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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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The Wolf and the Seven Little Goats

Once upon a time, there was a mother goat with seven little kids. Every day, she went into the forest to gather food for the evening. Before leaving the house, she would call her children to her and tell them about the greatest danger that roamed in the forest. There was a dangerous, scary wolf in the forest. "Children, be careful of the bad wolf.



Never let him into the house. The wolf often disguises himself, so you might not recognize him quickly. But listen to his voice. His rough voice will give him away. Also, look at his feet. Are they black? Then don't trust him!" And so, mother goat warned her children time and

time again. And the children reassured their mother each time, "Go now, dear mother. We can take care of ourselves very well."



Mother goat had not been gone very long when someone knocked on the door. Someone called out, "Open up, dear children! It's me, your mother.

I've brought something delicious for everyone!" But the children knew it was the wolf. They recognized him by his rough voice. "We will not open the door for you," they shouted. "You are not our mother. Our mother has a sweet voice, and yours is rough. You are the bad wolf!" Then the wolf went to the store and bought some sweet



licorice. He ate the licorice to soften his voice. Then he went back to the house of the seven little goats and knocked on the window. "Open up, dear children. Here I am, your mother, and I've brought something sweet for you." But the little goats saw the imprint of the wolf's black paws on the window. "You are not our mother. Our mother does not have black paws like you. You are the wolf!" The wolf then went to the baker and asked him for some flour to make his paws white. At first, the baker refused, but when the wolf threatened to devour him, the baker personally rubbed the flour on the wolf's paws to make them white.

Now, for the third time, the wolf went to the house of the seven little goats. He knocked on the front door and said in his softest and sweetest voice, "Dear children, I am finally home. I am your mother, and I have brought something from the forest for all of you. You can safely open the door." The little goats asked, "Let us see your paws first so we know you are our dear mother." When

the little goats saw that the paws were white, they believed that it was their mother and quickly and enthusiastically opened the door. But what a fright! It was the wolf who entered the house. The little goats were frightened and went into hiding. One hid under the table, the second hid in the bed, the third climbed into the stove, the fourth found a hiding place in the kitchen, the fifth hid in the closet, the sixth crawled under the sink, and the seventh locked himself in the clock cabinet. But the wolf found them all and devoured all of them in one gulp, except for the seventh little goat. The goat in the clock cabinet was the only goat that he had not found.



The wolf had eaten his fill and, feeling satisfied, he lay down under a tree in the green grass and soon fell asleep. At that moment, mother goat returned from the forest. To her great shock, she saw that the front door of the house was wide open. The house was in shambles. The table, chairs, and benches were smashed. The washbasin was in pieces, and the cushions and duvets were pulled off the beds. She searched for her children, but they were nowhere to be found. Then she called out all her



children by name, and finally, the voice of the seventh little goat softly sounded from the clock cabinet, "I'm here, dear mother. I'm in the clock cabinet." The seventh little goat told her that the wolf had eaten all six other children.

Bravely, mother goat ran outside, where she saw the wolf sleeping under the tree. She looked at his bulging belly and saw a lot of movement. "Oh my dear heavens, the wolf has swallowed the goats in one gulp. This means they're still alive." She ran into the house and took a pair of scissors and needle and thread. She cut open the wolf's belly, and her six little goats came out. No one was hurt. The mother asked her children to find some large stones. She used these stones to fill the wolf's belly and then quickly sewed his belly closed with needle and thread.

"When the wolf woke up, he felt that his stomach was still very full. "Wow, those goats are weighing heavily on my stomach," muttered the wolf on his way to the well. He had become very thirsty. At the well, he leaned over to drink the water, but due to the weight of the stones, he tumbled forward and fell into the deep, deep well.

The seven little goats saw it happen and ran to the well. The wolf had drowned and could never, ever bother them again. And so the seven little goats lived happily ever after.

