

Animal Tales

The Lazy Loppin Goat

Fiction by Artie Knapp

A Serial Story, Chapter 2

The little goat's feelings were hurt that the Cline family was so willing to give her away for free. But she thought moving might be the new start she was looking for.

As Alfred and the little goat walked toward his home, Alfred's yard became visible almost immediately.

"What in the world is that?" asked the little goat.

"That's my yard," replied Alfred.

"Wait a minute. I've heard of you. You're that Lambert fellow with the yard that touches the sky."

Alfred couldn't believe that his yard had become gossip even among farm animals.

"Yes, that's my yard," replied Alfred. "The height of my grass is why you're coming with me. I need my grass to be down to a respectable height."

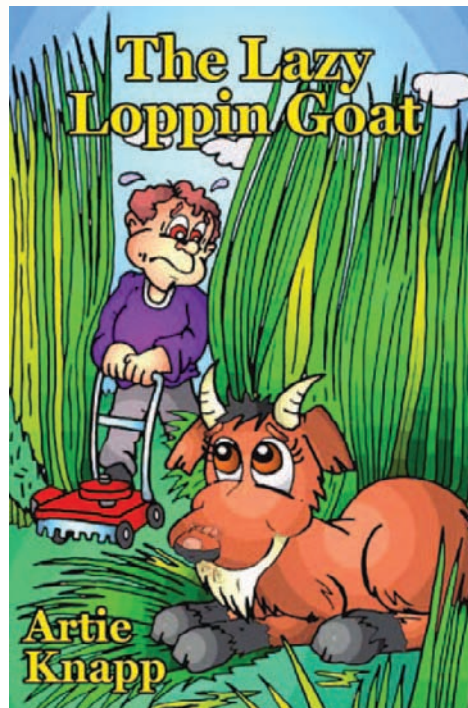
"First of all, you don't need a goat for that, Alfred, you need about 25 combines," said the little goat. "Secondly, I am allergic to grass."

"You're joking, right?" asked Alfred.

"No, I'm not," replied the little goat.

Alfred became upset at the little goat, because he thought she was lying to him.

"How can a goat be allergic to grass? Don't you live for that stuff?"



"Grass isn't cotton candy, Alfred," replied the little goat. "And since when do any of us decide what we're allergic to?"

"I don't buy this for one second," said Alfred. "It's like Mr. Cline said — you're a lazy loppin goat."

Fed up with Alfred not believing her, the little goat walked over to the side of Alfred's yard and took a huge bite out of it.

Almost immediately after taking the bite

of grass, the little goat broke out in green and purple polka dots. Alfred couldn't believe his eyes.

After just one bite of grass, Alfred had a rainbow-colored goat on his hands.

"I'm really sorry," said Alfred. "I should have believed you. Can I get you anything?"

"Yes," replied the little goat. "I need some fresh water and something to help settle my stomach."

"I thought goats were supposed to be garbage disposals," said Alfred.

"That's what everyone at the Cline farm thought too," said the little goat. "I'm not a lazy loppin goat Alfred, I just happen to be a goat that's allergic to grass."

"Well, you're more than welcome to stay here anyway. I'll just find something else for you to do if you can't eat grass," said Alfred.

"I'll tell you what, Alfred, I'll help you mow this yard, and all I'll need in return is just two things," said the little goat.

"Just two things?" asked Alfred. "Name it. Anything you want."

"As you now know, I can't eat grass, but what I do love to eat is lima beans. I can't get enough of them," said the little goat. "That's the first thing I'll need."

"Well, that's easy enough," said Alfred.

"What's the second thing you'll need?"

"The second thing is really more for us than just me," said the little goat.

"What is it?" asked Alfred.

The little goat tapped her hoof on Alfred's lawnmower and said, "We'll need gas for the lawnmower, Alfred. We'll need gas for the lawnmower."

IT'S TIME FOR YAK'S WINTER TALES CONTEST!

It's that time again. Yak is looking for writers for our annual winter story contest, Winter Tales.

So get out your pens or pencils or get to a computer and start writing! And if you like to write AND draw, you can send artwork that matches your story. The contest is for readers 13 and younger, and every winner will be published in Yak's Corner and receive a prize! Here's how to enter:

- Write or type your story on no more than two pages, double-spaced. It can be shorter, but not longer.
- Include your name, age, complete address, school and phone number.

- Your story can be sent in a school pack from your teacher, but make sure your name, home address and phone are included on each story. If you are published in Yak's Corner, your prize will be sent to your home.

The deadline for stories is Thursday, November 19.

Mail entries to Yak's Corner Winter Tales, P.O. Box 310163, Detroit, MI 48231.

We will publish our favorite stories from this year's contest in the Yak's Corner issues of December 3, 10 and 17.

Drawing by Hamza Islam, 8, Troy

