



Once, long ago, in a valley where the sheep were many and the work was never done, there lived a farmer and his wife in their turf-and-stone farmhouse, a narrow gully climbing into the hills behind it.





One day the farmer came home carrying a great sack of wool. "This must be carded, spun, and worked," he said. "Winter comes sooner than we think."





But tomorrow always brought some other chore, and the wool lay untouched in the corner. Every evening the farmer asked, and every evening she answered, "It is coming, it is coming." But nothing came.