



A Hundred Sleepy Sheep

A Bedtime Story

Brian Scannell

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**For all the sleepy sheep everywhere...
Nicholas and Marisa...
Charlie and Adam...
Hayden and Lilli...
and ...**

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(-quiet voice)

Shut your eyes.

Picture the scene.

There are two big green fields.

One next to the other.

Big square green fields.

They join each other along a high hedgerow.

A very high thick hedgerow of brambles,
nettles and green leaves.

Shhh!

Shut your eyes.

Smell the grass.

See the blue sky getting dark as night draws in.

In the middle of the hedgerow is a low wooden gate.

It is a rectangular frame of wood with a diagonal beam keeping it rigid.

On one side of the gate are two large rusty metal hinges.

On the other end of the gate there is a heavy chain with shiny links which is wrapped around the vertical steel post stopping the gate opening to anyone but the owner of the large metal padlock to which it is bolted.

Shhh!

Shut your eyes and picture this scene.

There are lots of sheep in one of the fields.

Lots and lots of them.

Someone once counted a hundred.

In this field they play and gambol and frolic.

And play and play until their woolly bodies
grow tired and their eyelids begin to droop.

They become very sleepy sheep indeed.

But they cannot sleep until they return to their
sleeping field next to their playing field.

Shhh!

Shut your eyes, see the sleepy sheep.

A brave sleepy sheep called Sheepy Shanks pushed his way through the throng of sleepy sheep faces.

He moved to the centre of the hedgerow to where the gate was and stood in front of it to admire its shape.

Sheepy Shanks was tired, but with a great effort he dipped his head and bent his legs until he became a small sheep.

He gasped in some air and tensed his muscles then sprang up high into the air; a fluffy sheep sailing in the blue sky like a fluffy white cloud.

He jumped clear over the wooden gate and landed with a thud into the sleeping field.

He wearily turned around to see the ninety-nine sheepy faces on the other side of the gate, and gave them a sheepish smile of satisfaction.

One sheep.

(-quieter voice)

The bravest sheep wearily staggered to the far side of the field and lay down. In a moment he is asleep.

Zzzzzz , Zzzzzz.

This is the only sound to be heard from the sleeping field.

A solitary *Zzzzzz, Zzzzzz.*

A lonely *Zzzzzz, Zzzzzz* willing the other sheep to join him.

Shhh!

Shut your eyes, picture the sleepy sheep.

The next bravest woolly sheep pushed his way through to stand in front of the gate. He tilted his head up to towards the top. It seemed so high to him.

But if Sheepy Shanks can do it, then so can I, he thought bravely.

He dipped his head and crouched down and sprang up and sailed over the fence and landed softly on his bouncy fleece in the sleeping field.

Two sheep.

He made his sleepy way to the far corner of the field and lay beside Sheepy Shanks and dozed off.

Zzzzzz, Zzzzzz.

Two snoozy sheep slept.

More brave sheep from the ninety-eight pushed
their way forward to stand before the gate.

One at a time they crouched down low then
sprang into the air.

Crouch, spring.

Three sheep.

Crouch, spring.

Four sheep.

Crouch, spring.

Five sheep.

One by one the sleepy sheep dawdled dozily across to the far side of the sleeping field in a snaky white, woolly line to lay down and snooze snuggling as near to Sheepy Shanks as possible.

Zzzzzz, Zzzzzz.

The sleepy sheep are snoring.

Shhh!

Shhh!

The sleepy sheep are sleeping.

Shut your eyes and see.

Jump, jump, jump.

Shhh!

A dozen sheep are dozing.

Shut your eyes and see.

One by one the remaining sleepy sheep jump over the gate.

Shhh!

Twenty sheep in a trance.

Twenty-one sheep.

Twenty-two sheep.

Twenty-three sheep.

Twenty-four sheep.

Twenty-five sheep.

Shhh!

The sleepy sheep are sleeping.

Zzzzzz, Zzzzzz.

The sleepy sheep are snoring.

The green of the sleeping field turns white with
sleepy sheep from the playing field.

Thirty-eight sheep.

Thirty-nine sheep.

Forty-sheep having forty winks.

Shhh!

Shut your eyes and see the sheep slipping into the sleeping field.

Sense them soaring high into the air effortlessly gliding over the fence.

Shut you eyes and see them silently sleeping.

Jump, jump, jump.

Sixty sheep shutting their eyes.

Shhh!

Jump, jump, jump.

Seventy sheep having a siesta.

Shhh!

Seventy-one sheep.

Seventy-two sheep.

Seventy-three sheep.

Seventy four-sheep.

(-hushed voice)

Shhh!

Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.

The sun is going down.

Tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock.

Night time is approaching.

See the silent, slumbering sheep in the sleeping field.

Shhh!

The sleepy sheep are sleeping.

Zzzzzz, Zzzzzz.

The sleepy sheep are snoring.

Tick-tock, eighty-one.

Tick-tock, eighty-two.

Tick-tock, eighty-three.

Tick-tock, eighty-four.

The sleeping field fills with soft, snowy-white snoozing sheep.

Shhh!

The sleepy sheep are sleeping.

Zzzzzz, Zzzzzz.

The sleepy sheep are snoring.

Ninety napping sheep.

Jump, jump, jump.

Ninety-one sheep.

Ninety-two sheep.

Ninety-three sheep.

Shhh!

It's quiet all around.

Silently slumbering by.

Shhh!

A hundred sheep, hungry for sleep.

Shhh!

The darkness surrounds.

Zzzzzz.

The silence of sleepy sheep.

Shhh!

The playing field is silent.

The sleeping field is full of sleepy sheep.

Shhh!

Hush now little bubs and sleep.

Shhh!



Awake Sheep

