

The Girl and the Little Sheep



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On a soft Saturday morning, the girl pulled on her mustard-yellow raincoat with the wooden buttons. She put on her red rubber boots and packed a small canvas satchel. Today she was going to the animal sanctuary with her grandpa. Her curly dark-brown hair bounced in two short puffs as she walked. She wondered what animals she would meet.



The sanctuary was full of green fields and happy sounds. She saw ducks splashing, goats climbing, and a big brown horse munching hay. Her grandpa smiled and said, 'Take your time and be gentle.' She nodded, her large round hazel eyes wide with wonder. She wanted to see everything. Then she heard a tiny, soft sound from a nearby pen.



In the pen stood a little sheep, knee-high to the girl. Its fleece was fluffy and cream-white, and its face and legs were soft grey. A thin blue ribbon was tied loosely around its neck. It had big dark gentle eyes and small floppy ears. 'Hello, little sheep,' she whispered. The sheep blinked and stepped back a little.



The girl remembered her grandpa's words: be gentle. So she sat down quietly on the grass outside the pen. She did not reach out or make big noises. She just sat and watched. The little sheep peeked from behind a wooden post. Its tiny pink nose twitched. The girl smiled softly and waited. Waiting, she thought, was a kind of care.



After a while, the sheep took one small step closer. Then another. The girl stayed still. 'You are safe,' she said in a low, soft voice. The sheep tilted its head. It made a little rumbling sound, like a tiny motor. The girl's heart felt warm. She did not know it yet, but the sheep was saying hello in its own sheep way.



That afternoon, the girl sat in the same spot again. She watched the other sheep in the field. They made soft baas and gentle rumbles to each other. They stayed close together, side by side. When one moved, another followed. 'They talk with soft sounds,' she whispered. 'And they love to stay close to their friends.' The little sheep watched her watching them.



The next day, the girl brought a small handful of fresh grass. She held it out flat on her palm. The little sheep sniffed the air. Its floppy ears wiggled. Slowly, it stepped forward and nibbled the grass. Its nose tickled her hand like a feather. She giggled very quietly. 'You like that, don't you?' she said. The sheep's dark eyes softened.



Each day, the girl came back. She sat like a quiet stone and offered gentle care. She learned that sheep nuzzle each other to show kindness. They rest their heads on each other's wool. They share the softest grass. She watched and copied their gentle ways. She did not rush. She did not grab. She just offered her calm, kind self.



One afternoon, the little sheep came all the way to the fence. It stood right in front of her. Its cream-white fleece looked like a fluffy cloud. Its blue ribbon fluttered in the breeze. The girl held her breath. 'Hi there,' she whispered. The sheep gave a soft rumble. Then it rested its chin on the fence rail, close to her hand. She felt special.



The little sheep began to follow her along the fence. When she walked, it walked. When she stopped, it stopped. Its small grey legs trotted behind her red boots. The other sheep watched and seemed to smile. The girl felt like she had a tiny, woolly shadow. 'You are my friend,' she said. The sheep's floppy ears lifted, as if it understood.



One windy day, the little sheep was not at the fence. The girl looked around. She felt a little worry. Then she saw it standing alone near the barn, its blue ribbon flapping. 'Are you scared of the wind?' she asked softly. She sat down nearby and hummed a quiet tune. The sheep listened. Slowly, it walked over and stood close. The wind did not matter anymore.



The girl learned more about sheep kindness. She saw two sheep share a patch of shade. She saw one wait for a slower friend. She saw them sleep in a warm, woolly pile. 'You take care of each other,' she said. The little sheep leaned against her leg. Its warmth felt like a hug. She understood: gentle care builds trust. And trust builds friendship.



From that day, they were best friends. The little sheep ran to the fence whenever it heard her red boots. It let her stroke its fluffy fleece. It followed her around the field, making happy little rumbles. The girl told it all her secrets. The sheep listened with its big dark eyes. It never interrupted. It was the best listener she had ever met.



The girl learned to speak a little sheep language. She made soft rumbling sounds back. She nuzzled her head gently against its wool. Other children came to the sanctuary too. The girl showed them how to sit quietly and be patient. 'Just wait,' she said. 'They will come to you.' And they did. The little sheep helped show the way.



On her last day of the season, the girl sat in the grass with the little sheep beside her. It rested its head on her knee. Its blue ribbon was a little dirty now, but it did not mind. 'I will come back,' she promised. The sheep gave a long, soft rumble. She knew it meant, 'I will wait for you.' She hugged its woolly neck, feeling warm and happy.



As the girl walked home, she thought about all she had learned. Sheep talk with soft sounds and stay close to their friends. They show kindness by sharing and waiting. She had learned to be quiet and patient. She had learned that gentle care builds trust. And she had made a best friend. Her heart felt as fluffy and warm as a little sheep's fleece.