

THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN YOUNG KIDS

By WILLIAM AND JACOB GRIMM



Part I

There was once an old goat who had seven little kids. She loved them all as much as any mother ever loved her children. One day the old goat wished to go into the woods to get food for her kids. Before she started she called them all to her and said:

"Dear children, I am going into the woods. Now do not open the door while I am away. If the old wolf should get into our hut, he would eat you all up, and not a hair would be left. You can easily tell him by his rough voice and his black feet."

"Dear mother," cried all the young kids, "we will be very careful not to let the old wolf in. You need not think of us at all, for we shall be quite safe." So the old goat went on her way into the dark woods.

She had not been gone long when there came a loud rap at the door, and a voice cried:

"Open the door, my dear children. I have something here for each of you." But the young kids knew by the rough voice that this was the old wolf.

So one of them said, "We shall not open the door. Our mother's voice is soft and gentle. Your voice is rough. You are a wolf." The old wolf ran away to a shop, where he ate a piece of white chalk to make his voice soft. Then he went back to the goat's hut and rapped at the door.

He spoke in a soft voice and said, "Open the door for me, my dear children. I am your mother." But the oldest little goat thought of what his mother had said.



"If you are our mother, put your foot on the window sill, that we may see it." When the wolf had done this, all the little goats cried out, "No, you are not our mother. We shall not open the door. Our mother's feet, are white and yours are black. Go away; you are the wolf."

Then the wolf went to the miller's, and said to him, "Mr. Miller, put some flour on my foot, for I have hurt it." The miller was so afraid of the wolf that he did as he was told.

Then the wicked wolf went to the goat's house again and said, "Open the door, dear children, for I am your mother."

"Show us your foot," said the little kids. So the wolf put his one white foot on the window sill. When the little kids saw that it was white, they thought this was really their mother, and they opened the door.



In jumped the ugly old wolf, and all the little kids ran to hide themselves. The first hid under the table, the second in the bed, the third in the oven, the fourth in the kitchen, the fifth in the cupboard, the sixth under the washtub, and the seventh, who was the smallest of all, in the tall clock. The wolf quickly found and gobbled up all but the youngest, who was in the clock. Then the wolf, who felt sleepy, went out and lay down on the green grass. Soon he was fast asleep.

THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN YOUNG KIDS — II

Not long after this the old goat came home from the woods. Ah, what did she see! The house door was wide open; the tables and chairs were upset. The washtub was broken in pieces, and the bed was tipped over.

"Where are my dear children?" cried the poor goat.

At last she heard a little voice crying, "Dear mother, here I am in the tall clock." The old goat helped the little goat out. Soon she learned how the wolf had eaten her dear children. Then she went out of the hut, and there on the grass lay the wolf sound asleep.

As the goat looked at the wicked old wolf, she thought she saw something jumping about inside him. "Ah," she said, "it may be that my poor children are still alive." So she sent the little kid into the house for a pair of scissors and a needle and some thread. She quickly cut a hole in the side of the wicked old wolf.

At the first snip of the scissors, one of the kids stuck out his head. As the old goat cut, more and more heads popped out. At last all six of the kids jumped out upon the grass. They went hopping and skipping about their mother. Then the old goat said to them, "Go and bring me some large stones from the brook." The seven little kids ran off to the brook and soon came back with seven large stones.



They put these stones inside the wicked old wolf. The old goat sewed up the wolf's side so gently and quietly that he did not wake up nor move. When at last the wicked wolf did wake up, the great stones inside him made him feel very heavy. He was thirsty, too, so he walked down to the brook to drink. The stones were so heavy that they tipped him over the edge of the bank into the deep water, and he was drowned.