

Vocabulary

Breeze - brisa
Crops - cultivos
Chase - perseguir
Follow - seguir
Hen - gallina
Meadow - prat
Woolly - de llana
Kid - cabrit



La història d'avui tracta d'una granja on els animals estan tots preocupats perquè saben que avui hi ha algo diferent, però no saben el què.

Fuss on the Farm

Heyho Farm was a small farm on the side of a hill. The owners were Mr. and Mrs. Crowley. They had cows, sheep and a few hens. There was also a black and white dog and a black cat.

There was something different on the farm today but none of the animals were sure exactly what. Something had changed on the farm but the animals couldn't see what it was.

The sun was shining - that was normal.

There was a gentle breeze - that was normal.

The crops were growing - that was normal.

Mrs. Crowley was singing in the kitchen - that was normal.

But something was out of place. Something was not normal.

The dog was walking up and down in the yard by the house, sniffing the air.
The dog started to bark.
“WOOF WOOF”

The cows in the field nearby stopped eating the green grass and said,
“Mooooooo!”

The hens clucked near the hen house. The hens were not happy. Today there was something different on the farm.

The cat sat on the doorstep. Usually she chased the mice away from the farm but today she was sitting quietly, very close to the farmhouse door and she was watching the fields.

The sheep, however, were running back and forth in their field. First to the left and then to the right.

The goats were nervous. Something was strange on the farm. One of the baby goats was very brave and decided to explore. His name was Bert. Bert was small enough to escape from the goat pen. He squeezed under the fence and trotted over to the garden and looked round to investigate. He only saw the dog and the cat.

The little goat trotted over to the field where the cows lived but there was nothing strange there.

After that Bert trotted over to the henhouse. Nothing strange there.

The little goat trotted over to the sheep. He tried to ask them if they knew what was wrong but they would not stop running round their field in confusion. Bert tried again but the sheep had no answer for him.

The little goat saw the farmer come out of the house carrying a big black camera. Bert followed the farmer when he came out of the garden, past the hen house, past the goat pen, past the field with the cows, past the field with the sheep, across the bridge over the stream and down into the lower meadow.

The lower meadow had always been empty. Now there were animals in it. Strange animals. Animals the little goat had never seen before.

The farmer, Mr. Crowley, was taking photographs of the strange new animals.

They looked a bit like sheep, but bigger than sheep.

They had woolly necks but longer than sheep.
They had 4 legs like a sheep but they definitely were not sheep.

The little goat counted them. He counted 20 heads. He thought they looked pretty. Prettier than the sheep. Smaller than the cows.

What were they?

The farmer saw the little goat watching the new animals and reached down to pat his head.

“How do you like our new residents kid? Kid meet the alpacas. Alpacas meet the Kid.”

The kid ran back to tell the other animals that everything was OK. There was no problem and now the farm had new friends - 20 alpacas!



