

The Boy and the Little Donkey



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Daniel loved visiting Grandpa Joe's farm. He had warm light-brown skin, curly dark-brown hair, and a smile with a little gap in it. One sunny morning, he heard a soft, snuffly sound near the barn. He peeked around the corner and saw a small grey donkey with a cream muzzle and long, floppy ears. The donkey blinked its big, gentle eyes at him.



The little donkey wore a woven red-and-blue harness with tiny brass bells. Daniel gently held out his hand. The donkey sniffed it, then nuzzled his pocket. Daniel laughed. "You smell my apple!" he said. Grandpa Joe walked over, his straw hat shading his eyes. "That's our new donkey," he said with a warm smile. "He's shy but sweet."



Every day after school, Daniel ran to the farm. He brushed the donkey's soft grey coat and braided bright ribbons into its harness. The donkey loved carrying things. Daniel piled a red ribbon on its back, then a blue one, then a yellow one. The donkey stood tall and proud, jingling its little bells. "You're a decoration donkey!" Daniel giggled. They became best friends.



One afternoon, Grandpa Joe called, "Big festival this Saturday! Music, games, and lots of people!" Daniel's eyes grew wide with excitement. He ran to tell the donkey. But the donkey's long ears drooped, and it took a step back. Daniel noticed. "What's wrong, little friend?" he asked softly. The donkey just pressed its nose into Daniel's shoulder and shivered.



The next day, the farm bustled with festival preparations. Colorful banners flapped in the wind. Loud music blasted from speakers. Children shouted and ran. The little donkey tried to help carry a bright ribbon, but a sudden drumbeat made it jump. It trembled and hid behind Daniel. "It's too noisy for you, isn't it?" Daniel whispered, hugging the donkey's neck.



Daniel watched the donkey's scared eyes and felt a tug in his heart. He didn't want his friend to be unhappy. He thought hard. Then an idea sparkled in his mind like a little bell. "Grandpa Joe!" he called. "What if we make a quieter part of the festival? Somewhere calm, with decorations the donkey can carry?" Grandpa Joe's blue eyes twinkled.



Grandpa Joe nodded. "That's a kind idea, Daniel. Let's do it." They walked to a quiet corner of the farm, away from the loud music. There was a big oak tree with cool shade. Daniel pulled the measuring tape from his overalls and marked a spot. "Right here," he said. "We'll make a peaceful celebration."



Daniel and Grandpa Joe worked together. Daniel cut long strips of bright fabric—red, blue, yellow, and green. He tied them into loops and bows. The donkey watched curiously. Daniel draped the colorful ribbons over the donkey's back. The donkey's ears lifted. It stood still and proud, jingling its bells. "You'll carry the decorations!" Daniel cheered.



They decorated the quiet corner. Grandpa Joe hung a banner that said "Peaceful Party." Daniel set up soft cushions on the grass. The donkey carried tiny paper flowers to each cushion. Its cream muzzle twitched with happiness. Daniel strung a line of colorful flags between two trees. The donkey walked slowly underneath, showing off its ribbon-covered harness.



When the festival began, the loud music thumped. Crowds of people laughed and shouted. The little donkey stood in the quiet corner, jingling softly. Daniel stayed close, feeding it crunchy carrots. "You're safe here," he whispered. The donkey leaned its head against Daniel's chest. They watched the busy festival from afar, content in their calm spot.



Soon, a little girl wandered into the quiet corner. "What's this?" she asked. "It's a peaceful party," Daniel said. "You can make a wish ribbon." The girl smiled and tied a ribbon to the donkey's harness. Then a boy came. "Can I pet the donkey?" he asked. The donkey stood still and gentle. Daniel nodded. "He likes gentle hands."



More children came to the quiet corner. They spoke in soft voices and fed the donkey carrots. A shy boy who didn't like crowds sat on a cushion and made a ribbon crown. The donkey carried it to him. "Thank you," the boy whispered. Daniel looked around. Everyone was smiling. Even Grandpa Joe peeked over and gave a thumbs-up.



The donkey's bells jingled happily as it carried ribbons to each child. Daniel beamed. "You see?" he said to the donkey. "You don't have to be in the noisy crowd to have fun." The donkey nuzzled his cheek. The quiet corner had become the happiest place at the festival. And the little donkey was the star.



As the sun began to set, the loud music stopped. People gathered around the quiet corner. "This is lovely," said a mother. "So calm." Grandpa Joe told everyone how Daniel noticed the donkey was scared and made a special place. "A true friend thinks about what makes you happy," he said. Daniel's gap-toothed smile stretched wide.



The festival ended, and the farm grew still. Daniel and the donkey sat under the oak tree. The donkey's harness was empty now, but its eyes were bright. "You were brave today," Daniel said, rubbing its floppy ears. "And you made everyone feel welcome." The donkey let out a soft, happy bray. The stars popped out, one by one.



Daniel walked home with a warm feeling in his heart. He had learned that friendship means caring about what your friend likes and helping everyone feel safe and included. The little donkey had taught him that even a quiet celebration can be full of joy. And as the moon rose over the farm, the donkey slept soundly, dreaming of colorful ribbons and kind friends.