The Donkeys

By: Sarita Cohen

In the middle of a small road lies a place that could change your life forever. That place is Sprout Creek Farm. My class took a four day trip there. Every day we did chores. We were assigned to a certain group to make the jobs go faster. My chore group consisted of me, Jacob, Mia, Elliot and Scheherazade.

 On our last day on the farm, my chore group got assigned to South Side with Ally. Ally’s one of the farmers there. When you’re assigned to South Side you feed the chickens, turkeys, baby goats, cats, and donkeys. We finished with all of the animals except for the goats and donkeys. Then, Jacob, Elliot, Mia and Ally went into the goat pen while Scheherazade and I went in with the donkeys. There were two donkeys named Flan and Fernando. We put their food into two buckets and we got out the grooming kit. Scheherazade took Fernando outside with one bucket of food and half of the grooming supplies, while I stayed inside with Flan with his food and grooming supplies.

The donkeys were miniature donkeys, so I could reach Flan’s back easily. As soon as he started eating I started brushing him. His fur was as soft as a blanket and was the perfect temperature between my cold fingers. Something about the way Flan was responding to my touch just pulled me out of reality. I forgot about all of my worries back home and focused on what really mattered, being a part of my class and the farm. This is a feeling I rarely get during the school year, and I welcomed it. I could feel myself starting to warm up even though I was hidden from the sun.

 I could have stayed like that forever, but then the bell rang for breakfast, and we had to leave Flan and Fernando. During the ride back to school, I couldn’t stop thinking about the bond I made with Flan. I wish I could be back at that farm now. Sprout Creek Farm has changed me. I will never underestimate the power of an animal again.