



The Third Billy Goat, Gruff

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Retold Fairy Tales

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By Mr. B.

You just don't get as old and as big as me without learning a few things along the way. Little things, you know, like "Goats eat almost anything." (That's pretty much true), and like, "The biggest guy usually wins" (That's sorta' true) and "Don't take no guff offa' nobody" (That one usually causes trouble). But the best one I like the most is "Keep it simple" (That's easy)

So here's the deal, this one chow hall me and my brothers was at (they called it a "meadow" was like all eaten up, 'cuz us goats really do eat almost anything. Across the river was this other hill as full of grass as Granny after Thanksgiving.

My kid brother, Uff, says one day, he says, "Hay!"

I says, "What?"

He says to me, he says, "Hay!"

I says, "I heard you the first time."

He says to me, he says, "Nah, really. Look over there. That's hay! I'm gonna go get me some of that."

So, off he trots. Me, I'm just watchin'. Quick as he gets onto that bridge over the river this big-headed, loud mouth troll jumps out from where he's hiding under the bridge, fixes his one good eye on Uff, and starts blowin' off his mouth about how this here is HIS bridge, and how he's gonna have my little brother for lunch and all.

But Uff, he ain't no dummy. He cuts a deal with this homeless humbug. Uff, he gets a free pass 'cuz the bucktooth bully gets greedy.

Next brother, Ruff, says to me, he says, “Hay!”

“I know!” I says. “Me and Uff just had this conversation already. Go on, then, if you’re going.”

Same story. Snaggle-tooth comes after Ruff on the bridge, Ruff seen how to dicker with this paluca , pulls off the same deal. Makes it look easy.

So I says to myself, I says, “Hay, Self!” And I says back to myself, I says to myself, “Yeah, I know it’s hay, I got ears.” So I figger I’m up for it. Let’s see what kinda’ game the little weasel’s really got.

Anyways, I’m on the bridge, and guess what... yup, you got it, here comes the two-legged bullhorn.

“Hey !”he sprays.

“I know it is,” I says. (That just confuses him, so he starts getting all worked up)

He says, “I said , ‘Hey !’, this here’s my bridge! No one crosses my bridge!”

I give him the “What-am-I,...stupid?” look. “So, them other two guys have the same name?” I asks.

“Who?” he yells.

“No One,” I says.

“What two guys?” he screams.

“No One and No One”, I says.

He starts jumping around, all wild-eyed, screaming, “No one crosses my bridge!”

“I heard you the first time,” I says, “so them two guys who already crossed your bridge must be No One and No One, am I right?”

(By now he’s turning purple and starts foaming at the mouth). “Shut up!” he roars, “you’re just trying to confuse me!”

“Too late,” I says.

“That’s it!” (he’s so mad he’s shakin’ the bridge), “Now I’m gonna eat you up!!!” and he runs at me with his arms all swinging, and his teeth chomping, and screaming like a freight train at midnight.

Well, like I told you, I don’t take no guff offa’ nobody, and I wasn’t about to dance with this donut-hole, so I just hooked him over my shoulder into the river. Like I said, keep it simple.

Turns out, the wing-nut couldn’t swim. I mean, really, what kind of a dull drill bit lives under a bridge for cryin’ out loud, and don’t even know how to swim? Long and short of it, that meat-head troll washes off down the river, and dinner’s waiting on the other side.

So, there you have it. That’s just the way it went. Somebody tries to tell you different, just give ’em the “What-am-I,...stupid?” look, and don’t take no Gruff.