



Enid Blyton Stories

Lambs' Tails

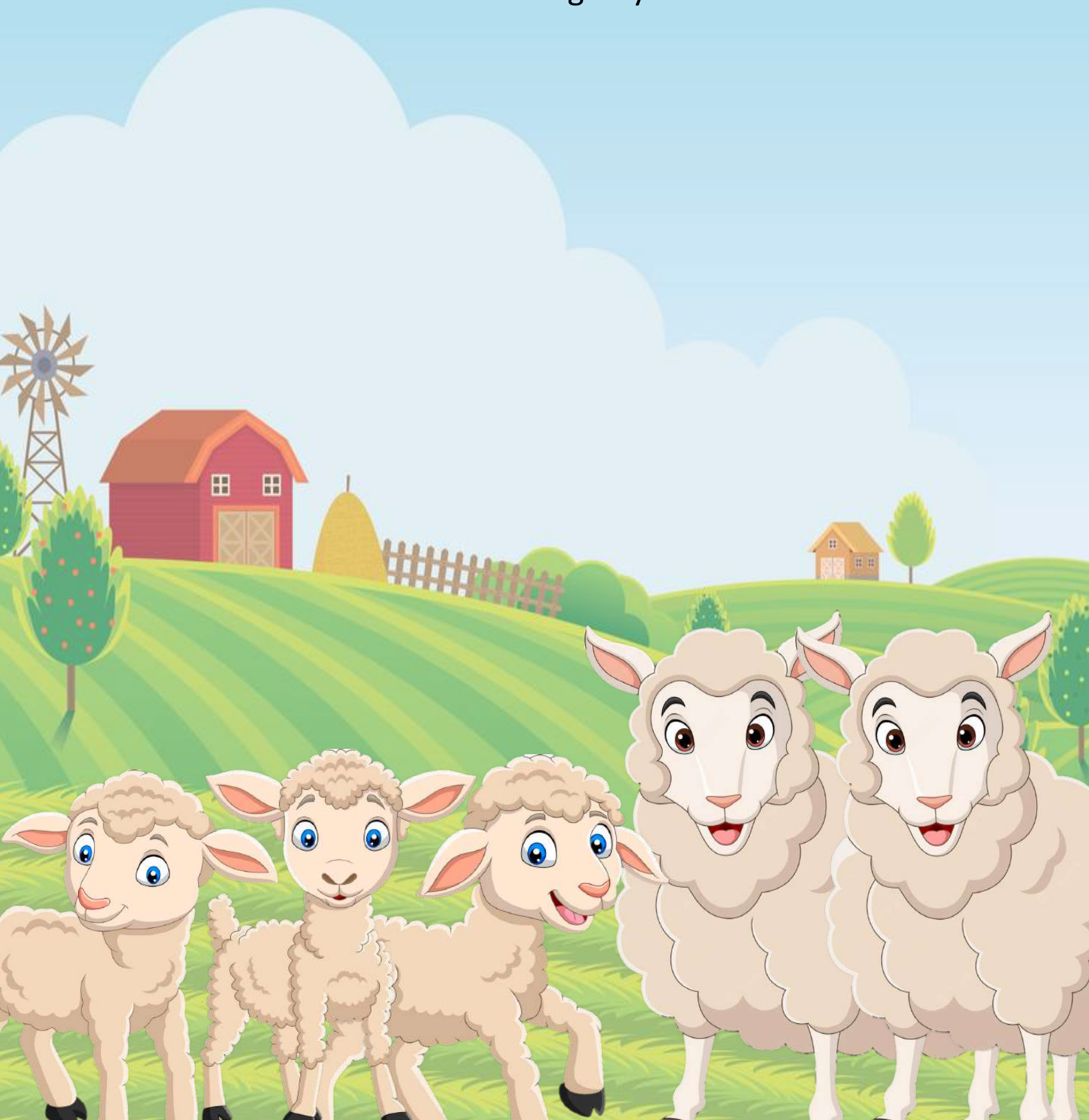


Once Upon a Time

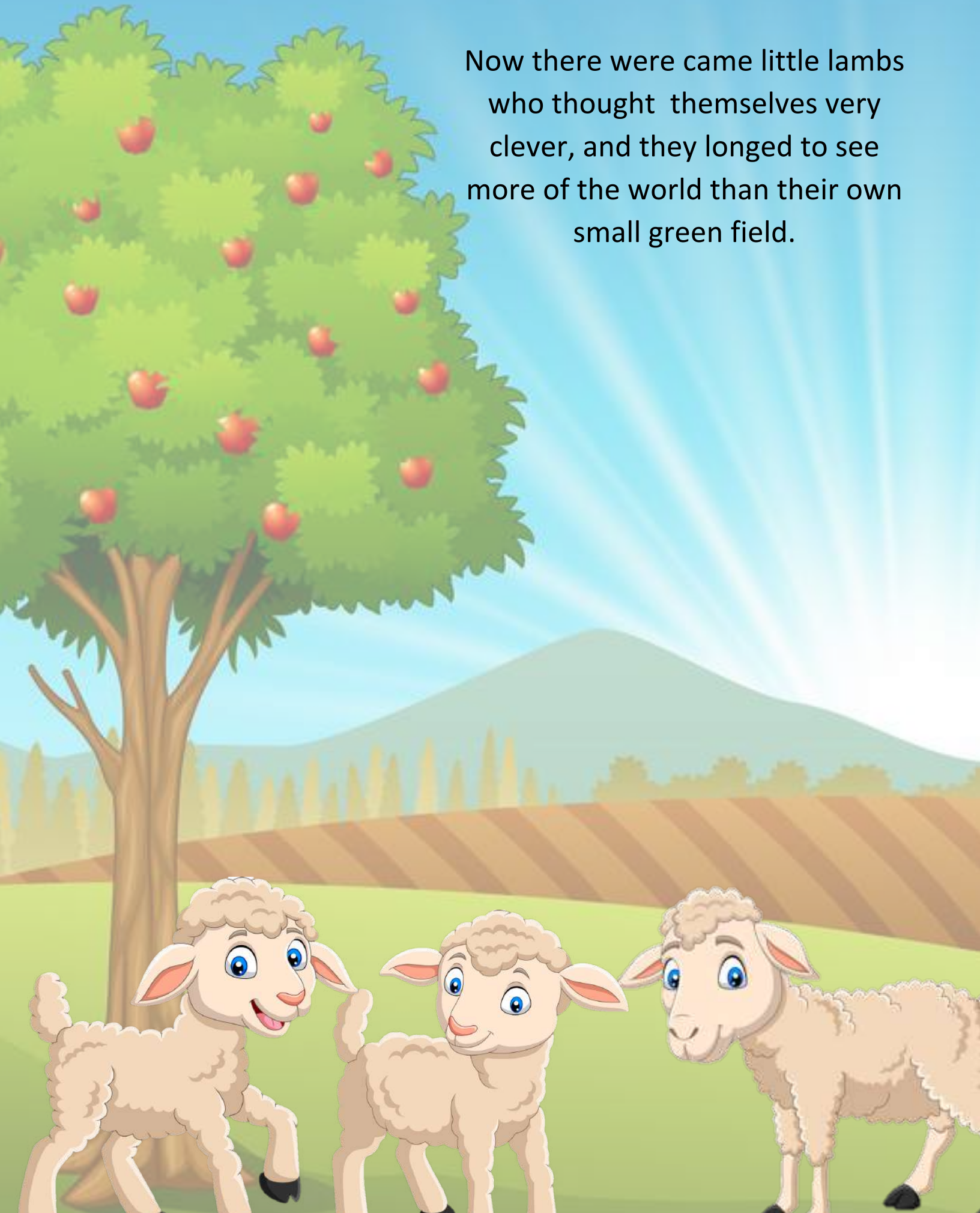
There was a wicked enchanter who had been turned into a pure white wolf. He roamed about the world eating little pigs and big pigs, hens and ducks and anything else he could find. He was a big bad wolf and everyone knew about him.



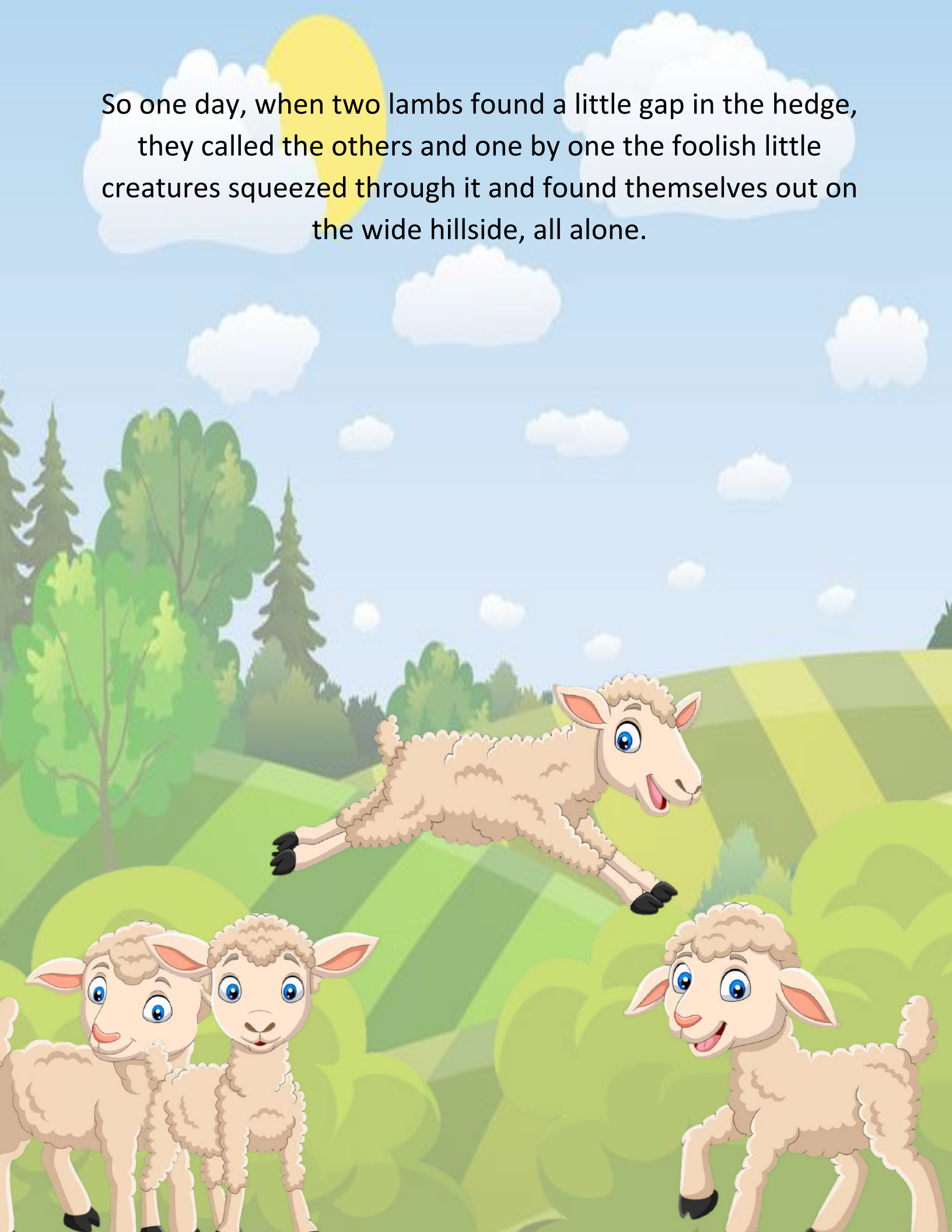
The little lambs in the field had been warned about him. 'Don't speak to any strange animal you see, said the mother sheep. 'Don't listen to any tales he tells. It might be the big bad wolf who is talking to you!'



Now there were came little lambs
who thought themselves very
clever, and they longed to see
more of the world than their own
small green field.



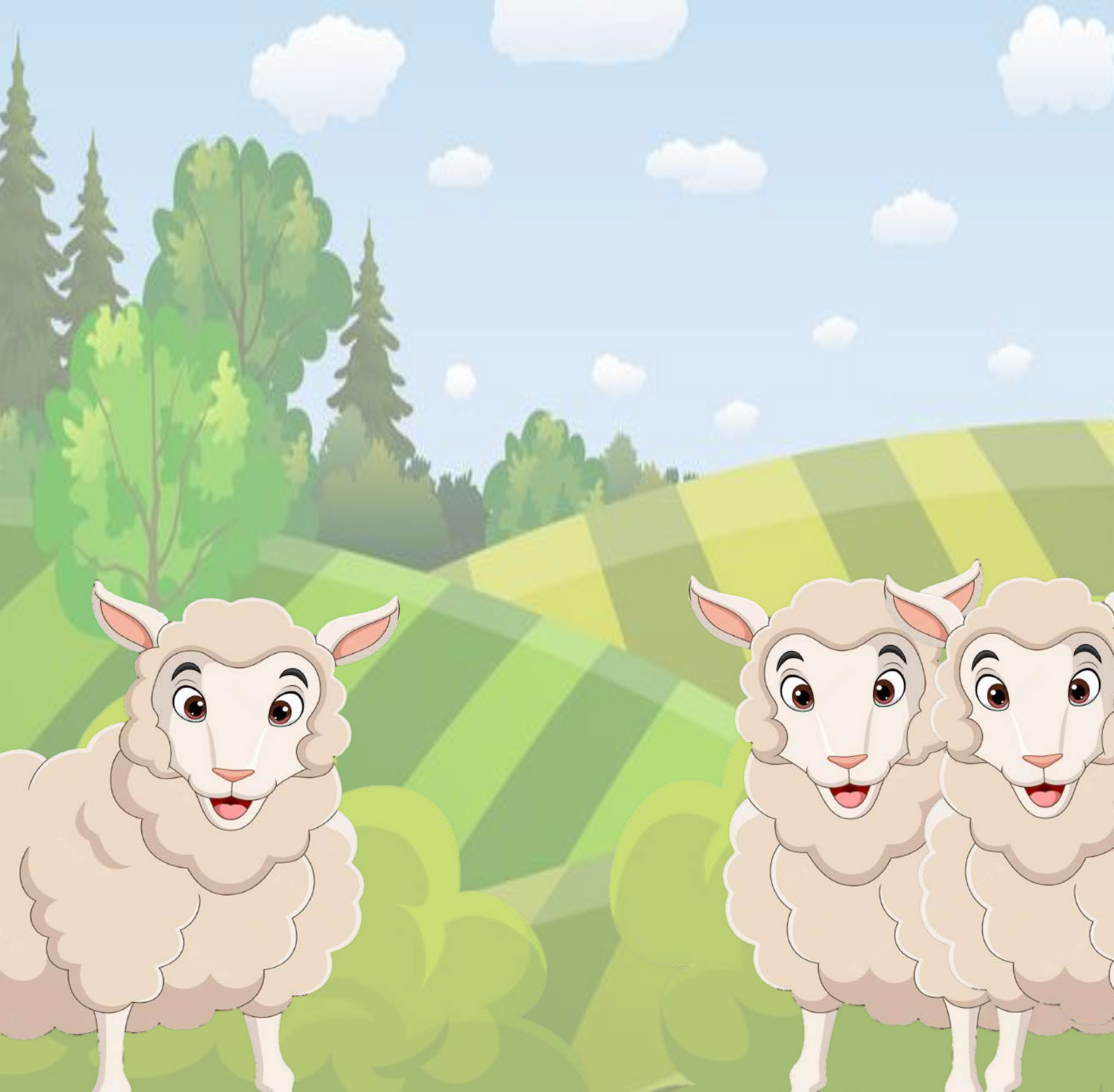
So one day, when two lambs found a little gap in the hedge, they called the others and one by one the foolish little creatures squeezed through it and found themselves out on the wide hillside, all alone.



How excited they were! You should have seen them leap about, wriggle their long tails, and cry “Maa-a!” in excitement.



The mother sheep heard them, and ran to the gap in the hedge.
'Baa-aa! Come back!' they cried. But the lambs laughed and ran off. The sheep were too big to get through the gap, and they stood round and baa-aed loudly and sorrowfully.



The magical brownies that lived in the old hollow tree heard them and came to see what was the matter. When they heard what had happened they set off to find the foolish lambs.



The lambs had scampered far away over the hill and down the other side - and who should they meet but the big bad wolf! How his eyes gleamed when he saw the lambs.

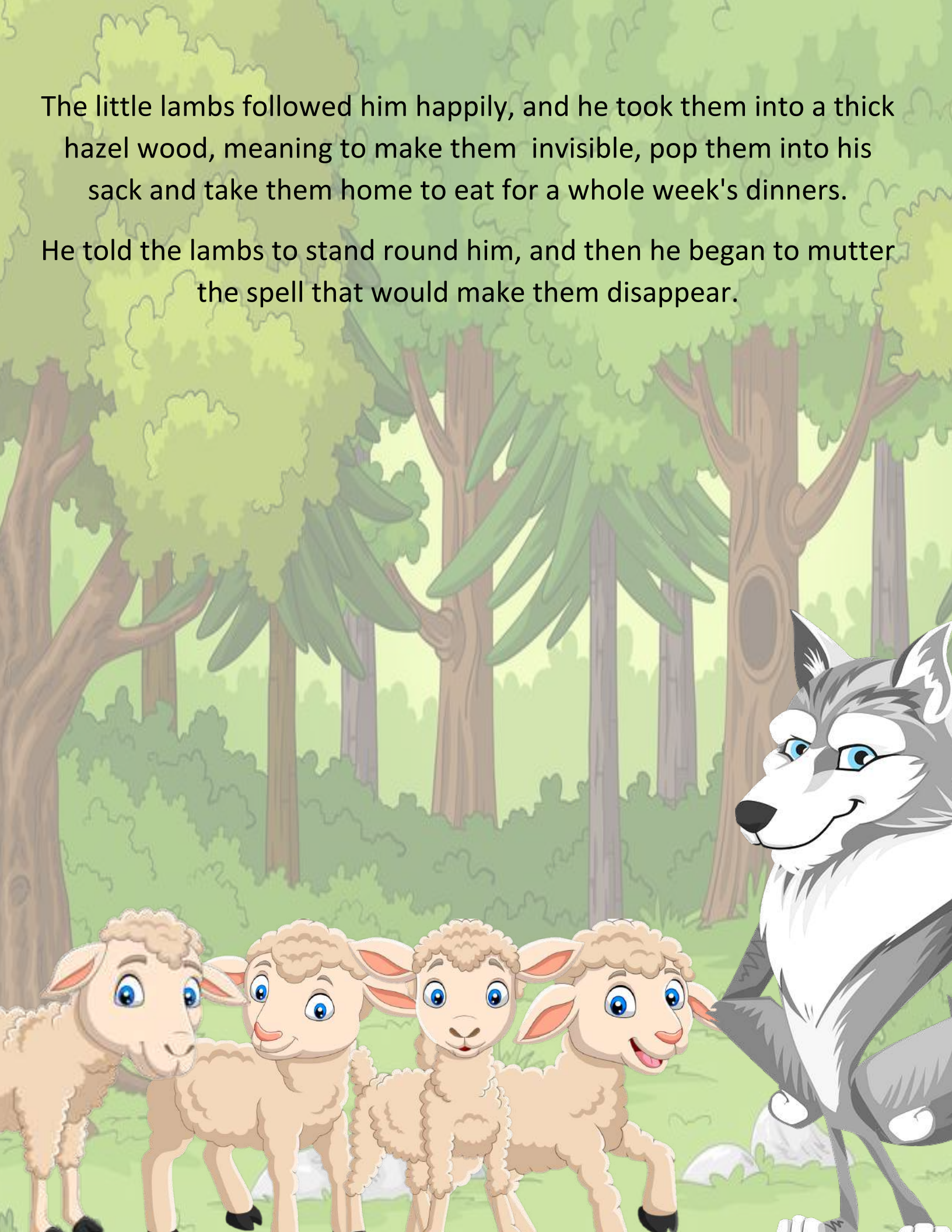
‘Good morning, pretty young creatures!’ he cried.

‘Come with me and I will show you where the sweetest, juiciest grass in the world grows!’



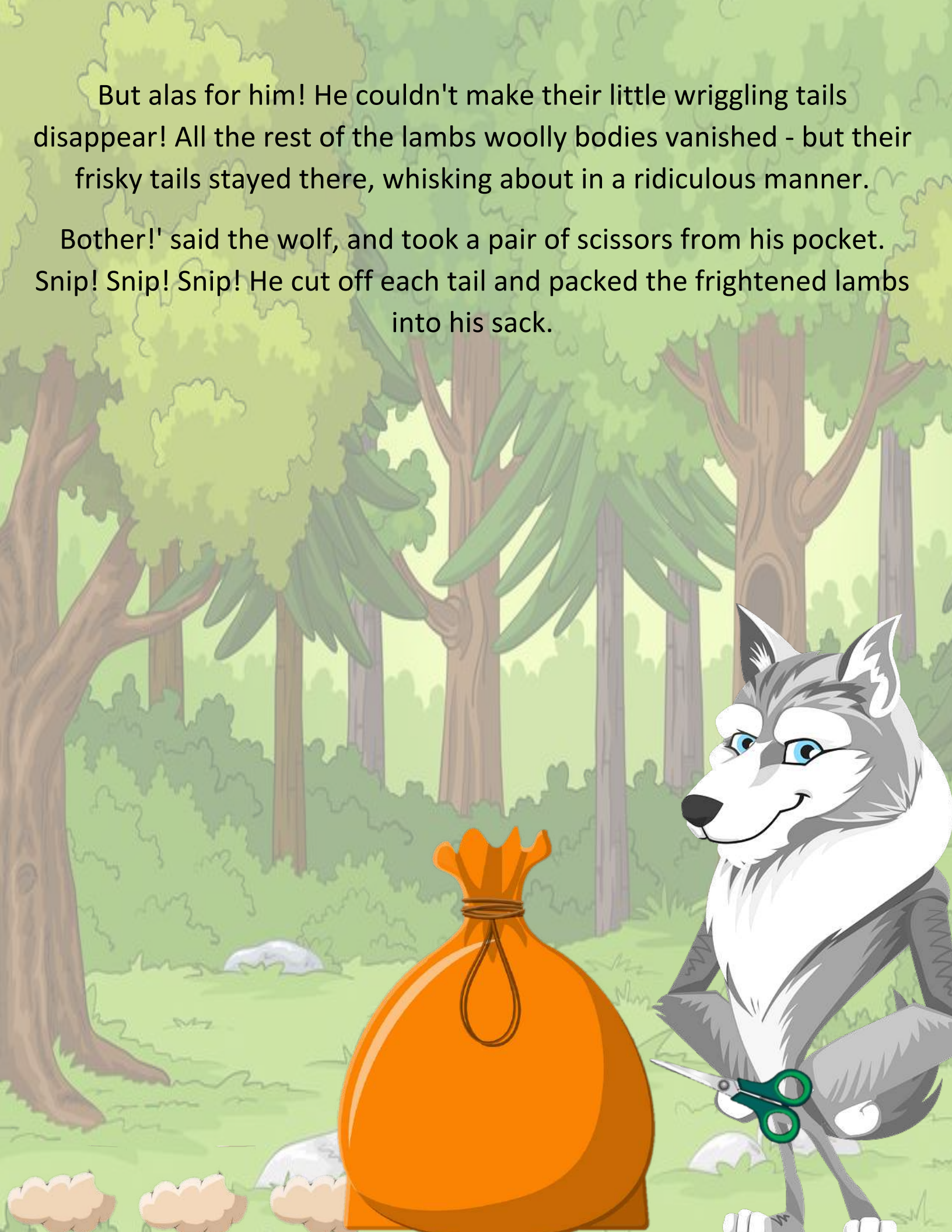
The little lambs followed him happily, and he took them into a thick hazel wood, meaning to make them invisible, pop them into his sack and take them home to eat for a whole week's dinners.

He told the lambs to stand round him, and then he began to mutter the spell that would make them disappear.

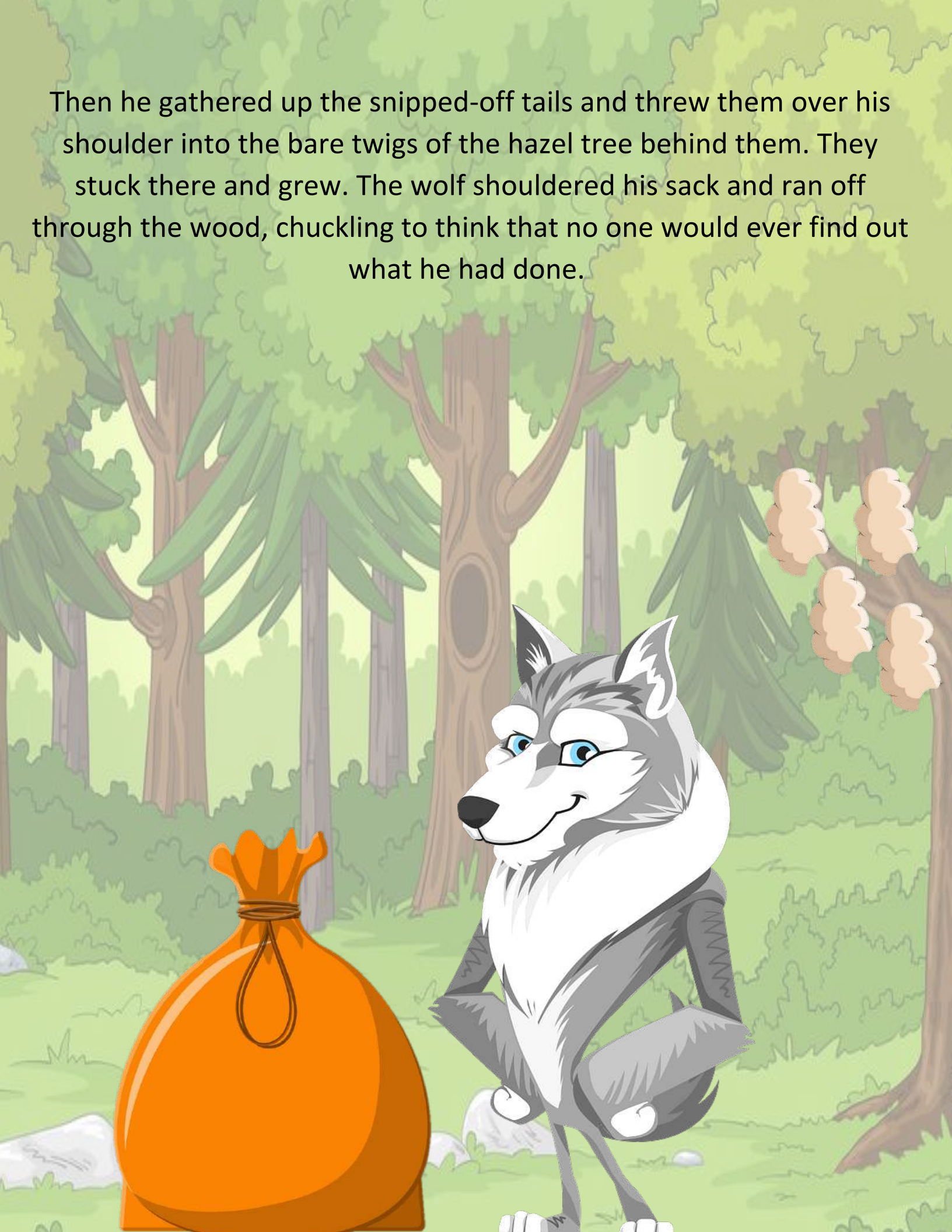


But alas for him! He couldn't make their little wriggling tails disappear! All the rest of the lambs woolly bodies vanished - but their frisky tails stayed there, whisking about in a ridiculous manner.

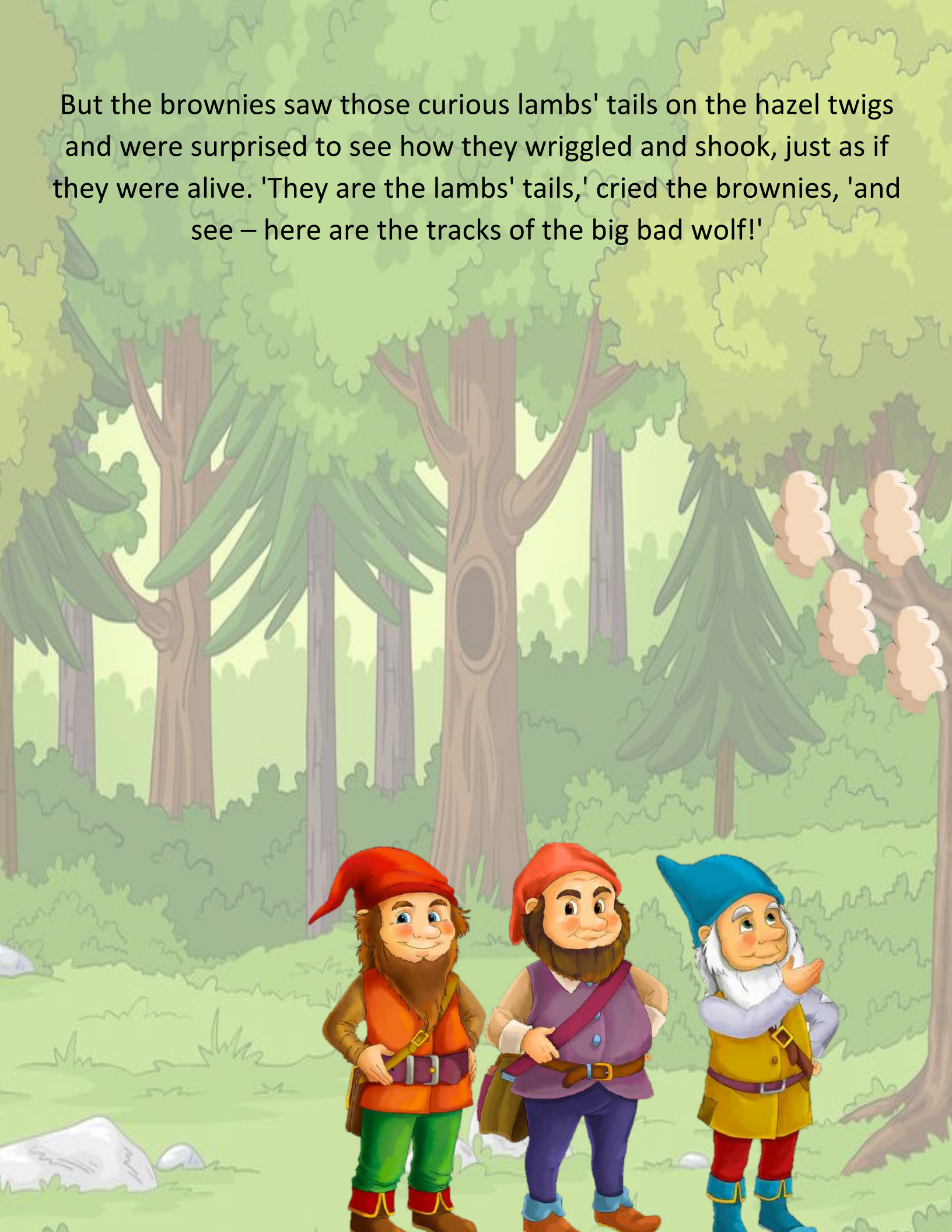
Bother!' said the wolf, and took a pair of scissors from his pocket. Snip! Snip! Snip! He cut off each tail and packed the frightened lambs into his sack.



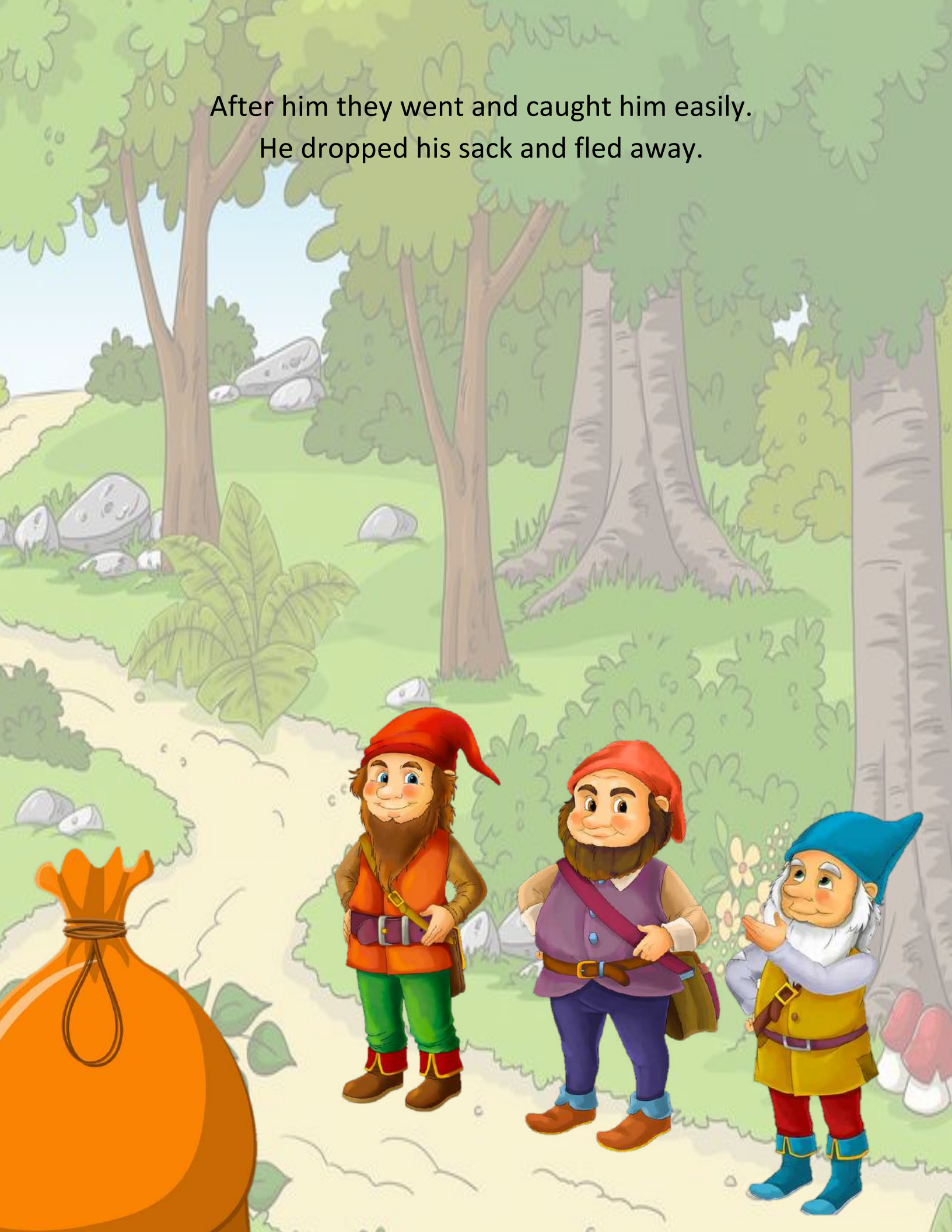
Then he gathered up the snipped-off tails and threw them over his shoulder into the bare twigs of the hazel tree behind them. They stuck there and grew. The wolf shouldered his sack and ran off through the wood, chuckling to think that no one would ever find out what he had done.



But the brownies saw those curious lambs' tails on the hazel twigs and were surprised to see how they wriggled and shook, just as if they were alive. 'They are the lambs' tails,' cried the brownies, 'and see – here are the tracks of the big bad wolf!'



After him they went and caught him easily.
He dropped his sack and fled away.



The lambs were soon made to appear again by the brownies and went back to their field, sad and sorry, without any tails at all.



And ever since that day the hazel trees have grown
wriggling lambs' tails that dance and shake in the wind
as if they were alive. Have you seen them?

The End





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