

The Girl and the Little Donkey



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Lily lived in a small village at the edge of green hills. Every morning, she pulled on her red rubber boots and ran outside to explore. She had curly dark brown hair in two short pigtails and a bright yellow shirt under blue denim overalls. Lily loved animals more than anything, and she was always curious about the world around her.



One sunny day, Lily skipped down a winding path she had never taken before. At the end, she found a small paddock with a wooden fence. Inside stood a little donkey, no taller than her knees. He had a soft grey coat, a cream belly, and long floppy ears. A red halter with a small brass bell hung around his neck.



Lily leaned on the fence and spoke softly. 'Hello, little donkey. My name is Lily.' The donkey lifted his head and looked at her with big dark eyes. He walked over and sniffed her hand. His bell jingled. Lily smiled. 'You are gentle,' she said. 'I think we will be good friends.' The donkey blinked and stayed close.



But when Lily turned to leave, the little donkey let out a sad, lonely bray. It echoed across the empty paddock. Lily stopped and looked back. The donkey stood by the fence, his floppy ears drooping. 'Are you all alone?' Lily asked. The donkey lowered his head. Lily's heart felt a little squeeze.



The next day, Lily came back with a pocket full of carrot pieces. The little donkey trotted to meet her, his bell jingling. She fed him the carrots, one by one. 'You eat so gently,' she said. But after the carrots were gone, the donkey still looked sad. He stared at the empty field and brayed again.



Lily sat on the fence and watched. When other animals were nearby, the donkey perked up his long ears. But when they left, he grew quiet. 'I think you need company,' Lily said softly. 'Donkeys don't like to be alone.' The little donkey nudged her hand as if he understood. Lily decided to help.



She asked the farmer about the little donkey. 'He's a young foal,' the farmer said. 'Donkeys are social animals. They feel happiest when they have a friend to share their paddock.' Lily nodded. 'Then we should find him a friend,' she said. The farmer smiled. 'That is a kind idea. I know a young donkey who needs a home.'



Lily and the farmer walked to a nearby farm. In a sunny field stood a young brown donkey with upright fuzzy ears and bright amber eyes. He wore a blue halter with a small silver tag. When he saw them, he trotted over with a friendly snort. 'Hello there,' Lily laughed. 'You look like you need a friend too.'



The next day, Lily helped build a cozy shared paddock. She carried fresh hay and filled a big water bucket. She placed a wooden shelter so the donkeys could rest in the shade. 'This will be a happy home,' she said. The little donkey watched with curious eyes. His long floppy ears stood up. He seemed to know something good was coming.



At last, the brown donkey arrived. He stepped into the paddock and looked around. The little donkey stared, then walked closer. The two donkeys sniffed noses. The little donkey's bell jingled softly. Then, like a happy surprise, both donkeys began to play. They trotted around the paddock, kicked up their hooves, and braved together with joy.



Lily watched them from the fence. The little donkey was not lonely anymore. He had a friend to graze beside, to nudge, and to share the sunny afternoons. His long floppy ears wiggled with happiness. 'You see?' Lily said. 'Friendship matters to animals too.' The little donkey brayed, but this time it sounded happy.



The brown donkey with the blue halter nudged Lily's hand, asking for a pat. Lily laughed and gave them both fresh hay. 'This is your home now,' she said. 'A shared paddock full of kindness.' The two donkeys stood side by side, their heads close together. Lily felt warm inside. She had helped make something wonderful.



Every day after that, Lily visited the shared paddock. She brought carrots and apples. She brushed the donkeys' soft coats. Sometimes she just sat on the fence and watched them. The little donkey followed her along the fence line. His bell jingled wherever he went. The brown donkey played hide-and-seek behind the shelter.



The two donkeys became the best of friends. They grazed together, rested together, and even took naps side by side in the warm sun. The little donkey grew lively and playful. His long floppy ears perked up at every sound. Lily saw that when animals have company, they truly bloom. Her heart felt full every time she visited.



Lily learned that kindness is more than giving food or water. It is also sharing time and making sure no one feels alone. The shared paddock became the happiest place in the village. Birds sang in the trees, and the donkeys braved softly to each other. Lily smiled. She had learned that even small acts of care can change a life.



The girl and the little donkey became the greatest of friends. Every morning, his bell jingled a greeting. The brown donkey braved a happy hello. Together, they turned the cozy paddock into a cheerful home. Lily knew that companionship is a treasure for animals and for people too. And everyone was happy together, sharing kindness every day.