

“We are the Golden Valley herd. This is Ana, Olivia, and Riley.”

“It’s so nice to meet you!” Abigail put out her hand for a welcome shake, but the girls didn’t step forward. They stayed behind Jimena.

“You’re in our space,” Jimena said.

“What?” Abigail didn’t understand. She looked around; there was plenty of room for other tents in this one area.

“The herd that has the Hungerford Heart gets the center,” Jimena told her. She held out one hand, and Ana set the famous heart-shaped trophy in her palm.

“Oh, oh, oh...” Abigail gasped. She reached out to touch it, but Jimena pulled back the trophy. Abigail shook that off and said, “Did you know the silver came from Ms. Hungerford’s—”

“Own town and she forged the metal herself,” Jimena finished.



“And the wooden base—”

“Came from the same tree as President Washington’s false teeth,” Jimena said.

Abigail nodded. “Look, Pru and Lucky!” She pointed to the base. “That’s where the Frontier Fillies’ values are—”

“Etched.” Jimena tapped her finger against the words as she and Abigail recited them together.

“Honor. Compassion. Valor. Honesty.”

Pru and Lucky looked at each other, mouths wide open.

“Jimena is the Golden Valley’s own Abigail,” Pru said.

“I’d never have guessed there was another girl in the world like Abigail,” Lucky said. “But here she is.”

“You’re still in our spot,” Jimena said.

“You’re going to have to move your tent.”



“That’s ridiculous,” Pru told her. “We’re almost done here. It’s a lot of work to move everything.”

Jimena didn’t say anything. She simply held the Heart up toward Abigail.

“Right, then,” Abigail said, turning to Lucky and Pru. “Pack it up. We’re out of here.”

“What?” Lucky said. “You’re going to let some girl push us out of our prime camp spot simply because she has a bent piece of metal?”

Abigail gasped. “Lucky, it’s not bent metal. It’s the Hungerford Heart.”

Lucky quickly apologized. “Sorry, I know how important that statue is to you. I don’t mean to make fun. I just don’t think we should have to move.” She pointed at an open area near some thick trees. “Golden Valley can have that spot over there. It’s more private, anyway.”

Abigail looked at the trees and then at



Jimena holding the Heart. She looked back at the trees again. “That’s where we’ll go,” she said, starting to roll up the tent on her own.

Pru and Lucky held back for a moment, then decided they couldn’t let Abigail do all the work.

“This is so embarrassing,” Pru whispered as they stuffed the tent back into its carry bag.

“I know,” replied Lucky. “How do we know they were even telling the truth?”

“Honesty is one of the values that got the Golden Valley their votes.” Abigail spoke softly to make sure that Jimena and the others couldn’t hear them. “There’s no reason to doubt them. If they say that’s a rule, it’s a rule, even if I didn’t know that one. And if the herd that has the Heart gets to pop their tent in the middle of all the others, well, then that’s just one more reason that we gotta get it!”

Lucky picked up the tent and they started to walk away. “Yes. That’s what we’ll do!”



“I’m already working on being more valorous,” Pru declared as they reached their new spot near the thick trees. “Whatever that means.”

“Thanks,” Abigail told her friends. “With you both in my herd, there’s no doubt we will get that trophy.” They set down the tent in their new spot, ready for a fresh start.

Suddenly, a voice came from the thick trees. “Trophy? Did I hear trophy? I love trophies.”

Abigail’s eyes went wide. She knew that voice!

Her brother poked his head out from among the leaves of two grand old trees. Next to him, his donkey, Señor Carrots, poked his head out as well.

“Oh no!” Abigail groaned at seeing her brother at the Frontier Fillies Jamboree. “Snips! What are you doing here?”

