



Something was not quite right about Madame Snotbog, lately come to town. She was altogether too big, too fat, and too strange. No other townsfolk slobbered at the mouth as she did or wore those big mittens and clunky shoes. Except, of course, Profundus, when he was imitating her.

Like the other lambs, Profundus dreaded running into her. He did not like Madame Snotbog kissing him with her hard bristles poking his soft cheeks. All the parents, however, were greatly flattered by Madame's fondness for their little dumplings. At least once a day, somewhere or the other, Profundus was sure to run into Madame Snotbog. She seemed to be everywhere.

For a while, however, Profundus forgot all about her.

All the lambs were preparing for the exams. Profundus, too, had shut himself up at home to eat as much as he could, as many times a day as possible. The fattest, roundest lamb in the class would come first.

Profundus gave a start on seeing Madame Snotbog at the school on exam day. She had been chosen to conduct the exam, as

everyone knew her great love for the lambs. The exam began and Madame started the weighing. Usually, examiners overlooked an ounce here or there, but not she. Profundus was found a full three-quarters of an ounce less than the minimum passing weight, and Madame Snotbog failed him. Profundus had to stand with the other underweight lambs, and all the fat ones hissed and hooted at them. Madame Snotbog kissed the lamb who came first many, many times. She was slobbering more than usual that day. For once, Profundus was glad that he had not come first.

On the way home, his parents told Profundus that Madame had been strict with him for his own good. There was no reason why he should not put on a lot more weight, if he sat down seriously to eat from that day. The make up exam was not too far away.