

SHEEP ATTACK!



The sheep was charging—what should Brian do?

By Mackenzie Van Engelenhoven

(Based on a true story)

“So, when life gets dark and dreary, don’t forget to pray”
(Hymns, no 140).

The car kicked up dust as it rolled along the rough country road. Twelve-year-old Brian could see the Westover farm out the open window. Sister Westover was a widow who had a hard time getting around. Brian and his dad were taking her into town for the afternoon so she could do some shopping.

As Dad pulled into the driveway, Sister Westover came out onto the porch. “I guess I can’t go,” she said. “My son was supposed to unload some hay bales, but he never came. I’ll have to do it so the sheep have something to eat.”

“What if I do it for you?” Brian asked.

Sister Westover smiled. “That would be a big help!”

“That’s a great idea, Brian,” Dad said. “You can walk home when you finish.”

Sister Westover gave Brian a hug. “Thank you so much! Just pull the bales out of the truck so the sheep can get to them.”

Dad helped Sister Westover get into the car, and they drove off. Brian started off across the field.

The truck was parked inside a fenced area where some sheep were grazing. The biggest of the sheep looked up when Brian climbed the fence, but none of the others moved.

Brian opened the truck’s tailgate and started pulling the heavy bales onto the ground. His arms started to ache after a while, but he didn’t stop. He was almost done when—*Wham!*

Something rammed into his legs so hard it almost knocked him over. Brian spun around and saw the biggest sheep standing behind him, tossing its head angrily.

Before he had time to move, the sheep charged again. Brian grabbed the tailgate to keep from falling over and jumped aside. The sheep kicked at him, and Brian barely

dodged out of the way.

The sheep was big, and Brian knew if it knocked him over he could be hurt. As the sheep charged again, Brian leaped up into the bed of the truck. The sheep rammed its head into the bumper, but it couldn’t climb up after him. Brian breathed a sigh of relief as he sat down on a bale.

The sheep kept pacing around the truck like it was waiting for him to come down so it could run at him again. Brian was getting nervous. Dad and Sister Westover wouldn’t be back for hours. How long would he be stuck out here until the sheep went away?

Then he remembered that his Primary teacher had said that if you are ever in trouble, you can pray and ask Heavenly Father for help.

Brian closed his eyes and folded his arms. “Heavenly Father,” he prayed, “please bless me and make the sheep go away so I can get home safely.”

As soon as he had finished, Brian opened his eyes. The sheep stared at him, then suddenly trotted back to the herd. It was leaving! Brian hopped down from the truck and ran. He looked over his shoulder as he scrambled over the fence, but the big sheep didn’t seem interested anymore.

Brian went back to the farmhouse and sat down on the porch steps. He knew his prayer had been answered and Heavenly Father had protected him.

He closed his eyes and folded his arms again. “Thank you, Heavenly Father,” he prayed, “for keeping me safe.” ◆

The author lives in Massachusetts, USA.



One day my family was driving through a really bad storm. My brother said a prayer for us that we would be safe. I said prayers in my mind too. After I prayed, it was still a bad storm, but I felt peaceful and knew that everything would be OK. I know that Heavenly Father helped us drive safe and feel comforted.

Chandler S., age 7, Iowa, USA