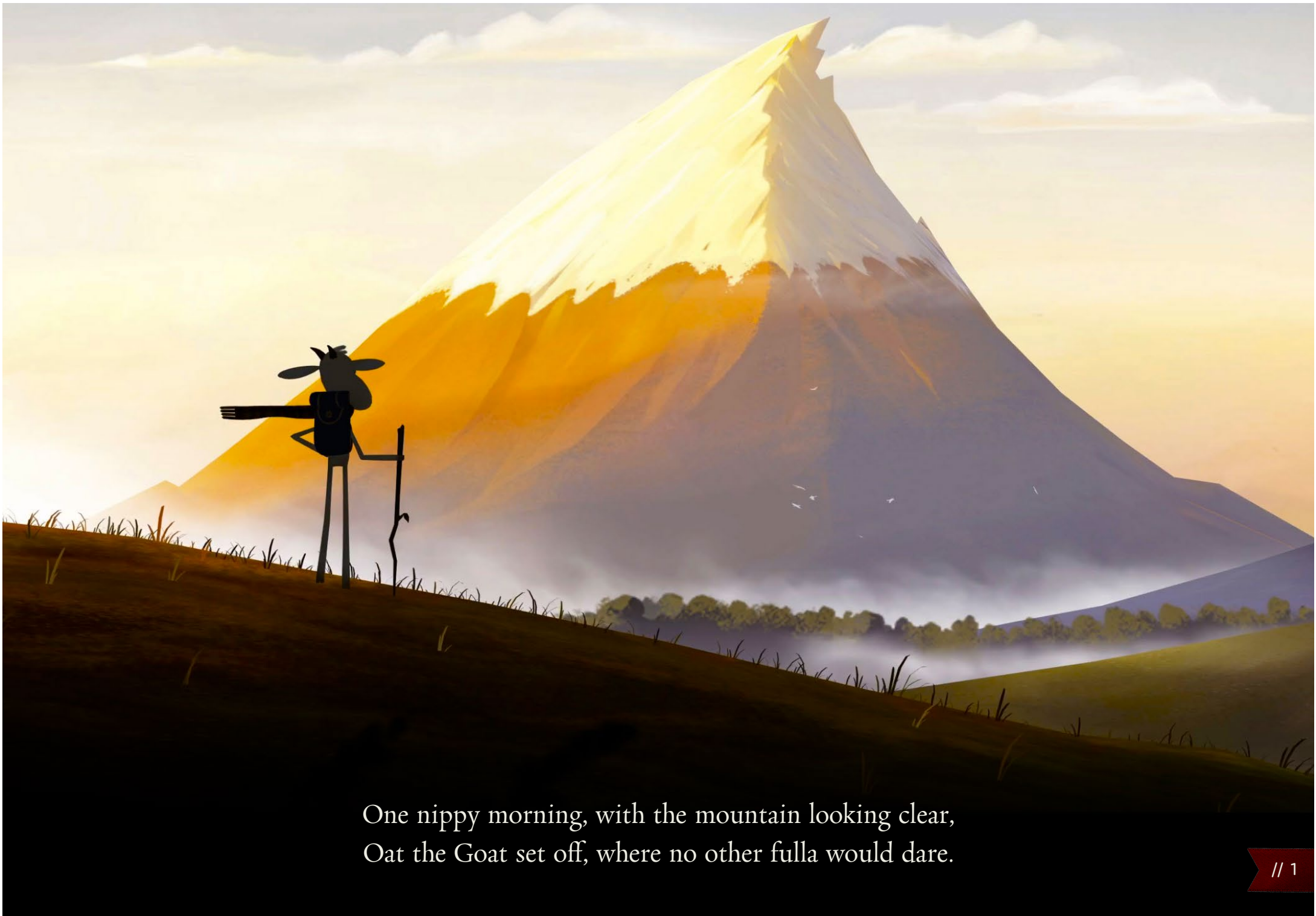


Oat the Goat

Helping children learn the power of kindness

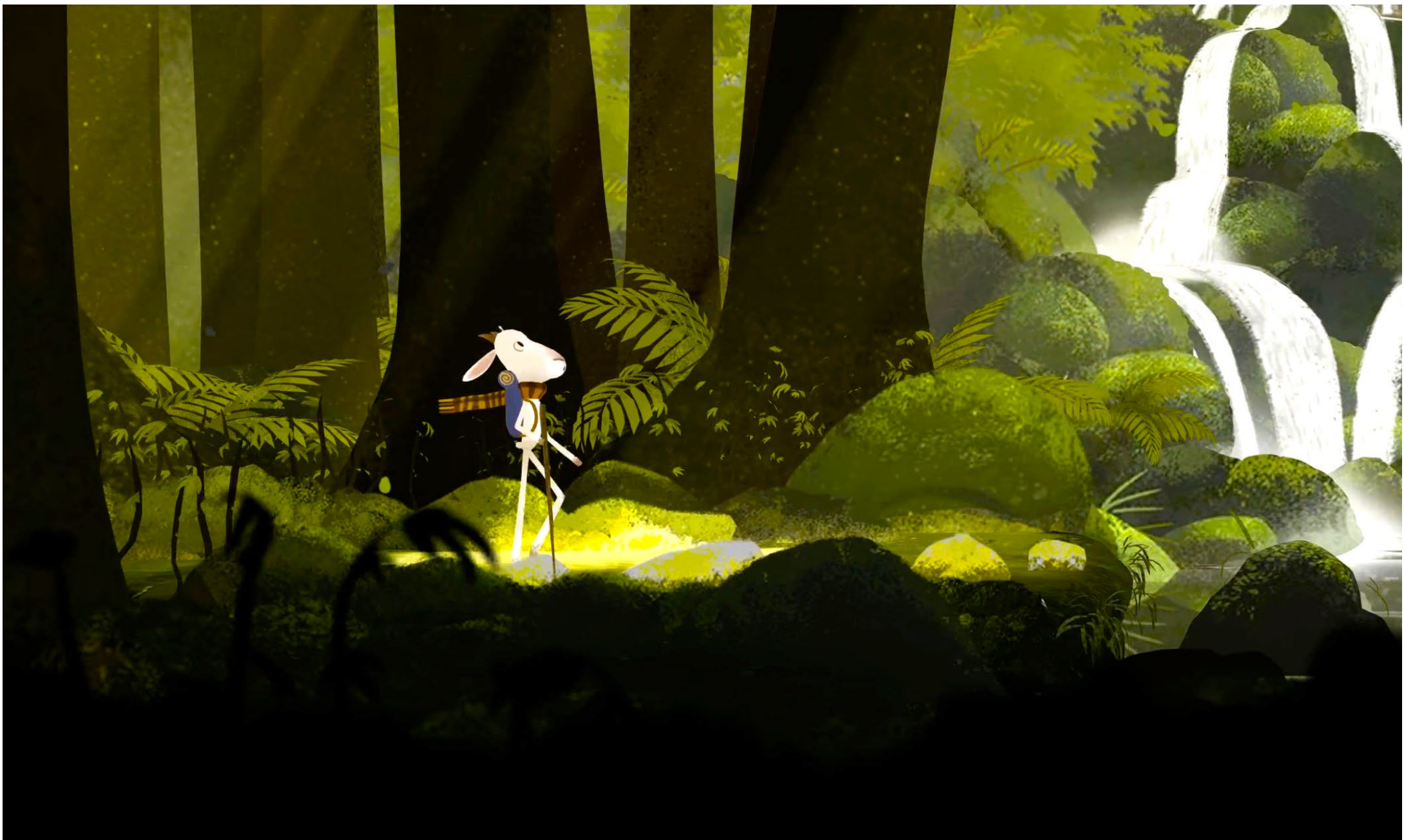
www.OatTheGoat.co.nz



One nippy morning, with the mountain looking clear,
Oat the Goat set off, where no other fulla would dare.



He'd climb the massive mountain, by step and by hop,
across streams and over the hills, to the very top.



Through humungous kauri he went, till he reached the mountain's base.
Oh my goat! It was lunchtime already! He'd better pick up the pace.



After hours of sweaty climbing, Oat was ready for a sleep.
But what was that noise? “Ba ha ha”. It sounded like some sheep!



From behind a snowy rock, crouched low and secretly spying
Oat saw the noisy sheep, laughing so hard they were crying.



They were picking on a curious creature, 'cos he didn't look the same.
He was really hairy and kind of scary. Amos was his name.



“You’re a weirdo,” said the sheep. “What’s up with your mossy head?
If we looked anything like you, we’d stay hidden in bed.”



“Ba ha ha ha, ha ha ha ha,” the sheep laughed and cried.
And that’s when Oat realised, that he had to pick a side.

Should he join in the teasing, laugh at Amos too?
Or should he yell at the sheep “Hey fullas, that won’t do!”



LAUGH

Turn to page 10



STAND UP

Turn to page 12



DO NOTHING

Turn to page 14



ASK IF HE'S OK

Turn to page 16

Or maybe he could do nothing, and pretend he didn't see.
Or maybe he could simply say “Hey bro! Hang with me.”



Oat the Goat joined in the joke, and let out a nasty “Heh heh hee.”
Amos’s face began to crumple, and his eyes became weepy.



Tears rolled down his hairy cheeks, as the sheep threw back their heads.
Well that didn't help. No, not at all. What could Oat have done instead?

Go back to page 9.



“Oi, fluff balls!” Oat called out. “Let the brother be.
You woolly bullies aren’t perfect either... look at all those fleas!”



“Oh yeah?” snarled the sheep, “Come here and say that then.”
Uh oh – what could Oat have done, if he could do it all again?

Go back to page 9.



Oat just stood and watched, as they yelled out nasty names.
Now they had an audience, it felt like a funny game.

DO NOTHING



“Moss head!” They baa’d. “Go back to your stinky burrow.”

What could Oat do to help, if he had another go?

Go back to page 9.



“Are you okay?” Oat called to Amos, who was looking mighty sad.
The creature couldn’t explain it, but it made him feel real glad.



As the sheep backed away, Oat stood up from his hiding spot.
“Wanna hang with me, Amos? I’m going right to the top.”

With his new bro in tow, Oat's mission was back on track.
And Amos came in handy, when crossing a creepy crack.





After puffing and panting, panting and puffing, they reached a scary cave.
To get to the top today, they'd have to be mega brave.



As they entered the black hole silently, everything came alight.
Glowy glow worms hung everywhere. It was a glorious sight.



But what's this in the corner? A lonely little green glow worm surrounded by big blue ones, trying to make her squirm.

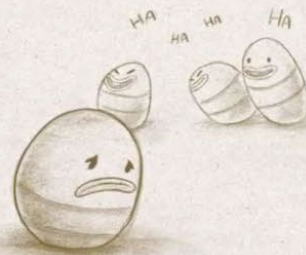


“We can’t hang out with you,” they teased. “You’re not like us blue worms. You’re the colour of spew and boogers and ew, and really grotty germs.”



REJECT HER

Turn to page 24



DO NOTHING

Turn to page 26



ASK IF SHE'S OKAY

Turn to page 28

Should Oat reject the glow worm too? Or carry on to the tip?
Or ask the little wiggly worm to join him on his trip?



“Why aren’t you blue too?” said Oat. “You’re like an icky green blob.”
The blue worms grinned and laughed, while the green worm started to sob.

REJECT



Hearing Oat be so mean, Amos ran back to his den.
How could Oat have helped the worm *and* kept his mossy friend?

Go back to page 23.



Oat felt that he couldn't help - it was getting too late in the day.
And as he left the deep dark cave, the worm's light faded away.

DO NOTHING



“Oi, where you going?” Amos yelled, with a big and deafening shout.
Oat the Goat had to act, or the worm would feel bummed out.

Go back to page 23.



“Hang with us, little worm. We’re on a huge as quest!
To reach the tip of the mountain, where the cheeky Kea nest.”



The green glow worm lit up with love, brightening the darkest spaces.
Now Oat could see the blue glow worms, had guilt all over their faces.

As night began to fall, the worm hopped on Oat's walking staff, beaming like a torchlight, to help them find the path.



But as the three new friends, were almost to the top,
the snow gave way beneath them, with a ka-boom and a plop!





The glow worm, Oat and Amos all began to fall.
It was so stinking dark, that they couldn't see at all.



But what's this? They've stopped falling, and someone's yelling "Pullllll!"
The sheep had come to the rescue, with a net made out of wool.

Now safe up on a ledge, Oat could see his last stop.
The blue glow worms had lit a path, to the tippity top!



The teasing sheep and blue glow worms, well, they'd changed their attitude.
If they stayed mean, they'd miss the fun – it's not cool being rude.



After a snack of yummy scroggin, Oat set off once more.
And he finally reached the spot, where no goat had been before.



He couldn't have done it without Amos, or his little glowing friend.
Or without the sheep or worms - who learned that kindness wins in the end.





Enjoy Oat the Goat online, in English and te reo Māori

www.OatTheGoat.co.nz | www.OtiTeNanekoti.co.nz