

<p>Mama gave her a kiss. “It’s still a work day for me,” she said.</p> <p>“Why do you always have to go to work?” said Heather. “I don’t want you to go.”</p> <p>“I’m sorry,” said Mama. “I would rather stay home with you.”</p>	<p>Grandma let Heather roll out the dough. When it was flat, they cut out cookies that looked just like Grandma’s animals – chickens, cats, and sheep. Then they cut out a heart cookie for Mama’s valentine.</p> <p>“Can we eat one now?” asked Heather.</p> <p>“No,” said Grandma. “They have to bake first.”</p>	<p>“Heather, come here!”</p> <p>Grandma sounded excited. “Clover had her babies. Two of them!” Already, the newborn lambs were on their feet and getting milk from their mother.</p>
<p>Heather peeked in at them. “Grandma, look! There’s one more.” Behind Clover lay another little lamb. Heather reached through the fencing to touch him. He felt stiff and cold. And he didn’t move. Something was very wrong.</p> <p>“Poor little thing,” said Grandma.</p>	<p>“Grandma! The cookies! I can smell them,” said Heather.</p> <p>“Heavens!” said Grandma. “I forgot. Good thing I have you to help me.” She handed the lamb to Heather.</p> <p>“Here,” Grandma said. “Sit with the lamb by the stove while I rescue the cookies. I hope they haven’t burned.”</p>	<p>Grandma brought Mama’s hair dryer from the bathroom and rubbed the lamb dry in the warm air.</p> <p>The lamb made the smallest little sound and his head moved.</p> <p>Heather smiled.</p>
<p>Grandma filled one of Heather’s old baby bottles with warm milk. She pushed the nipple into the lamb’s mouth. His lips moved. He began sucking noisily, pulling at the bottle with his mouth. Under Heather’s blanket, the lamb’s tail wagged. That made Heather laugh.</p>	<p>When Mama came home, Heather showed her the lamb. That was when she knew what to call him. “His name is Valentine,” she told Mama.</p> <p>“He needs me,” Heather said proudly. “His mother can’t take care of him.”</p>	