



# *The wolf, his tummy and the seven little kids*

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Animals

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Far away in a kingdom of colourful leaves  
There laid a village of nothing but thieves  
Stealing and tricking was how they roll  
It seemed to many that they have no soul

This town of trickery was home too, to wailing youths  
Who were told by parents some terrible truths  
That staying at home was all they had  
As life in the streets was just too bad

Among the chaos was a wolf of young age  
And all the dangers around had filled him with rage  
For he longed to go out and return by midday  
But forever told by papa that “no kid needs play”

But all that bawling that little wolf faced  
Had done nothing but ended in waste  
For one night he made some adventurous vows  
That he would venture and explore his village's wows

He crept out of his bed then out of his room  
Then he had himself fed then he left in a zoom  
The outside was terribly windy and chillingly cold  
But that didn't stop the wolf from losing his bold

He walked and walked and further he got  
He noticed that miserable youths, there was quite a lot  
But beside them all was a fearfulness fox  
And he stole from the youths their smelly brown socks

Angry indeed did little wolf feel  
That he approached the fox with a wonderful deal  
That he must return those socks from his terrible steal  
And be given in return a marvellous meal

The fox laughed and agreed at the speed of a blink  
And asked as well, for a hot tasty drink  
The wolf looked at the youths, then their blister-filled feet  
He knew he must make the fox, some delicious food to eat

He dashed to the market as fast as he goes  
But not long on his way he suddenly froze  
He forgot that nothing in life was ever once free  
He had no silver or gold but his rusty home key

The wolf was too scared to return with no meal  
But he couldn't bear that fox's terrible steal  
So he dashed back home ignoring the cold

He knew he had to take from home, some silver or gold

So he went back home and creaked open the door

But to his surprise he saw on the floor

A coin, some bread and a glass of tea

He placed the loafs on a bowl, and left in quite some glee

So he walked and walked and further he got

Then found the fox with those pairs of socks

He approached the fox with his wonderful meal

So he can return those socks from his terrible steal

But that fox kept the socks that he wrongfully stole

And snatched from the wolf his drink and his bowl

He then ran and dashed and leapt away

Leaving the little wolf in quite some dismay

Fed up indeed he made a new vow

That he shall leave, and explore another village's vows

So little wolf headed up north, and farewelled his home

Then he headed to west and began his roam

He swam the river and crossed the trees

He walked the heat and ran the breeze

He upped the hills and jumped the twigs

Until he came across a wonderful town

Filled with youths that were free of frowns

But whilst walking ahead with his sweaty brown paws

He found many foxes with sharp horrible claws

How scary he thought as he dashed further down

He then spotted a cottage that was painted in brown

He peeked in the window with his circular eyes

And saw a family that was massive in size

He counted them all

With his great big paws

He saw seven young goats

With a great old mam

But mother goat saw him as well

And she ran to her goats and fearfully yelled

'A wolf, it's a wolf, it's a dangerous one

Near it not, or it won't be fun'

A while later, with his cylindrical snout

He smelt that mother goat alone was walking out

The wolf wondered as he hid in some boxes

Why leave your seven goats alone, in this place of nasty foxes

This village as he had previously saw

Was home to many foxes of razor-sharp claws

So he made a new vow as he leapt out of the boxes

That he shall protect the seven kids from those hideous foxes

He dashed to the cottage then pummelled their door

He took a big breath, and said in one roar

'Open the door and let your mother through

I brought something back for each of you'

He clenched his paws and lifted a smile

Then waited for the kids in a friendly looking style

But instead of going inside, then protecting them all

He heard a reply from behind the door

'We will not open the door

As your voice was rough, when you unpleasantly roared

Our mother has a soft and pleasant voice,  
You are that wolf, who would never rejoice'

Never ever had little wolf thought  
That those seven young kids, would have him shamefully caught  
So he thought himself into having some chalk  
For it would smoothen his voice, when he goes back to talk

And so he got back to town and went to a store  
Then found some chalks that were packed in fours  
He happily paid with his coin, as they were perfect in size  
Then he swallowed them all, in just two tries

He dashed and dashed and left the town  
Then went to the cottage that was painted in brown  
Exhausted by far he walked to the door  
And knocked with the nails that was on his paws

'Open the door and let me through  
I bought something back for each of you'  
But instead of going inside and protecting them all  
He heard another reply from behind the door

'We will not open the door  
For we saw your rusty black paws  
Our mother has no black but white feet  
You're just the wolf, that likes to cheat'

And so he got back to town, and went to a baker  
He asked for some dough, then hurried the maker  
And when he got for himself some pile of dough  
He smacked it all over his ten big toes

Then he went to a miller just across the street

And demanded to strew on his blister-filled feet  
A roll of white meal that covers the dough  
And with some persuading, he got them on his toes

He walked and walked and left the town  
Then went to the cottage that was painted in brown  
At last he thought as he went to the door  
And knocked with the nails that was on his paws

“Open the door and let me through  
I bought something back for each of you”  
This time round, the door opened with a creaked  
Then he saw the seven young goats and their deafening squeaks

But as he covered his ears he thought of a plan  
That would protect those goats, from even foxes in clans  
All he needed was to swallow the goats  
And bite them not as they fall down his throat

Then the seven young goats would be wonderfully safe  
As they would be hidden from foxes, that were very unsafe  
And they would stay unharmed in little wolf's tummy  
With no pains or scratches as they wait for their mummy

And later in the day, when comes their mother  
He shall ask the goats to hold each other  
Then he would gently pick one up  
And then the others would slowly follow up

And because the wolf would swallow them all  
But wouldn't bite nor chew nor give them a gnaw  
The goats would stay alive and move in his belly  
Hidden from foxes, which were rather smelly

So little wolf chased the panicky goats  
And with care, he dropped them in his throat  
Until the sixth goat had entered his belly  
That he felt like his tummy was nothing but jelly

He knew he couldn't fit anymore  
So he turned around and headed for the door  
Then went by a tree to go for a break  
And smiled when he felt his stomach shake

Then little wolf waited for their mummy  
So he could return the goats that were under his tummy  
And wasn't he delighted to see that the six goats  
Were swallowed correctly and alive in his tummy

But all those moving goats had little wolf tired  
For it felt like a massage that he long desired  
So he drifted off to a very deep sleep  
While his body was moving a heap

Then when hours had past and the wolf awoke  
He became very frightened and began to choke  
As he found that his stomach was nothing but stones  
Then let out a tear as it hurt his bones

The wolf had never wanted water so bad  
And the thirst had made him quite mad  
So he ran to a well with his tummy of stones  
But fell under the weight of his poor creaking bones

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