Mummy what colour is that?

It was a mild spring morning and Shelly the Sheep started to feel twinges in her tummy. ‘Oh no’ she said to the other sheep ‘I think it’s time’ So off Shelly went to the stables to settle on some hay in the wait of her new arrival.

The sun was now fully visible over the hills as it was rising, creating a warm glow over the fields. Shelly had now given birth to a beautiful baby Lamb. ‘hello little one, I’m your mummy. I think I’ll name you Lamby….yes Lamby. Hello Lamby’ He looked up to his new mummy with big eyes and they instantly fell in love.

The sky began to brighten to a deep blue and the sun was now fully risen shining high in the sky. Shelly fed Lamby so that he can be strong enough to head out in to field with all the other sheep. ‘here you go Lamby, drink all of your milk so you can be strong’

 so lamby sucked down his milk and then tried to stand but fell straight back down again.

‘Hahah’ laughed Shelly, ‘don’t worry Lamby you’ll get there’ Shelly held both of Lambys front hooves and helped him stand. ‘I’m doing it mama, I’m standing!’ cried Lamby. ‘Yes you are my little one, well done you! Shall we head out in to the field now?’ asked Shelly

 ‘Oh yes mama, I can’t wait to see all the bright colours’ said Lamby.

Shelly and Lamby walked out of the stable and over to the field where all the other sheep and lambs were. ‘oh mama, can I play with the other lambs?’ asked Lamby. ‘Of course Lamby’

Shelly carried on walking over to the tree where all the other sheep were sitting, the other little lambs were running around the tree. ‘can I come and play?’ asked Lamby

‘Yea I’m Tim and this is Fred? Replied Tim

‘How come you both wear orange onesies but mine is blue?’ asked Lamby to the two lambs.

‘HAHAH’ laughed the two lambs. ‘They’re not, mine is orange, his is red you’re so silly’ laughed Tim.

Lamby felt sad and silly for he could not see the two different colours, nor could he see that he was purple and his onesie is blue.

By now Lamby had made friends but couldn’t help but feel different and sad. The sun was starting to set as the afternoon set in. Lamby sunk his ears down and stood by himself near the beautiful flowers.

‘What’s the matter Lamby’? asked Shelly.

‘The other lambs are laughing because I couldn’t see the difference between their onesies, I also can’t tell that I’m purple. Oh mama what’s wrong with me, why am I different’? Cried Lamby

 ‘Oh Lamby, I don’t think it’s your fault, some lambs are just different to others.’ replied Shelly.

Larry the Sheep overheard Shelly and came over and with a mouthful of grass explained why Lamby can’t see colour like everyone else. ‘Shelly is quite right, there’s nothing wrong with you Lamby, in fact it’s our eyes, I too am what they call colour blind. But don’t you worry, you’ll understand more as you get older. ‘Oh mama so I’m not alone!’ shouted Lamby.

 ‘No, in fact it’s okay to be different, you should be proud to have something so unique about you.’

Lamby realised he was different and accepted it. The sun was beginning to set and everything shined oranges, reds and yellows. Lamby ran back over the little lambs to carry on playing.

The other lambs didn’t care about Lambys difference, they instead looked up to Lamby ‘Sorry for laughing at you before Lamby, shall we go play?’ asked the other lambs.

‘Yes please, I would like that’ replied Lamby. The lambs carried on playing as the sun began to disappear below the horizon.

 ‘Ahh not a bad first day in the world for little Lamby after all’ Sighed Shelly in a content manner. She lay back with the other sheep enjoying the sunset.

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