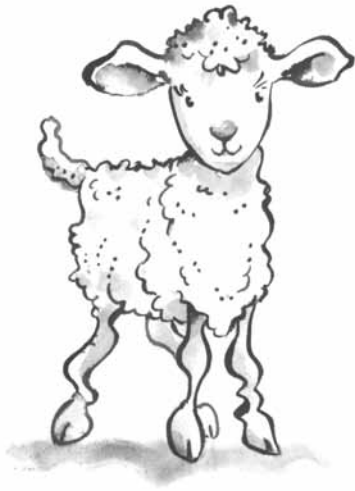


A Lamb







Laura's dad brought the lamb home on a Friday.

“Here he is,” Dad said. “What are you going to call him?”

Dad put him down on the kitchen table. The lamb stood and blinked at them. His legs wobbled.

Laura looked at the lamb for a long time.

“Lollylegs,” she said.

Lollylegs wasn't really Laura's lamb.
Dad had brought him home from the
stockyards to give
as a raffle prize
for the school fete.
Someone would get
to take Lollylegs
home.

“So don't get too
attached to him,”
Mum said. “You
know he's going
to the fete next
Saturday.”





His wool was soft and tickly. He had
long lashes on his big brown eyes.



Laura looked
after him. She fed
him warm milk
from a baby bottle. He guzzled and
spilt the milk, butting Laura on the
hand and the arm as if that would
make the milk come faster.

He nuzzled her
under the chin.



Then he did a wee
on the floor.





“He should sleep
in the laundry,”
Dad said, while he
cleaned it up.

“He’s too little!” Laura said.
“He’d be lonely.”
Mum stroked Lollylegs’s head.
“He *is* very little, Dave,” she said
to Dad.



“Hmm,” Dad said. “I suppose...”
Then he smiled at Mum, the special smile he kept just for her. “But you get to clean up any messes.”

So Laura made Lollylegs a bed in
her room out of rags and an old, old
blanket which was thin with washing.



She took Lollylegs outside just before bedtime, and after he did what Mum called “his business”, she waited while he explored the backyard. He nosed the camellia bushes and tugged a dandelion flower off its stem, then spat it out.



It was a big yard and the grass was usually a bit long because Jason, Laura’s big brother, didn’t like doing the lawn mowing and put it off for as long as he could.

“You’d like to live here, wouldn’t you?” Laura said to Lollylegs.

She imagined Lollylegs living with them and sighed.

“I wish you weren’t going to the fete,” she said, hugging him as hard as she could.

Lollylegs
snuggled his
head into
her armpit.
It tickled.

