



Barnaby's Bumpy Bottom

Alex MacCaskill



Barnaby the fuzzy donkey loved a lot of things: crunchy carrots, sweet clover, and taking long naps in the sunshine. But today, something was very wrong. The itch started small, just a little tickle near his tail, but it was quickly growing into a GIANT problem.



Barnaby tried twisting this way and that. He wiggled his ears and flicked his tail with all his might, but the itch remained right out of reach. It was a very stubborn itch, indeed.



He backed up toward the sturdy oak tree, hoping the rough bark would help. He jiggled against the trunk, but the bark was too high and too lumpy in all the wrong places.



Next, Barnaby tried the fence line. He trotted alongside the cool metal wire, leaning his shoulder into it. It felt nice, but it completely missed the target area.



The itch was making Barnaby very impatient and quite silly-looking. He tried a funny dance, shuffling his feet and wiggling his whole body, but it only made him feel foolish and still very itchy.



Suddenly, Barnaby spotted something magnificent at the very edge of the pasture. It was the gate post – weathered, splintery, and exactly the right height. Could this be the answer?



Cautiously, Barnaby backed up, lining himself up perfectly. He gave a gentle nudge against the post, and the feeling was incredible. With a blissful breath, he began to scratch in earnest, his whole body relaxed with joy.



He scratched up and down, back and forth, completely lost in the moment. The weathered wood was rough and strong, providing the satisfying relief he had been searching for all morning.



Barnaby closed his eyes, a contented smile spreading across his donkey face. The stubborn itch was finally gone, replaced by a warm, happy glow.



After one last, lingering scratch, Barnaby was fully relieved. He trot-skipped back to his warm stall, feeling light and cozy, knowing that sometimes, the best things in life are the simplest, like a dusty farm gate post.