

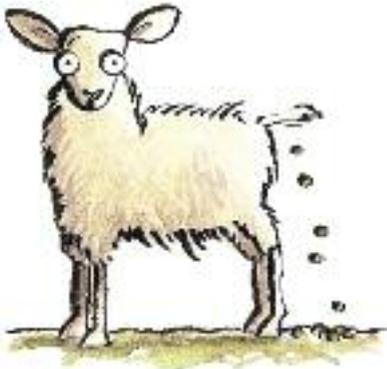


You're in the country now

Seren Evans-Charrington tells of her humorous misadventures as she leaves the rat race to fulfil her dream of the good life in rural Wales; illustrated by Christine Jopling

THE UNMISTAKABLE AROMA OF ODUR-DE-SHEEP

My morning walk over Maiden's Leap beckoned and so, with my over-excited dog Charlie in tow, I cautiously ventured out of my front door and onto my path which was being forcibly occupied by enemy sheep. These gangster sheep were notorious for congregating outside my door, and I can only imagine that their sweet-sounding bleats were actually them plotting their next terror attack on my potted herbs. Indeed, the sheep had been busy turning my path into fifty shades of green with their determined pooping.



As I carefully made my way along the path, Charlie suddenly spotted a squirrel and yanked on the lead, sending me into an ungainly wobbling spectacle. I tem-

porarily regained my balance before slipping on a dollop of a sheep's finest and landing face down.

There was no time to dwell on my new odour-de-sheep aroma and poop-covered appearance as I had spotted my landlady, Pat, in the top field. There was no time like the present to ask for permission to fence off my path.

As I approached Pat I was suddenly awe-stricken by the spectacle of a flock of sheep being rounded up with the aid of a pushchair and child passenger. The mud splattered as the wheels spun, and a wide-eyed little boy was drenched in a bath of freshly ploughed mud.

Suddenly, Pat spotted me and gave up on her sheep rallying activities. Upon hearing my plight she explained:

"There's no harm in the droppings of a sheep — they're vegetarians, you see. When you've lived 'ere a bit longer you'll realise how beneficial the poo of a vegetarian is."

As a vegetarian, I chuckled all the way back to my cottage and wondered if she *really* meant all vegetarians. ■

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