



The Donkey Drabble Project

DRABBLE (n.): In creative writing, a drabble is a work of prose fiction exactly 100 words long, excluding the title. A drabble, although short on words should be a complete story that contains a beginning, middle, and satisfactory ending.

Let's all write a book, a book of donkey drabbles!

You are invited to write a drabble about a donkey or mule that you know, like or admire! This could be a donkey that you like to groom, take for a walk, always see in the field, or maybe one that you always like to hug. We invite you to help tell their story.

The drabble should be about an event in the life of your chosen donkey or mule. This event can be voiced by you, the donkey, or even someone who knows the donkey. This event can take place here at the DSC or at some point in the animal's previous life. Since donkeys live in the moment, we only ask that your drabble is written in present tense.

The drabbles will be put together in a book and then sold as a way to raise funds for the DSC. On every left page in the book, there will be a donkey's photo with their written drabble accompanying that on the right page.

If you are using Word, remember that there is a word counter at the bottom left of the screen. We recommend keeping an eye on that as you write as the 100-word limit can sneak up on you quickly.

When you're done, send your drabble by email to info@thedonkeysanctuary.ca. March 1, 2019 is our deadline for submissions and we hope that yours will be one of them. The drabble entries will be numbered and then a committee will make the final selections.

Have fun writing and don't forget, this isn't a writing contest! This is for the donkeys.



the donkey
sanctuary
of canada

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Sample Drabbles

Solo

Solo is a clever, cautious, confounding donkey. When it comes to his preference on Open Days he is consistent. On those mornings, Solo ambles to the Office Paddock to wait for someone to unlatch the gate. That done, he ambles up to the open-ended overhang attached to the barn and settles in to watch the passing parade.

Visitors come and go; they smile up at him. He gazes back: aloof, calm, safe from the unsettling pats of human hands.

At day's end he chooses to return to the now-empty yard, content to spend the night amongst creatures that are known.

Panne

In the wet winter barn the over-sized water trough is empty. Wait! There might be something at the bottom; maybe it is a bit of carrot.

Panne investigates. (Panne always investigates.) When he bends over his four feet slip away from under him. Now Panne is upside down in the trough.

In the area next door staff members hear moaning. They turn in circles, trying to identify the source. Finally, they go around the corner and see four long legs sticking out of the water trough. Hurriedly, it is cut open and Panne scabbles out.

No carrot is in sight.

I Saw a Sign

I saw a sign yesterday. LEAD, FOLLOW, OR GET OUT OF THE WAY! It troubled me to see everyone walk by. I paused to think (very Platonic of me). If everyone tries to lead does anything get done? Sometimes to lead don't we have to follow? Everyone else on the street seemed to be getting out of the way, or were they following? It seemed three options were not enough. I was trapped in my head. Thinking, thinking, thinking. I decided to tear the poster down, leaving the remnants pasted on the glass. Does that make me a leader now?