



Barnaby's Silent Mountain Journey

Sébastien Calbry



Barnaby the gentle little lamb sat under the bright morning sun, quietly combing his soft woolly coat. Though his tiny hooves felt numb from the chilly dawn air, he happily nibbled on sweet breadcrumbs left beside his grassy bed.



While brushing away the last crumbs, Barnaby stumbled upon an unusual round metal bomb half-hidden in the tall grass. Curiously nudging it with his hoof, he realized it was an old harmless relic from times past, sitting peacefully among the wildflowers.



Leaving the curious object behind, Barnaby began to climb up the steep winding trails of a grand green mountain. Higher and higher he went, his neatly combed wool fluttering as the fresh breeze swept across the high crags.



Near the top, Barnaby discovered a forgotten stone tomb draped in trailing ivy and peaceful quiet. Resting on its ancient steps, the brave lamb looked out over the glowing valley below, completely content with his long climb.