

Mary Had a Little... Lamb?



Mary had a little lamb-
With wool so bright and clean.
It wagged its tail (a puffy ball),
But scales peeked in between.
Its head was oddly pointy,
Its snout a tad too long...
But Mary brushed its bristly back,
And sang her lamb a song.



It toasted Teacher's garden hat,
And melted Benny's sled.

It sneezed and fried the tetherball-
Then baked the students' bread.

It burped up sparks near Granny Lou,
Set off the fire alarm...

Yet Mary smiled and gently said,
"He means no sheepish harm!"



It climbed atop the library,
And tried to lick the clock.

It singed the town's new welcome sign,
Then scorched a farmer's sock.
He belly-flopped in pumpkin pies,
Then ran from Granny Sprout.
She giggled as she ran and yelled,
"My muffins! Spit them out!"



The mayor called a meeting.
"Enough of dragon fear!
This lamb is not a lamb at all-
It singes every ear!"
"But look," said Mary sweetly,
"He's fluffy! Warm! And sweet!"
Then Fluffy sneezed and torched the mic...
And licked the mayor's seat.



They tried to run some tests on him,
He ate the clipboard whole.
He flunked the baa exam again-
Then flew into a pole.
He chewed on parking meters,
He accidentally flew...
But Mary said, "He's moulted.
That's what lambs all do."



One night the wolves began to howl,
And all the sheep said "Baa!"
They crept in close with hungry eyes
And gave the gate a paw.
The farmers shook and shouted, "Run!"
Their faces filled with dread-
Until they heard a mighty sound...
A "BAAA!" from overhead.



He chased the wolves through burning brush,
Their tails a smoky thread.

He roared a baa so loud and hot,
It turned their fur bright red.

They fled the fields in frantic packs,
With singed and smoking hair-

While Mary waved and calmly said,
"They're shedding. Don't you stare."



The townsfolk gathered near the barn,
With hesitant concern.

"Hey Mary... that thing breathes out fire.

When will you finally learn?"

But Mary pet his smoky wool

And gave a little cheer:

"He clearly is a lovely sheep!"

Then Fluffy singed her ear.



About the Book

Mary had a little lamb... allegedly.

Sure, it breathes fire, melts playgrounds, and occasionally torches government property-but Mary insists it's just going through a "woolly phase."

Join this hilariously unconvincing adventure as Mary and her "lamb" Fluffy char the line between pet and peril. Villagers panic, wolves flee, and muffins never stood a chance.

Packed with rhyme, smoke, and blatant denial, this is the singed fairy tale you didn't know you needed. Perfect for readers who like their bedtime stories with a twist of chaos and a puff of smoke.

Bonus: Lamb Care Guide

****How to Care for Your Lamb (Definitely Not a Dragon)****

By Mary, Certified Lamb Enthusiast

1. Feed it marshmallows - They're great for calming the smoke glands.
2. Sing lullabies - Helps distract from the tail spontaneously combusting.
3. Avoid water towers - Lambs get a little... splashy.
4. Groom daily - Use a steel brush, oven mitts, and a fire extinguisher.
5. Playtime tips - Try fetch! But only in areas where fire insurance is active.
6. Nap time - They prefer volcanic rocks. Or your favorite pillow.
7. If all else fails - Just say, "He's fluffy!" and walk away quickly.