



Making Lambies

Remember Ursula the sheep's New Year's resolution: to trot around the pasture every day, eat less and lose 10 pounds? She's going to have to do a lot of trotting now 'cause she and Rumbler the ram are making lambs.

Martok

Monday, January 4, 2010

Photo by Sue Weaver

Ursula says, "don't mess with me." Remember Ursula the sheep's New Year's resolution: to trot around the pasture every day, eat less and lose 10 pounds? She's going to have to do a lot of trotting now 'cause she and Rumbler the ram are making lambs.

Mom wanted Ursula and Rumbler to get together last month when Rumbler was breeding another ewe called Baatiste. But it didn't work the way that Mom wanted. Ursula had other plans.

When Mom put Ursula with Baatiste and Rumbler, Ursula told Rumbler he was an ugly, fat troll. Then she backed up and rammed and whammed him in the sides and butt until Mom got worried and took Ursula away.

Next Mom decided to breed her to Oran. He's Ursula's boyfriend from the last two years. But when she went to get Oran, Oran stood back and wouldn't come through the ram pasture gate and when Mom tried to pull him, Oran got mad and rammed into Mom's bad knee (we could hear her hollering at him from way across the yard in our pen).

Photo by Sue Weaver

Dad with the rams. Then Maxx the spotted ram bravely stepped up and volunteered to do the honors and finally the nuptials began.

Except, Ursula didn't like Maxx either. She started beating him up but then she changed her mind. She let him bunk with her in the breeding pen but she didn't come in heat. After a week, Mom gave up and put Maxx back with the other four rams.

Yesterday Ursula was interested in the rams again, so Mom decided to try one more time. She took Ursula to the breeding pen and gave her some feed, then went to get Oran again. But out came Rumbler instead. Mom told him Ursula would hurt him but Rumbler said he wanted to give it a try.

And you know what? Now Ursula loves him! She's wagging her tail and nibbling his ears and even lets him eat from her pan. And, they're making lambies!

Tonight when Uzzi and I were out in the yard, we marched up to ask Ursula what gives?

"He said my butt is fatter than Baatiste's," Ursula told us. "So I showed him how a fat ewe treats an uppity ram. Now he's polite. He should've been nice to me from the start."

Uzzi and I looked at each other. We're glad we're goats! Especially me. I'd hate to have to breed a doe that behaved like Ursula. Ewes are tough!

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