



days at
Dunrovin

July 2019

Dunrovin's Donkey DIVAS



Miss Maude

Miss Gertie

The DIVAS Dish—Animal Advice from the Wise Asses



Fireworks!



Dear Gertie and Maude,

The two-leggeds are mumbling again. It's common this time of year. I catch them looking at the sky, pointing at the hills behind Harriet and Hal's nest, and saying the word that chills me to the bone: Fireworks.

The *BANGS* and *POPS* and *SQUEALS* do something to me that I don't understand. It's like suddenly I can't control myself, like I'm in serious danger, and I have to run and hide. I shake so bad and run into the bathroom (I have no idea why, but it must be the safest place to be). My human pets me and tells me that it's okay, that it'll stop soon. I just can't get my body to believe her.

I know it's dogs like me, for sure, who are terrified. I've even seen some of the horses go crazy and try to run away, too. It all seems unnecessary, like its purpose is to make fun of those born with an elevated flight instinct.

My question is: Do donkeys get scared that night?

Thank you,

Aero K.. Fourth of July spokes-dog



Dearest Aero,

This is a teachable moment... But where to begin the lesson?

We could outline a history of human-devised explosives (a long and storied tale, reaching far back into the earliest annals), compile a recommended reading list for such tortured souls as yourself (“The Night that goes BOOM” by renowned canine author Kibblenut is an absolute must), or offer some tried-and-true coping mechanisms (our very own Captains Lewis and Clark prescribe a stoic remedy: walk fifty laps around the arena as the sun is setting, then stuff hay in your ears and go to bed.).

But none of those topics intrigue us. Besides, we all know the truth of the situation. The fireworks that fill the night sky with all manner of light and color are a celebration! A remembrance of a grand event in the recorded histories of the universe! A grand gesture to mark the miraculous occasion of a glorious birth!

The birth of... us, of course. That’s right, dear Aero, we are to blame. And although, as the great explosions fill the sky, sending dog and horse scattering, we feel something resembling sympathy for your plight, we’re usually too busy partying.

Now, there are some who may contend this claim, and even argue that our birth certificates show a very different date. But we knew, the moment we first heard the glorious chorus of sound and witnessed the spectacle of light and color that this was our day – the Fourth of July, as the humans rather dryly call it. We’re working with them to rename it, have no doubt about that.

Does that improve your opinion of the evening in question? Now that you know the truth? If not, we’re afraid there’s not much else we can do to help you. Maybe ask your human to line the bathroom tub with pillows and batten down the doors and windows and crank up Beethoven’s 5th.

Oh, and to answer your closing question: No, we do not scare easily. We cannot speak for all donkeys, but we brag often about the bravery of our breed. Our morning song is louder than any firecracker, and a swift kick from one of our hind legs more explosive than a bottle rocket.

Best of luck,

Gertie and Maude *Miss Gertie Miss Maude*



Caption Contest

Email captions and
animal letters to
DunrovinDivas@gmail.com

Identify captions by month and
year of contest: June 2019