





# The Wolf and the Three Kids

Adapted from 'The Wolf and Seven Kids' by the Brothers Grimm

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**O**nce-upon-a-time there was an old goat with three little kids: ARman, ARon and MArgret.

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Early one morning, the old goat decided to collect food from the forest, so she called her children and said: "My children, I am going to go collect food for us. Beware of the wolf, for if you let him in, he will have you all for breakfast."

"But how will we know it is him, Mother?" asked the eldest, ARman. "He will try to disguise himself, but you will know it is him by his gruff, erratic voice and black feet, like those wolves before him."

"Don't worry, Mother," the kids replied. "We will look after each other." The mother goat bleated and left for the forest.

Not long after, someone knocked on the door and cried, "Open the door. Your mother is here. I have brought us treats from the forest".

"His voice is erratic and can't be predicted. I vote he is the wolf", MArgret whispered to her siblings.

“We will not open the door for you”, they replied. “You are not our mother. She has a smooth, dependable voice. You’re the wolf!”

Then the wolf went to a shopkeeper and bought himself a small bowl of honey. He drank it all and made his voice smooth with it. Then he returned, knocked at the house door, and cried, “Open the door. Your mother is here. I have brought us all treats from the forest”.

ARon glanced under the door and back at his siblings, “He has black paws, like the wolf before him. I don’t think it is our mother”.

“We will not open the door for you,” they replied. “You are not our mother; you have black paws like the visitor before. You’re the wolf!”

So the wolf went to a baker and asked for a bag of flour. He dipped his paws into the bag and pulled them out, white as snow. Then he came back, knocked at the house door, and cried, “Open the door. Your mother is here. I have brought us all treats from the forest”.

38 “The voice is so smooth, and paws so white. How can this not be our mother?” ARman asked his siblings.

So, they believed him and opened the door, but alas, it was not their mother. It was the wolf.

The children were scared and ran to hide, but the wolf found them and swallowed them whole. With a full stomach and heavy eyes, the wolf decided to lie by the fire for a short morning nap. When the old mother goat came home, she found the wolf asleep and ran for help.

The local huntsman, Richard Fuller, came to her aid. He observed the wolf and, after examining him carefully, he exclaimed, “I believe your children are alright! In his greed, he has swallowed them whole.”

A small incision was made in the wolf’s stomach and ARman stuck out his head, followed by his siblings. They embraced their mother and thanked the huntsman for his help.



The old goat turned to her kids and said, “Go and look for some big stones to refill the wolf while he sleeps”.

Then before the wolf could wake up, the huntsman and children carried as many stones as possible and placed them in his tummy so that the mother goat could stitch him up.

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They left and waited for the wolf to wake. Once awake, the stones made him awfully thirsty, and so he headed to the well to drink.

But alas, the grinding of the stones in his stomach was so uncomfortable that he cried, “What rumbles and tumbles against my poor bones? I thought it was three kids, but it’s nothing but big stones”.

As he leaned into the well to get a sip, he slipped and crashed into the water. All the rocks in his stomach made it impossible to swim, and he slowly sank to the bottom. The kids, their mother, and the hunter were so excited that they began to rejoice.

The mother goat turned to her children and said, “See, my children, looking for the wrong thing and not understanding will lead to incorrect judgement and wrong predictions”.