

'How rude,' moaned Cat, whose milk had disappeared for the third time that week.



'It's not fair,' groaned Goat, whose scraps had vanished into thin air, or rather, into Dog.



But Cow was wise. She told them, 'Be patient. Dog will get his comeuppance one day soon.'

This went on for months and months: Dog stole food, and Cat and Goat moaned and groaned. But Cow always said the same thing: 'Be patient. Dog will get his comeuppance one day soon.'

As he carved the puppet's head, Geppetto decided to call it Pinocchio, because that was the name of the happiest man he had ever known.

*It will be a boy, Geppetto thought, and I will care for him as if he were my son, then I won't feel so lonely.*

As soon as Geppetto had completed the puppet, he put it down on the table. To Geppetto's astonishment, the wooden boy sprang up at once, and sprinted around the room.



'How wonderful!' Geppetto said to the puppet. 'You will be able to go to school with the other boys.'

The puppet stuck his tongue out at Geppetto. 'I don't want to go to school,' he said. 'I just want to play.'

'You can't play all the time, my dear little Pinocchio,' said Geppetto. 'Now, you must eat something. How about a nice pear?'