

# Mrs Shepherd's Oven



**SAMPLE ONLY**



By Patsy Nealon





Mrs Shepherd was upset. Her old brick oven had fallen down.

"Oh no," she said. "I have my knitting group coming for dinner tomorrow night and I need my oven fixed."

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She called her son who was a rather small shepherd. "Go over the hills and tell your dad that I need bricks to fix the oven."

She gave him his lunch box, which contained a slice of pie, a drink bottle and a bone for his dog.

"While you are out there, see if you can find your lost sheep."

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The small shepherd and his dog set off for the hills. Suddenly the dog stopped and gave a low growl. Close by were three Roman soldiers who were lighting a fire.

“That sheep we found will make great chops for our dinner,” said the first soldier.

**SAMPLE ONLY**



"Our fire needs to be really hot before we cook it," said the second soldier.

"Let's have a drink first," said the third soldier. So they did.

The soldiers were tired after a long march and soon fell asleep. Quickly the small shepherd and his dog rescued the lost sheep.

"I had better put it on a lead in case it wanders off," he said.

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On the track ahead they saw a man leading a donkey. A lady sat on the donkey's back and in her arms she held a baby.

"Where are you going?" asked the small shepherd.

"We are off to Egypt," said the man.

"It's cold in the desert at night," said the small shepherd.

"Do you have enough warm clothes for your baby?"

**SAMPLE ONLY**