

Narrator: Three little goat kids were sitting down to have their dinner with their mother goat, at the large round table. Christmas was coming.

Mother Goat : "Oh dear"

Narrator: mother goat exclaimed

Mother Goat: "I've forgotten to get the Christmas tree. I'll be right back, so don't let anyone but me!"

Three little goat kids twitched their ears and happily nodded at their mother. Their mother picked up an axe with her white hands and flicked her blonde hair delicately, then proceeded to trot outside and close the door behind her.

While three little goats were waiting for their mother with a Christmas tree they got bored. They decided to sing a Christmas song:

Christmas song.....

Narrator: But suddenly they heard a loud knocking in the door.

The wolf : "Maaa...little goats, let me come in!"

Narrator: A smooth, deep voice called on the other side of the door.

The goat boys ears flicked down and they trembled slightly at such a voice, the biggest goat kid spoke shakily:

Goat kid 1: "We can only let our mother in the house!"

The wolf: "... Maaa...Don't you know your own mother's voice? let me in!"

Narrator: said the silky voice again.

Goat kid 2: "You're not our mother, she has a rough voice and bellows like a rhinoc!"

Narrator: Meanwhile outside, the wolf called The Grey, paced thoughtfully, then had an idea. He ran off back to his lair and got a lemon and rock salt and ate it. The wolf man soon returned to the little goats home, he said in a rough, loud voice,

The wolf: "Children! Let me into the house!"

Goat 1: "'Tt's Mum! let's go let her in!"

Narrator: The middle goat tugged at his brother and shook his head.

Goat kid 2: "Wait, it might be that voice from before!"

Narrator: The youngest goat kid trotted to the door and said bravely,

Goat kid3: "If you're our mommy, show me your hands under the door!"