

# The Story of Little Lamb



by  
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This is the story of Little Lamb.







Little Lamb lives with his mother and his lamb friends and their mothers, out on the moors off the coast of Ireland.



Little Lamb, more than anything, loves to be with his mother. He likes to know she's there at all times, and to nudge up against her soft wool coat.





Little Lamb also loves to be with his many lamb friends, and their mothers, grazing together on tender, sweet tufts of grass.



Early one evening, when Little Lamb was grazing with the flock, he spotted an especially sweet tuft of grass off in the distance.





He wandered toward the grass, and wandered a bit further, and a bit further...



...over a stream, around rocks, and under many shrubs.



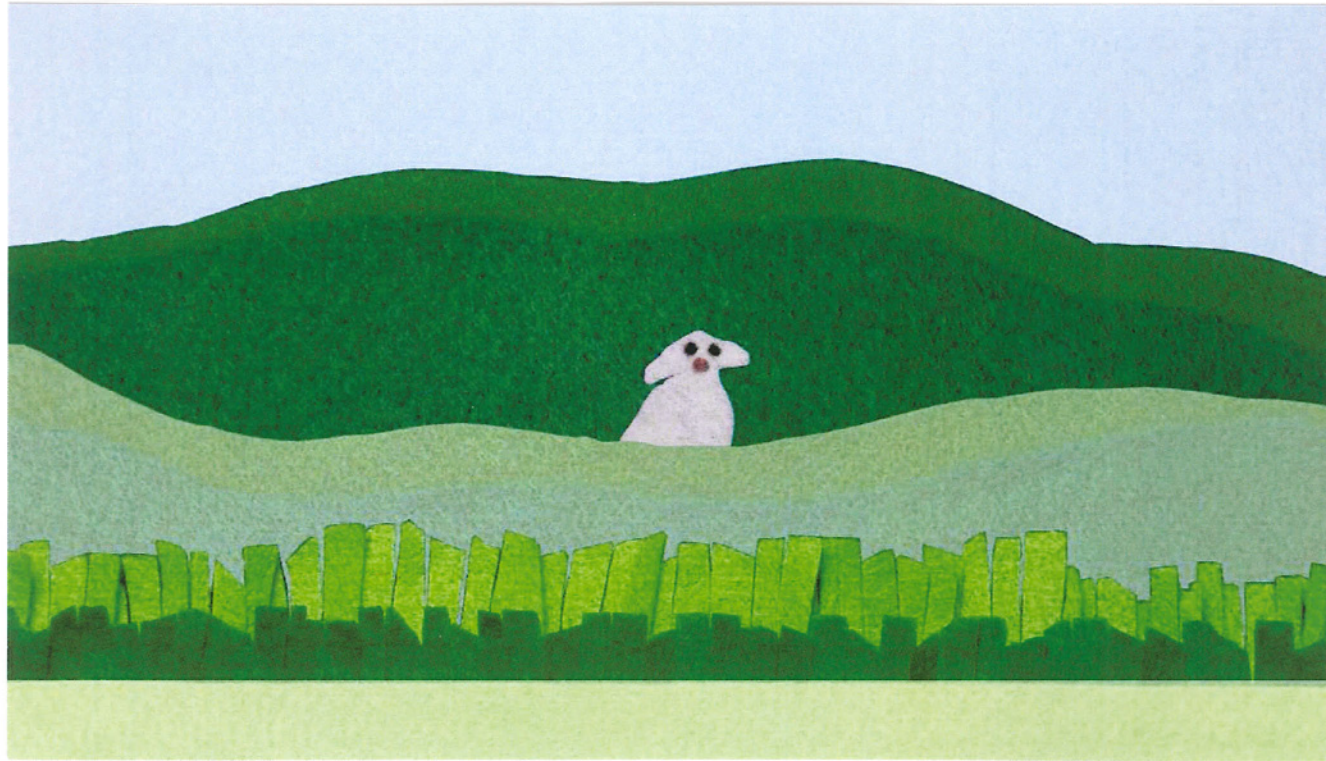


And he came to a beautiful, small meadow where there was more green grass than Little Lamb had ever seen before. Little Lamb put his head down, and began grazing to his heart's content.

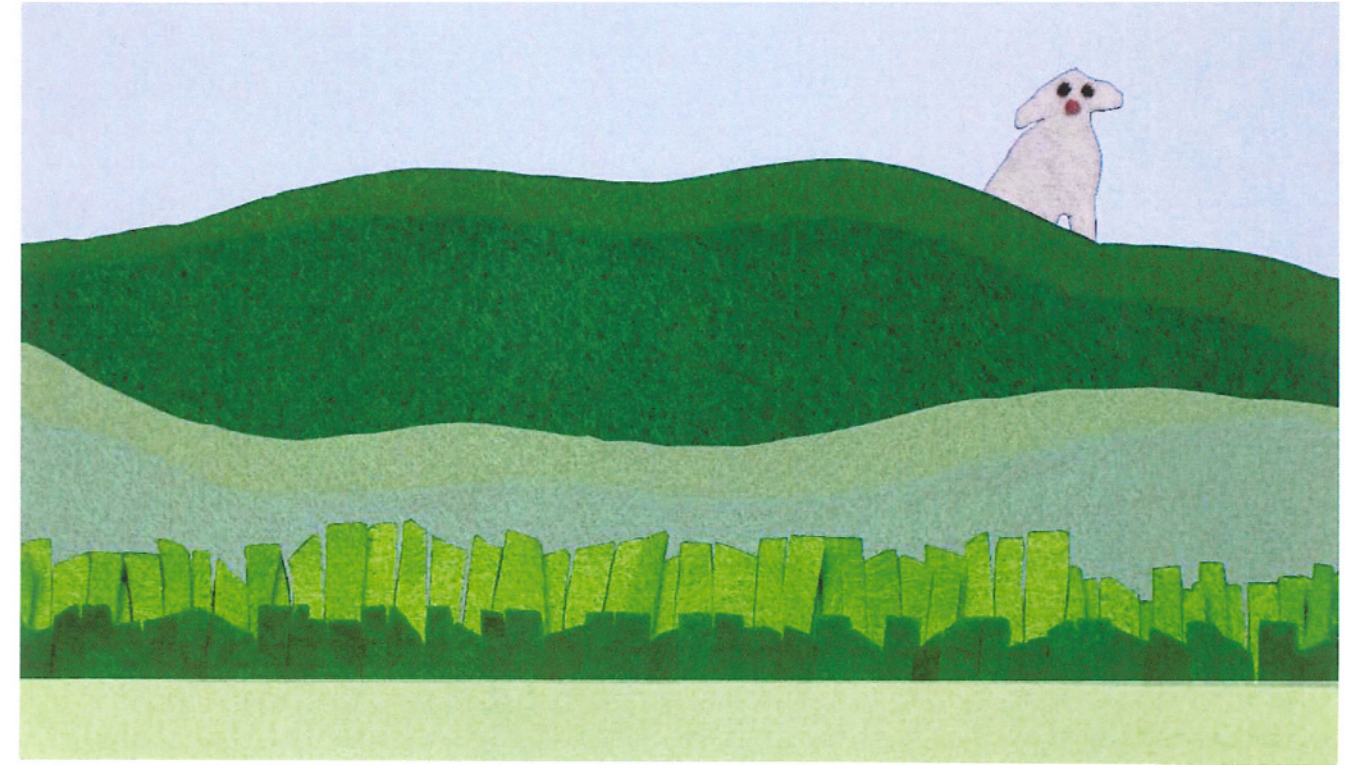


Time passed, and a mist gathered gently across the meadow. Little Lamb sensed something wasn't quite right. He realized that the sounds and scent of his mother, and the rest of the flock, were too far away. And suddenly, he missed his mother very much.





Little Lamb lifted his head, and perked up his ears, and he called out, "Maaah! Maaah"! He listened, but there was no answer. Little Lamb called out again, "Maaah! Maaah"! And this time, in the distance, he could hear, "Little Laaamb! Little Laaamb"!



Little Lamb knew just what to do. He began to trot, and trotted as quickly as he could, through the mist, right toward his mother's voice. "Little Laaamb! Little Laaamb! Maaah! Maaah"!





Little Lamb trotted across the meadow...



...over the stream, around the rocks, and under the  
many mist covered shrubs.





Getting closer and closer, Little Lamb could see his lamb friends in the distance, and his mother waiting anxiously for his return. Little Lamb kicked up his heels, and ran and ran...



...and when he rejoined the flock, Little Lamb gave his mother a very special nudge, right against her soft wool coat. It was soooo good to be back.





The evening soon turned to nighttime, and Little Lamb and his mother went off with the rest of the flock, looking for a special place to sleep for the night, under the stars, out on the moors off the coast of Ireland.

And that is the story of Little Lamb.