

The hungry goat



by
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One day Rosdi's father called him.

'Rosdi, come here. I need to talk to you.'

'Yes, father?'

'Listen, Rosdi. It's almost time to plant the rice but we haven't got enough money to buy the seedlings. I want you to take the goat to market and sell it. The old goat is useless. It does nothing all day but eat. It eats everything it can get into its mouth. I want you to get as much money as you can for the goat.'

'Yes, father. I'll try,' said Rosdi, and he set off for market, which was about five kilometres away. He whistled as he walked, thinking about all the money he would get for the old goat. The goat was thinking about food.



When they arrived at the market, Rosdi met an old man who was looking for a goat.

‘How much for the goat?’ asked the old man.

‘One hundred dollars.’ replied Rosdi, but he knew the goat was worth less than half that amount.

‘What? One hundred dollars for that old goat? I’ll give you thirty dollars!’ said the old man.



Rosdi and the old man bargained for a long time until finally the old man said:

‘All right, seventy dollars. That’s my final offer!’

‘OK,’ said Rosdi.

Rosdi felt good about the price. He knew that the goat was worth less than that.

‘Father will be very pleased with me,’ he thought. ‘Now we can buy lots of rice seedlings and make a lot of money this year.’



The old man counted out the money and gave it to Rosdi. The old man was happy with the goat. He knew seventy dollars was a high price for the goat but he was happy to finish his business early so he could go home and relax for the rest of the day.

But the goat had other ideas. It was hungry after the long walk to market. It was bored with all the bargaining between Rosdi and the old man. The only thing on its mind was food.

‘I’m hungry,’ thought the goat. ‘I need some food. I’ll eat anything. Anything at all!’

Just then the goat saw a bunch of green things in Rosdi’s hand.

‘Mmm! green vegetables,’ thought the goat. ‘I love green vegetables!’

Before Rosdi could do anything to stop it, the goat took a big bite from the green dollar notes in Rosdi’s hand.



‘Mmm! Delicious!’ thought the goat.

‘Oh no!’ said Rosdi.

‘Oh dear!’ said the old man. ‘I must be going now.’ And he went away with the goat.