

Good Work

Tom and Martha lived on a farm just outside Mirfield, with their playful black and white sheepdog called Meg and their cheeky, stripy cat with long fluffy fur, called Mog.

Farmer Tom did not need an alarm clock as, early every morning, he was woken by a noisy cockerel, called Dandy, perching on the garden fence and crowing loudly to wake everyone up.

Farmer Tom liked to look out of his open bedroom window at the sunrise reflecting from Dandy's colourful and shiny feathers.

Tom also liked to smell the flowers in the garden and loved to see the sun slowly rising into a blue sky among fluffy white clouds, and his cows and sheep happily eating grass in the fields.

He looked out of the window and saw Mog playing among the grass and flowers.

He looked for his five cows; one, two, three, four, five - good, all there.

He looked for his three calves; one, two, three - good, all there.

He looked for his six hens; one, two, three, four, five, six - good, all there.

He looked for his three baby chickens; one, two, three - good, all there.

He looked for his four sheep; one, two, three, four - good, all there.

He searched for his eight baby lambs; one, two, three, four, five, six, seven - oh dear!

He counted them again. There were still only seven. One lamb was missing!

Farmer Tom got dressed, went downstairs, pulled on his Wellingtons and whistled for Meg. Meg jumped up from her bed in the corner of the kitchen and bounded out of the door behind him. They ran down the garden path, through the gate and out into the big wide field.

Tom and Meg checked the lush green grass and golden buttercups in the field. The missing lamb was not there.

They searched among the red poppies growing among the lines of corn growing in the next field. The lamb was not there.

They shuffled and snuffled and sneezed amongst the hay in the cow shed. The lamb was not hiding there.

They checked behind the pile of big round purple turnips in the yard. The lamb was not there.

They inspected behind lumpy sacks of potatoes and carrots in the barn. The lamb was not there.

They even looked under the big blue tractor in the yard. The lamb was not there.

Farmer Tom and Meg were sad. Where on Earth could the lamb be?

Just then, Mog jumped out from behind the wild hedge with a loud "Meeow!". She hissed and pawed playfully at Meg and then ran off towards the garden. Meg barked and raced after her.

The farmer's big strides marched after them.

"Woof, woof!"

"Meeow!"

"Bleat, bleat!"

Tom got a great surprise when he found Meg and Mog.

There, lying down among golden daffodils and squashed daisies was the cold and shivering lamb!

Meg gently licked the lamb's ears and Mog rubbed him softly and tickled his nose with her fur.

"Bleat!"

The farmer laughed and said, "Good work Meg and Mog, you found him! Thank you."

He picked up the lamb and they all went into the house, where Tom put the lamb into a large open cardboard box in front of the stove to get warm again. He gave Mog some cream on a saucer, Meg a bone from the fridge and himself a cup of tea with a chocolate biscuit and he smiled happily.