



ROYAL DE LUXE

NANTES

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The War of the Sheep

It was the great sheep reunion.

They had decided to reunite in the north of Ireland and had been marching for weeks.

Sometimes, a small piece of cloud would descend gently from the sky like a snowflake to greet them.

Trees, without the slightest breath of wind, would bend towards them as they passed.

They had just heard of the awakening of Benandonner, the celestial Scottish giant and the reconstruction of the Giant's Causeway in county Antrim.

As they approached, the mountains rose up like waves, crashing and surging with the undulations generated by a terrible storm.

The Irish landscape resembled the surface of the oceans, where houses appeared like boats or frail vessels buffeted from the foot to the crest of gigantic swirls.

On the opposite island, an army of 200 000 sheep awaited their orders to land.

Olac, the Irish sheep, was over 3 centuries old.

His wool bore the Irish colours, his skull and his muzzle were covered with a small field of clover.

And when his flock of 50 000 sheep stopped, he was taken aback:

as far as the eye could see, the Giant's Causeway rose up like a motorway placed on the sea.

There was a period of calm

The ground stopped moving

The sea became as flat as a billiards table.

It was like a big lake placed into the hands of a volcano.

Even the frightened wind hid beneath the stones.

Right away, the landing began.

Huge floating rocks carrying thousands of sheep made the water boil, creating such an intense vapour that it brought about an ocean fog.

They were named the boiling islands.

As they approached the Irish coast

our Irish sheep used their hind legs to make it rain pebble hailstones,

yet despite claiming hundreds of victims

some islands managed to moor.

On top of this, thousands of Scottish sheep were dashing in on the Giant's Causeway.

Olac sent a huge garrison to stop them.

The inevitable close combat ensued.

With teeth and hooves blows, each one fell into the sea.

In the sky, a multitude of seagulls confronted each other as they circled.

These iron blasts crashed bluntly into each other and were falling down, and millions of feathers obscured the battle field.

As the enemy descended on Irish soil, Benandonner appeared on the causeway.

The giant was arriving victorious.

Olac had to resign himself.

But suddenly, the earth started to tremble again.

Thousands of horses were circling in the neighbouring mountains.

Their hooves shone with greed for the ground.

The vibrations were so intense that a huge curtain of rain, like in a big theatre, created a wall of water between the two chiefs.

And in that wall a small rainbow appeared.

By command, the exhausted sheep brought it to Olac's feet.

Ropes were attached to each end and 200 sheep moved the largest of the rocks and placed it in like an arrow.

Olac said “pull“
The rock disappeared into the waterfall
hitting Benandonner at full pelt,
and propelled him back into his country.

Everything went back to normal, the rain stopped and the causeway disappeared.

A huge horse appeared and approached with 50m bounds along the hills.
He stopped close to Olac who leapt onto his back.

A flash of lightning pierced the sky and the old sheep transformed into Finn Mac
Cool, all dressed in armour.

He said « I am still here » and disappeared into the mountains.

The wind calmed down and came out from under the stones.

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