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Another Version

Jay Meek

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ANOTHER VERSION

A man sat at the bottom of a hill, waiting for something to come by. Presently, a battalion of soldiers came marching past in helmets. When the man seized one of the helmets and began to run away with it over the hill, the soldiers called the man names and beat him soundly with their rifles. After the soldiers, a goat from the neighboring town came by, a good goat all in all, but when the man tried to push it up the hill, putting his shoulder beneath the goat's hind-quarters and his face behind the tail, the goat let loose a horrible stink and ran away over the crest, although not without setting free some of the rocks lodged at the top and bringing them down upon the man, who cried out in his pain and gladness, and chose for himself the one most beautifully difficult, then began to climb.