

The Girl and the Little Donkey



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On a bright Saturday morning, Maya skipped down the lane to the donkey sanctuary. Her mustard-yellow dress with tiny white polka dots swished as she walked. Two low pigtailed bunched on her shoulders, and her green satchel held a special treat. She had waited all week to visit the donkeys. The sanctuary gate creaked open, and she stepped inside.



The sanctuary was full of donkeys with soft coats and long ears. Some stood in the sun, and some rolled in the dust. Maya walked slowly past each one, speaking in a soft voice. 'Hello, friend,' she whispered. Most donkeys ignored her, but one little donkey stood far away by the fence. He watched her with big dark eyes.



The little donkey was small, knee-high to Maya, with a grey-brown coat and a cream muzzle. His long floppy ears had dark tips, and a red halter with a small brass ring sat on his head. He looked shy and nervous. When Maya took a step closer, he flicked his fluffy tail and trotted away. Maya did not chase him.



Maya sat on a wooden bench and watched the little donkey from afar. She noticed how he kept to himself and glanced at her with worried eyes. She remembered what the sanctuary keeper had said: 'He is new here, and he needs time.' Maya nodded and decided to be patient. She would not rush him. She would let him come to her.



The next day, Maya brought a soft blanket from home. She found a quiet corner of the barn where the little donkey liked to stand. She spread the blanket on the straw and added a pile of fresh hay. 'This is for you,' she said softly. 'A cozy resting area.' Then she stepped back and waited quietly.



The little donkey watched from behind a wooden post. His long ears twitched forward and back. He sniffed the air and took one small step, then another. Maya did not move. She stayed still and smiled her calm, friendly smile. The donkey came closer, his small hooves making soft sounds on the barn floor.



He stopped at the edge of the blanket and looked at Maya. She spoke in a gentle whisper. 'It's okay, little one. You are safe here.' The donkey lowered his head and sniffed the fresh hay. Then he stepped onto the soft blanket. He turned around once, twice, and finally settled down with a happy sigh.



Maya's heart felt warm and full. She stayed very still and let the donkey rest. After a while, he closed his big dark eyes and his long lashes brushed his cheeks. Maya knew he felt safe. From that day on, she came to the sanctuary every afternoon. Each time, she brought something to make his corner cozier.



She brought a small brush and gently groomed his grey-brown coat. She brought a rubber ball, but he only sniffed it and went back to his hay. She brought a rope toy and hung it on the fence. The donkey watched her with curious eyes. Slowly, he began to trust her. He no longer trotted away when she came near.



One afternoon, Maya sat on the blanket beside the hay. The little donkey stood a few steps away, watching her. She held out her hand and spoke softly. 'Come, friend.' The donkey took a step, then another. Soon he stood right beside her. He lowered his head, and Maya patted him gently on his soft neck.



The donkey leaned into her hand and let out a soft, rumbling sound. Maya laughed quietly. 'You like that, don't you?' She patted his cream muzzle and scratched behind his floppy ears. The donkey closed his eyes and stood perfectly still. It was the first time he had let anyone touch him. Maya felt proud and happy.



From that day, the girl and the little donkey became true friends. Every morning, Maya ran to the sanctuary gate, and the donkey waited by the fence. When he saw her, he flicked his long ears and gave a little hop. Maya would call, 'Good morning, little one!' and he would trot to meet her.



They spent long afternoons together in the cozy resting area. Maya told him stories, and he listened with his big dark eyes. She brushed his coat until it shone, and he followed her around the barn like a puppy. The other donkeys seemed to smile at them. The sanctuary felt warmer and happier with their friendship.



One day, the sanctuary keeper said, 'He is a different donkey now. He is not shy anymore.' Maya smiled and patted the donkey's neck. 'He just needed a friend,' she said. The little donkey nuzzled her shoulder as if to say thank you. Maya knew that gentle companionship had made all the difference.



Now the little donkey has a happy home at the sanctuary. His cozy corner is always filled with fresh hay and soft blankets. Maya visits every day, and they rest together in the warm sun. The donkey trusts Maya completely, and Maya loves him with all her heart. Their friendship grows stronger each day.



Maya learned that trust is built with patience and kindness. Speaking softly and moving slowly can open a shy heart. The little donkey taught her that even the most nervous friend can become brave with gentle companionship. And at the sanctuary, the girl and the little donkey found a happy home together, side by side.