

# 1 THE BOY WHO CRIED WOLF

Once there was a shepherd boy. His job was watching the village's flock of sheep. He watched them in a field near some trees. He was not far from the village, but he was all by himself. "The sheep don't do anything but eat," the shepherd boy thought. "No one is around but my dog. There's nothing to do and no one to talk to," he complained to himself.

One day, he was feeling very bored. He had many more hours to sit and nothing to do. Then he remembered his father's words: "If you see a wolf, call for help." And he thought of something to do. "If I cry wolf, people will come running," the shepherd boy thought. "What fun that would be!"

So he began crying, "Wolf! Wolf! A wolf is running after the sheep!"

The people of the village heard the boy's cry. They stopped their work and ran to the field. But when they got there, they didn't see a wolf. They saw the boy laughing. "Ha, ha! Fooled you!" he cried.

A few days later, the shepherd boy again yelled, "Wolf! Wolf!" Once more the people ran to help him. And again, there was no wolf, only a laughing boy. They were not happy with him.

"Don't cry wolf again, shepherd boy, when there is no wolf," the angry people said. "We may not come next time." Everyone went back to the village, complaining about the boy.

The next day, the boy cried again, "Wolf! Wolf! A wolf is chasing the sheep!" He watched the people come running.

When they again saw no wolf, they were very angry. "You are wasting our time!" they said. But the boy just laughed.

Then, one evening, as the sun was beginning to go down, a wolf did come out of the trees. It started chasing the sheep. The boy ran quickly toward the village. He cried, "Wolf! Wolf!" The people in the village heard his cry. But they paid no attention to him.

"He cannot fool us again," they said. And the wolf carried a sheep away into the trees.

At sunset, the people went looking for the boy. They found him sitting on a rock and crying.

"There really was a wolf here," he complained. "He caught one of the sheep, and the rest ran away. I cried, 'Wolf!' Why didn't you come?"

An old man answered, "We're sorry, boy. But remember, you lied to us three times. No one believes a liar, even when he is telling the truth."



## 2

# THE THREE BILLY GOATS GRUFF

Once there were three billy goats. Their family name was Gruff. There was a little billy goat, a middle-sized billy goat and a big billy goat. They liked their home. But they weren't always happy because sometimes there wasn't much grass to eat.

One day, the three billy goats Gruff noticed something on the other side of the river. It was a big, green field.

"That grass looks delicious," the little billy goat Gruff said.

"But we have to cross the narrow bridge," said the middle-sized goat.

"And a big, mean troll lives under the bridge," said the little billy goat. "No one can cross the bridge because he will eat them up!"

But the billy goats really wanted that grass, so they decided to try.

The little billy goat stepped onto the bridge. His little feet went trip-trap, trip-trap. The troll jumped out and yelled, "Who's trip-trapping on my bridge?"

"It's just me, the littlest billy goat Gruff," said the little goat.

"I'm going to eat you up!" growled the troll.

"Oh, please don't eat me!" said the littlest goat. "I'm too little. My brother is coming next, and he's bigger than me."

The troll thought for a moment and decided to let the littlest goat go. "All right," he said, "You can go. I'll eat your brother instead."

So the littlest goat ran across the bridge.

Next, the middle-sized billy goat Gruff began to cross the bridge. Trip-trap, trip-trap. The troll jumped out again and yelled, "Who's that trip-trapping on my bridge?"

"It's me, the middle-sized billy goat Gruff," said the middle goat.

"I'm going to eat you up!" growled the troll.

"Oh, please don't eat me!" begged the middle goat. "I'm not very big. My brother is coming next. He's much bigger than me," said the middle goat.

The troll thought for a moment and decided to let the middle-sized goat pass. "All right," he said. "You can go. I'll eat your bigger brother instead."

The middle-sized billy goat Gruff ran across the bridge. And he joined his little brother, eating the sweet, green grass.

Finally, the biggest billy goat Gruff came. Trip-trap, trip-trap. When the troll heard him, he was excited because he was very hungry. "Who's that trip-trapping on my bridge?" the troll cried.

"It's me, the biggest billy goat Gruff!" shouted the big, brave goat.

"I'm going to eat you up!" growled the troll.

"Just try it!" said the biggest goat. When the troll attacked him, the big goat butted him with his big horns.

The troll fell into the river, and no one ever saw him again.

The biggest billy goat Gruff crossed the bridge and joined his brothers. Then they all lived happily in the field, eating the green grass.



### 3

## THE ELVES AND THE SHOEMAKER

Once upon a time, there was a shoemaker. He was kind, and he worked all the time. But he could never make very much money. One day, he said to his wife, "I only have enough leather to make one pair of shoes."

"Just do your best," his wife said.

The shoemaker cut out some pieces before going to bed. He planned to sew them into shoes the next morning.

The shoemaker felt sad. He said to his wife, "I will make a nice pair of shoes. Someone must buy them so we can buy more leather."

The next morning, when the poor shoemaker woke up, he went to his shop. On his table sat a pair of shoes! They were very beautiful. He was very surprised and showed them to his wife. "Look at these! I didn't make them, but they're perfect!"

Soon, a customer came into the shop.

"What beautiful shoes!" he said. "How much are they?"

The shoemaker named a high price.

"I'll take them!" said the man.

With the money, the shoemaker bought enough leather to make two pairs of shoes.

That night, he again cut out the pieces and went to bed.

The next morning, the shoemaker found two pairs of beautiful shoes. Once again, customers came and bought them for a good price.

Night after night, the same thing happened. The shoemaker would leave the pieces of leather out. By morning, the shoes would be finished. His business grew, and he and his wife were no longer poor. They were very happy.

One night, the shoemaker said to his wife, "Who is making the shoes? I really want to know."

"Let's watch and find out," said his wife.

So they hid and waited.

At midnight, two little elves came into the shop. They were wearing old, ragged clothes and no shoes. The elves sewed the shoes with great care. Then, when morning came, they disappeared.

"Those little elves helped us a lot," said the wife. "We need to thank them. What should we do?"

"They look so cold in their old clothes," the shoemaker said. "Let's give some gifts to them. We can make them new clothes and shoes."

So that night, instead of leaving leather, they left gifts of clothing and shoes.

When the elves saw the clothes and shoes, they were so happy.

"What wonderful clothes!" cried one.

"Let's put them on," said the other.

They put them on and danced for joy. Then they left, and they never came again.

The shoemaker and his wife continued to do well. And they were always thankful to the elves for helping them.

