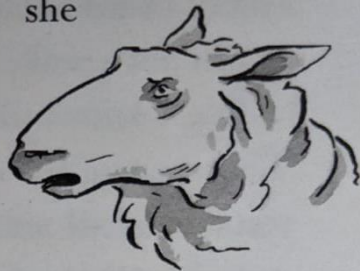


intelligent, that's what you have to remember.'

'But I'm a pig.'

'Pigs are intelligent too,' said Fly firmly. Ask them politely, she thought, whatever next!



What happened next, later that morning in fact, was that Babe met his first sheep.

Farmer Hogget and Fly had been out round the flock, and when they returned Fly was driving before her an old lame ewe, which they penned in the loose-box where the piglet had originally been shut. Then they went away up the hill again.

Babe made his way into the stables, curious to meet this, the first of the animals that he planned one day to work with, but he could not see into the box. He snuffled under the bottom of the door, and from inside there came a cough and the sharp stamp of a foot, and then the sound of a hoarse complaining voice. 'Wolves! Wolves!' it

said. 'They do never leave a body alone. Nag, nag, nag all day long, go here, go there, do this, do that. What d'you want now? Can't you give us a bit of peace, wolf?'

'I'm not a wolf,' said Babe under the door.

'Oh, I knows all that,' said the sheep sourly. 'Calls yourself a sheep-dog, I knows that, but you don't fool none of us. You're a wolf like the rest of 'em, given half a chance. You looks at us, and you sees lamb-chops. Go away, wolf.'

'But I'm not a sheep-dog either,' said Babe, and he scrambled up the stack of straw bales and looked over the bars.

'You see?' he said.

