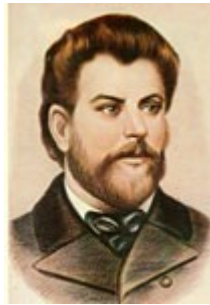
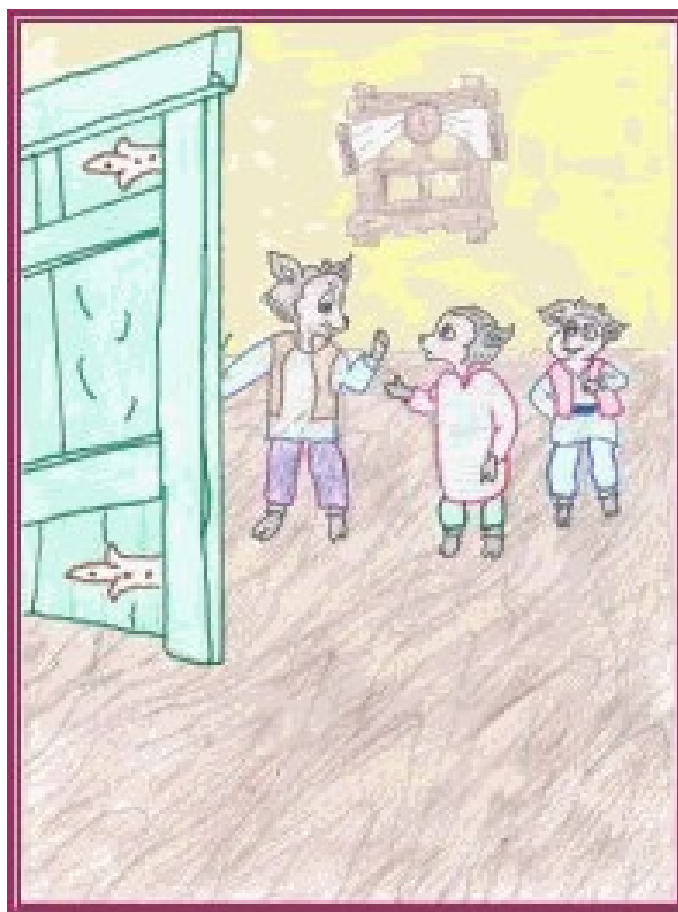


# The Goat with Three Kids

*by Ion Creangă*





Once upon a time there was a goat with three kids.

The little one was hardworking and always listening to his mother. But the middle and the big kids were looking for trouble all the time.

One day, the mother goat told her kids:

- Dear kids, I have to go in the woods to bring food. Please, keep the door locked after I'll leave and don't open it until you hear my voice. When I am back, you'll hear this little song:

*Three kids, little kids  
Open door to your mommy  
Mommy's bringing to you all  
Fresh grass on the lips  
Milk and salt on the back...*

- Do you understand?



And all the three kids answered together:

- Yes, mama!

- So let me kiss you goodbye and I'll be back soon with lots of goodies!

Mother goat went in the woods, the little kid locked the door and all started playing in the house.

Meanwhile, the bad wolf, having heard the conversation between the mother goat and the kids about the song, started singing the same song to the kids, hoping this way he would trick them and they would open the door to him.

*Three kids, little kids  
Open door to your mommy  
Mommy's bringing to you all  
Fresh grass on the lips  
Milk and salt on the back...*



The big kid as soon as he heard the song jumped down to open the door, thinking that his mother was there!

But the little one cried:

- Don't open the door! It's not mother, she has a lovely voice, this one is rough and harsh!

When the wolf heard such things, he went to the blacksmith to ask him to sharp his voice! Then he came back and started singing again:

*Three kids, little kids  
Open door to your mommy  
Mommy's bringing to you all  
Fresh grass on the lips  
Milk and salt on the back...*



The big kid was very sure that now it was his mama.

-Who else could be? I'll open the door, she must be tired and full of goodies.

-My brother! I feel it's not mama. Please, don't open! says the little one.

But the big kid didn't listen and opened the door! The middle kid hid under a blanket and the little one in the fireplace.

The big kid didn't open the door well and in a blink of an eye the wolf ate it greedily. He started searching the rest of the house, he was sure that other kids must be in the house.

-Well, well...It seems to me that I've heard more voices. I'll rest a little before leaving.

Then he laid on the blanket and felt something under the blanket...It was the poor middle kid! The hungry wolf ate it too.



When the wolf left, the little kid went out the fireplace, blocked the door and started crying inconsolably over his brothers.

Meanwhile, the mother goat came back home from the woods and she started to sing the song:

*Three kids, little kids  
Open door to your mommy  
Mommy's bringing to you all  
Fresh grass on my lips  
Milk and salt on my back...*



The little kid jumped to open the door and fell in his mother arms, crying desperately and started to tell the sad story to his mother.

Mother goat cried and cried until she decided to punish the bad wolf. She started cooking all kind of goodies, made a hole in the garden, covered it with woods, embers and brambles and made a table and a chair in wax.

When everything was ready, she went in the forest to look for the wolf to invite him to the mourning feast. The wolf was getting some rest in the shadow of an old oak.

- Good day to you, she-goat! What brings you here?

- A tragedy happened when I was in the woods. Somebody ate all my kids and now I came to invite you to eat something for their memory and remembrance.

- Glad about your invitation! says the wolf.



They went to the goats' house, and while mother goat was crying in pain, the wolf was pretending that he was very shocked by the news and tried all the time to blame the bear for what had happened. Back at the house, mother goat invited the wolf to seat on the wax chair, and started bringing him food.

- Bon Appétit, says the goat!

- Thank you, the wolf answered politely and, being very greedy, he was eating very fast all the tasteful food.

While he was eating, the wax chair melted and the wolf fell in the fire hole!

- Get me out of here, screamed the wolf, I am burning alive!

- Burn there, wolf, like my heart burned of pain in my chest after my babies.

- Don't let me die! Have mercy! implored the wolf.

- Did you have mercy for my kids? asked the mother goat.

The news about the wolf's death soon traveled through the forest and were heard by all the goats. And all the goats were pleased with the well deserved end of the bad wolf.



**THE END**