

Japheth

If we could separate the white ewes and the black ewes I know that we could better control the quality of wool when the shearing season comes. I must tell father. And if I could talk father into increasing the grain we give to the rams instead of letting them open graze all of the time maybe the birthing season would increase. I must remember to tell father these things. If only I had a way to keep and remember what I have in mind.

Aree says I am complicated. I like to think of myself as... intelligent. I try to invent ways to make our lives easier. Ham has his head in the clouds dreaming of ways to play and entertain. Shem just bullies his way around. Me, I like to think. Father says I get it from his side of the family.

Oh that reminds me, I am suppose to do some calculating for material for father. He told me he has this large build that he is planning. So many cubits long... tall... wide. Sounds as big as a mountain. How he remembers all those little details I will never know. It is almost like someone is whispering them in his ear.