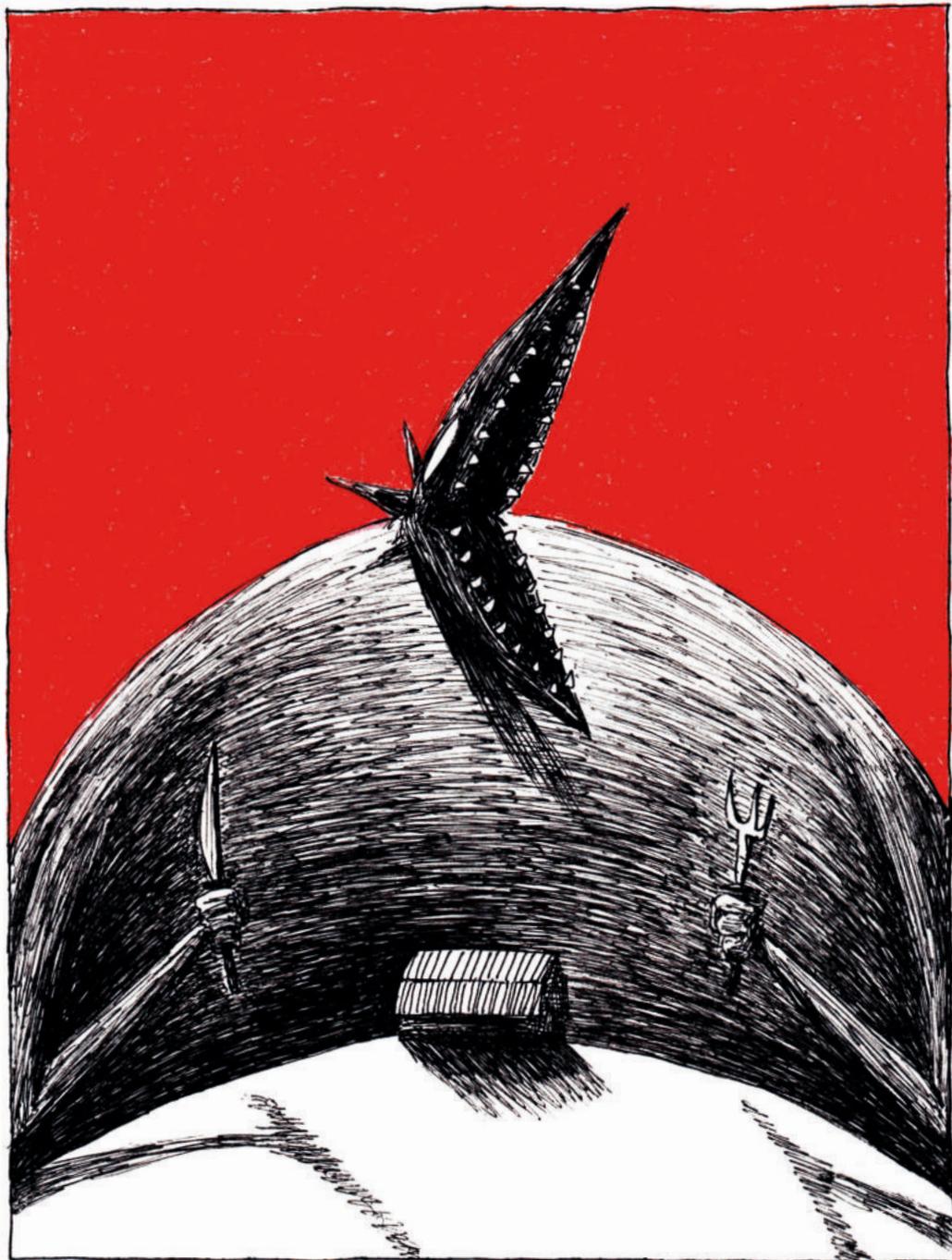
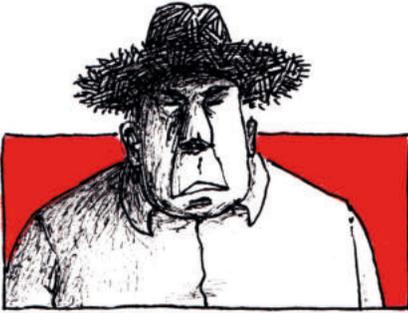


MATTHIAS

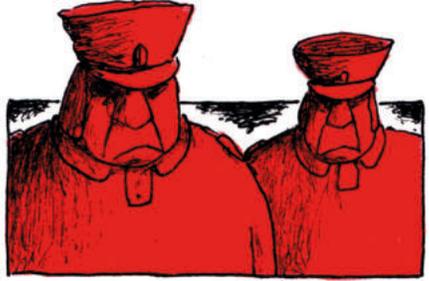
ENGLMAIER



THE HERD



THE FARMER
Master of the Herd



THE DOGS REX & RUFUS
Guardians of the Farm



BOREK THE ELDER
Respected Straighthorn



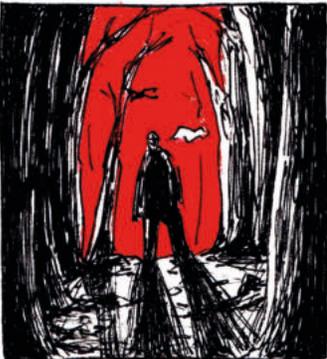
MARA THE SHEEP
Young Straighthorn



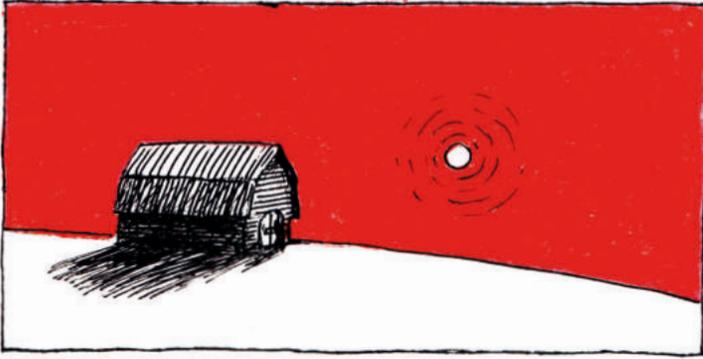
BRANN THE SHEEP
Influential Straighthorn

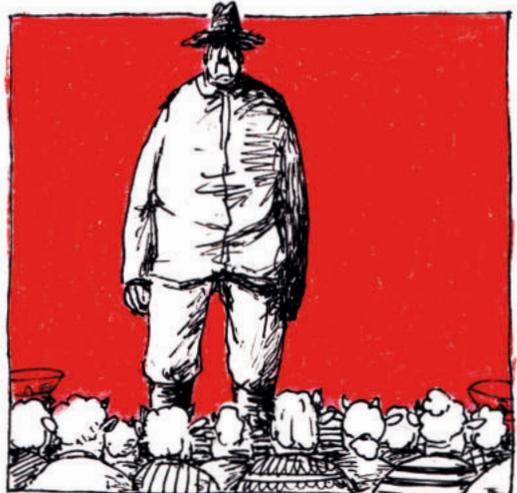


KELM THE SHEEP
Strong Curvedhorn



I
INNOCENT AS A
LAMB



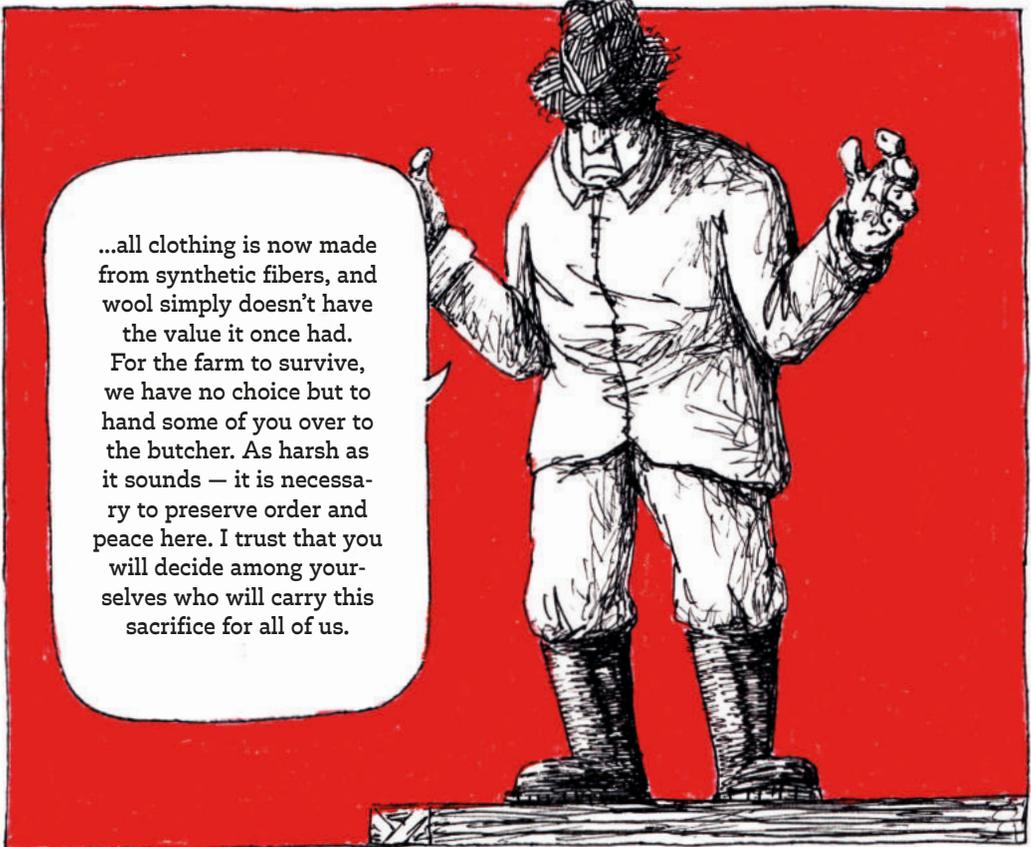




Thank you for being here. I really wanted to avoid this... but it has to happen now.



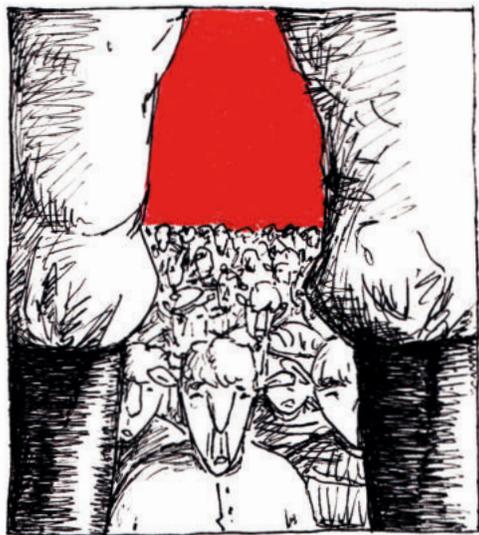
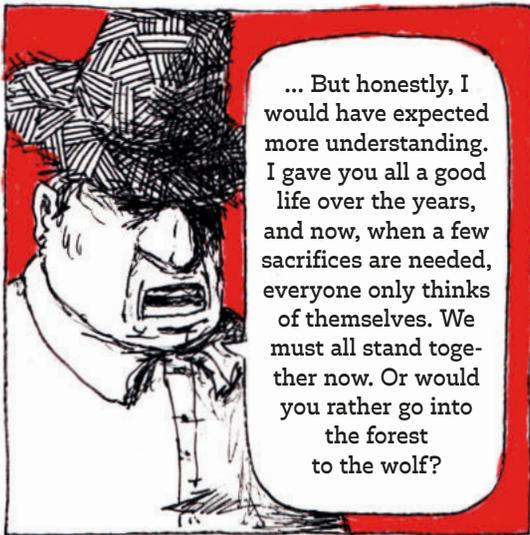
As you all know, the farm hasn't made any profits for quite some time now...

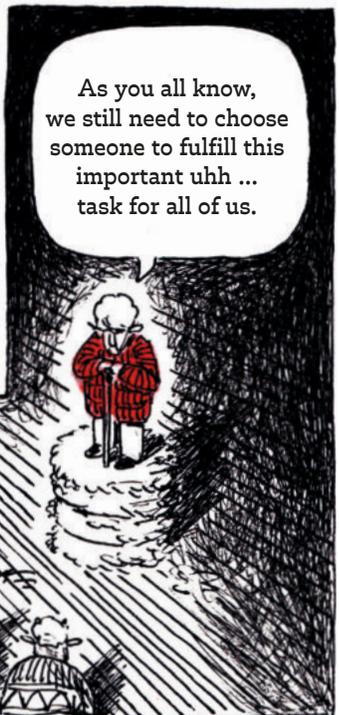


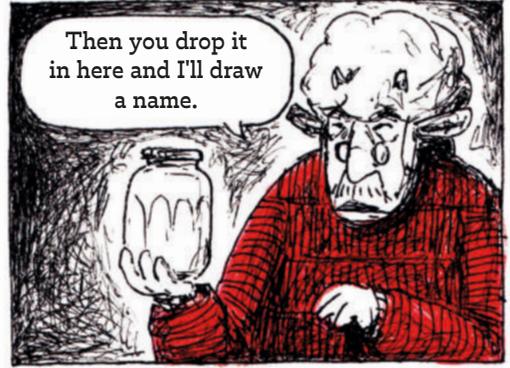
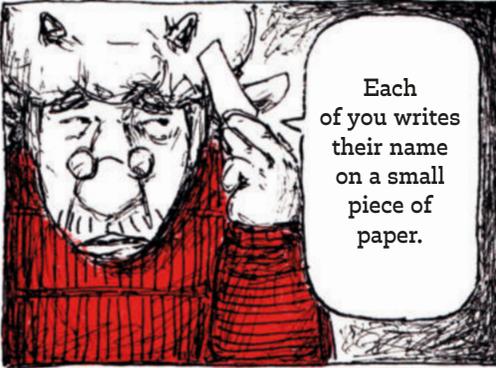
...all clothing is now made from synthetic fibers, and wool simply doesn't have the value it once had. For the farm to survive, we have no choice but to hand some of you over to the butcher. As harsh as it sounds — it is necessary to preserve order and peace here. I trust that you will decide among yourselves who will carry this sacrifice for all of us.

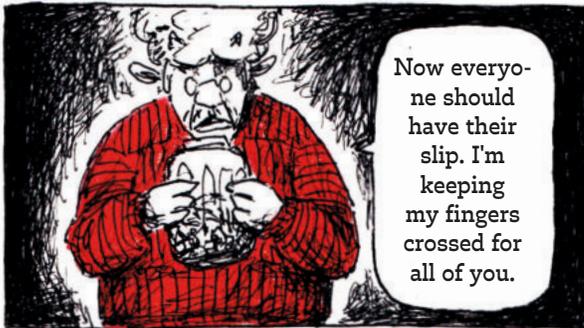
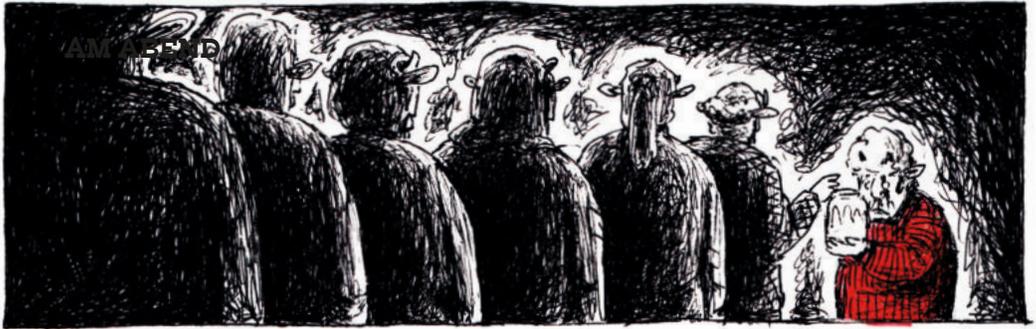


RRM MRRRRM MRHHRM MRHM





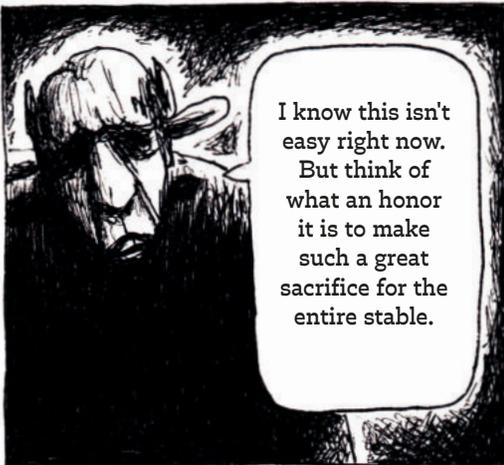
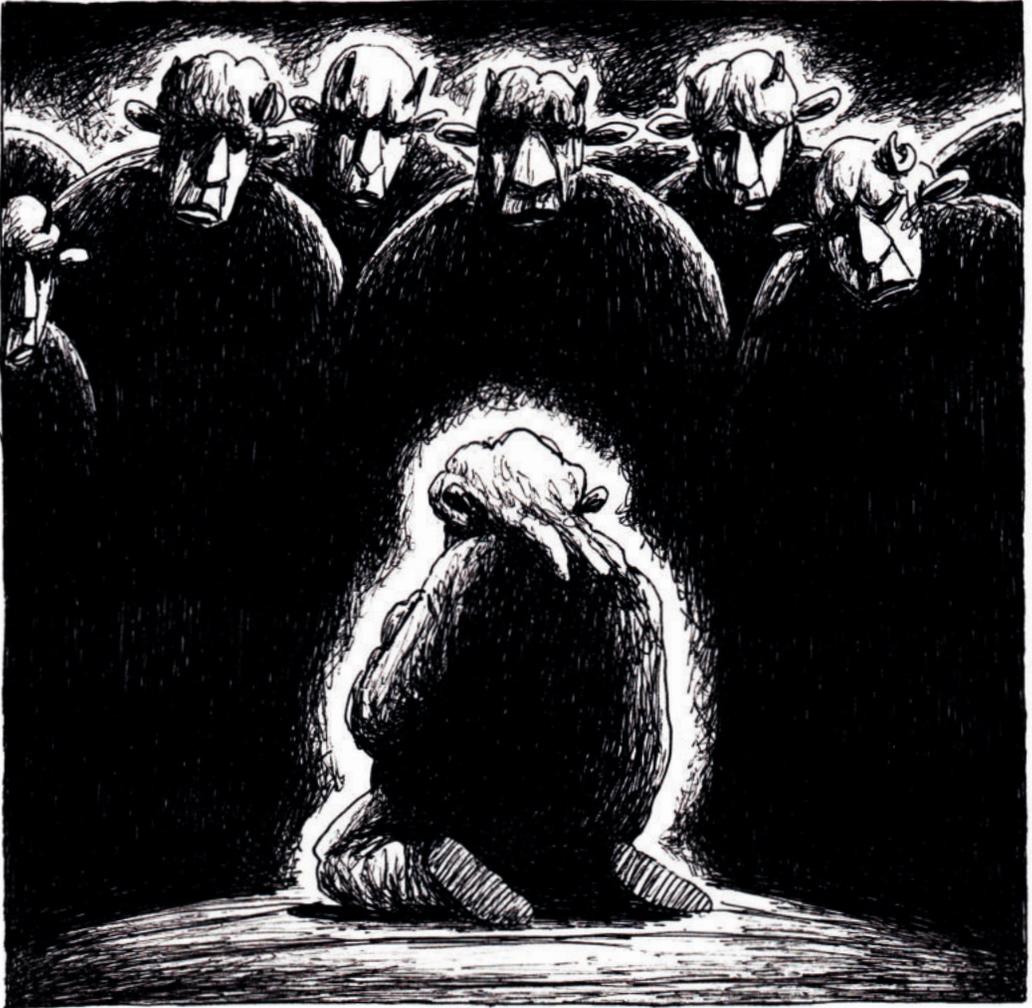


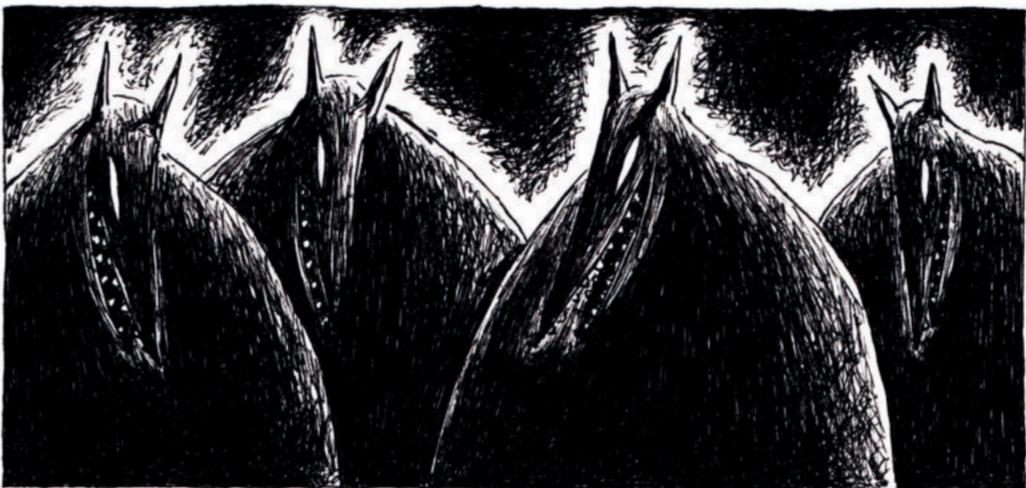
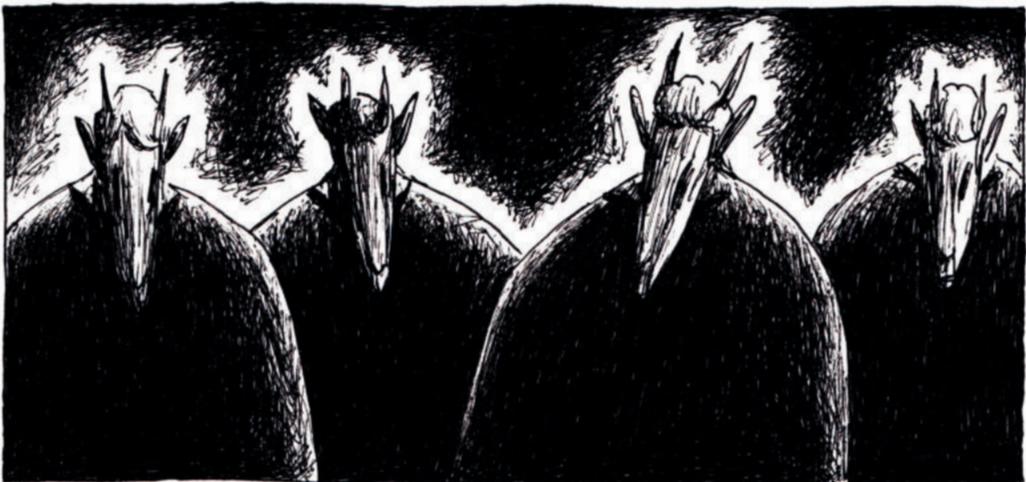
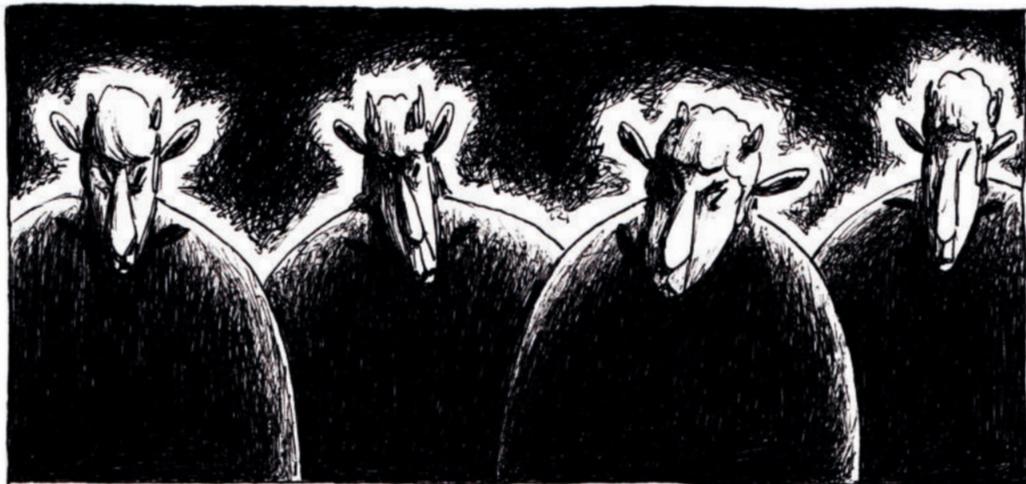


Now everyone should have their slip. I'm keeping my fingers crossed for all of you.





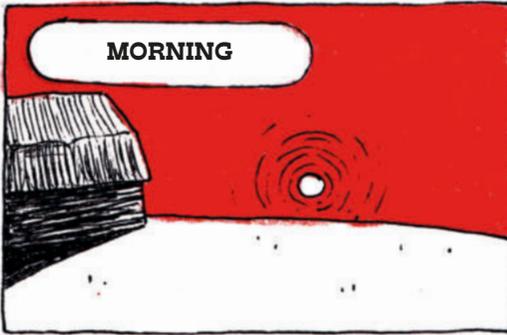




II

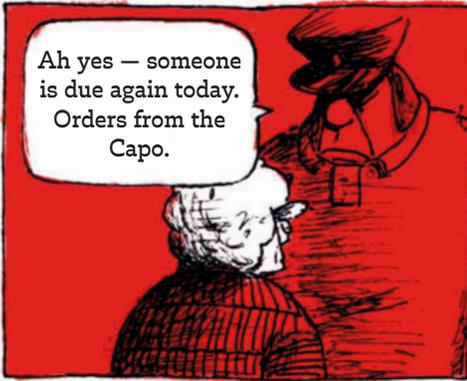
SCAPEGOAT

MORNING

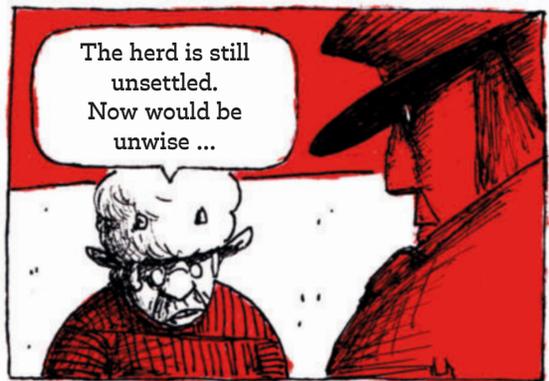


You have chosen someone.
Very well.

Ah yes — someone
is due again today.
Orders from the
Capo.



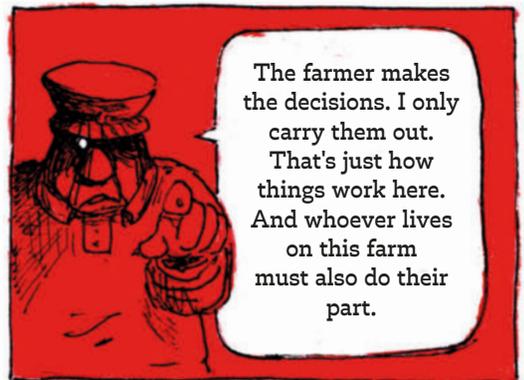
The herd is still
unsettled.
Now would be
unwise ...

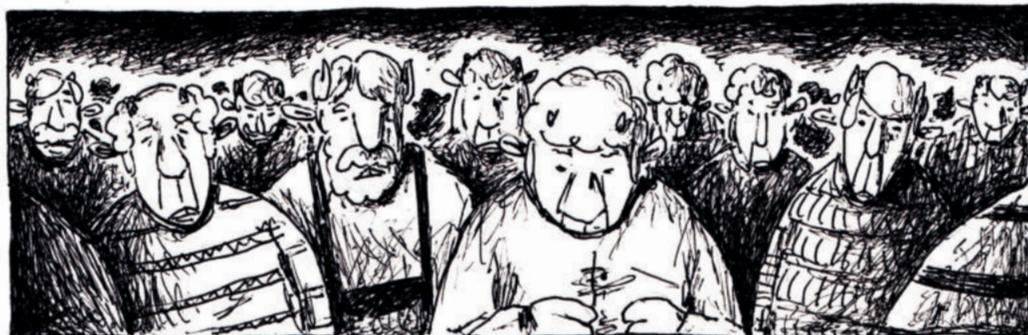
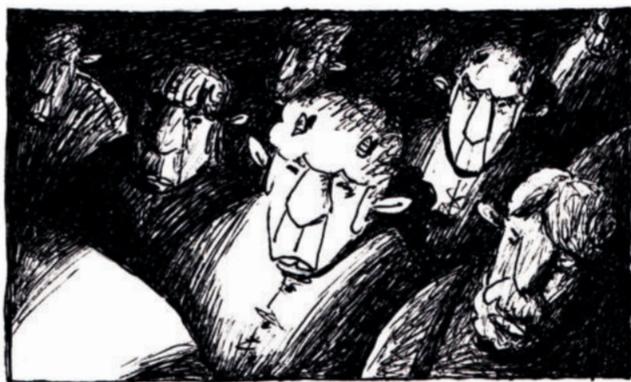
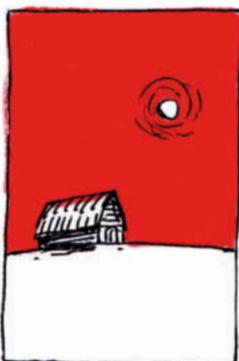
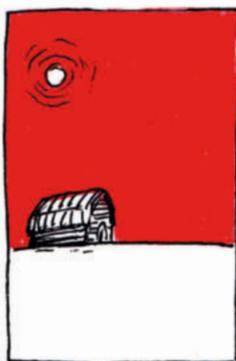


This is not
a discussion.
Someone will be
chosen today.



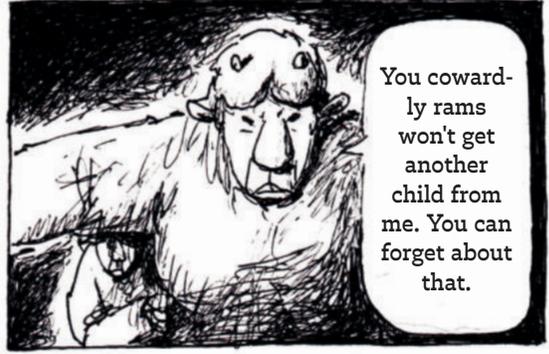
The farmer makes
the decisions. I only
carry them out.
That's just how
things work here.
And whoever lives
on this farm
must also do their
part.



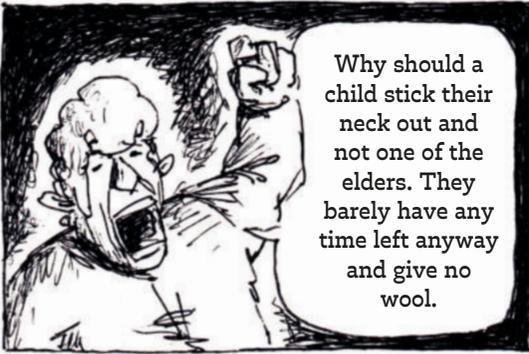




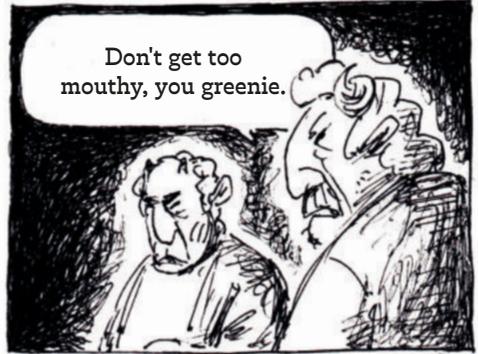
It seems we must draw lots again ...



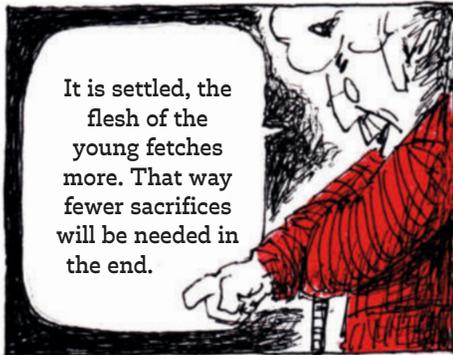
You cowardly rams won't get another child from me. You can forget about that.



Why should a child stick their neck out and not one of the elders. They barely have any time left anyway and give no wool.



Don't get too mouthy, you greenie.

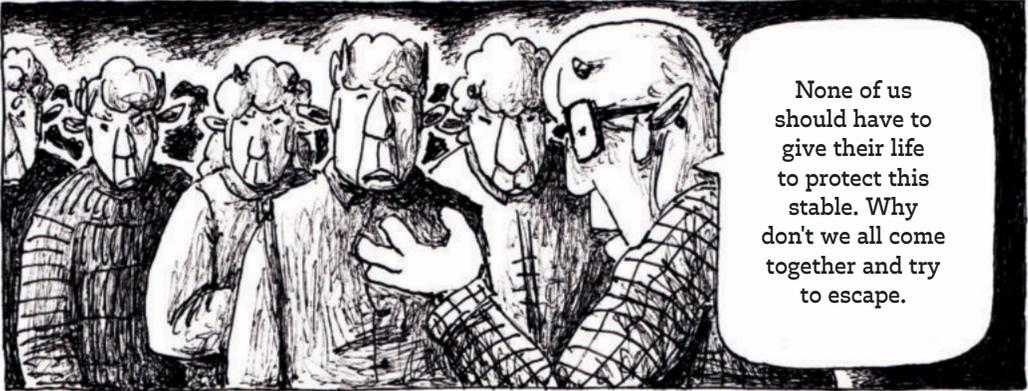


It is settled, the flesh of the young fetches more. That way fewer sacrifices will be needed in the end.

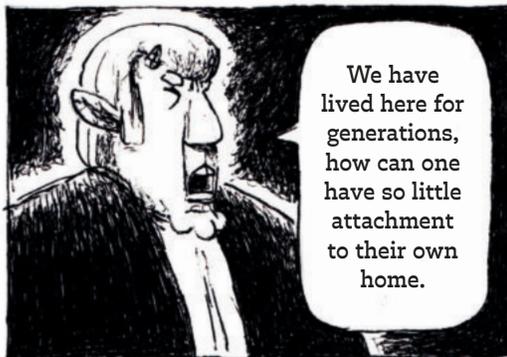




People, stop arguing! This discussion isn't getting us anywhere.



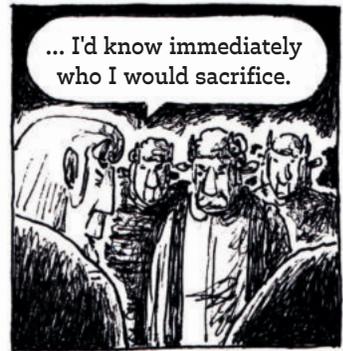
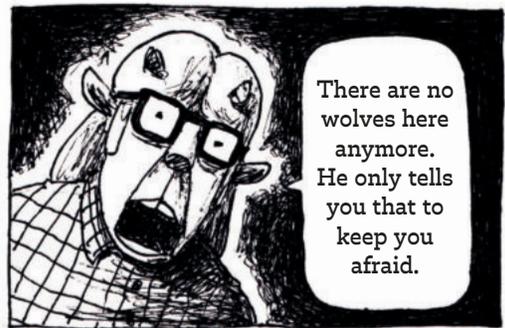
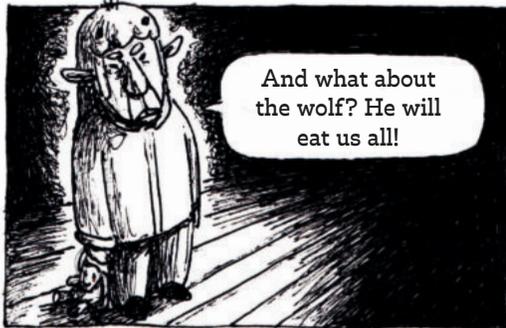
None of us should have to give their life to protect this stable. Why don't we all come together and try to escape.

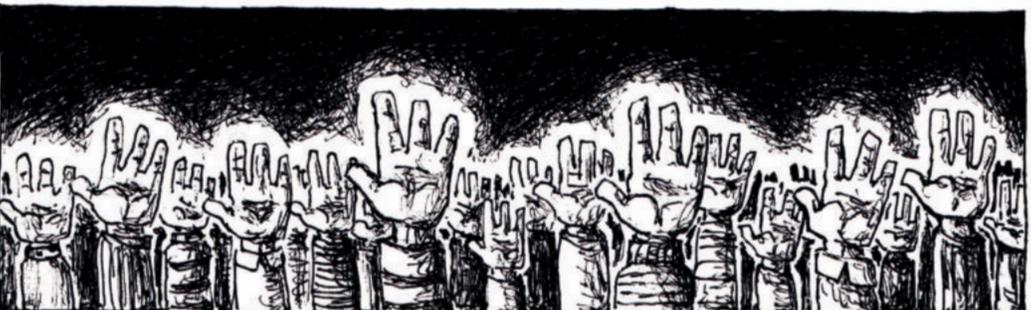
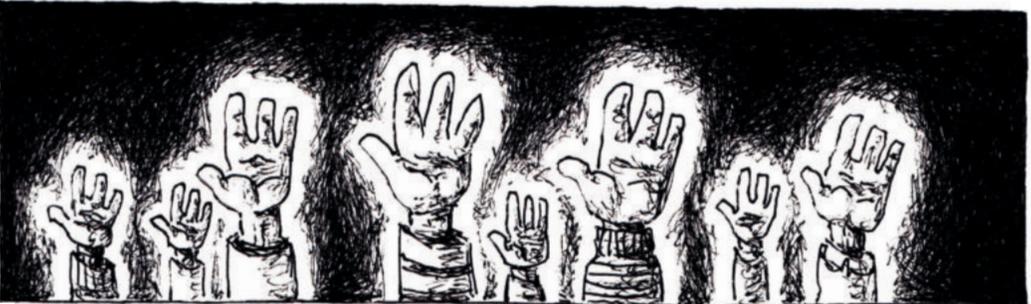
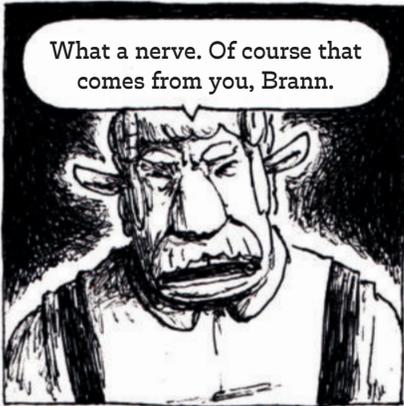


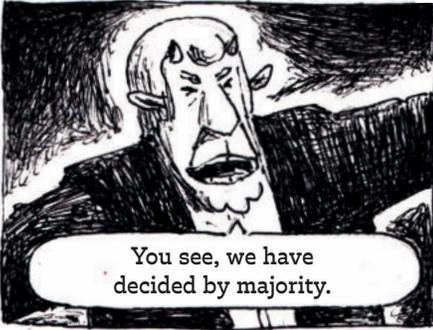
We have lived here for generations, how can one have so little attachment to their own home.



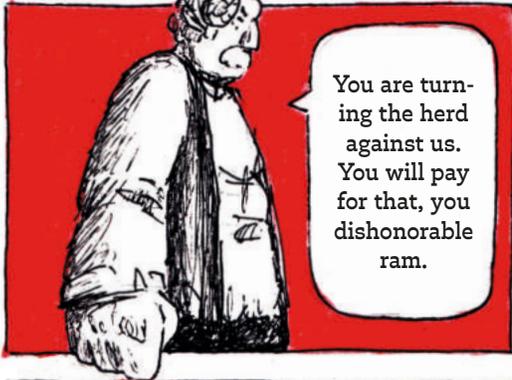
What do we do when it rains and who gives us hay?



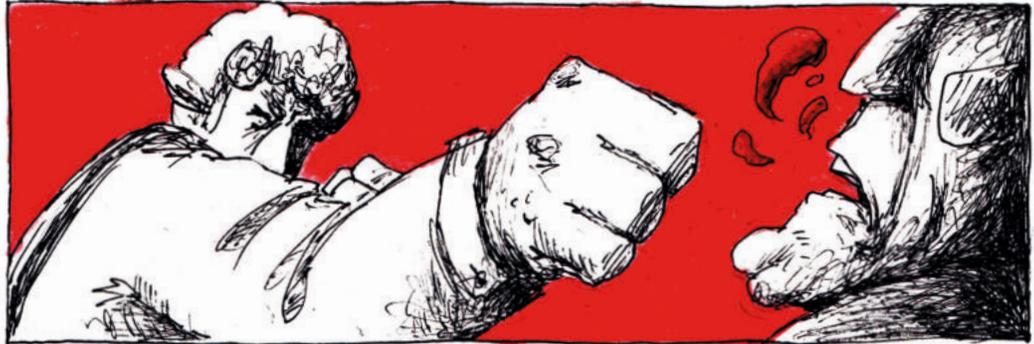


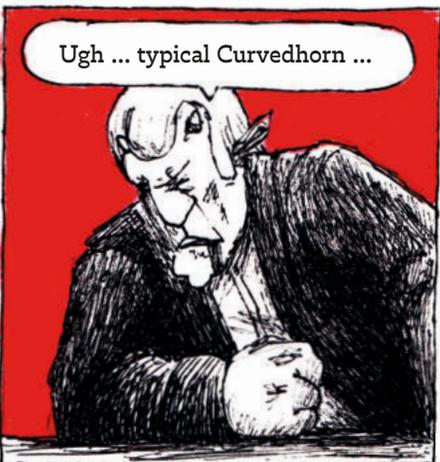


You see, we have decided by majority.

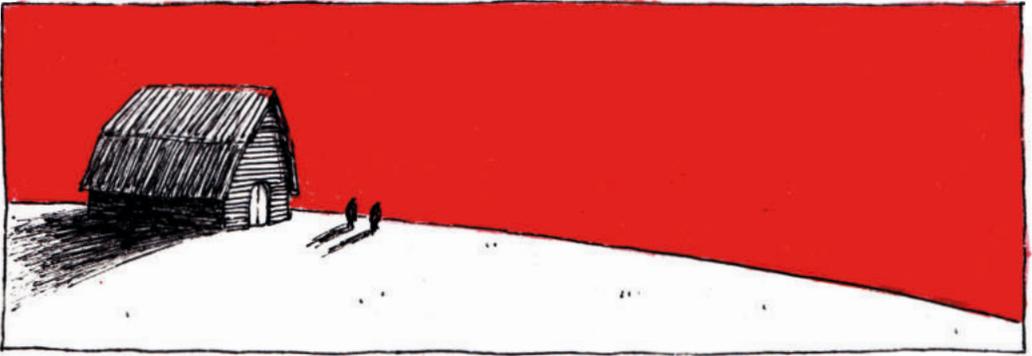


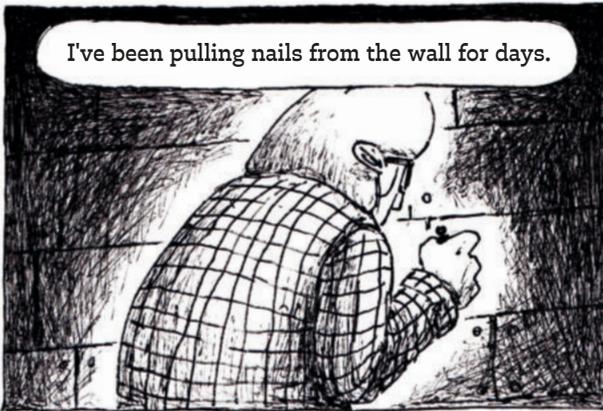
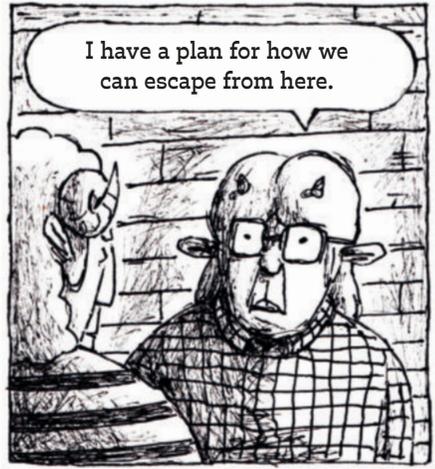
You are turning the herd against us. You will pay for that, you dishonorable ram.





III
WOLF





We need to make sure that Brann and his cronies don't find out about this.

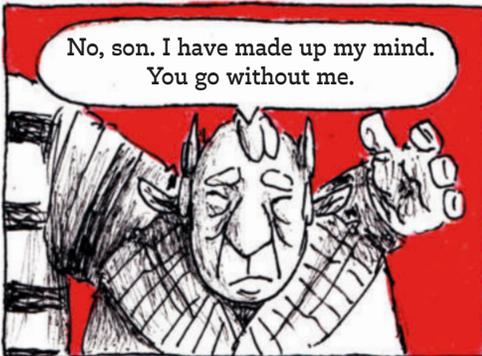


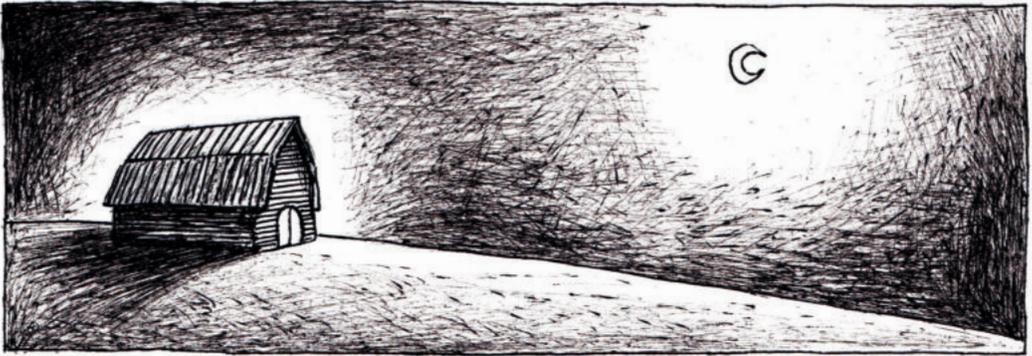
Well? Sleep well, you Curvedhorns? You can start thinking about who's next today.

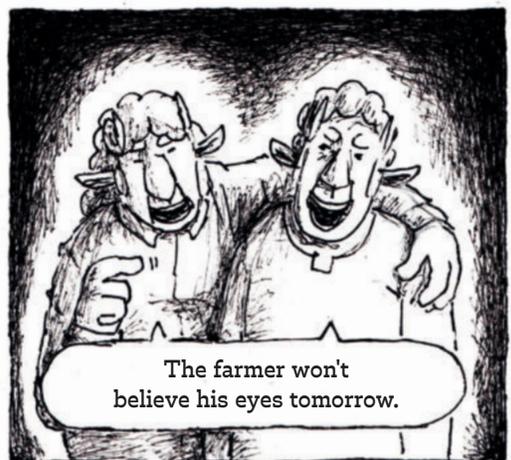


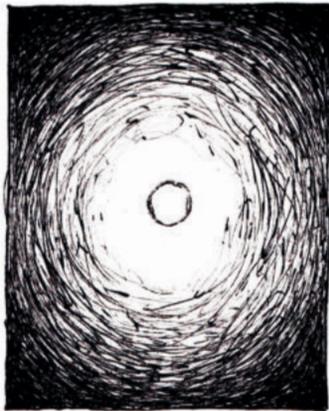
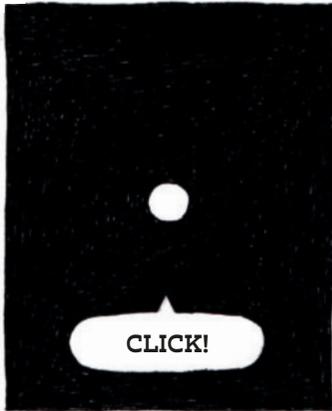
I don't want to rush you — But if you can't come to an agreement, the gentlemen behind me can surely be of assistance.

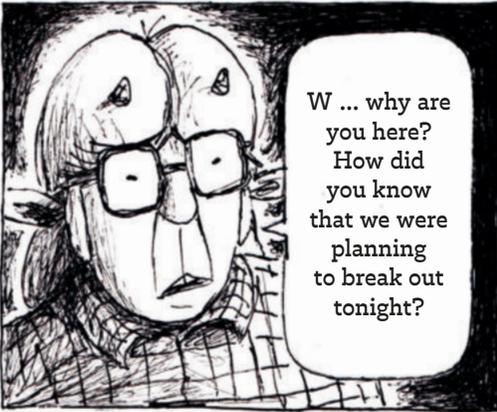






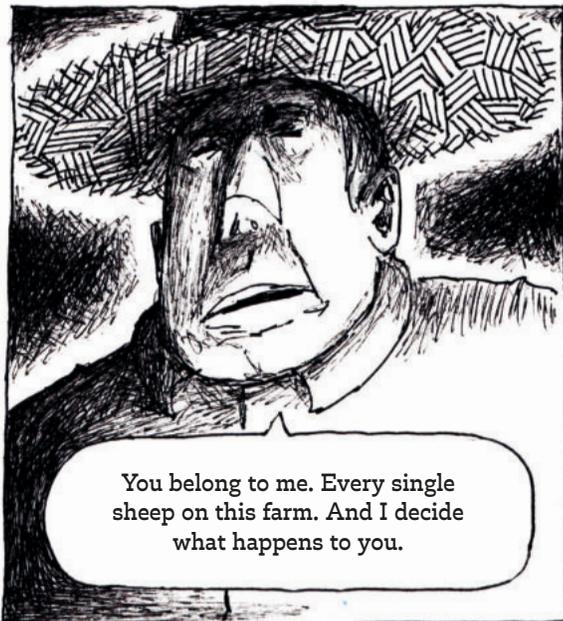




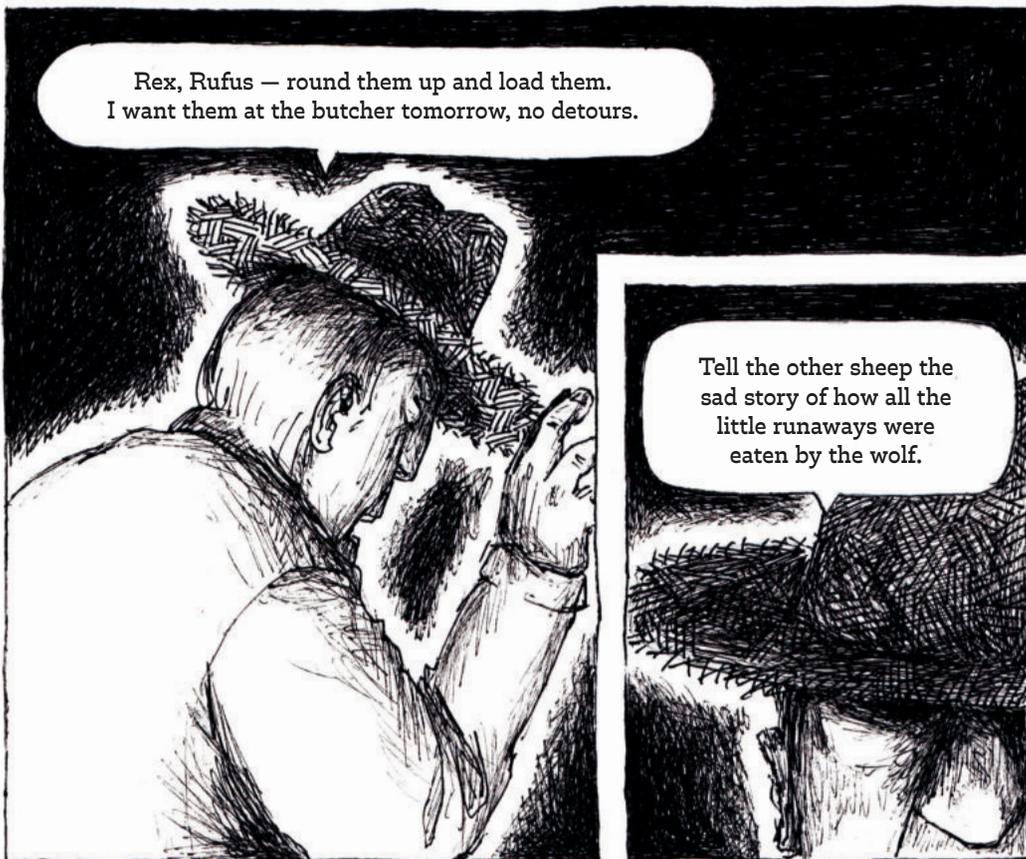




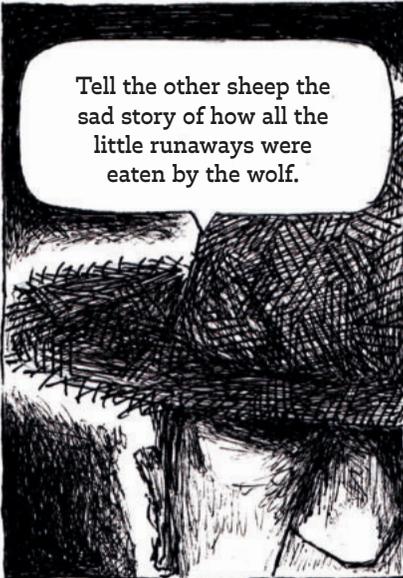
You really think you can just leave. Right now, when the farm needs you.



You belong to me. Every single sheep on this farm. And I decide what happens to you.



Rex, Rufus — round them up and load them. I want them at the butcher tomorrow, no detours.



Tell the other sheep the sad story of how all the little runaways were eaten by the wolf.



One farmer.

Two dogs.

A herd.

An idyllic picture — or so it seems.