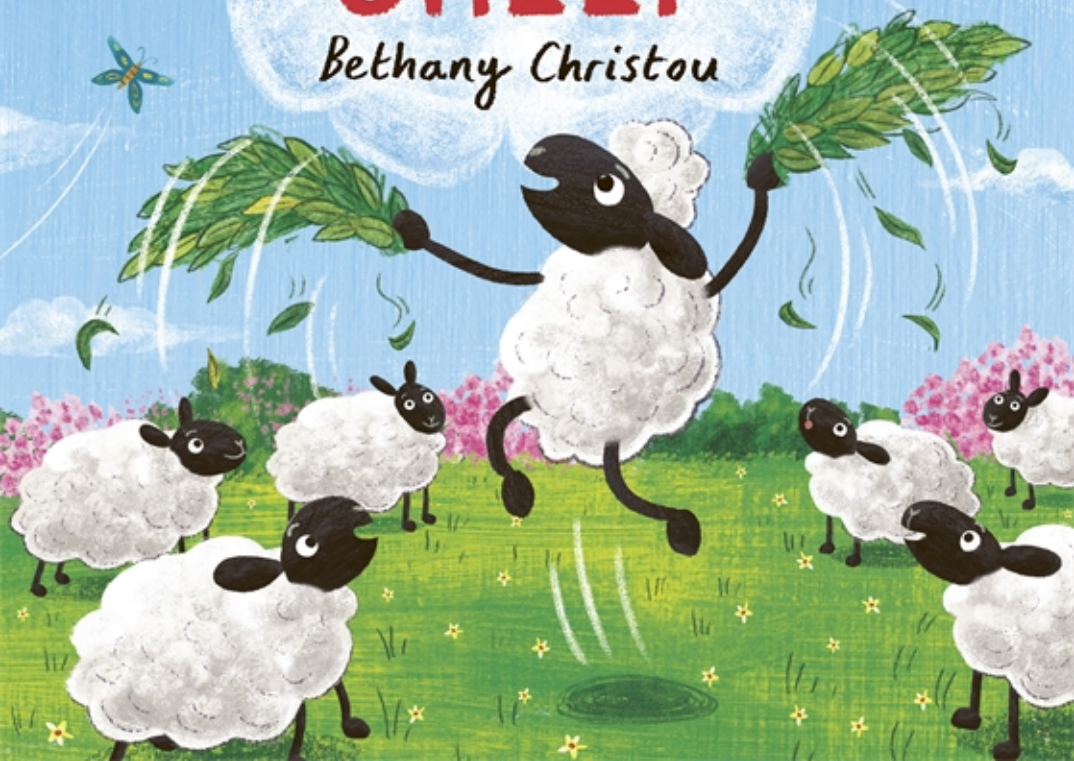



I'M
MORE
THAN A
SHEEP

Bethany Christou



A whimsical illustration of a sky scene. A large, fluffy blue cloud is the central focus. To its left, a purple bird is in flight, leaving a blue trail. To its right, a small orange bird is also in flight, leaving a blue trail. There are two smaller, lighter blue clouds, one above and one below the main cloud. The background is a plain white sky.

This book belongs to:

.....

.....





For my
Mum and
Dad

A TEMPLAR BOOK

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This book was typeset in Trocchi
The illustrations were created with gouache paint,
coloured pencils and digital painting.

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Designed by Ted Jennings
Production by Ella Holden

Printed in China



I'M MORE THAN A SHEEP

Bethany Christou

The Templar Books logo features a stylized black cat silhouette above the word 'templar' in a lowercase, sans-serif font, with 'books' in a smaller font below it.

Mildred wanted to be special, not like every other sheep.



Being a sheep meant
eating the same food
as everyone else,

Is there
anything
else?

Menu
• Grass
• Grass
• More
grass

Sorry,
just grass.

running in
the same direction
as everyone else,

Not
again!

and sometimes having
her coat removed
(like everyone else).

How
embarrassing.

Mildred *tried* to stand
out from the crowd...

I'm now the
most fashionable
sheep.



... but she was never different for long.




"Looking different isn't enough," thought Mildred.
"They'll all just copy me."


"I need to do something
special. Something no
other sheep can do."



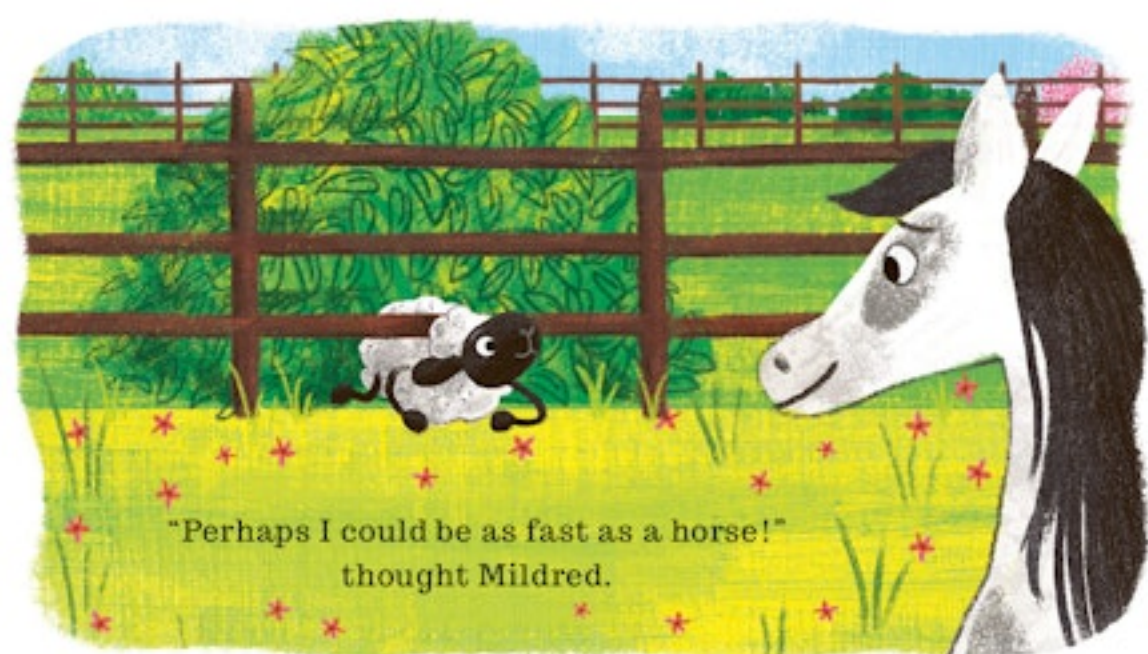
"I need to be more like..."

A large illustration of a sheep and a horse in a field. The sheep is on the left, looking up at the horse on the right. The horse is looking down at the sheep. The background is a bright yellow field with green bushes and a brown fence. The sheep is wearing a black hat and has its arms raised. The horse is looking down at the sheep with a slight smile. The text is written in a simple, black, sans-serif font.

“... you!
You’re
magnificent!”

A small illustration of a horse and a sheep in a field. The horse is on the right, looking towards the sheep on the left. The sheep is standing behind a wooden fence. The background is a green field with a white fence and a blue sky. The horse is looking at the sheep with a slight smile. The text is written in a simple, black, sans-serif font.

“I am magnificent, aren’t I?”
said the horse. “And I’m the
fastest runner around.”

A small illustration of a horse and a sheep in a field. The horse is on the right, looking towards the sheep on the left. The sheep is running across the field. The background is a green field with a white fence and a blue sky. The horse is looking at the sheep with a slight smile. The text is written in a simple, black, sans-serif font.

“Perhaps I could be as fast as a horse!”
thought Mildred.

She wasn't.

Mildred's little legs couldn't
keep up with the horses.



She landed on the
other side of the fence with a...

Splat!

Here, Mildred found another
magnificent creature.

"What are you?"
she asked.

"We are chickens. And we lay the
most beautiful eggs!"

HENPLOYEE of the month

APRIL
GLORIA



"I'm going to be the first sheep
to lay an egg," decided Mildred.

Mildred tried her hardest.



But what she laid was definitely NOT an egg.



Mildred tried many things.



She tried learning how to dig,



how to be flexible,



how to swim,



and how to fly.

All of these skills would have made Mildred stand out from her flock. But she wasn't good at any of them.



Just when she was about to give up, Mildred saw the most magnificent creature of them all.





"How do I be more like you?" asked Mildred.

Ms Wolf turned and said, "Why, don't you know?
We wolves love dinner parties. I'm hosting
one tonight, and I'd love to have you."

A sheep, dining with wolves!
That would make Mildred
special indeed.





"Where are the other guests?" asked Mildred, as they arrived at Ms Wolf's house.



"What do wolves eat?" asked Mildred.



"Oh, they'll be here later," said Ms Wolf.
"Put this parsley behind your ear. It's very fashionable."



"Dinner will be a surprise," said Ms Wolf.
"Now rub this butter... I mean moisturiser... all over you.
It will make you silky smooth, just like me."

"What's this bubbling pot for?" said Mildred.

"That's the jacuzzi," said Ms Wolf.

"Wolves always have a nice warm dip before a big meal."




"And as my guest, I *insist* you go first."



"I... I don't think I want to be like you anymore," said Mildred.



An illustration of a scene from the story of Little Red Riding Hood. On the left, a large, dark blue wolf's face is shown in profile, with a wide, toothy grin and a single visible eye. It is looking towards the right. On the right, a small, white, fluffy sheep with a black face and legs is standing. The sheep is looking up at the wolf. The background is a dark, textured cave interior with a large, bright orange-red light source, possibly a fire or a large opening, behind the sheep. The word "BAAAAA" is written in large, black, stylized letters across the middle of the image, overlapping the sheep and the light source. A large, dark, curved shape, possibly a branch or a part of the cave, is visible in the upper right corner.

"Well," said Mildred
"THERE IS ONE THING I CAN DO!"

And she let out an enormous...

BAAAAA

Ms Wolf laughed.

"You'll never be as *magnificent*
as me. You're just a plain sheep.

Now get in the pot!
There's nothing you can do."

A vibrant, cartoonish illustration depicting a chaotic scene. A large, dark, round pot is tipped over, with a wolf falling backwards into it. The wolf is upside down, with its legs and a red hat in the air. A large splash of water or liquid erupts from the pot. Several sheep with white wool and black faces are running towards the pot, some carrying sticks. In the background, a grey horse with a white mane looks on. A red cat is running on the left, and a brown chicken is in the foreground. The sky is a bright yellow-orange, and a blue bird is flying. The ground is a mix of brown and orange, with some debris. The word "CRASH" is written in large, black, hand-drawn letters in the upper left.


CRASH

Ms Wolf fell backwards
into the pot.

“YOWWWW!”

she cried.

“What’s going on?”



"Why, don't you know?" said Mildred.
"Where one sheep goes, the rest will follow."

For the first time, being part of a flock
seemed like a wonderful thing to Mildred.



"Let's go home," said Mildred, as she led the way,
all of them running in the same direction.

Although her flock grew and grew,
there could only ever be one Mildred...

The wolf was
about to gobble
me up...

...and she was
magnificent.







More beautiful books from Bethany Christou...

