

## Mrs Goat and her seven little kids

Once upon a time, Big Mother Goat was about to go to the supermarket.

“Kids,” she said to her children, “don’t you open that door to ANYONE. If you do, the Hungry Wolf will probably get in, and eat you all. Now, we don’t want that, do we?”

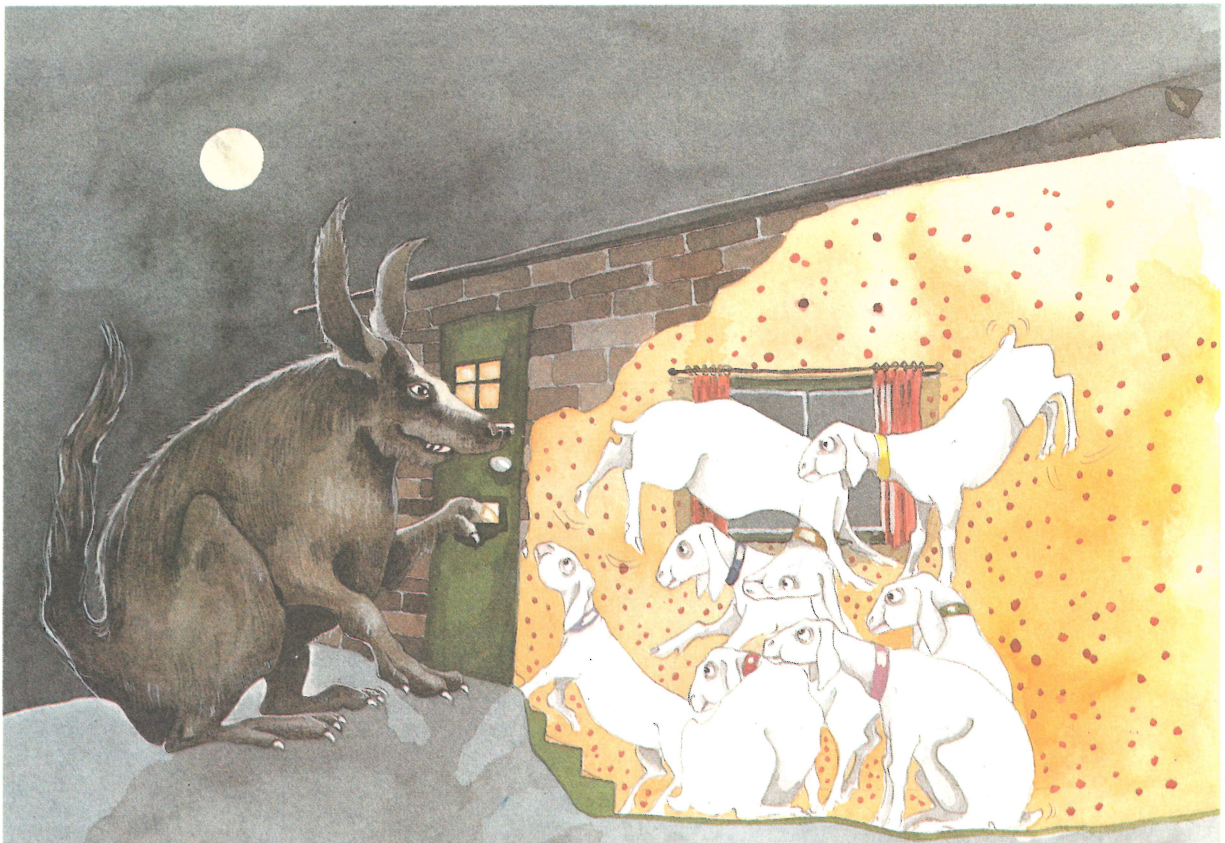
“No, we don’t want that,” said the kids.

“I’ll kick him on the leg!” shouted the littlest one.

Now the wolf was hiding underneath the window, and he heard all this. When Big Mother Goat had gone on her way, he knocked on the door.

“Who’s that?” shouted the kids together.

“I’m your mum,” the wolf growled. “Open up the door, I forgot to give you your pocket money.”



“You’re not Mum,” shouted the littlest one. “Mum’s got a squeaky little voice that sounds like music.”

“You’re the Hungry Wolf,” shouted the kids, and they wouldn’t open the door.

So the wolf ran off to the music teacher’s house.

“Teach me to speak in a squeaky little voice, like music,” he growled. “If you don’t, I’ll bite your beak off.”

“Very well,” said the music teacher, and she did her best.

Then the wolf hurried back to the kids’ house, and banged on the door. “Let me in, this is Mummy, I’ve got some sweets for you,” he called.

“Show us your hoof first,” said the littlest one, and the wolf pushed his paw through the letterbox.