

Two Goats on the Bridge

a tale from Russia

Between two mountains lay a narrow bridge. On each mountain lived a goat. Some days the goat from the western mountain would cross the bridge to graze on the eastern mountain. Some days the goat from the eastern mountain would cross the bridge to graze on the western mountain. But one day both goats began to cross the bridge at the same time.

Those goats met in the middle of the bridge.

Neither wanted to give way.

"Move off" shouted the Western Goat. "I am crossing this bridge."

"Move yourself" bawled the Eastern Goat. "I am crossing here!"

As neither would retreat and neither could move forward, they stood in anger for some time.

Then at last they locked horns and began to push. They were so evenly matched in strength that they succeeded only in pushing *each other* off the bridge. Wet and furious they climbed from the river and stomped off to their homes. Each could be heard to mutter,

"See what his stubbornness caused."

Margaret Read MacDonald

Peace Tales

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