

The Donkey



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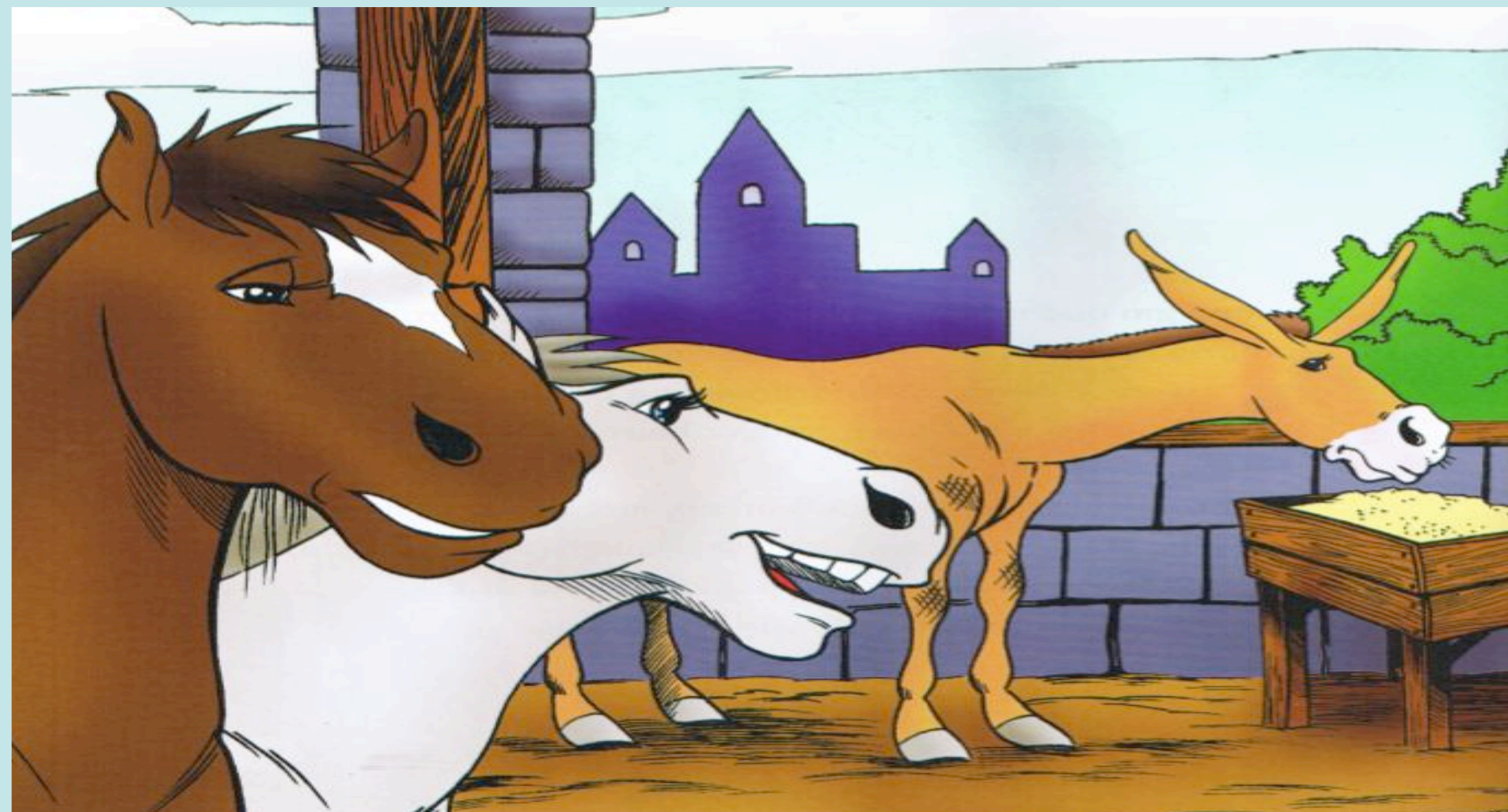


In a time when there were no cars, in the stables of a famous royal palace a donkey felt very sad as his companions constantly mocked and made fun of him.



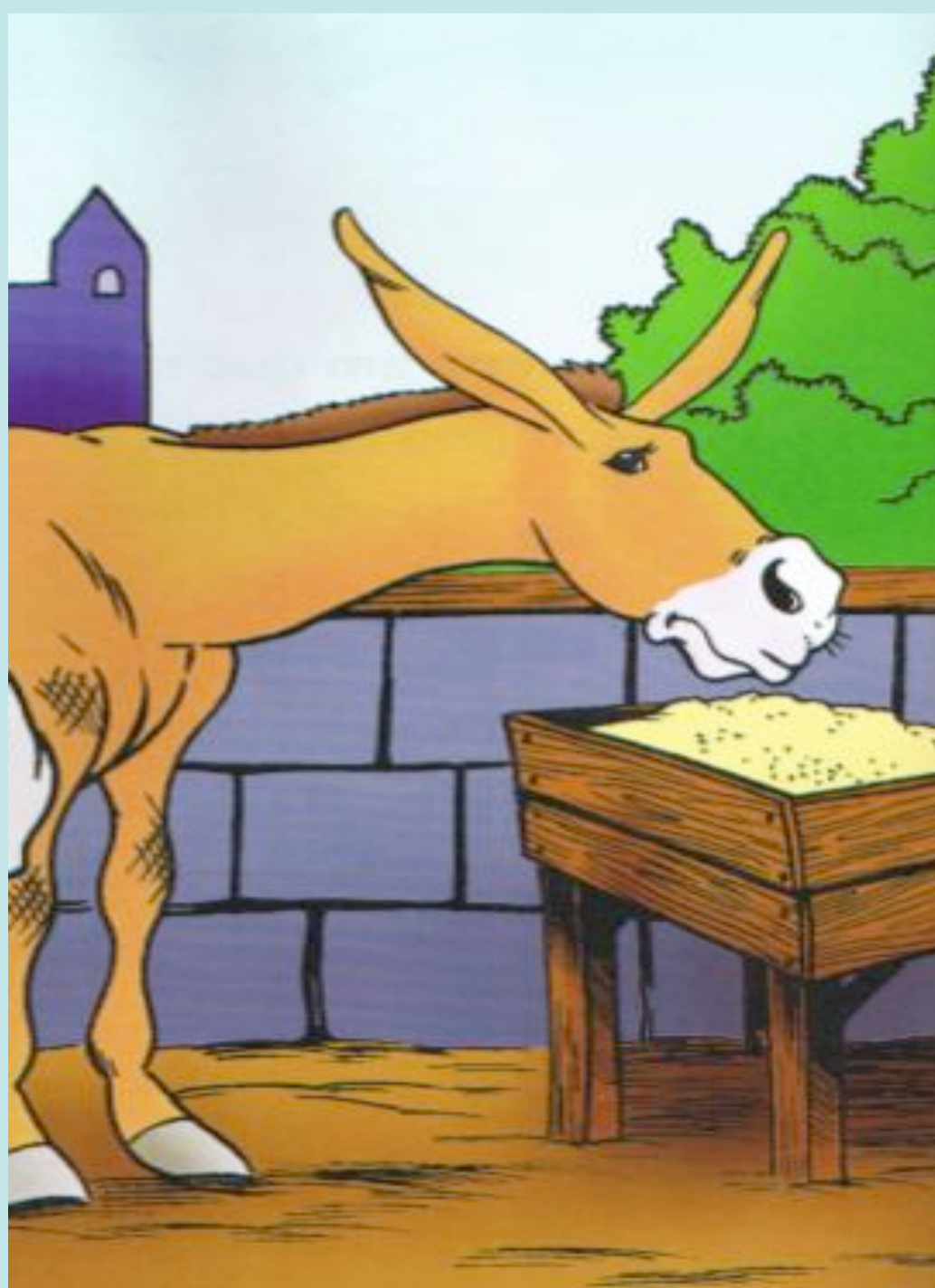
Noticing his unkempt fur, the deep scars on his back, and his humble and sad face, a famous Arabian horse, winner of many prizes, approached the donkey.

A fine pony of English origin also came along. “Yours is such a sad fate! Don’t you envy my position in the races? I am caressed by the hands of princesses and am praised by kings!”



“Not only that, how could a donkey appreciate the excitement of the bets and the taste of the hunt?”

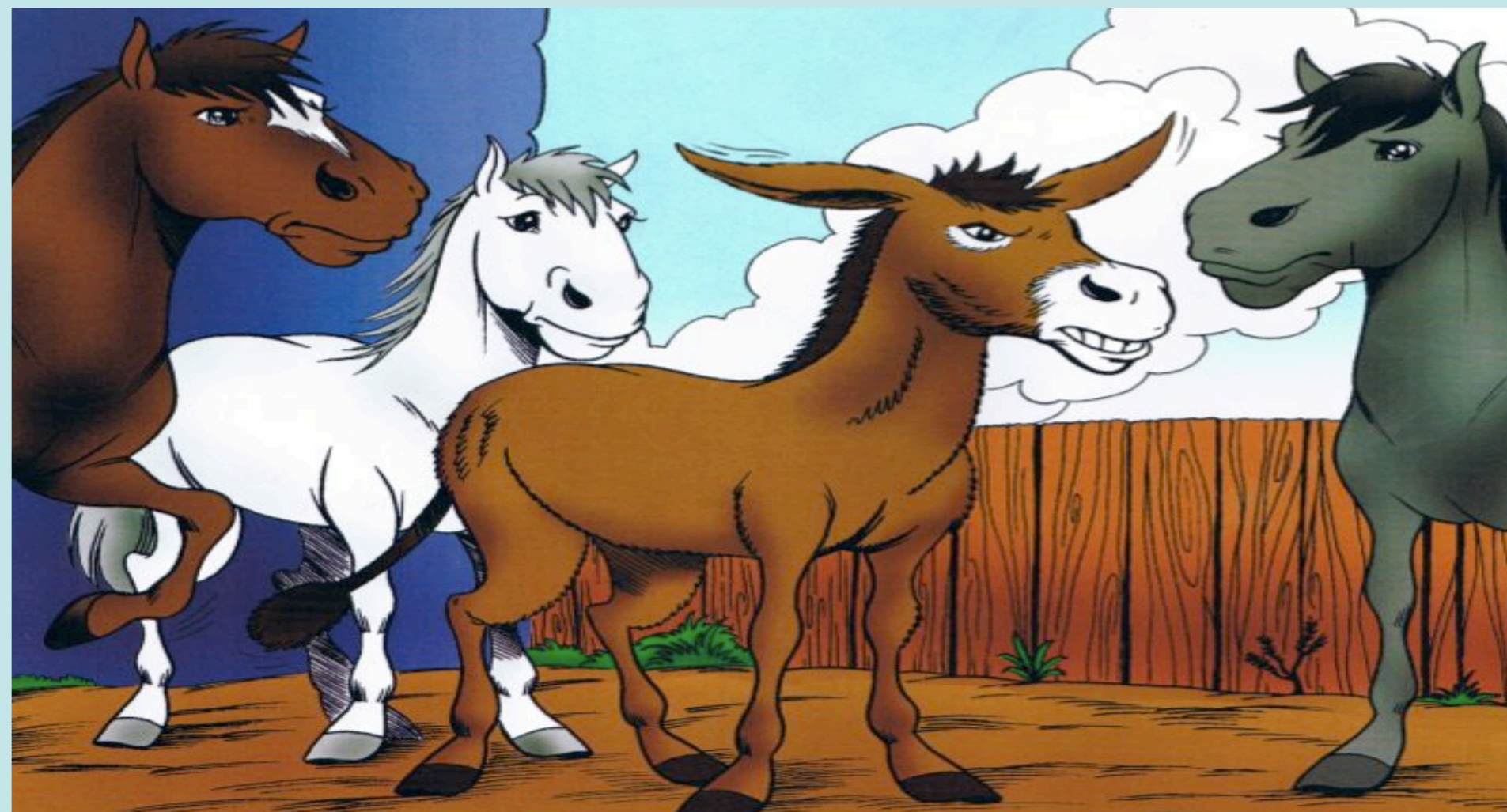
**As usual, the
unfortunate donkey
suffered the mockery
with resignation.**



A superb Hungarian horse added his own comment. “What a coward this donkey is! He suffered in the hands of handlers without even giving them one single kick. It is embarrassing to be in his company.”



A Spanish mule entered the conversation and unkindly pointed out: “I am sorry to recognize in this donkey a close relative. He is a dishonor, a useless softy!”



“He knows nothing about self-esteem! I for instance only accept orders within certain limits, and if they abuse me, I kick and could even kill.”

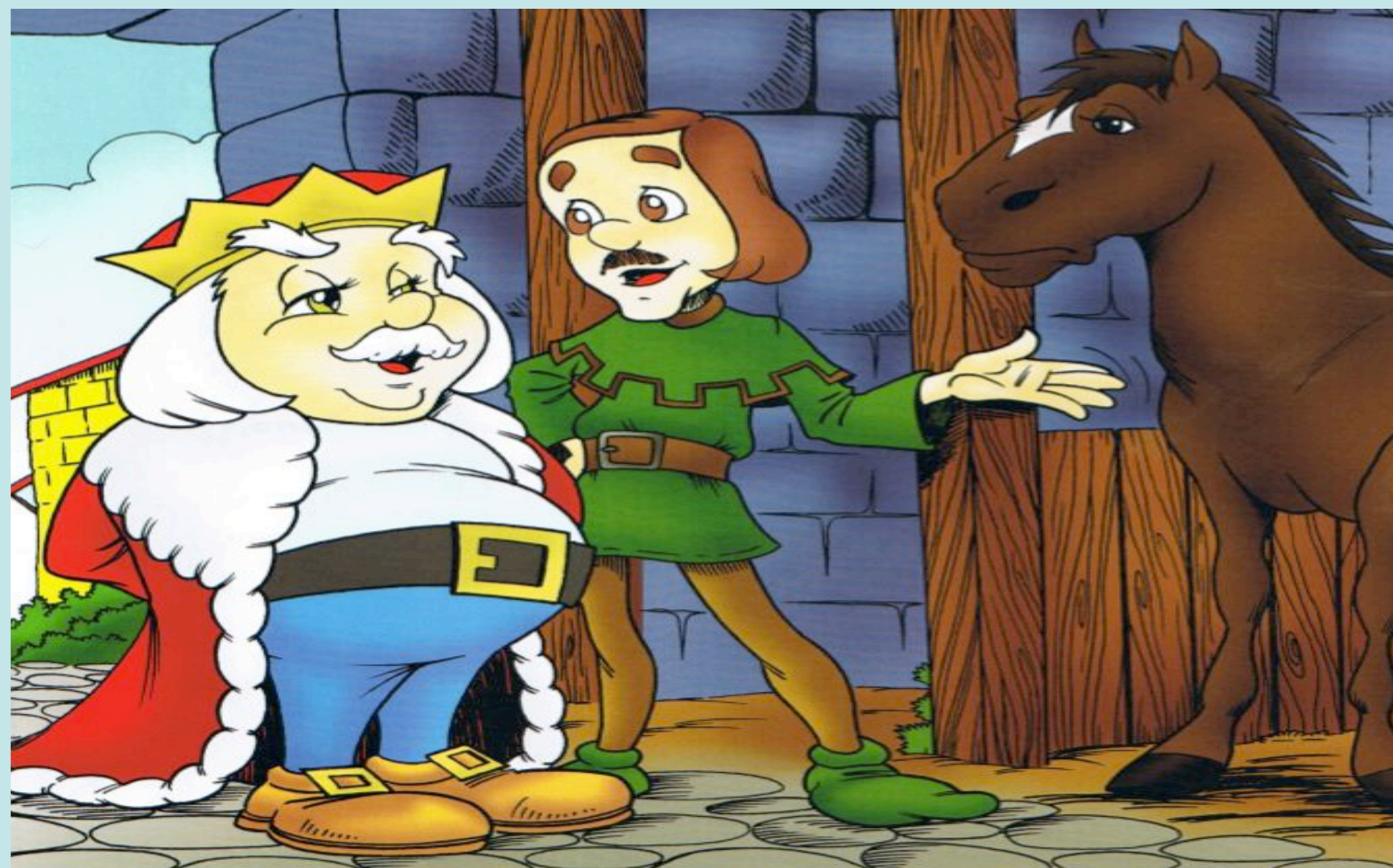
The insults were barely over when the King entered the stable together with his stable-hand.



“I need a particularly good animal for a special task of great responsibility,” said the monarch. “I want him to be sweet and gentle, well trained and totally trustworthy.”



The stable-hand suggested: “Do you want the Arabian horse, Majesty?”
“No, no! He is too full of himself and good only for races in smaller events.”



“What about the English pony?”

“Absolutely not! He is restless and suited only for hunting season.”





“What about the Hungarian?” “No, no. He is wild and not broken in. Besides he is more of a herding horse.”

“The Spanish mule perhaps would be good?” “Not at all, too cunning and not to be trusted.”

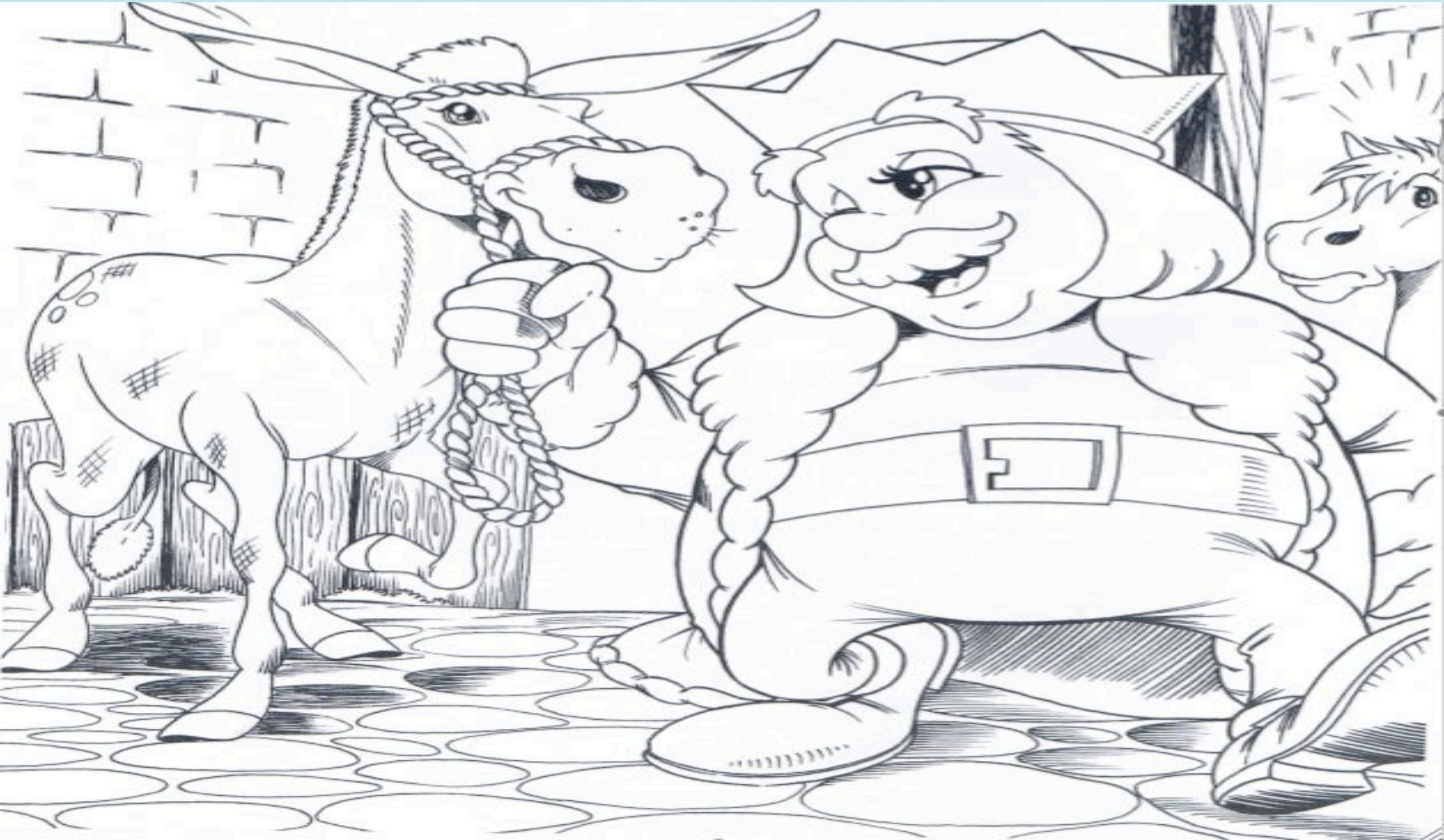


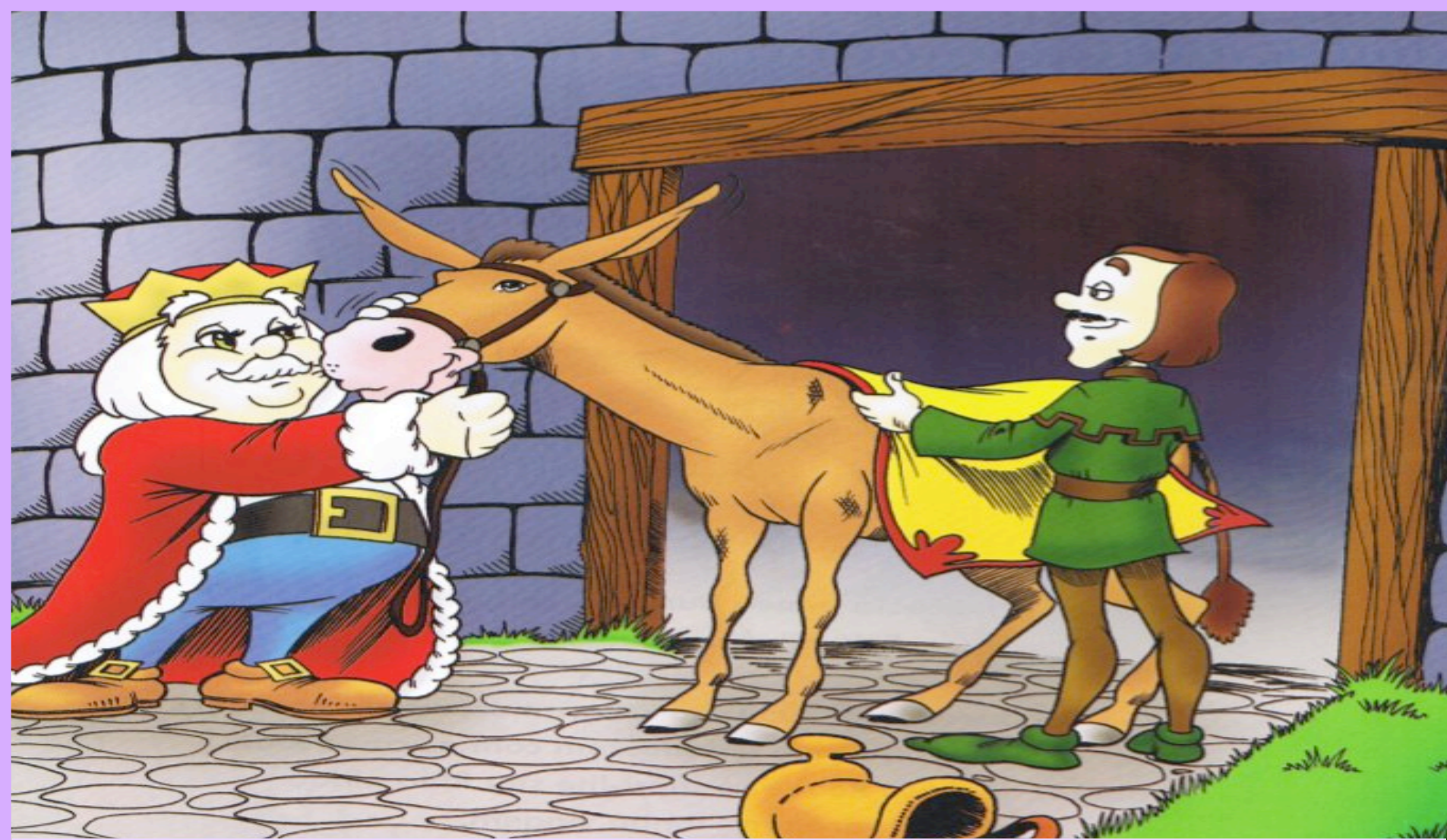
“The Spanish mule perhaps would be good?” “Not at all, too cunning and not to be trusted.”

“The King remained quiet for a few moments and then asked: “Where is my donkey?” “There,Your Majesty.”



Next thing, the King himself tenderly pulled the donkey out of the stable, and ordered that he be dressed up with the kingdom's shining Coat of Arms. As it turns out, the donkey was to take the King's son, still an infant, on a very long trip.





The same happens in life.

We always have a great number of friends and acquaintances, but only those who have learned to serve and withstand suffering without thinking only about themselves are the ones who can give us the best assistance.



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