



The Goats and Gobbin Saor

Morna Sullivan
Retold Fairy Tales

Three goats who were brothers lived on the wild, windy cliff tops of the Antrim Hills. All day they ate the grass on the cliffs, climbing higher and higher to find juicy green grass. There came a day when there was no grass left to eat on the cliff top so they went searching for grass. They climbed high and low but they could not find any grass to eat. Far away they could see juicy bright green grass on another cliff top. To get there they would have to cross the bridge over the stream, far below. Gobbin Saor, the terrifying giant lived underneath the rocky bridge. The giants from around the Antrim coast were famous. Gobbin Saor was the biggest, scariest and loudest. The three goats nicknamed him Gobby because he roared so loudly when he was angry. The three goats were frightened of him. Everyone knew that he ate anyone who had ever tried to cross the bridge, and he was especially fond of goats, dusted with black pepper and crushed sea salt.

Tiny, the smallest brother set out to cross the bridge. Clip, clop, clip, clop, clip, clop. He trotted across the bridge. He was almost half way across when Gobby stopped him.

“Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum. Who goes there on my bridge?”

“It is I, Tiny. I want to cross the bridge to that cliff to get some grass. I’m hungry.”

“So, am I! I’m going to eat you up. I’ll gobble you up in two shakes of a goat’s tail,” said Gobby.

“O Gobbin Saor, I think you’d be hungry if you ate me. I’m very small. If you wait, my bigger brother will be coming this way soon. You won’t be hungry if you let me go and eat him instead,” said Tiny.

“GRRRRR! On your way!” growled Gobby and Tiny trotted over the bridge to the other cliff covered in juicy green grass.

Next, Little, Tiny’s bigger brother set out to cross the bridge. Clip, clop, clip, clop, clip, clop. He trotted across the bridge. He was almost half way across when Gobby stopped him.

“Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum. Who goes there on my bridge?”

“It is I, Little. I want to cross the bridge to that cliff to get some grass. I’m hungry.”

“Oh you are much bigger than your wee brother,” said Gobby, smacking his lips. “I’m hungry too. I’m going to eat you up. I’ll gobble you up in two shakes of a goat’s tail,” said Gobby.

“O Gobbin Saor, I think you’d be hungry if you ate me. You are right, I’m bigger than my wee brother, but I’m still quite small. If you wait, my bigger brother will be coming this way soon. You won’t be hungry if you let me go and eat him instead,” said Little.

“GRRRRR! I let your little brother go. If your big brother is even bigger still, it will be worth waiting. On your way!” growled Gobby and Little trotted over the bridge to the other cliff covered in juicy green grass.

Soon, Large, Little and Tiny’s bigger brother set out to cross the bridge. Clip, clop, clip, clop, clip, clop. He trotted across the bridge. He was almost half way across when Gobby stopped him.

“Fe, Fi, Fo, Fum. Who goes there on my bridge?”

“It is I, Large. I want to cross the bridge to that cliff to get some grass. I’m hungry.”

“Oh your little brothers were right – you are much, much bigger than them,” said Gobby, smacking his lips.

“I’m hungry too. I’m going to eat you up. I’ll gobble you up in two shakes of a goat’s tail,” said Gobby. “Wait here while I get some salt and pepper. You’ll taste all the better with a little seasoning.”

Large began to tremble. His knees began to knock. He saw Gobby returning with a huge tray. On it was a big round green salt cellar and a very tall red pepper grinder, a huge blue and white plate and a huge shiny fork and a huge, shiny, sharp knife.

Large turned round and took a run and a jump and ran as fast as he could. He charged towards Gobby and tossed him up in the air with his horns. The giant flew high up into the sky and then fell into the stream below the bridge. SPLASH! CRASH! Waves splashed up soaking Large. The wind roared and howled. There was a strong gust of wind and Gobby was washed away into the sea in a big wave and never ever seen again.

Tiny, Little and Large were free to eat all the grass they liked. They were able to skip across the bridge every day without being scared of the giant, Gobbin Saor. But at night, when the wind blows in a storm, you can still hear Gobby howl and roar “Fe, Fi, Fo Fum!” at the Gobbins cliffs.

Read more fairy tales on Fairytalez.com