



PEPPER

THE PISTOL

I was the first donkey born here on the Sanctuary.

I have a pretty, white and black coat, and large ears, so I can hear the chatter on the Sanctuary even when I am far away.

After hearing the horror stories from Momma Honey, Chicken and Waffle, Sampson, and the other Giants – and I am sure I only got a censored version of what life can be like out there – I think I won the lottery.

Some here call me ‘The Pistol’, as I have a reputation for getting into things I probably shouldn’t. But it is all in good jest. They still love me.

I learned to unlock the gate to the back patio at the ranch with my mouth. Then I just step onto the patio, grab the side bar, walk backwards to open the gate until the other Donks are inside let go and it gate closes on its own.

And voila! The Donks are on the patio where we can bray at Momma Karen and Mr. Brooks for more treats. Easy peasy!

Momma Karen didn’t know it was me for a long while, then she caught me in the act.

She chided me about being bad, then gave me a big hug. She gives lots of hugs.

I’ve also been accused of taking the cushions and pillows from the back patio and leaving them all around the yard and pasture. I even got blamed for leaving two of them down by the Scout Camp.

But it wasn’t me.

I’ve also gotten blamed for several other pranks at the Sanctuary, but I’ve denied every infraction. When accused, I nod towards the Tweens (the young Clydesdales), snort and shake my head since they are usually up to something, but nobody has taken the bait yet.

Your Friend ...

Pepper

That’s my story, and I’m sticking to it.

Your Friend ...
Pepper