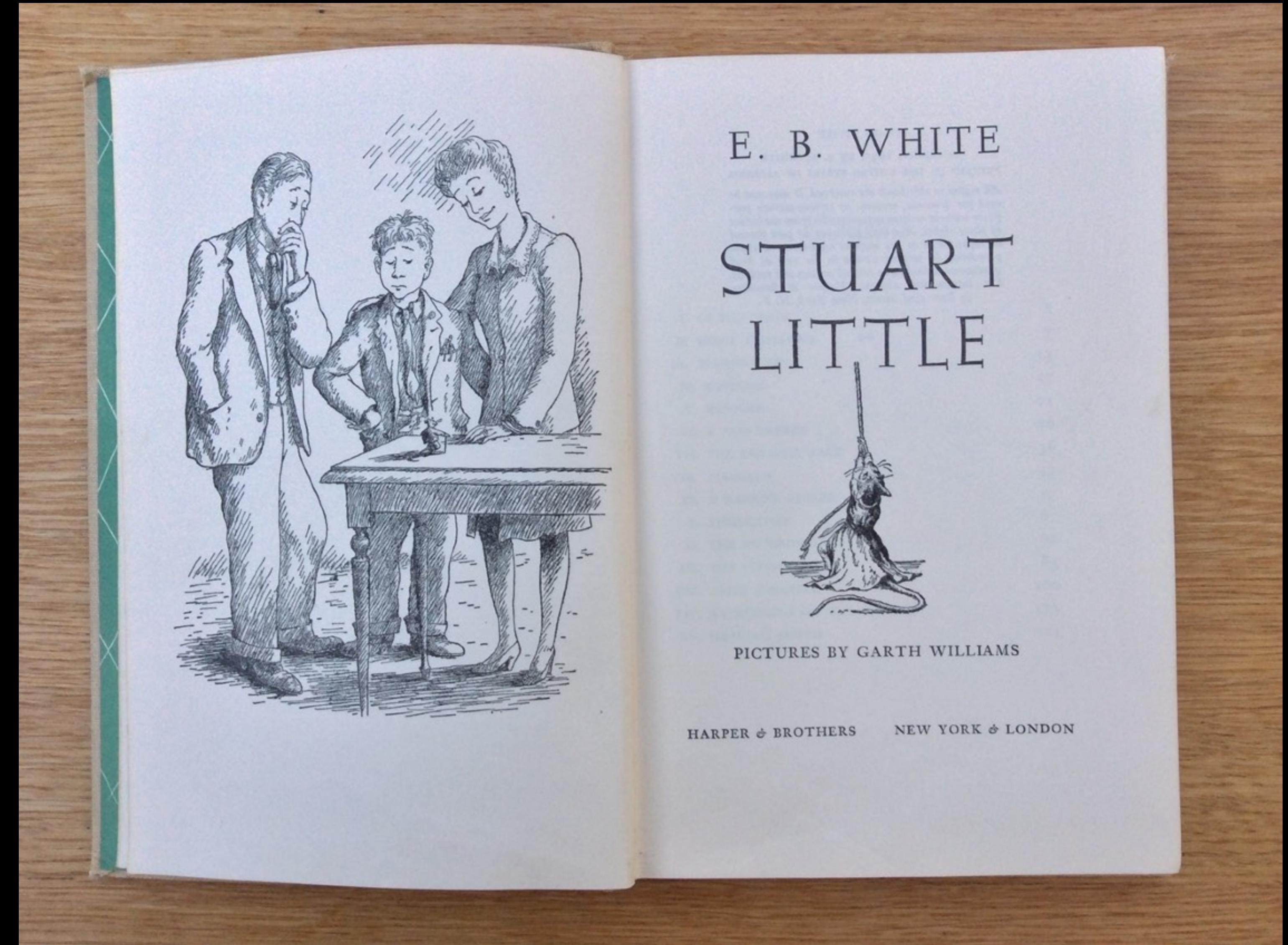


Hoping to catch any straggler that stole out with his sheep.
So simple he seemed to think me. But now I pondered deep
What were the wisest counsel, for my men and me to find
Escape from death ; long I sat there, weaving in my mind
All my wiles and cunning, as one with life at stake.
For grim the risk. At last, this plan seemed best to take :
There were rams in his flocks, well-nurtured, with thick fleece on
their back,
Stalwart beasts and splendid, with wool of deepest black ;
Now noiselessly together I lashed them, three by three,
Using the supple withies where slept in his savagery
That monster ; so each man beneath three sheep would ride
And while the midmost bore him, another on each side
Defended him from peril. But I myself took hold
Of one young ram, the finest—face upwards there I rolled
And deep within his noble fleece both hands I pressed
And clung, with all my endurance, beneath his shaggy breast.
Thus then we waited, groaning, the rise of glorious Dawn.
“ But when appeared the early light of rosy-fingered Morn,



Stuart Little, E.B. White Harper and Brothers. 1945