

BARNABY the RUNAWAY SHEEP

A PARABLE OF THE LOST SHEEP



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PARACLETE PRESS
BREWSTER, MASSACHUSETTS

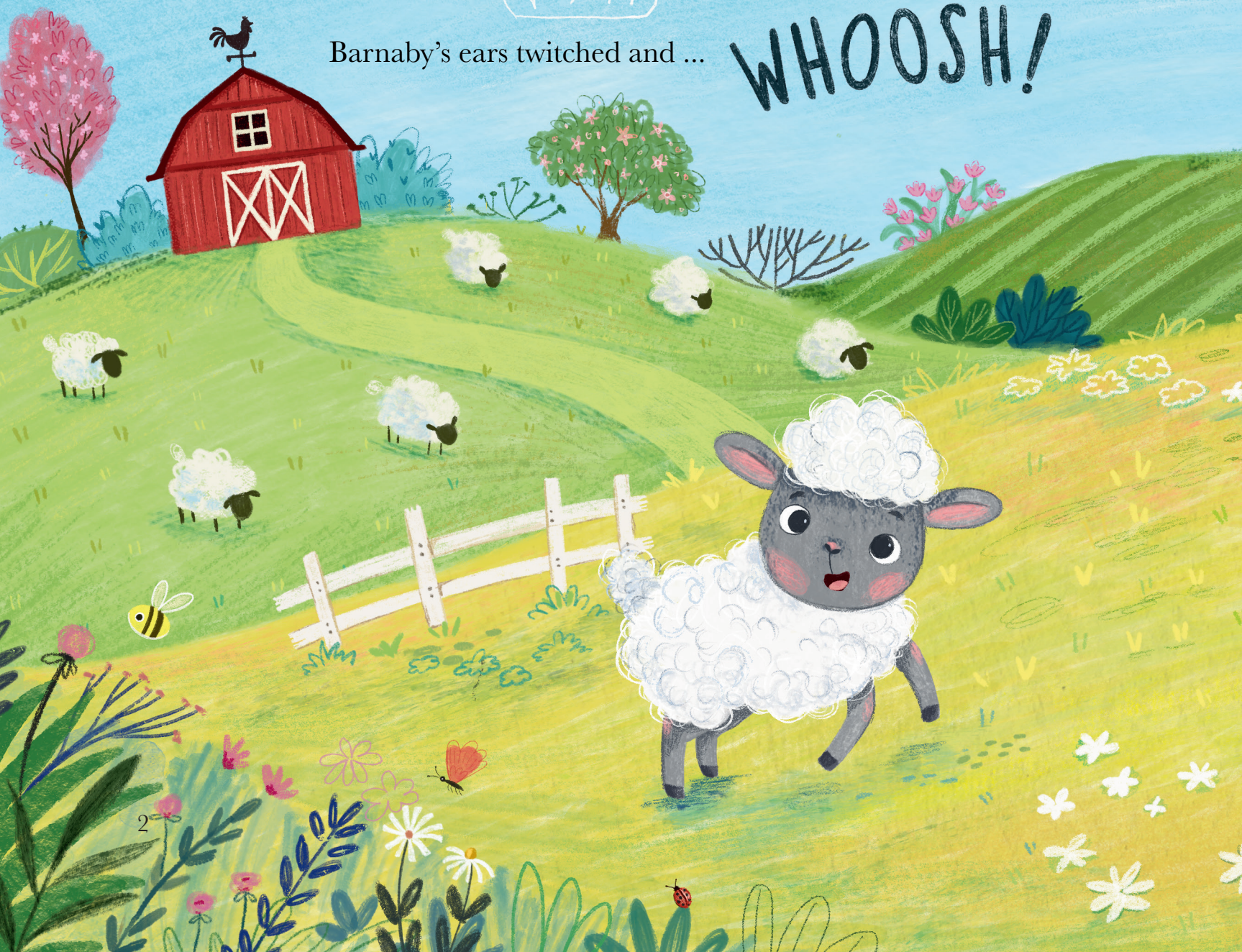
Life was good on the farm.

Barnaby especially liked when the tall shepherd gave his call,

"Ooooo-yeeeeee!"

Barnaby's ears twitched and ...

WHOOSH!



“Look, Dad!” the small shepherd cried.
“Barnaby is always first.”
Barnaby celebrated with his wiggle dance.



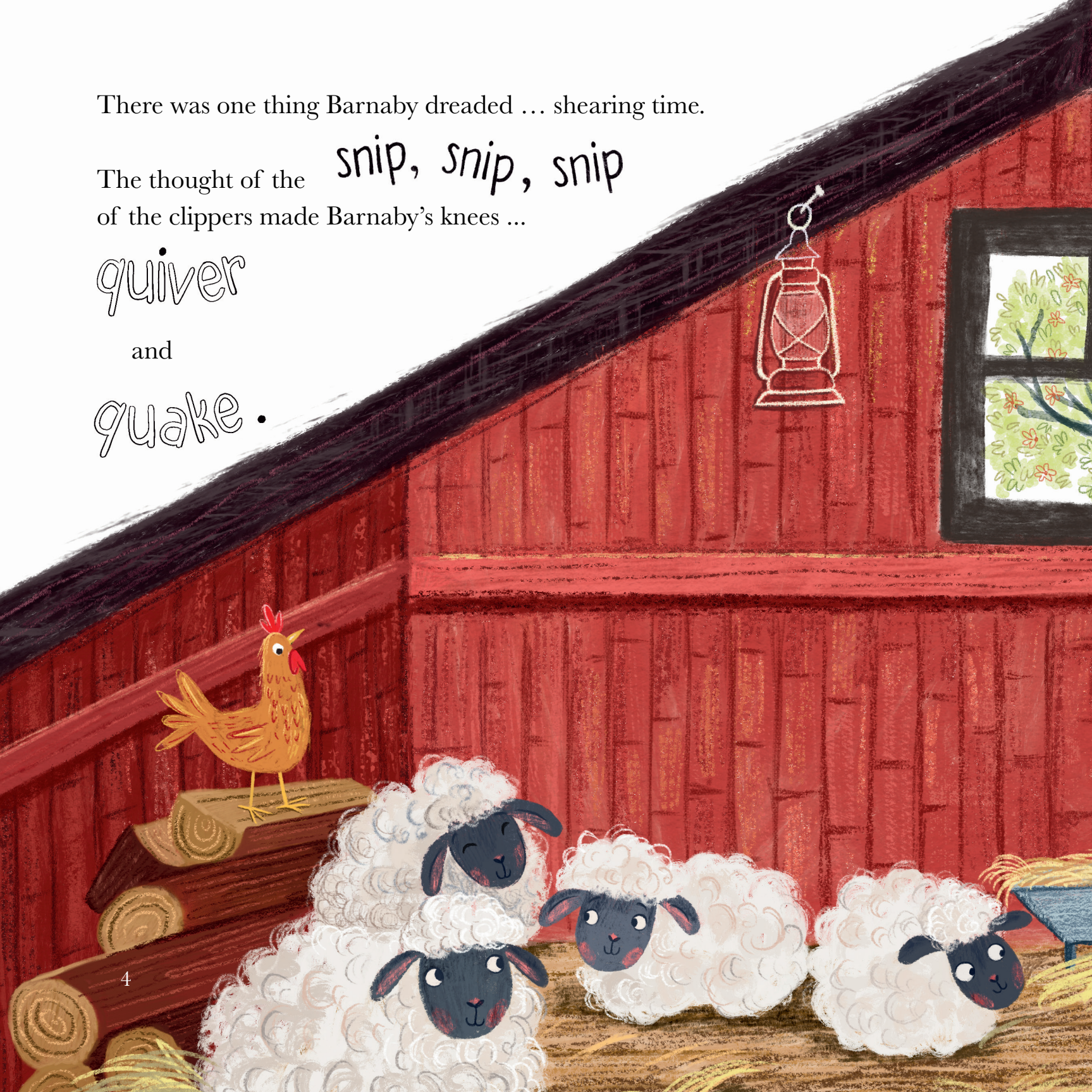
There was one thing Barnaby dreaded ... shearing time.

The thought of the *snip, snip, snip*
of the clippers made Barnaby's knees ...

quiver

and

quake .



Barnaby *did* like the tall shepherd—especially when he gave his call, "Oooooo-yeeeeee!"

And Barnaby loved how the small shepherd *scritch-scratch-scratched* his back. They were good shepherds.

But still, Barnaby worried.





“Hey, Dad!” the small shepherd called. “Is tomorrow the big day?”
“That’s right,” the tall shepherd replied. “Time to shear that wool.”

Barnaby had to hide.



The next morning, the tall shepherd gave his call—



"Oooooo-yeeeee!"

"Look, Dad, Barnaby's playing hide-and-seek!"



Barnaby needed a different plan ...



Slosh

Sploop

SPLAAASH!

“Oh, Barnaby!” the small shepherd cried.

“Your wool’s all wet.” The tall shepherd shook his head.

“We’ll have to wait till he’s dry.”