

April 2016

The Three Billy Goats Gruff

Connor Renfroe

Follow this and additional works at: <http://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology>



Part of the [Fiction Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Renfroe, Connor (2016) "The Three Billy Goats Gruff," *The Anthology*: Vol. 2016, Article 33.

Available at: <http://digitalcommons.winthrop.edu/anthology/vol2016/iss1/33>

This Prose is brought to you for free and open access by Digital Commons @ Winthrop University. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Anthology by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons @ Winthrop University. For more information, please contact bramed@winthrop.edu.

The Three Billy Goats Gruff *Connor Renfroe*

And then it was the third Billy Goat's turn to cross the bridge.

And once again, the Troll appeared and demanded, "Who's that trip trapping over my bridge?"

And Big Bold Billy told the Troll, "It is I, the largest of Herd Gruff. I'm following my brothers across this bridge to yonder meadow so that I may eat the sweet grass what lies there."

And the Troll cackled, "No you are not! Your brothers have promised you to me in exchange for their own lives. So now I have waited away most of the morning for the biggest goat who could sate my hunger."

And Big Bold Billy, who is not easily fazed, was given pause by the Troll's claims. Had his smaller, craftier brothers really made that promise? Would they really sell Big Bold Billy for some sweet grass?

And this made Big Bold Billy angry. So he told the Troll, "If you would eat me, then come at me. But know that these horns might as well be spears for all their prowess at poking, and clubs for all their prowess at clobbering. Know that my back hooves can cleave boulders and rupture stones. Know that I will fight back, and that it will not just be defense, but that I will destroy you utterly and eat your carnage in place of the sweet grass."

And the Troll froze in fear because this was the first time a Billy Goat had challenged him. Baby Bleating Billy was instantly reduced to tears, pleading that the Troll take one of his larger brothers. Basic Braying Billy was clever and conniving; he bargained for his life in exchange for the biggest of the Billy Goats Gruff. But Big Bold Billy changed the paradigm and decided to tackle the challenge head-on. But, in any case, he was a Troll, and Big Bold was nothing but a Billy Goat, and the food chain was clear on who ate whom in these parts.

And so the Troll charged Big Bold Billy and Big Bold Billy lowered his head and caught the Troll on his horns. The horns pierced the Troll below his rib cage and exited through his shoulders so that the Troll was firmly held in place. Big Bold Billy threw his head back and the Troll slid off and crumpled into a messy pile. Then Big Bold Billy hopped up onto his front hooves and, with his back hooves, kicked the Troll with all the force he could muster. The Troll was sent flying into the dead plains that Herd Gruff had exhausted. The Troll hit the hard rock with a resounding splatter and pieces of him scattered all around.

And, as promised, Big Bold Billy ate up all those little pieces, even though the bitter taste made his lips pucker and tears to gather in his eyes. Once he was finished, Big Bold Billy rolled around in the Troll blood just to color himself up a bit. Then he marched back across the bridge to meet his brothers in the other meadow.

And when they saw their brother soaked in blood with puckered lips and watery eyes, Baby Bleating Billy and Basic Braying Billy began to cry out of fear that their brother would want revenge. But Big Bold Billy showed he was magnanimous and only punished his brothers with swift kicks to the rears, both of them. And then they continued to eat until the lush meadow became barren and they once again had to seek out sustenance.