

Jasmine Green Rescues



# A Goat Called Willow



Helen Peters

illustrated by Ellie Snowden

**Jasmine Green**  
**RESCUES**  
**A Goat**  
**Called Willow**



Read all the books in the  
**Jasmine Green RESCUES** series

A Piglet Called Truffle

A Duckling Called Button

A Collie Called Sky

A Kitten Called Holly

A Lamb Called Lucky

A Goat Called Willow



# Jasmine Green RESCUES

A Goat  
Called Willow

Helen Peters

illustrated by Ellie Snowdon



WALKER BOOKS

This is a work of fiction.  
Names, characters, places, and incidents are either products of  
the author's imagination or, if real, are used fictitiously.

Text copyright © 2018 by Helen Peters  
Illustrations copyright © 2018 by Ellie Snowdon

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, transmitted,  
or stored in an information retrieval system in any form or by any means,  
graphic, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, taping, and  
recording, without prior written permission from the publisher.

First US edition 2021  
First published by Nosy Crow (UK) 2018

Library of Congress Catalog Card Number pending  
ISBN 978-1-5362-1029-3 (hardcover)  
ISBN 978-1-5362-1605-9 (paperback)

20 21 22 23 24 25 LBM 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Printed in Melrose Park, IL, USA

This book was typeset in Bembo.  
The illustrations were done in pencil with a digital wash overlay.

Walker Books US  
a division of  
Candlewick Press  
99 Dover Street  
Somerville, Massachusetts 02144

[www.walkerbooksus.com](http://www.walkerbooksus.com)



A JUNIOR LIBRARY GUILD SELECTION

To my brother, Mark

HP

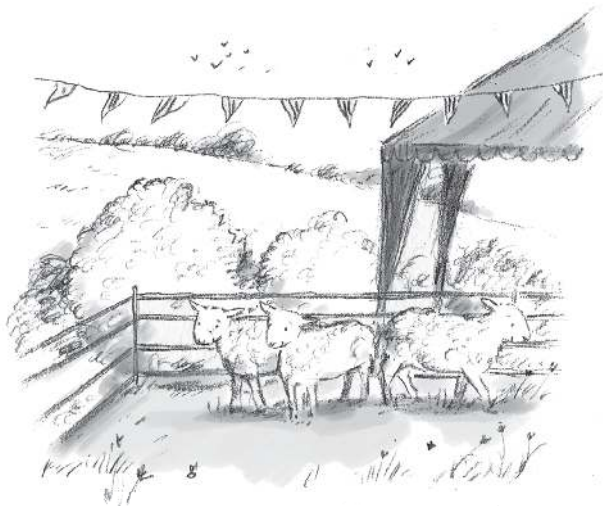


For my dad

ES







# 1

## Kid For Sale

“You can buy yourselves a souvenir, or spend it on fairground rides and cotton candy, whichever you like,” said Mom, handing some money to Jasmine and her best friend, Tom. “Meet me back here at four o’clock, OK?”

“Wow, thanks, Mom,” said Jasmine, looking in delight at the money.

“Thank you very much, Dr. Singh,” said Tom.

“Can me and Ben go off on our own, too?” asked Jasmine’s little brother, Manu.



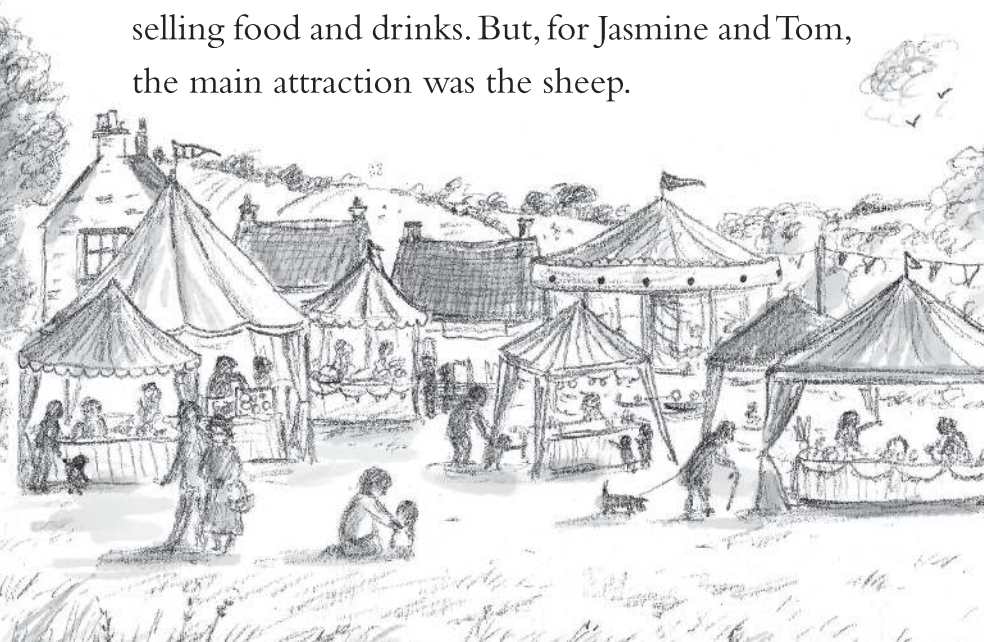
“Certainly not,” said Mom. “You two need to stay with me.”

“But that’s not fair!”

“When you’re ten, you can go off without me,” said Mom. “Jasmine wasn’t allowed to wander around the sheep fair on her own when she was six.”

“Come on, Sky,” said Jasmine, giving her sheepdog’s leash a little shake. “Let’s go and see the sheep.”

The Fenton Sheep Fair was held every year in a big field on a farm in the South Downs. There was a fairground, a craft tent, and all sorts of stalls selling food and drinks. But, for Jasmine and Tom, the main attraction was the sheep.



They made their way to the top of the field. Here, several rows of pens had been built from metal rails, with walkways between the rows. Each pen contained a small group of sheep, all washed and groomed to perfection.

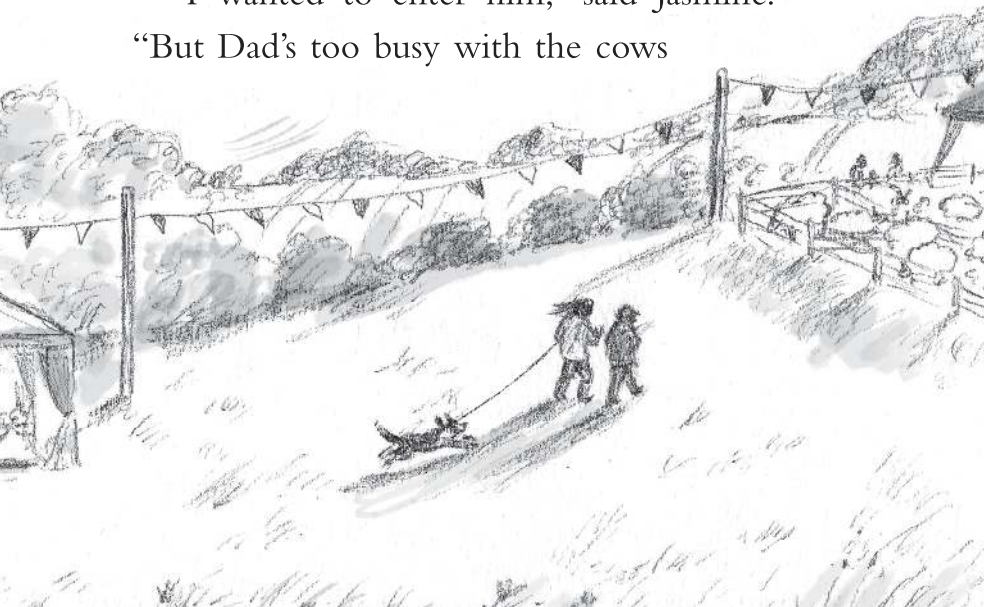
A voice crackled over the sound system. “The next class to be judged will be Southdown ewe lambs. Could all entrants make their way to the show ring now, please.”

“You should have entered Lucky,” said Tom.

Lucky was Jasmine’s pet lamb. His mother had died when he was born, and Jasmine had bottle-fed him until he was old enough to live on grass.

“I wanted to enter him,” said Jasmine.

“But Dad’s too busy with the cows



to come to the fair, and Mom was working this morning.”

Jasmine’s dad was a farmer and her mom was a farm vet, so they were always busy looking after animals or doing office work.

“Let’s go and see the lambs in the ring,” said Tom. “I bet none of them are as cute as Lucky.”

They walked between the pens toward the show ring. In some of the pens, farmers were brushing their sheep’s woolly coats. One woman was oiling her sheep’s hooves to make them shine.

“Oh, look!” said Jasmine. She hurried along the walkway to get a closer look. “Oh, it’s so cute!”

In the far corner of the farthest pen sat a beautiful baby goat. Its coat was



mainly brown, with patches of black and white on its legs and back, and a white blaze down the middle of its face. As Jasmine and Tom leaned over the gate, the kid greeted them with a high-pitched bleat.

“Oh, you’re so sweet,” said Jasmine. “Come here so I can stroke you.”

“It’s a girl,” said Tom. “Look, she’s for sale.”

He pointed to a handwritten notice tied to the bars of the pen.

## **FEMALE KID FOR SALE**

Jasmine’s eyes widened. “Oh, I wish we could buy her.”

Tom laughed. “Imagine how mad your mom and dad would be if you did.”

Jasmine already had six animals of her own, and her parents had told her that she wasn’t allowed to have any more. She and Tom planned to run an animal rescue center when they grew up. So



far, they had rescued a runt piglet, a motherless duckling, an abandoned puppy, a rejected kitten, two baby sparrows, and an orphaned lamb.

They had released the sparrows when they were fully grown, and Holly the kitten now belonged to Tom, but Jasmine had persuaded her parents to let her keep Truffle the pig, Button the duck, Lucky the lamb, and Sky the sheepdog. She also had two cats called Toffee and Marmite.

“Anyway,” said Tom, noticing a price written in below the sign, “with the money your mom gave us, we could only buy half of her.”

The little goat stood up, bleated, and took a few tentative steps toward the children. Jasmine stroked her back.

“Her coat’s so soft,” she said. “Feel it, Tom. Sorry, little goat. I can’t buy you, but I hope you find a lovely home.”

“Mind your backs,” said a gruff voice behind them.

They turned to see a man leading two sheep



on halters. The children stepped away from the gate so he could open it and take the sheep inside.

“Excuse me,” said Jasmine in her politest voice. “Is this your kid?”

He grunted in a tone that Jasmine understood to mean yes.

“She’s beautiful,” said Jasmine. “How old is she?”

“Four weeks,” he said, taking the halter off one of the ewes. “If you’re not going to buy her, clear off. I’ve had enough time-wasters asking pointless questions.”

“Actually, I’m thinking about buying her,” she said, giving him a look that she hoped made it clear she was a serious farmer about to do a deal.

“Well, don’t think about it much longer. I’m heading off shortly.”

A flicker of hope rose inside Jasmine. If nobody bought the goat today, maybe she could persuade her parents to let her buy it later.

“What will you do if you don’t sell her today?” she asked.



“Shoot her.”

“Shoot her!” Jasmine was so shocked that her words came out as a squeal. “No! Why would you do that?”

“The mother just died,” he said, “and I don’t have time to bottle-feed the kid. I was going to shoot her yesterday, but since I was coming here, I thought I might as well bring her and see if anyone fancied hand-rearing. Seems like nobody else has the time either, though. I’ll shoot her as soon as I get back.”

Jasmine was suddenly filled with determination. She had no idea how she was going to manage it, but she knew one thing. She wasn’t going to allow this tiny animal to be shot.

“We’ll buy her,” she said.

Tom gave her a worried look.

“We don’t have all the money with us now,” Jasmine said, “but we can give you half and pay the rest later.”

“Where do you live?” he asked.



“Oak Tree Farm. In Westcombe.”

He looked at her with slightly more respect.

“So you’re Mike Green’s girl.”

Jasmine nodded.

“Is your dad here, then?”

“No, but my mom is.”

“And they don’t mind you buying a goat?”

“Of course not,” said Jasmine, crossing her fingers. “They love goats. We can’t take her home right now, though. We’ll have to get everything ready. Would you be able to deliver her tomorrow?”

“Martin!” called somebody from the other side of the pen. “How are you? Haven’t seen you for ages.”

The two men started to chat. Tom grabbed Jasmine’s sleeve.

“What are you doing?” he whispered.

“What?” said Jasmine innocently. “Mom said we could buy a souvenir. She never said it couldn’t be alive.”





“You know she won’t let you buy her.”

“She doesn’t need to know,” said Jasmine. “I’ve got enough money saved up.”

“But what about—”

“Tom, do you want this beautiful little goat to be killed tonight?”

Tom sighed. “Of course I don’t.”

“So don’t worry about anything else. We’ll work it all out later. The only thing that matters right now is that we save her life.”

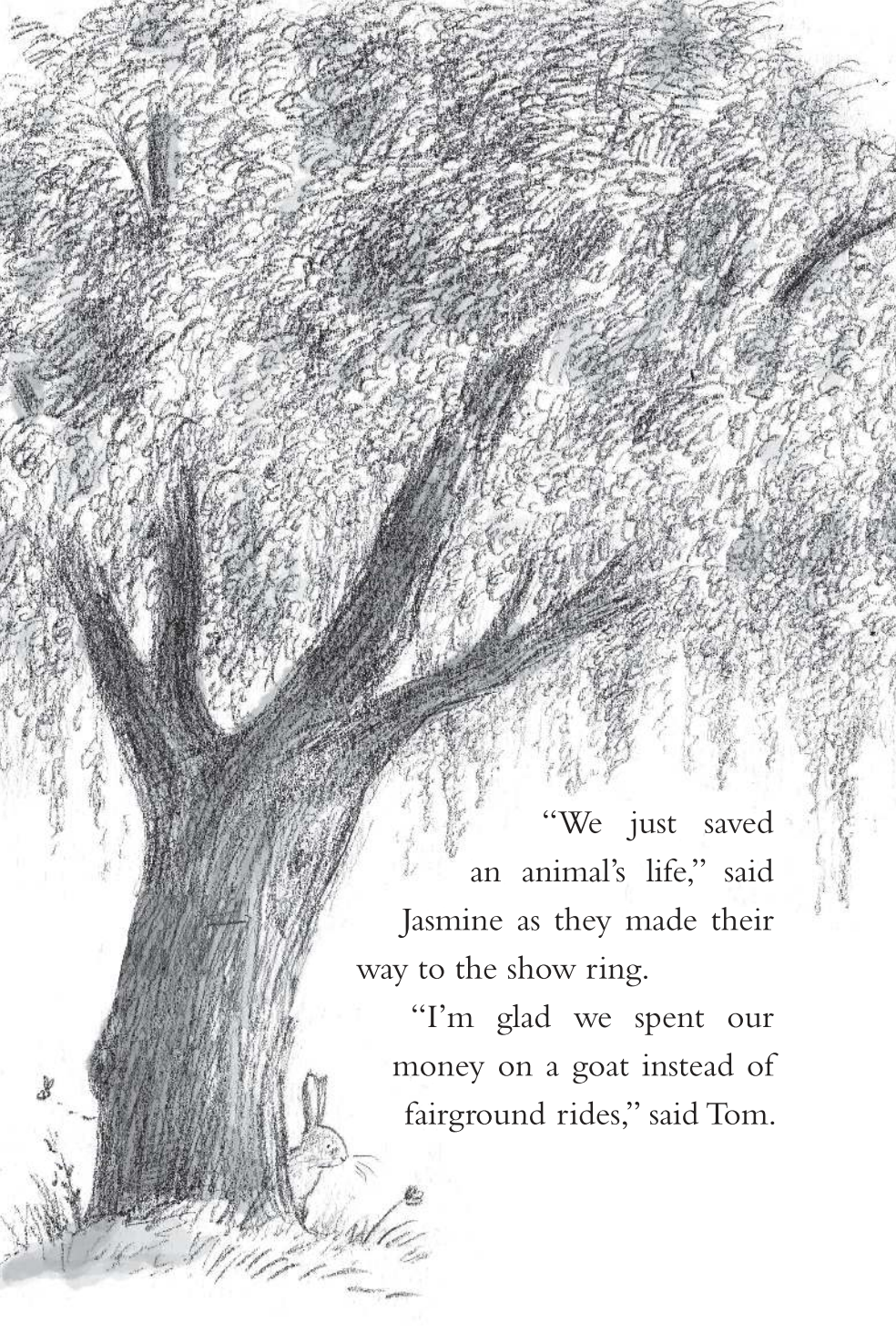




## 2

### **It's Not Going to Be Easy**

Once they had convinced the farmer, whose name was Mr. Evans, that they were serious about buying the baby goat, they paid him half the money and he agreed to deliver her at ten o'clock the following morning, as he was going to be in the area anyway. Jasmine asked him to drive into the field from the gate that led out to the lane. That way, he wouldn't need to come into the farmyard, and no one else would see him arrive.



“We just saved  
an animal’s life,” said  
Jasmine as they made their  
way to the show ring.

“I’m glad we spent our  
money on a goat instead of  
fairground rides,” said Tom.

“We *are* the Animal Rescue Club, after all.”

“Exactly,” said Jasmine. “When we have our rescue center, this is what we’ll be doing all the time.”

“What should we call her?” asked Tom.

Jasmine gazed around the field. Her eyes landed on a huge weeping willow tree in the corner.

“What do you think about Willow?” she asked.

“Willow,” said Tom. “That’s a good name for a goat.”

“How are we going to keep her hidden?” asked Jasmine. “She’ll need a shed. Goats can’t stay outdoors all the time like sheep. They need shelter. But she’ll need grass, too, with a fence around it, so . . .”

Tom’s eyes lit up. “I know! The field where the sheep are. There’s that old chicken run in the corner.”

“Oh, yes,” said Jasmine. “With the little shed. That will be perfect.”



“What about when your dad checks the sheep, though?” asked Tom. “He’ll see her if she’s out in the run.”

“He checks them early in the morning and in the evening,” said Jasmine, “so she’ll be in the shed then. It will all work out fine. We just need to clean out the shed and bed it down. Can you come back to my house after the fair?”

Tom made a face. “No, we’re going out to dinner with some friends of my parents who I don’t even like.”

Jasmine laughed. “Can you come tomorrow morning, then? Dad usually checks the sheep at about half past six, so if you come at eight, he’ll be back in the yard and we can go and get the shed ready.”

Tom nodded. “I’ll tell Mom we’re taking Sky for an early walk.”

“It’s good that Mr. Evans is bringing milk,” said Jasmine. “I don’t know how we’d have managed to get goat’s milk by tomorrow morning.”



“He’s only bringing enough for one day, though,” said Tom. “How are we going to afford two liters a day after that? And how are we going to buy it without our parents finding out?”

“Hmm,” said Jasmine. “We’ll have to come up with a plan.”



Tom arrived in the sunlit farmyard before eight o’clock on Sunday morning. Jasmine and Sky were already in the old stable where they kept the bedding for Truffle, Jasmine’s pet pig.

“Hey, Tom,” called Jasmine. “Come and help me fill these wheelbarrows.”


She had trundled two wheelbarrows into the stable. They filled one with sections of a hay bale, and the other with wood shavings.

“Your goat’s milk plan worked perfectly,” said Tom.

“Really? Oh, that’s great. I didn’t get a chance to ask my mom last night. She got called out to a foaling.”



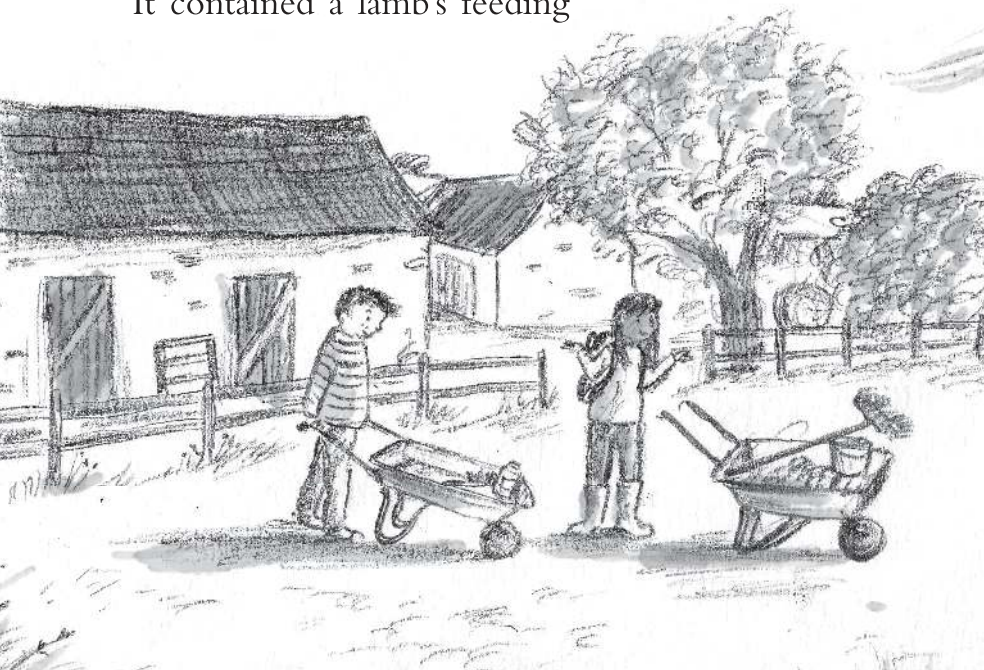


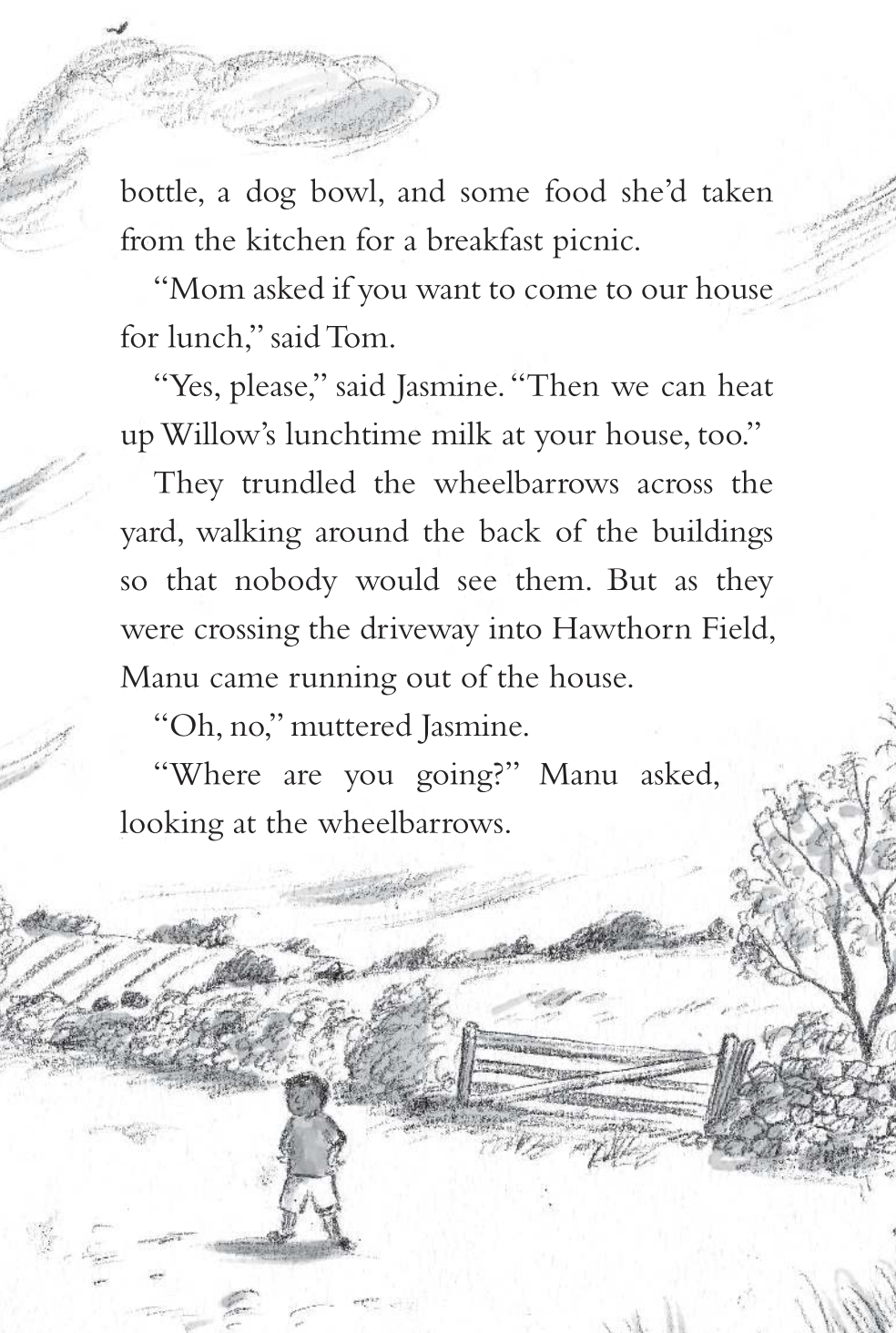


“Mom was a bit surprised, but when I told her we’d been learning about how healthy goat’s milk is, she was really pleased. She even said she’ll try switching, too. She’s going to get some today.”

“I’ll ask my mom this morning,” said Jasmine as she balanced a broom and a bucket on top of the shavings in her wheelbarrow. She put a bottle of disinfectant, a scrubbing brush, and a shovel in Tom’s wheelbarrow. “Right, let’s go.”

She hitched a backpack onto her shoulders. It contained a lamb’s feeding





bottle, a dog bowl, and some food she'd taken from the kitchen for a breakfast picnic.

"Mom asked if you want to come to our house for lunch," said Tom.

"Yes, please," said Jasmine. "Then we can heat up Willow's lunchtime milk at your house, too."

They trundled the wheelbarrows across the yard, walking around the back of the buildings so that nobody would see them. But as they were crossing the driveway into Hawthorn Field, Manu came running out of the house.

"Oh, no," muttered Jasmine.

"Where are you going?" Manu asked, looking at the wheelbarrows.





Jasmine thought quickly. “We’re cleaning out Truffle’s kennel.”

Truffle shared a big kennel with Bramble, Dad’s springer spaniel. The kennel opened into the orchard so that Truffle could spend her days rooting about under the fruit trees.

“That’s not the way to Truffle’s kennel,” said Manu.

Tom laughed. “Oh, yes. Silly us. We were chatting and we went the wrong way.”

“You two are so clueless,” said Manu.

“So clueless,” agreed Jasmine. “Come on, Sky.”

They turned the wheelbarrows around and began to push them toward the orchard. Manu ran off across the yard. Tom and Jasmine paused at the orchard gate until his footsteps faded into the distance. Then they turned the wheelbarrows around again and trundled them into Hawthorn Field.

“It’s not going to be easy, keeping this a secret,” said Tom.



“At least we’ve got Truffle and Sky as alibis,” said Jasmine.

They walked through Hawthorn Field to the horse paddock. There were no horses there now. Instead, sheep and lambs grazed the lush summer grass. Jasmine’s pet lamb, Lucky, was among them. When he saw the children, he bounded across to them, bleating loudly. A condition in his back legs meant he had a very distinctive way of moving, running with his front legs and jumping with his back ones.

Jasmine crouched down to give him a hug. “We’ve got a new baby coming today, Lucky. This hay is for her, but you can have some, too.”

She took a handful of hay from the wheelbarrow. Lucky gobbled it up and trotted back to his friends. Tom and Jasmine pushed their wheelbarrows to the corner of the field, which was fenced off with chicken wire to make a large pen. Jasmine wiggled and pulled at the rusty bolt on the gate until it finally slid back.



“I hope someone cleaned the shed out when they stopped keeping chickens here,” she said, “or it will be really gross.”

Wrinkling her nose, Jasmine pulled back the bolt on the shed door.

“Oh,” said Tom. “Nobody cleaned it out.”

A deep layer of chicken dung covered the floor. Insects ran up the walls and spiders’ webs hung in the corners.

“At least the dung’s dried up,” said Jasmine. “It doesn’t smell too bad.”

She picked up the shovel, and Tom took the hay out of the wheelbarrow to make room for the muck. They cleaned out all the mess and swept the walls and ceiling clear of cobwebs. Then they scrubbed the shed and disinfected it.

“Let’s have breakfast while it dries,” said Jasmine.

They cleaned their hands with diluted disinfectant and wiped them dry on the back of their jeans. Then they sat on a fallen tree trunk in the middle



of the horse paddock and took out the food from their backpacks. Tom had brought two chocolate chip muffins and two bags of chips. Jasmine had a package of cookies, a carton of orange juice, and two apples. She also had some dog treats for Sky, who sat on the grass beside them as they ate.



“I don’t think that fence is secure enough,” said Jasmine. “I bet Willow could wriggle under those gaps at the bottom. Goats are really good at escaping.”

“We could use tent pegs to pin the wire down,” said Tom. “I can go and get ours.”



Tom lived in a cottage on the lane that ran along the edge of Oak Tree Farm, so it was easy for him to get home across the fields.

“That’s a great idea,” said Jasmine.

“I can’t believe he’s making us pay extra for delivery,” said Tom, taking another cookie. “How mean is that?”

Jasmine gasped and clapped her hand to her mouth. “Oh, no!”

“What?”

“I forgot to bring the money. I’ll have to run home and get it.”

“I’ll do the bedding while you’re gone,” said Tom. “Don’t be long.”

“I won’t.” Jasmine looked at her watch. “Willow’s arriving in less than an hour. I can’t wait!”





### 3

## Who Was That?

Jasmine ran all the way home, Sky bounding ahead of her. The cats were curled up asleep on her bed when she burst into her room, gasping for breath. Marmite opened her eyes and lifted her head inquiringly.

“I’ve only got a few coins in the whole world now,” Jasmine said to her as she pulled all the bills out of her piggy bank. “That’s not going to buy much goat’s milk, is it? Let’s hope Mom falls for the plan like Tom’s mom did.”



She stuffed the money into her pocket and headed downstairs. From the kitchen came the sound of voices and the smell of bacon frying. Jasmine opened the front door as quietly as she could, hoping to tiptoe out without being noticed.

“Jasmine!” called her mom. “Is that you?”

Jasmine sighed. Why did Mom have to have such ridiculously good hearing?

“Coming,” she said.

Dad was cooking breakfast at the big Aga stove. Mom was putting bread into the toaster. Jasmine’s seventeen-year-old sister, Ella, was making a pot of tea.

“Where have you been?” Mom asked. “And do you know what’s happened to the orange juice? Everyone else swears they haven’t drunk it.”

“Oh, sorry,” said Jasmine. “I was thirsty.”

Mom raised her eyebrows. “Well, next time you’re thirsty, drink water, not the entire carton of juice that was meant for the whole family.”

