How the Wolf Got Lucky

One morning, the wolf, lying in his den, was stretching sweetly, and the sun was just pouring its rays over him. It happened that a fox was passing by; she stopped and said to the wolf:
"You will be very happy today."
"Why is that, godmother?" asked the wolf.
"Because," answered the fox, "the sun was shining directly on you when you were stretching."
"But I didn't want to go out anywhere today," said the wolf, "but if that's so, then I'll go."
And so he set off through the forest and came across two thieves who were each carrying a huge piece of salt pork. Seeing the wolf, they dropped the salt pork and ran for their lives!
The wolf sniffed the prey and said: "Well, the little fox told the truth that I would be very happy today... What wonderful salt pork!... However, who eats salted meat so early — they'll be thirsty all day."
And he ran on further and arrived at a pasture. There he saw a mare with a foal. He saw it and thought: "Now this is better than salt pork!"
"I am very happy today," he said to the mare, "and therefore I will eat your foal."
"An excellent healer!" the wolf thought to himself: "that's news to me! But why would she lie?..."
"Well, show me closer," he said to the mare. She raised her leg, and he began to examine it; that was all the mare was waiting for: she kicked the wolf in the head, so that he fell unconscious, and ran away with her foal.
When the wolf came to his senses, he was annoyed that the mare had deceived him... "And who told you to pass yourself off as an excellent healer," he said, thinking: "when you can't heal at all?..." He felt his head and said: "It's whole! thank God! not broken anywhere... However, the fox said I would be happy today: I'll wait, maybe there will be luck!"
But hunger was taking its toll: the wolf wanted to eat and ran on further and arrived at a mill. There he saw a sow with piglets.
"Now that's a tasty morsel!" he thought to himself and addressed the sow with this speech: "My dear little sow, I am so happy today that I will eat your piglet."
"I am very pleased," the sow answered him. "And I will consider it an honor if such a distinguished gentleman eats my best piglet. But wait a little: look what a dirty, soiled piglet; I'll wash him first: it's not proper for such an important gentleman to eat a dirty piglet."

"An important gentleman!" the wolf thought to himself: "I didn't know that about myself either... But if the sow says so, then I must really be important!"
"Well, wash him!" he said to the sow, and sat down on the bank. The sow rushed with the piglets into the river and swam to the mill; before the wolf could look around, she had already disappeared.
The wolf was annoyed that the sow had deceived him... "And who told you to consider yourself an important gentleman" he thought: "when you are not a gentleman at all!.. So the sow fooled you — such a stupid animal..."
The wolf was already very hungry, however he said: "I'll be patient a little longer: after all, the fox said I would be happy today — maybe there will be luck!"
And he went on further and came to a field. There he sees — two goats fighting.
"Goat meat!" thought the wolf: "I'm not much of a hunter for it, but hunger is our enemy."
"Listen here," he said to the goats, "I am very happy today and therefore I will eat one of you."
The wolf would have very gladly eaten one of the goats right there on the spot, but the goats say that he knows the laws well. "And that's news to me!" he thought: "but if they say so, then it must be true!"
"All right!" he said to the goats, and sat down importantly like a judge in the middle of the field. The goats went off in different directions, and from there they charged at the wolf and gored him with their horns so hard that he nearly gave up the ghost.
For a long time he could not gather his strength, and when he came to, he was annoyed that the goats had deceived him like that. "And who told you to pass yourself off as a law-knower," he thought: "when you don't know a single law?..."
But hunger gives him no rest.
"I'll go on further," he said: "It's not for nothing that the fox said I would have great luck today; surely something good will happen."
And he trudged on further and came to a large meadow. He sees — a whole flock of sheep and not a single shepherd with them, not a single dog.
"Good!" he thought joyfully and said to the sheep: "My dears, I am so happy today that I will eat one of you."
"We are very pleased," answered the sheep: "and we will consider it an honor if such an important gentleman eats one of us. But first prove your friendship to us, do us a favor: we heard — you sing well, and we have no song leader; recently the finest ram died! We went here and there, but nowhere did we find a good singer. So be kind — help us in our need!"
Meanwhile, hunger torments the wolf more and more.
"I sing well!" he thought: "however, I didn't know I had this talent either... But if

the sheep say so, then I must really be a singer!"
"Well, listen!" he said to them and climbed onto the shepherd's hut, and began to beat time, importantly waving his leg. The sheep began to bleat with all their might, louder and louder, and the wolf also roared from his whole wolfish throat. At this deafening concert the whole village ran together, all the dogs. The wolf sees and hears nothing, when suddenly someone pushed him from behind so hard that he flew off the hut. And the dogs began to maul him, and the people to beat him with whatever was at hand — clubs, sticks, pitchforks, and they beat and stabbed him so that he barely escaped into the forest. He lay down there under a little tree, lying and groaning. He was annoyed that the sheep had deceived him too. "And who told you to pass yourself off as an excellent singer," he said to himself: "when you can't even open your mouth?.. So the sheep fooled you — the stupidest animals!"
But hunger still torments him.
"Hey!" he thought: "but I have the salt pork! a good supper!"
And he hobbled to the place where he had come across the two thieves in the morning; but the salt pork was no longer there.
Who ate it then?
The fox — the godmother.