

# Aesop's Fables

## 28. THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

**By Tracey Hammett**

Mr Wolf dreamt of eating a nice woolly sheep for his supper...but he just couldn't catch one. He spent his time spying on the sheep in Farmer Foggarty's field... and thinking of wily ways to catch them. But his wily ways never seemed to work.

One time he'd waited behind a rock for hours just so he could pounce on a juicy sheep...but when he heard the sound of hooves and he leapt out of his hiding place...it was not a sheep he pounced on...but an angry bull.

It looked like Mr Wolf was never going to get a sheepie supper.

Then, one day, when he was visiting his Auntie Marge, he noticed a large sheepskin rug on the floor.

'Ha!' he thought. 'I will borrow Auntie Marge's rug and disguise myself as a sheep. Then I can easily get into Farmer Foggarty's sheep pen...and once I'm in there...gnash, gnash, gobble, gobble...I will have my sheepie supper!'

As soon as he arrived home with the sheepskin rug he dressed himself up and then practised talking in sheep language.

It was tricky at first: 'Baaa...grrrr... baaa... grrr!' But he soon got the hang of it: 'Baaa! Baaa! Baaa! Baaa!'

Then he set off to Farmer Foggarty's field to join the sheep. On the way he checked his reflection in the pond. 'I look cute', he said. 'Baaaa-ootiful!'

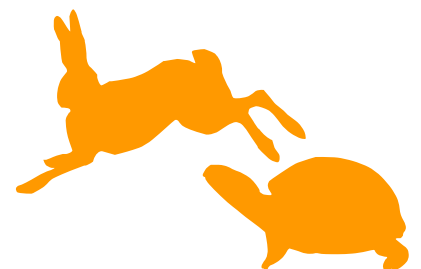
Farmer Foggarty's sheep were grazing happily when Mr Wolf slyly slipped amongst the flock. He nibbled some grass just like they did. But it tasted yucky.

So far his plan was working: the sheep didn't seem to notice him, even though he was larger than they were. They all just kept nibbling the grass.

'I'll wait til sunset when the farmer puts the sheep in the pen and when I'm tucked up tight with them...gnash, gnash, gobble, gobble...I'll have a delicious sheepie supper!'

When sunset came, the farmer and his dog herded the sheep into their pen and in went Mr Wolf as well. His disguise had worked.

'Oh yeah, oh yeah, I'm going to get me some juicy sheep!' said Mr Wolf to himself.





'Mummy', said one of the lambs, 'that sheep smells a bit funny!'

'Dont be rude!' said the lamb's mother.

'Ha! ha!' thought Mr Wolf, 'because you're so rude little lambie, you will be the first to be gobbled! Sheep are woolly, sheep are yummy, sheep are best in my tummy!'

He flashed his claws and opened his jaws and was just about to pounce when... Farmer Foggarty appeared. *He* was ready for his supper too...and he wasn't having beans and mashed potatoes in a heap...

He wasnt having Bolognese...

He was having SHEEP!

The farmer looked at the herd carefully; he spotted the biggest, juiciest-looking sheep and he hooked it with his shepherd's hook. It was Mr Wolf.

'Drat!' thought Mr Wolf, 'I thought I was going to get my sheepie supper, but it looks like *I'm* the sheepie supper!'

With a lightning fast wriggle he freed himself from the farmer's hook...and off he shot as fast as his legs could go.

'Excellent work', said Farmer Foggarty to his sheep, 'we fooled that wily Mr Wolf! Now I'm off to have my egg and chips!'