

Fluffy White

By Barbara Wilton - 2021

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As usual on a cold and rainy night
One ewe lambed early and things weren't right.
She liked the first lamb and fed it well
The second was hungry we could tell.

We brought her into the woolshed pen
Hoping they'd make friends again.
She had lots of milk, but she wouldn't share
She let her first lamb drink, there was plenty there.

Dad took the time to tip her up and milked her out into a cup
The milk was fed in gradually and pretty soon the lamb stood up.
This went on for several days,
Was the ewe's mood just a phase?

But, when lamb two tried to drink she walked away
Bunting her all through the day.
'Enough' said Dad, 'The other ewes won't lamb just yet.
We'll have to keep her for a pet.'

'She's got the will, she wants to live
Who could we rehome her with?
Let's find some kids to take her home.'
Mum was quickly on the phone.

The grandkids next door used our pool,
But were still too young to go to school.
They had the time, they had the need
They'd love a pet that they could feed.

Their dad said 'Yes', their mum did too
Even knowing there was lots to do.
They came to visit and meet their friend
We had a shed that we could lend.

The big one said, 'I have a name that fits just right.
Fluffy White, because she is fluffy and she is white.'
A double-barrell name was found
And our lamb was moving into town.

The weeks went by, and fun was had
Running, jumping and playing tag.
Fluffy White was found to be
Entertainment and great company.

When she was half grown and nibbling lawn
The family became quite torn.
Fluffy White needed a paddock where the grass was long
But they still wanted to keep the bond strong.

Nana and Grandad's offer was a win.
They had lots of grass and a shed to live in.
The kids visited all the time
To see Fluffy White was doing fine.

They brought a collar and a lead
And walked her round after each feed.
To carry, she was no longer light
But her soft ears were still Fluffy White.