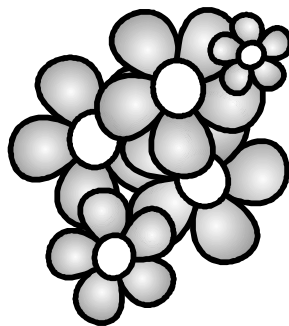
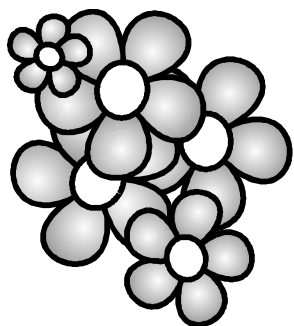


The Tales Of Shaun The Sheep

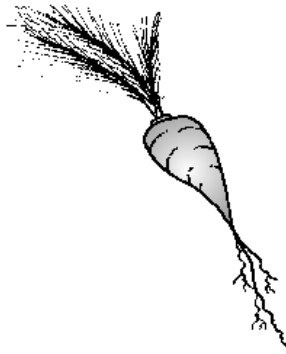
A cartoon illustration of Shaun the Sheep's head. He has a grey, fluffy woolly head with a square face. His eyes are large and round with black pupils, and he has a small, curved smile. The title "The Tales Of Shaun The Sheep" is written in a black, sans-serif font, arching over his head.

By
Robert Fisher





Limited Edition : Copy ___ of 2



A Root vegetable Production

All characters and events described in
this book are fictional. Any resemblance
to persons or farm animals, living or
dead, is purely coincidental.

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Dedicated to Becky...

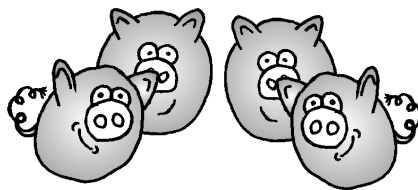
An Introduction To Shaun And Friends

Shaun the sheepish sheep.
Our hero and the central character of these tales.



Charles J Edgar Chicken.
Known to his friends as Charley J Edgar Chicken.
Shaun's best friend.

Silly the billy goat, and Billy the silly goat. The goat twins are young and immature. They spend most of their time kidding around, and are often the butt of Charley's practical jokes.



The Pig Quartet (Old-Pence Pig, Two-Bob Pig, Half-A-Crown Pig, and of course Guinea Pig). Self appointed farm musicians, the pig family spend their time composing rhymes about the latest farmyard scandals

Dr Quack.
If you're itching to shift that rampant rash, then Dr Quack, farmyard physician, is your man; (Well, duck actually).



Wise-Owl the donkey.
Old-age is taking its toll on Wise-Owl, the farm's most distinguished scholar; but if you should find him awake, he will gladly recount tales of his youth to anyone prepared to listen.



Horice the shy shire horse.

Horice likes to keep a low profile around the farm. When he is not pulling the cart, or ploughing the fields, Horice likes to graze in the meadow, minding his own business.

Bruce the obtuse goose.

Never one to give a straight answer, Bruce seems to delight in complicating the issue. Invariably Bruce takes so long to figure it out, that 'it' has been and gone hours ago.



Farmer Palmer.

When Mrs Palmer ran away with the milkman, Farmer Palmer clung to the one thing he had left, Gorse Farm. With a lot of hard work, and a little help from his friends, the farm continues to thrive, producing some of the best vegetables this side of Chechinster.



Witch Hazel.

Hazel is the village's resident new-age herbalist, viewed with suspicion by many, she is in fact nothing more than your usual, unemployed, and confused arts



PC TCP.

Endless schoolboy teasing, over his unfortunate surname, became too much for Arnold TCP. So he took the law into his own hands, literally, when he became a police officer.



Lucy Pearl the milking girl.

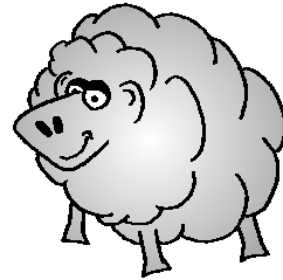
Although employed primarily as a milking girl, Lucy helps Farmer Palmer with much of the day to day activity on the farm.



Tale 1 : Shaun Has A Close Shave.

Picture a village. A quaint village somewhere in middle England. The type of village where everybody knows everybody else, and everybody else's private business! The type of village that still has a real baker, and an independent butcher; (although the candlestick maker has recently moved south to take up Formula 3000 motor racing). The type of village found on the cover of tourist guides and rambler's pamphlets. This townlet is Wimpolton.

Nestling on the edge of Wimpolton lies Gorse Farm. So called because it's a farm, and it's surrounded by gorse of course! On this farm lives Shaun. Shaun is a sheep. A sheepish sheep. It is spring, and rumours are circulating within the flock that there is to be dipping and clipping today.



Farmer Palmer owns the farm in Wimpolton. And today is dipping and clipping day. He dips the sheep. He clips the sheep, relieving them of their winter coats. Shaun is shorn. Now Shaun is Shaun the shorn sheepish sheep.



The End

Tale 2 : The Amazing Maize Maze

Spring has sprung. Summer is here, and the school vacation is in full swing. Shaun had been looking forward to the summer break all year. But now that it was here, he couldn't think of a thing to do. He went to visit his friend Charles J Edgar Chicken. Charles was bored too, so the friends decided to ask Bruce if he had any fun ideas.



Bruce is a goose. He is also obtuse. Talking to him is usually a tedious, and ultimately unprofitable ordeal. Today was a usual day, and after a tedious and unprofitable hour attempting to explain the concept of an idea to Bruce, the two youths gave up.

At that moment the goat twins, (Billy the silly goat, and Silly the billy goat), strolled by. Boredom must be a very contagious disease, because they had caught a dose too. Even the pig quartet were fed up, because they couldn't find a suitable rhyme for 'ennui'.

Then from no where witch Hazel appeared. The animals explained their difficult predicament, and Hazel started to think. In order to aid the process of free thought Hazel felt it was necessary to enter a lengthy drug induced trance.

The days passed. Hazel 'thought'. Shaun and Charley twiddled their thumbs. The pigs sang without enthusiasm.



"Summer vacations that once were fun,
With games and play for everyone,
Are now just filled with much boredom."

Suddenly Hazel regained consciousness, and exclaimed "I've got it!". Shaun's heart sank further, as he was sure she meant the boredom disease. Thankfully, it wasn't boredom, just a few mild side-effects from her extensive use of controlled substances. Snatching a large scythe from the tool shed, Hazel galloped down the hill to the fields.



Shaun and friends watched with amazement, as Hazel whirled frenetically through the sweetcorn, carving what was either another crop-circle hoax, or the world's largest crossword grid. "Finished!" announced Hazel, "May I present to you the amazing maize maze".

The animals were all rapt with the new playground, and spend the rest of the summer playing tag, sardines, and hide'n'seek in their luxurious labyrinth.

Hazel however was arrested by PC TCP, for possession of an array of narcotics, and wanton vandalism of farmer Palmer's property. She spent the next six months in jail.



The End

Tale 3 : Shaun Catches A

It was New Year's Day in Wimpolton; (in fact it was New Year's Day everywhere). The sun was shining in the icy blue sky, and Rocky the stocky cock had just crawled out of bed, some what later than usual. "Cock-a-doobaloob" crowed Rocky, still slurring his words slightly after last night's party.

"Oh heelo sun. I luv yew suun. Yaw ma besht fwend, you are" Rocky continued as he lurched perilously along the shed roof.

"Ma beshtest fwend in ve hole wiyde wurd. I, I love you ya know. I, I wreally wreally AAAARRRRRRRRGH!!!!".

"Morning Rocky" said Shaun to the crumpled pile of feet and feathers that had just arrived from the shed roof.

Tiptoeing between the other sheep Shaun made his way to the door, and scampered out into the yard. Outside the ground was covered in a foot of pure white snow. The sight was breath taking.

Eventually Shaun did remember to breath. He bounded through the snow to find his friend Charles J Edgar Chicken. As he dashed past the stables Horice called after him "Mind the cold doesn't get you young Shaun". Onward Shaun went, his little hooves sliding about on the icy ground.





Lucy was just emerging from the milking shed, wearing her scarlet mittens and fabulous stripy scarf. "Oh do mind the cold, Shaun" she warned, as the excited sheep scarpered past.

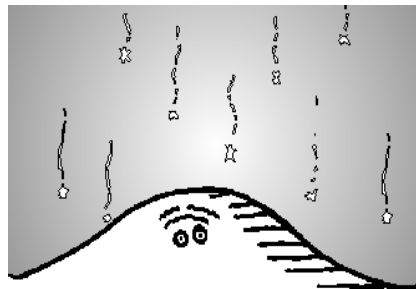
"Charley, Charley wake up!" bleated Shaun. "Come out and see the snow" he enthused.

"I'm sorry Shaun, but my mother says I have to stay inside, away from the cold"

"Oh blast this infernal Cold. Why should he spoil the snow for everyone else" fumed Shaun.

"Why I have a good mind to go out there and teach Cold a lesson" he ranted, shaking a clenched hoof furiously in the air. Shaun turned briskly, and marched out of the hen house. "I'll get this Cold, you'll see"

The little sheep stormed into the yard. He looked for Cold behind the pig sty, but there was nobody there. He searched for Cold among the log piles, but Cold was no where to be seen. He would even have hunted behind the manure heap, had he not slipped on an icy patch, and tumbled head first into an enormous snow drift.



Time passed, and Charley began to wonder where his friend had got to. As the day wound on Charles became increasingly worried. Taking care to wrap up warmly, he see if anyone had seen Shaun.

At the stable he met Horice, but he was fast a sleep, so Charley just crept past. Inside the pig sty the pig quartet were all huddled together trying to stay warm. Their teeth were chattering so much that they could hardly speak, let alone sing.

“Sorr-rr-rr-y Char-rr-rr-les J Edgar-rr-rr, w-w-we haven’t s-s-s-seen S-s-Shaun all day” Guinea said. Now very concerned for his friends safety Charley hurried to see Berkeley the quirky turkey. But Berkeley wasn’t at home.

It occurred to Charles that he hadn’t seen Berkeley for almost a week. “Maybe he went away for Christmas” CJ thought to himself as he hurried to see the other animals.

By tea time Charley had visited everyone on Gorse Farm, but nobody had seen Shaun. Exhausted, Charles was just about to give up the search when he spotted an enormous snow drift which was looking at him in a very strange manner. He brushed away the snow with his feathers, and uncovered a very cold looking Shaun.

Charles wrestled Shaun out of the snow, and carried him inside. His mother found blankets, and filled a tub with warm water, while CJ ran to fetch Dr Quack the duck. Dr Quack administered to the shivering sheep throughout the night, and next morning Shaun was well enough to visit Charley.





"I just wanted to thank you, <choo> for everything you did, <choo> Charley, and I know now that I, <choo> shouldn't go out in the snow on my own <choo>." snuffled Shaun.

"Well I'm glad you've learnt your lesson. And besides at least you managed to catch that cold!"



The End

Shaun the shorn sheepish sheep will return...



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