The Snotty Goat

In a certain kingdom, in a certain state, there once lived a merchant, and he had three daughters. He built himself a new house and sent his eldest daughter to spend the night at the housewarming, so that afterwards she could tell him what she would dream. And she dreamed that she would marry a merchant's son. The next night the merchant sent his middle daughter to the housewarming — what would she dream? And she dreamed that she would marry a nobleman. On the third night it was the youngest daughter's turn; he sent her too; and she, poor thing, dreamed that she would marry a goat.

The father was frightened and forbade his favorite daughter even to go out onto the porch. But no, she did not obey — she went out! And the goat at that moment picked her up on his high horns and carried her off beyond the steep banks. He brought her to his place and laid her on the loft to sleep: his snot was running, his drool was flowing, and the poor girl kept wiping it away with her handkerchief, not disgusted; the goat liked this, and just kept stroking his beard! In the morning our beauty woke up, and lo — the yard was fenced with a palisade, and on each stake was a maiden's head; only one stake stood plain. The poor girl rejoiced that she had escaped death. And the servants had long been waking her:

— It's not time to sleep, mistress, it's time to get up; sweep the rooms, carry the trash outside!

She goes out onto the porch; geese are flying.

— Ah, my grey geese! Are you not from my native parts, are you not bringing me news from my dear father?

And the geese answered her:

— From your parts we are, and we have brought you news: at your home there is a betrothal, your eldest sister is being married off to a merchant's son.

The goat heard everything from the loft and said to the servants:

— Hey you, my faithful servants! Bring jeweled dresses; harness the black horses; let them gallop three times and be there.

The poor girl got dressed up and went; the horses brought her to her father in a flash. Guests greet her on the porch, in the house there is a great feast! And the goat at that time turned into a fine young man and walks around the yard with a

gusli. Well, how could one not invite a gusli player to the feast? He came into the chambers and began to play: "Goat's wife, snotty wife! Goat's wife, snotty wife!" And the poor girl slapped him on one cheek, on the other, and got on the horses and was gone!

She arrived home, and the goat was already lying on the loft. His snot runs, his drool flows; the poor girl keeps wiping it with her handkerchief, not disgusted. In the morning the servants wake her:

— It's not time to sleep, mistress, it's time to get up; sweep the rooms, carry the trash outside!

She got up, tidied everything in the rooms and went out onto the porch; geese are flying.

— Ah, my grey geese! Are you not from my native parts, are you not bringing me news from my dear father?

And the geese answered:

— From your parts we are, and we have brought you news: at your home there is a betrothal, your middle sister is being married off to a rich nobleman.

Again the poor girl went to her father; guests greet her on the porch, in the house there is a great feast! And the goat turned into a fine young man and walks around the yard with a gusli; they called him, and he began to play: "Goat's wife, snotty wife! Goat's wife, snotty wife!" The poor girl slapped him on one cheek, on the other, and got on the horses — and was gone!

She returned home; the goat lies on the loft: snot runs, drool flows! Another night passed; in the morning the poor girl got up, went out onto the porch; again geese are flying.

— Ah, my grey geese! Are you not from my native parts, are you not bringing me news from my dear father?

And the geese answered:

— From your parts we are, we have brought you news: your father is having a big feast.

She went to her father: guests greet her on the porch, in the house there is a great feast! In the yard the gusli player is pacing, playing on the gusli. They called him into the chambers; the gusli player again as before: "Goat's wife, snotty wife! Goat's wife, snotty wife!"

The poor girl slapped him on one cheek, on the other, and in a flash home. She looks at the loft, and there lies only a goat skin; the gusli player had not yet turned back into a goat. The skin flew into the stove, and the merchant's youngest daughter found herself married not to a goat but to a fine young man; and they began to live and thrive and grow rich.