

THE MAN IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING

High in the Himalayas lived a 57-year-old man named Jack O'Spannon. He was a likable type—easygoing, sober, and dutiful. He balanced his existence in this high location by working in a low position—a sheep fertilizer. It was good ol' Jack's job to artificially implant sheep with sperm, as the animals were becoming scarce due to poachers and perverts. One of Jack's biggest worries during his eight-hour shift was that he would run out of his daily supply of bottled sperm, in which case, his supervisor warned him, he would have to wing it.

Jack lived in a converted windmill, which he shared with the birds that made their home in the rafters. Each morning, he would wake in anticipation of seeing the pretty white designs they left upon the floor. Then he would open the heavy oak door, stand on the stoop, and expel the impurities from his bladder. For breakfast, he would always have a mug of water with a little rum in it and a bowl of flour. Occasionally a bird's egg would fall from the rafters, and he'd usually add that to his intake.

Several months passed, and during that time, those who knew Jack began to see a change in the quiet-living man. Perhaps "a more content-ed Jack" would be the best way to word it. Most who knew him attributed this change to the fact that Jack had been forced to "wing it" with the sheep on several occasions, often during moonlit nights. Careful observers claim to have seen him grazing with the flock while wearing a

thick wool jacket and going "baa." Passers-by often heard violin music coming from his windmill at night, accompanied by what they described as "baaing."

Several months later still, baaing was heard coming from the village maternity hut. To this day, most of the doctors who were present scoff at the rumors, explaining that many women utter baaing sounds during childbirth. Even so, when Mr. O'Spannon emerged from the delivery room proudly carrying a bundle through which protruded furry cloven hoofs, the passers-by overreacted somewhat and stoned Mr. O'Spannon and his bundle, all the while screaming "Kill the spawn of Satan!"

Steven Kelly