

The Goat in the Tree

By Jack Wooldridge

When Mr Wullson, absent minded professor, decided to go for a walk, there was nothing that could stop him. He strode out the door with a happy, if slightly bemused smile on his face. Soon he came to a tall oak tree. Two farmers stood at the bottom, scratching their heads and looking up.

“What- what seems to be the matter?” said Mr Wullson as the men stared upwards. They simply pointed at the tree, and so Mr Wullson looked up too. At the very top of the tree was a small goat, grinning in a self-satisfied way.

“Oh.” said Mr Wullson. “How did it get up there?” The farmers shrugged.

“Don't worry!” cried the professor. “I'll get that goat down from the tree!” He quickly ran home and began working on a grabber claw that he could use to get the goat down. But when he tested it out, it wasn't long enough.

“Hmmm...” said the professor, stroking his chin and wishing he had a beard to stroke. “This calls for-”

We'll never know what it called for, because he forgot. After a while, he wandered back to the tree.

There was now a large crowd around the tree, silently staring upward. A little boy was waving a flag. Mr Wullson decided that he needed to take charge.

“I will climb the tree and rescue the goat!” he cried.

The farmers shrugged. Someone at the back called “He'll hurt himself!” but was shushed.

Mr Wullson began to climb the tree. The crowd watched silently. He heaved himself from branch to branch, and finally reached the top, where he discovered something surprising. There was no small goat in the tree, there instead was a large goat on a hill behind the tree, about the same height as the tree itself.

“The goat isn't in the tr-!” cried Mr Wullson, but at that moment, the goat leaped into the tree, knocking them both off and sending them crashing down into the crowd below. It was just another eventful day for Mr Wullson.