



# Oliver

Hi My name is Oliver; I'm a Draft Mule. I used to be an Amish work Mule years ago. I was severely abused back then. They used to put these horrible things on my ankles and when I did not stop fast enough they would pull my feet from out underneath of me and drop me to the ground. I developed something called Ring Bone from the abuse. It makes me sore sometimes especially going down hill, but for the most part I do well now. I went through an auction at a cheap price (Who wants a worn down Draft Mule?) and then I traveled north to a barn. I could not believe it when this girl (who was named Annie) and her friends came to see me saying I was the cutest thing they ever saw, also she said she was taking me home limp and all. I wasn't sure what I was getting into but she always had snacks for me and treated me with love and kindness always telling me how cute my big ears were. I may not be able to go for long trail rides but I love to do all kinds of tricks. I make a lot of people laugh with my loud bray and funny ways. Before you laugh at my ears or judge me by my looks I want you to know that the Bible considers Mules as the royal choice to carry the Kings.

1 Kings 1:33 (NLT)

The king said to them, "Take Solomon and my officials down to Gihon Spring. Solomon is to ride on my own mule.