

On Thursday 11<sup>th</sup> May, we had a little visitor. He came up to our classroom in a small cage and he wasn't at all frightened, so we let him out for a wander around. His name was Larry, Larry the lamb, and he was only three weeks old.

He was so small and was wearing a diaper because we couldn't let him go to the toilet all over the carpet. We also had a box with cleaning stuff in it in case he had an accident. We gave him some milk which he had to drink out of a bottle. We fed him and he loved it; we had to tilt the bottle. The bottle needed tilting so that he got the milk and didn't just get air.

We took him outside for a quick walk. While we took him out, we took his diaper off so that he could go to the toilet. Some of us held the lead and we thought it was so adorable.

Larry the lamb was rejected by his mother and nearly died, so that's why he had to be bottle fed. I wish he could come again but he can't because he's too big now. He is in the field with all the other lambs and just comes to the gate to have his bottle.

By Ellie

