

FAVORITE

TALL

by

Marcus
Aronicus
Aurelius

Once upon a time in a far away land there lived three Billy Goats Gruff. They spent their days placidly (peacefully for all you business students) strolling around in a small field, munching on the grass (which can do great things for you if you know how to do it!)

Anyway, directly across a nearby small stream there was a nearby outdoor cafe run by a nearby small troll named Pickle (probably because he was a lovely shade of green--evidently he did not know how to do it).

One day the smallest of the three Gruff brothers lifted his head (no small feat in his condition!) and said to the other two, "I think I'll trip gaily across that bridge and try out that new cafe."

Getting no answer from his fellow munchers (who had no doubt decided that talking wasn't worth the energy it took), Number three picked himself up and staggered across the bridge (He made a great attempt at tripping gaily but ...well, you know how it is).

Entering (with some great difficulty, I might add) through the exit gate, our hero (well, one of them anyway) made his way to a TABLE PROPPING HIS FOOT (all right, hoof. Don't get technical) up on a chair, proceeded to check the place out.

Suddenly amid a great clanging of metal there appeared a lovely little woman dressed in white (her name, by the way, was Bella Donna, but we won't mention that because certain groups may get the wrong impression), who turned out to be the chief cook. Spying, of all things, a goat sitting at one of the tables with his hoof on a chair, she let out a small shriek and ran behind a counter, re-appearing momentarily with the little green troll on her arm.

"Aha!" exclaimed Pickle, jumping off Bella's arm "Caught ya! you goats are all alike! Coming in here and putting your hooves on the chairs like you were people or something. Well, I'll show you! We need a specialty at dinner tonight and you're going to be it!"

This (as you would imagine) unnerved Number three greatly.

"Oh please," he said in his best pleading (bleating?) voice, "don't save me up! Wait till my brother trips over. He's much tastier than I and there's more of him!"

Thinking this a fine idea (Pickle was a capitalist at heart) he agreed to wait.

I won't bore you with the immediate proceedings but as you may have guessed (amazing what quick minds

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