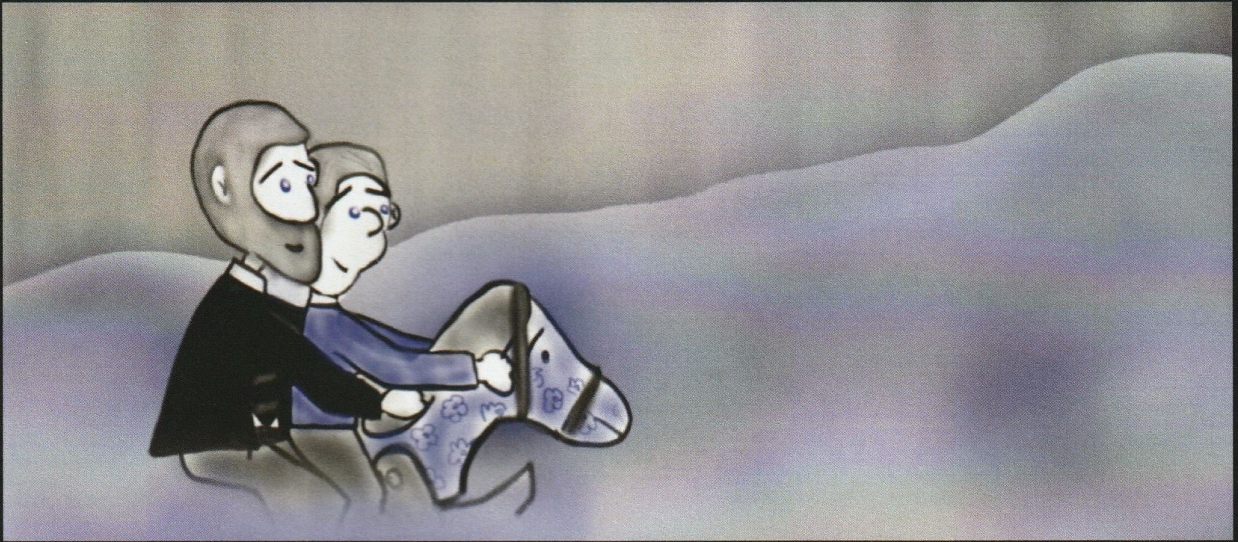




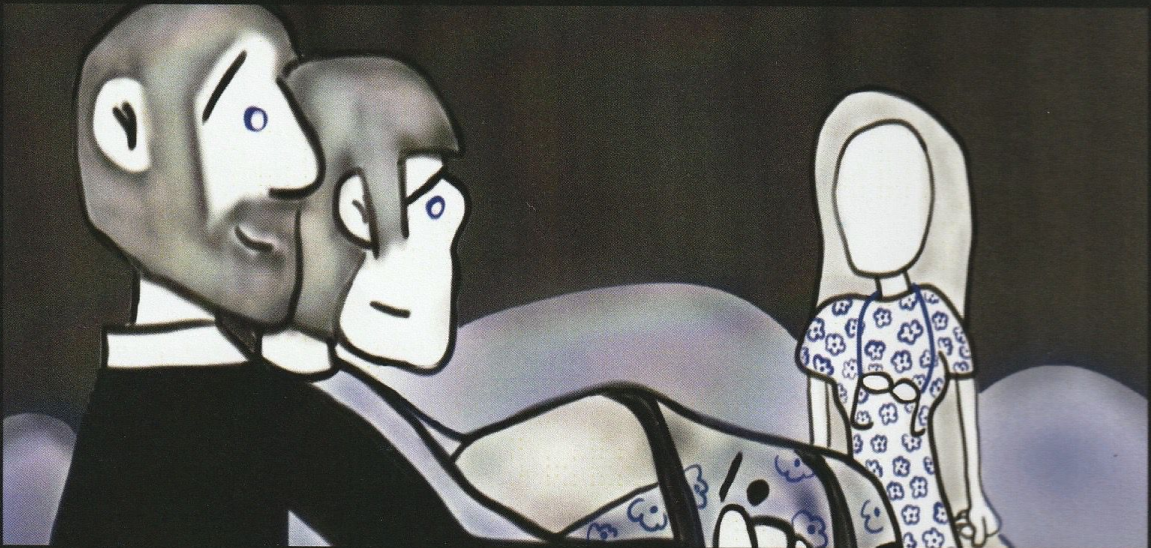




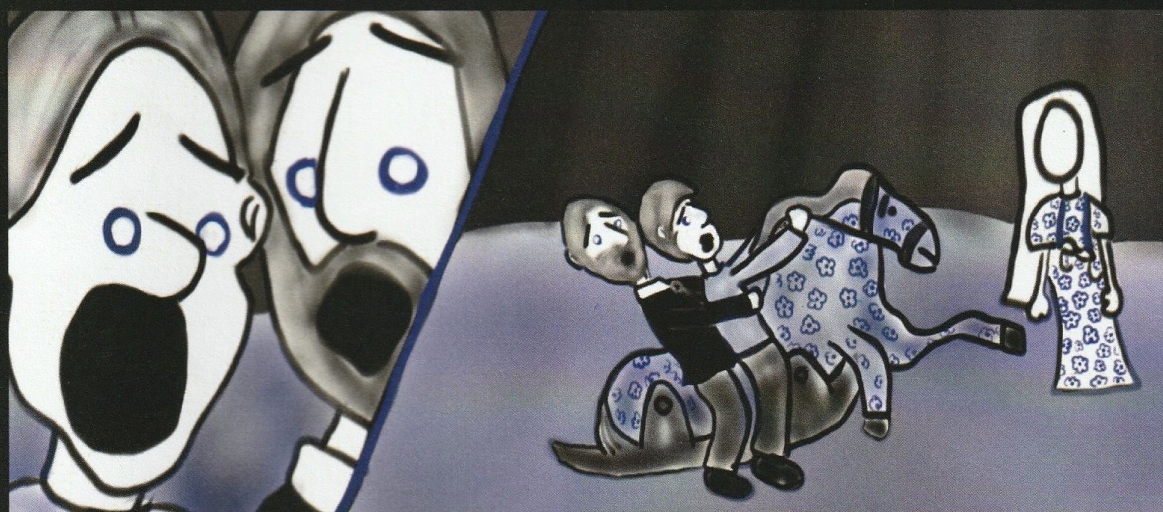




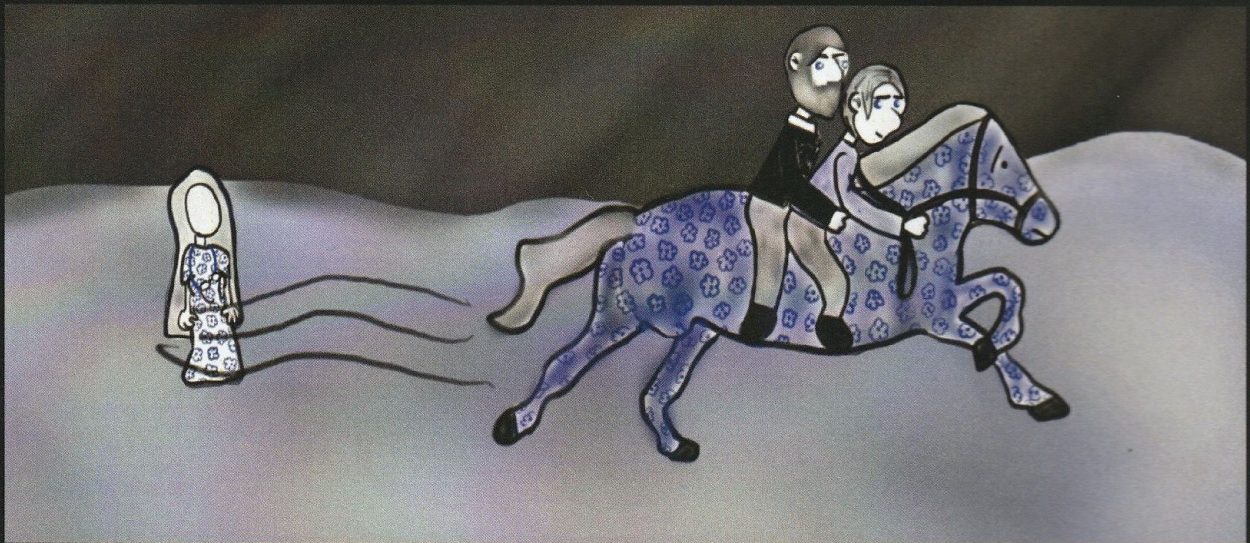
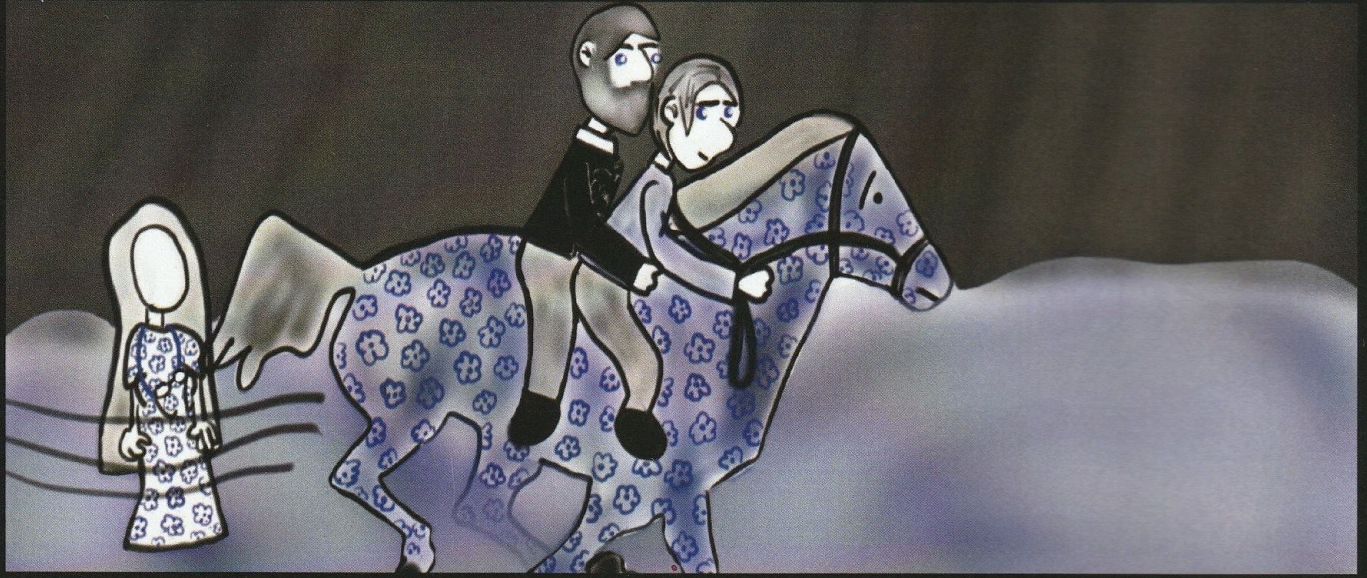




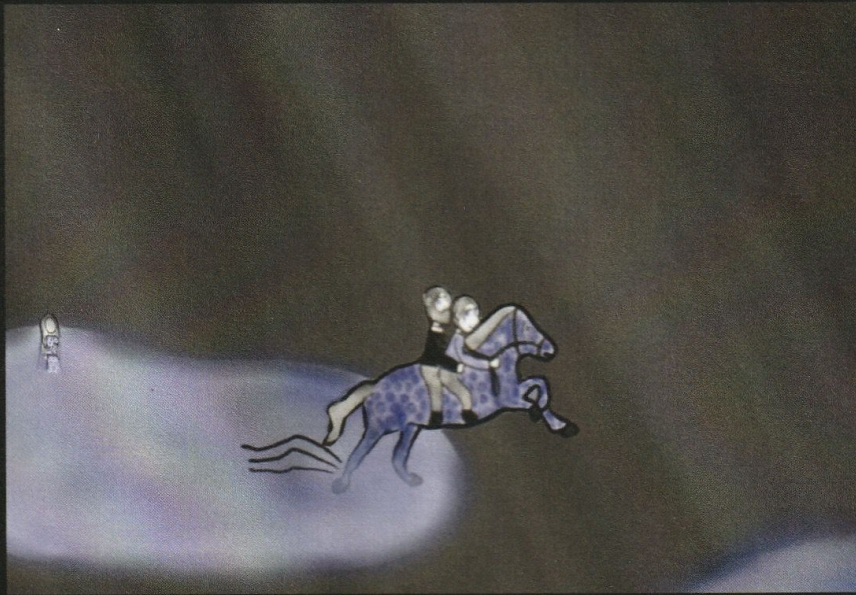








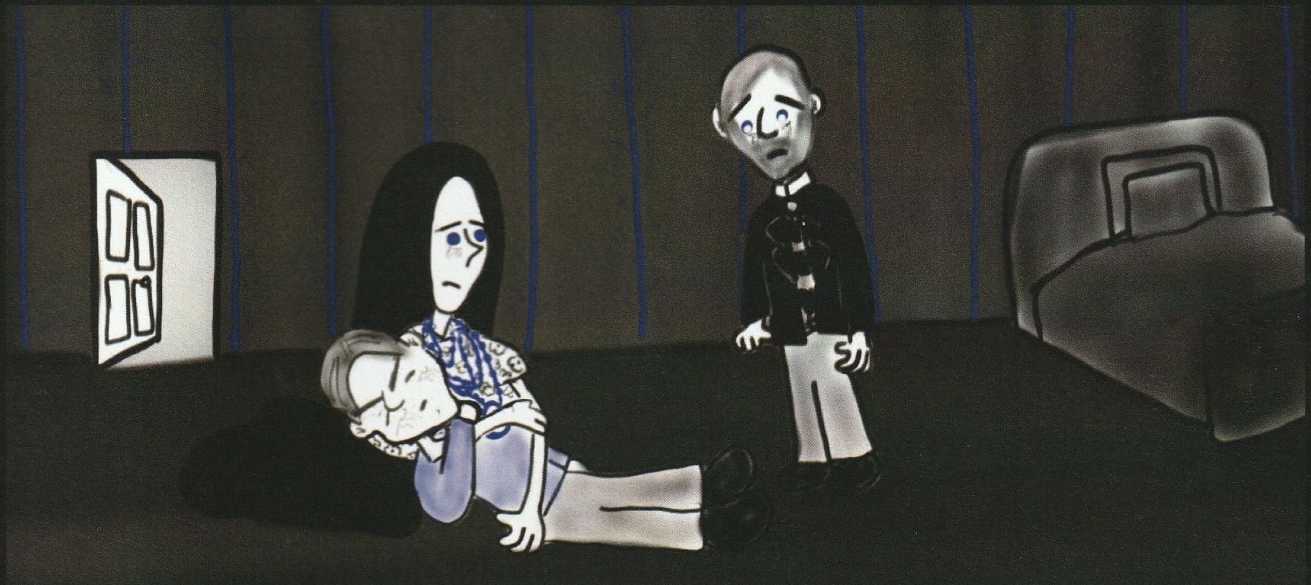
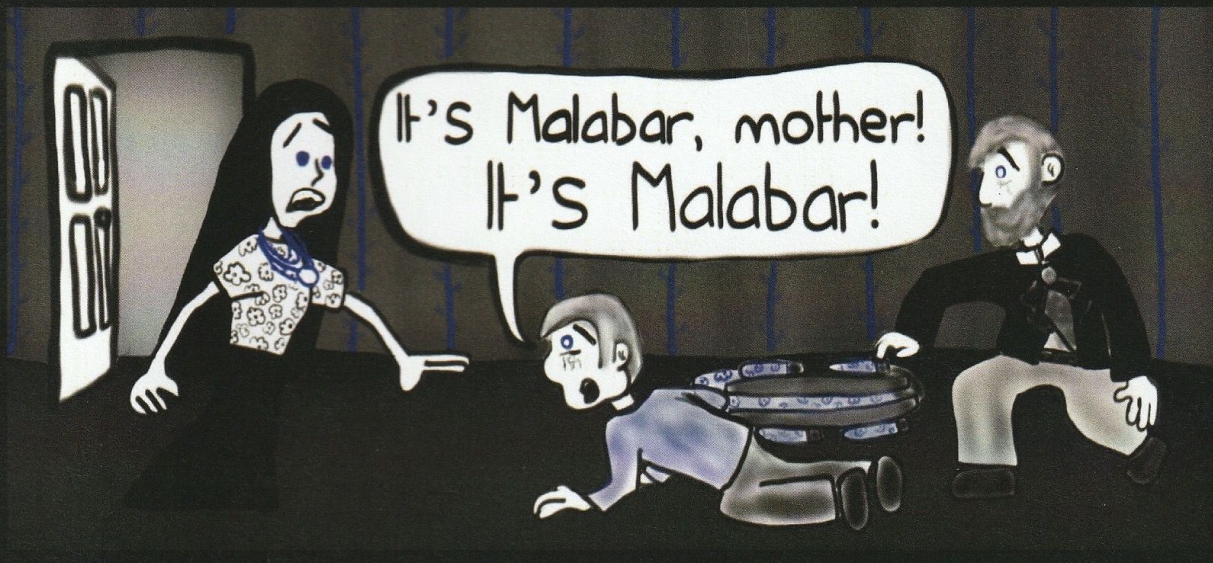




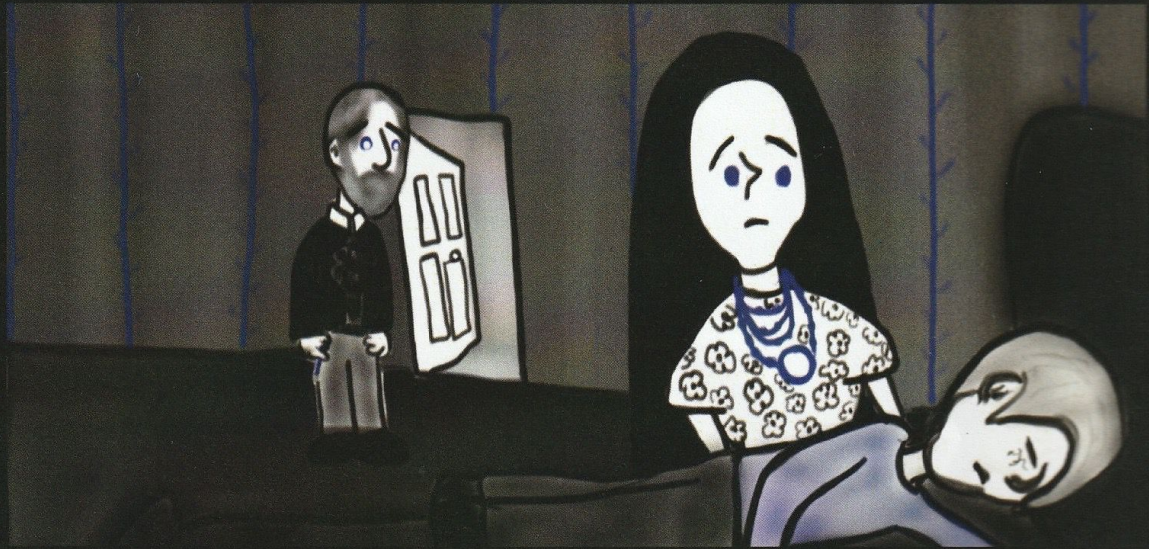










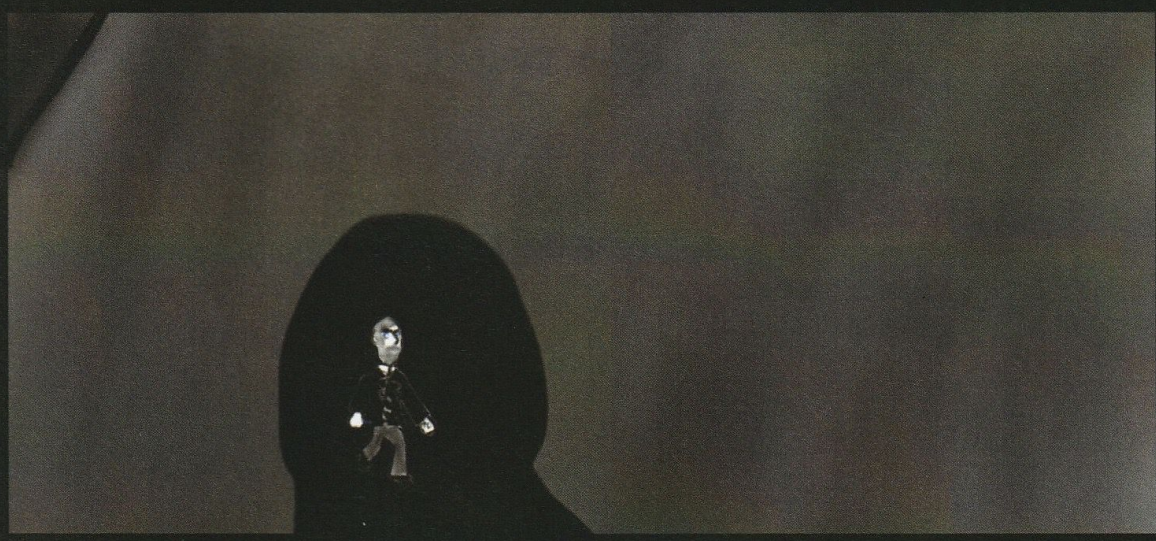
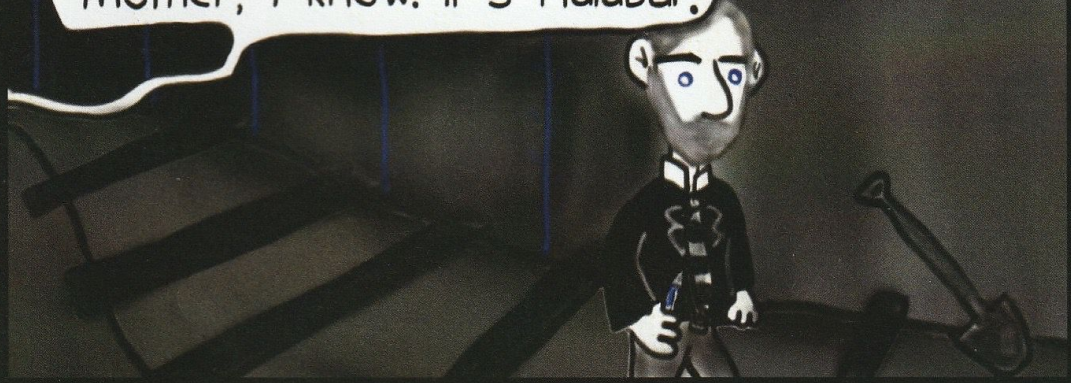




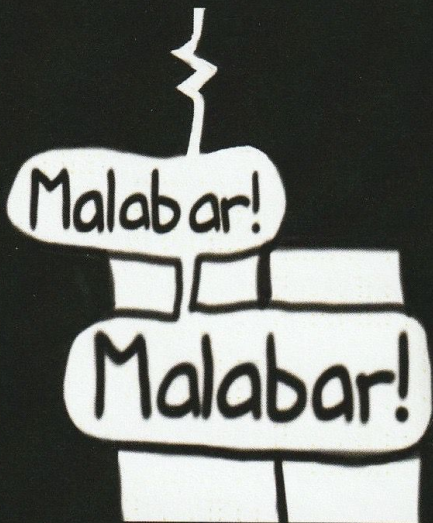
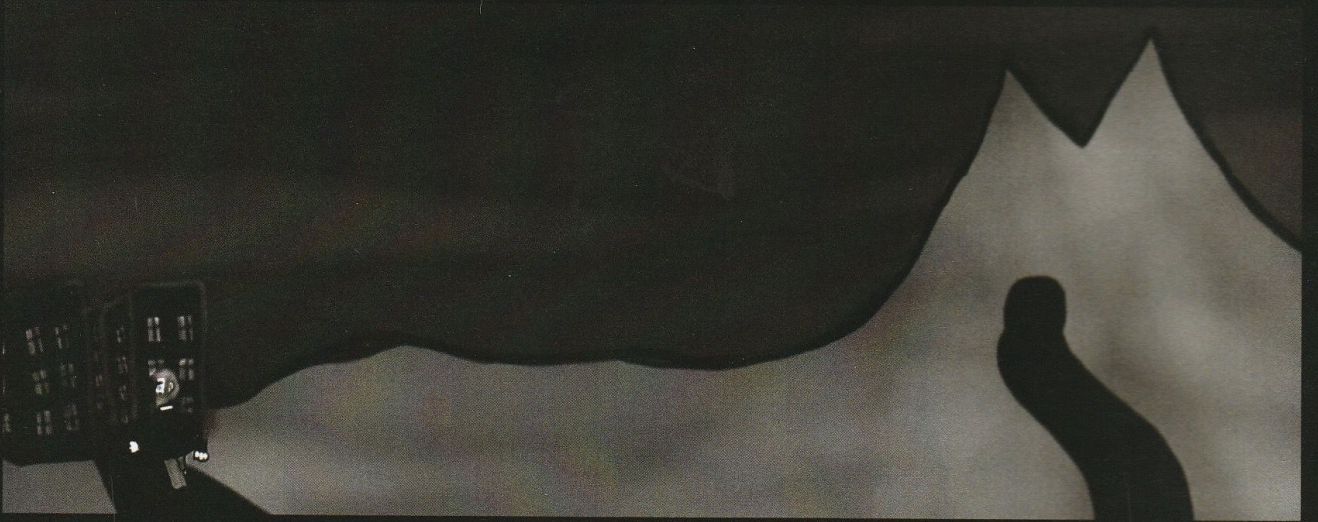


He was unconscious, and unconscious  
he remained, with some brain-fever.  
He talked and tossed, and his  
mother sat stonily by his side.

It's Malabar! It's Malabar,  
mother, I know! It's Malabar!

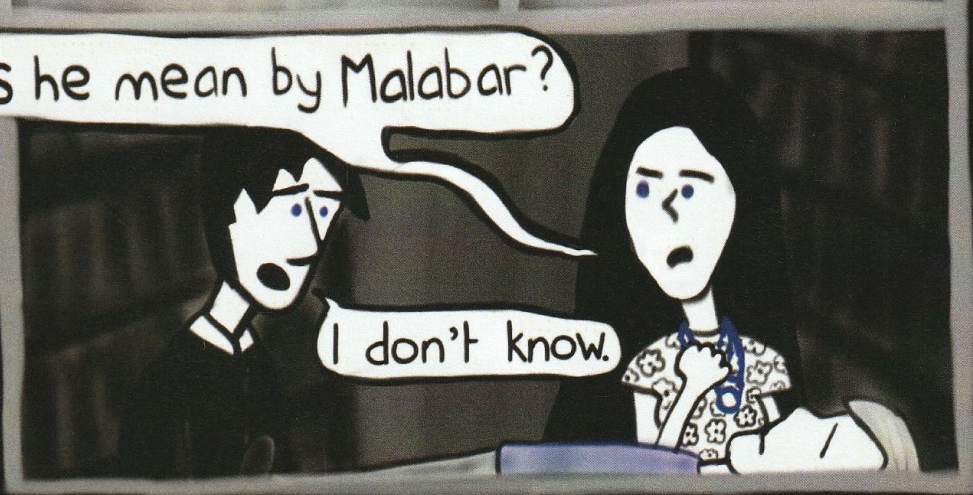




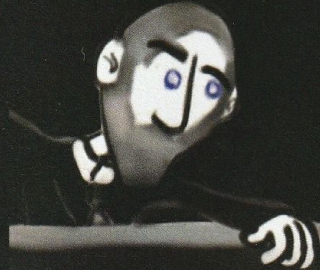




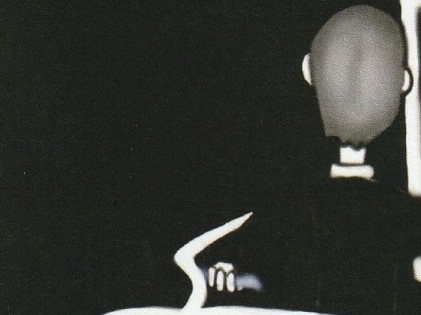
What does he mean by Malabar?



I don't know.



It's the horse that won the Derby.

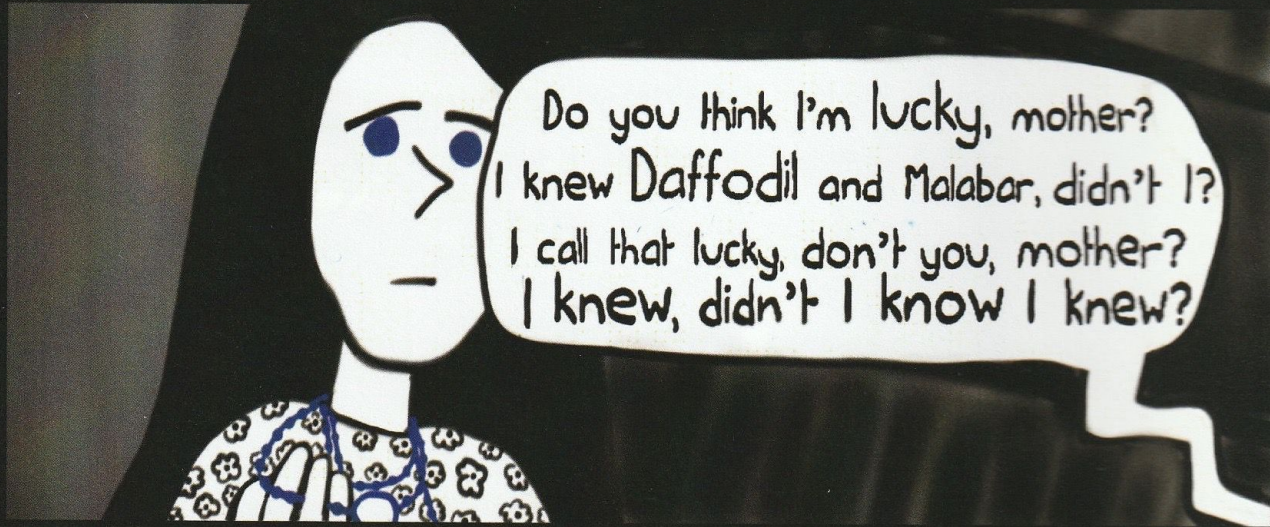




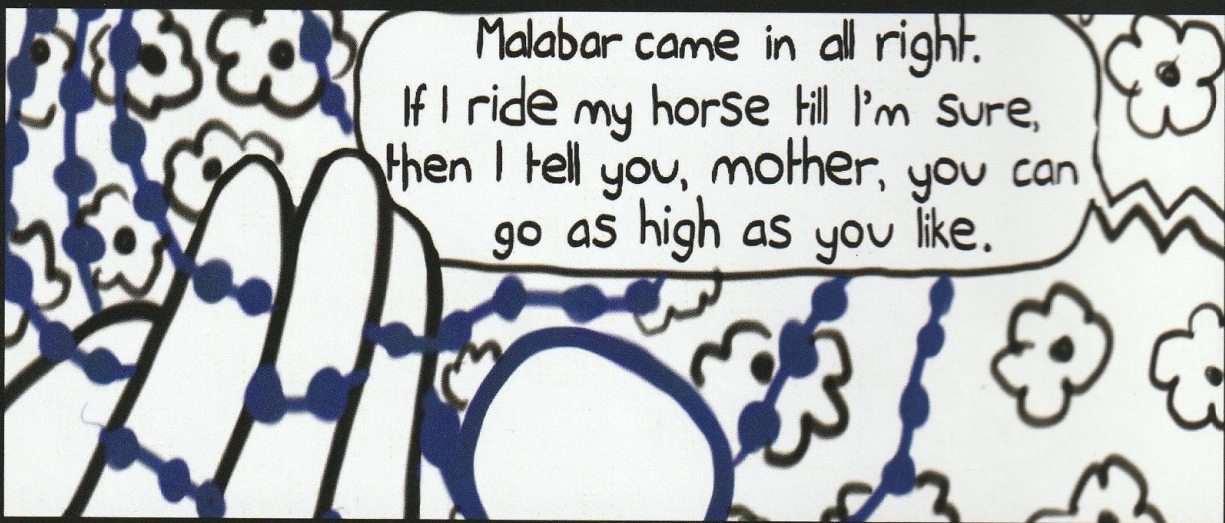
Malabar! Malabar!  
Did I say Malabar, mother?



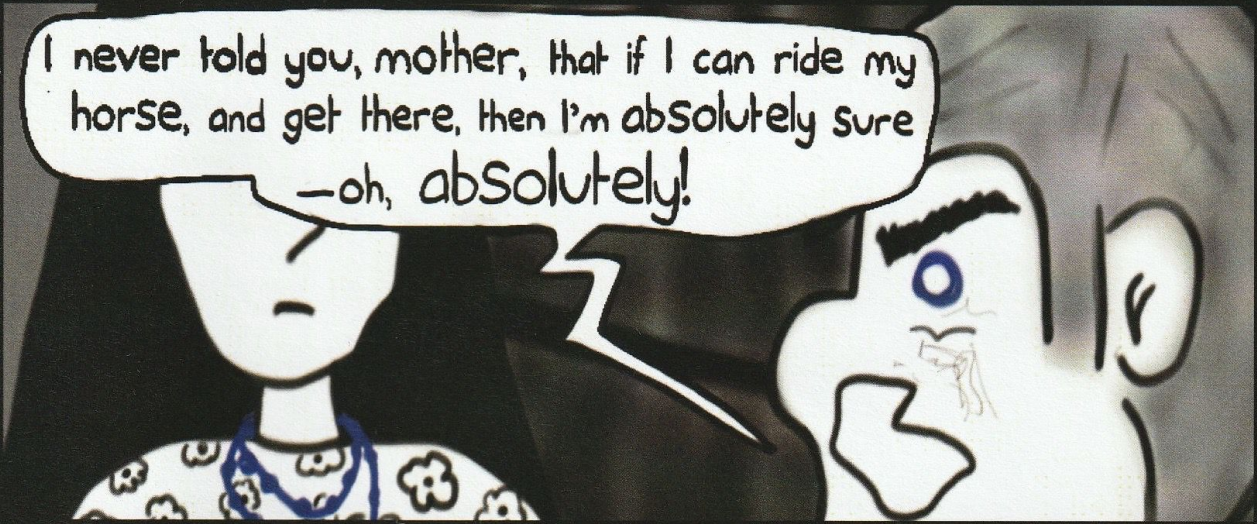
Do you think I'm lucky, mother?  
I knew Daffodil and Malabar, didn't I?  
I call that lucky, don't you, mother?  
I knew, didn't I know I knew?




Malabar came in all right.  
If I ride my horse till I'm sure,  
then I tell you, mother, you can  
go as high as you like.



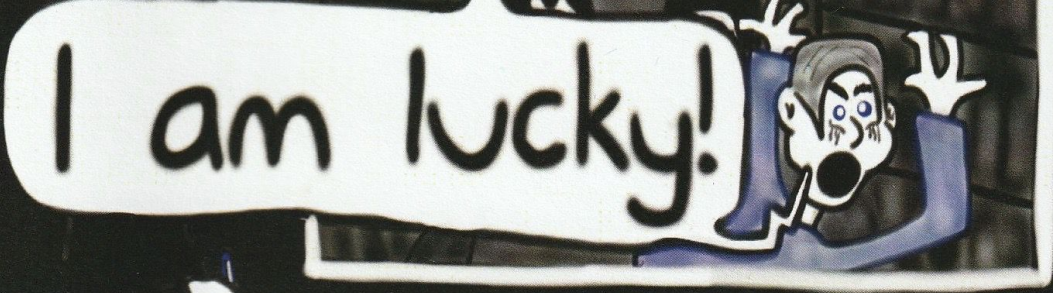




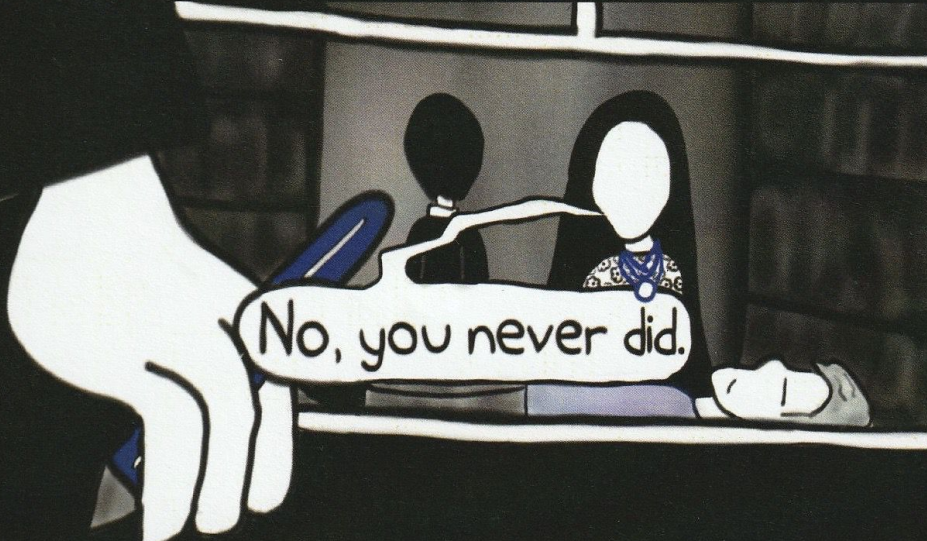
I never told you, mother, that if I can ride my horse, and get there, then I'm absolutely sure  
—oh, absolutely!



Mother, did I ever tell you?

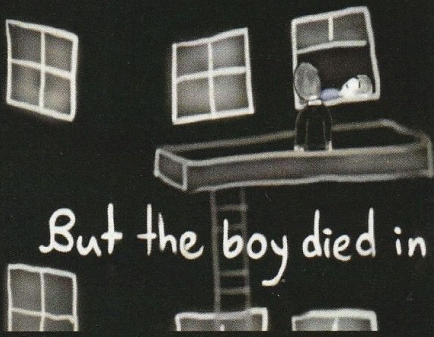


I am lucky!



No, you never did.





But the boy died in the night.





