The Tale of the
Three Little Kudus

Once upon a time, there was a family of kudus that lived with a tribe of humans in a snug hut nestled in the jungle. As they became older, the three little kudus developed a curiosity for the world outside their hut. They said goodbye to their mother and pranced off to explore the jungle on their own.

Soon they wandered into a banana grove. The first little kudu used banana leaves to build his house. Quick as flash, he built his house, and moved in that same day.

Next, they galloped off into a land of jungle flowers. The second little kudu picked enough wild flowers to build a house out of them. Quick as a flash, he built his house, and moved in that same day.

(*Will the third little kudu do something differently?)*

Luckily the third little kudu had a friend that was a porcupine. Patty the Porcupine happened to have a stash of quills. Slowly and carefully, the third little kudu built a jagged fortress. It took many days and then she moved in.

(*Oh no who could be coming?)*

Meanwhile, far away in the jungle, a hungry, horrible hyena had been watching as each kudu built their house. He was very hungry and couldn't wait for a meal of kudus.

The hyena knocked at the first little kudu's door. In a kind voice, he giggled "*Little kudu, little kudu, let me come in!*"

"Not by the two sharp horns on my head!" called the kudu, peering through the window. He knew that hyenas were not to be trusted.

"Then I will huff and puff, and blow your house down!" yelled the hungry, horrible hyena.

And he did.

Luckily the little kudu escaped just in time and quick as a flash he ran to his brother's house.

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The hungry, horrible hyena zoomed to the brother's house and knocked on the second little kudu's door. In a very loud voice, he called, "*Little kudu, little kudu, let me come in!"*

"*Not by the two sharp horns on my head!"* yelled the kudu, peering through the window. He knew that hyenas were not to be trusted.

"Then I will huff and puff, and I will blow your house over!" said the hungry, horrible hyena.

And he did.

Luckily the little kudus escaped in time and quick as a flash they ran to their sister's house.

(What do you think will happen next?)

At this point, the hyena was laughing hysterically. Would he ever get another meal? He would not be outsmarted by the kudus. He devised a plan. He would not blow the house down instead; he would smash it to bits! He ran to the third little kudu's house and pounded on the door. It was pointy and jaggy and scared the hyena.

Out of nowhere came the king of the jungle. He roared a terrible roar. The lion frightened the hyena away.

The little kudus were so delighted that they danced a little jig and decided to live happily ever after together in the house of porcupine quills.

(Did the kudus learn a lesson?)

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