

The Three Nanny Goats Gruff

by Andrew D. Boden

The tale of three Billy Goats Gruff
Can be found in a good story book;
And it tells of the trouble three billy goats had
When they tried to cross over the brook.

It was all on account of a troll
Who lived by the side of the stream;
And when somebody tried to cross over the bridge
He turned ugly and vicious and mean.

But the story book's got it all wrong
When it talks of the nasty old troll.
He wasn't at all mean and nasty and bad,
But really a gentle old soul.

This little old man's name was Trevor;
- an O.A.P. drawing his pension.
And to earn some more money, he did a small job.
(A fact we should not really mention).

Each day Trevor went to the bridge,
And when someone wanted to cross
He'd ask for a penny to cover the toll
That was charged on the bridge by his boss.

Now a penny does not seem too much
To get from one side to the other;
But three nanny goats gruff came along one fine day,
Determined to give Trev some bother.

"Why on earth should we pay you a penny
Just to go where we want to?", they said.
"We're not going to pay, so get out of the way
Or we'll give you a punch in the head!"

Poor Trevor, he didn't want trouble,
But their attitude made him see red.
After all, he was only just doing his job!
So he drew himself up, and he said

"You'll all have to pay tuppence now
If you want to cross over this bridge.
And if you give me any more of your lip
I'll use you to stock up my fridge!"

Perhaps Trevor should not have threatened
To turn them all into goat chops!
He'd have been better off going into his shed
And quietly phoning the cops.

Too late - the three goats ran at Trevor;
The sight would have made you feel sick,
When two of them butted him hard with their heads
And the little one gave him a kick.

This wasn't enough for these bullies
Who continued with punches and kicks.
Then the biggest one butted him so very hard,
It really knocked Trevor for six!

Trevor fell to the ground in a huddle
While the nanny goats trolled on their way.
Night fell - no-one else had come near to the bridge.
Poor Trevor had lain there all day.

The poor old man never recovered.
What a terribly sad way to die.
When the people around heard about the foul deed
They raised up a great hue and cry!

The nanny goats gruff were soon captured.
They were tried by a judge dressed in silk;
And sentenced to spend all the rest of their lives
In providing cheese, yoghurt and milk.

Old Trevor was given a funeral
And peacefully laid down to rest.
All the villagers turned up to pay their respects
Dressed plainly in their Sunday best.

They all had a soft spot for Trevor
Who'd worked on the bridge many years.
And all the men said what a good bloke he'd been,
While most of the girls were in tears.

They placed a stone by Trevor's graveside;
And on it was written this thought -
"Here lies an old man whose life bridged many years,
Called 'Trevor the Toll' - TROLL for short".

