

Guy Fawkes

by Unknown

In the time of James I, many of the English people were very hardly treated because of their religion. At last they could bear the ill-usage no longer, and they thought of a plan to get rid of the king and queen and their eldest son.

Many barrels of gunpowder were secretly put into a cellar under the Parliament House, where James was to meet his lords and commons on November 5; and a man named Guy Fawkes was hired to set fire to it at the right time, and so to blow up the hall above, and all in it.

All was ready, when one of the plotters remembered that a friend of his would be at the meeting next day. As he did not wish him to be killed, he sent him a letter, without signing his name, saying: "Do not go to the House, for there shall be a sudden blow to many, and they shall not see who hurts them".

The lord who received this letter took it to the King's Council, and when King James saw it, he guessed what the "sudden blow" would be. Men were sent to search the cellars, and there, on the very night before the deed was to be done, Guy Fawkes was found waiting till the time should come to set fire to the powder. He was cruelly tortured to make him tell all he knew, but he was a brave man, and he died without betraying his friends.

Since that time, every year, on the 5th of November, bonfires have been lighted in many places in England, and "guys" burned, to remind people how an English king was once saved from a great danger.

Remember, remember!
The fifth of November,
The Gunpowder treason and plot;
There is no reason
Why the Gunpowder treason
Should ever be forgot!

Source:

Unknown. "Guy Fawkes." *True Stories of Wonderful Deeds*. Chicago: M.A. Donohue & Company. 77 – 78. Electronic.

The Three Billy Goats Gruff

by Unknown

Once on a time there were three *Billy-goats*, who were to go up to the hill-side to make themselves fat, and the name of all three was "*Gruff*."

On the way up was a bridge over a burn they had to cross; and under the bridge lived a great ugly *Troll*, with eyes as big as saucers, and a nose as long as a poker.

So first of all came the youngest billy-goat *Gruff* to cross the bridge.

"Trip, trap! trip, trap!" went the bridge.

"Who's that tripping over my bridge?" roared the *Troll*.

"Oh! it is only I, the tiniest billy-goat *Gruff*; and I'm going up to the hill-side to make myself fat," said the billy-goat, with such a small voice.

"Now, I'm coming to gobble you up," said the *Troll*.

"Oh, no! pray don't take me. I'm too little, that I am," said the billy-goat; "wait a bit till the second billy-goat *Gruff* comes, he's much bigger."

"Well! be off with you," said the *Troll*.

A little while after came the second billy-goat *Gruff* to cross the bridge.

"TRIP, TRAP! TRIP, TRAP! TRIP, TRAP!" went the bridge.

"WHO'S THAT tripping over my bridge?" roared the *Troll*.

"Oh! It's the second billy-goat *Gruff*, and I'm going up to the hill-side to make myself fat," said the billy-goat, who hadn't such a small voice.

"Now, I'm coming to gobble you up," said the *Troll*.

"Oh, no! don't take me, wait a little till the big billy-goat *Gruff* comes, he's much bigger."

"Very well! be off with you," said the *Troll*.

But just then up came the big billy-goat *Gruff*.

"TRIP, TRAP! TRIP, TRAP! TRIP, TRAP!" went the bridge, for the billy-goat was so heavy that the bridge creaked and groaned under him.

"WHO'S THAT tramping over my bridge?" roared the *Troll*.

"IT'S I! THE BIG BILLY-GOAT GRUFF," said the billy-goat, who had an ugly hoarse voice of

his own.

“Now, I’m coming to gobble you up,” roared the *Troll*.

“Well, come along! I’ve got two spears,
And I’ll poke your eyeballs out at your ears;
I’ve got besides two curling-stones,
And I’ll crush you to bits, body and bones.”

That was what the big billy-goat said; and so he flew at the *Troll* and poked his eyes out with his horns, and crushed him to bits, body and bones, and tossed him out into the burn, and after that he went up to the hill-side. There the billy-goats got so fat they were scarce able to walk home again; and if the fat hasn’t fallen off them, why they’re still fat; and so:

Snip, snap, snout,
This tale’s told out.

Source:

Unknown. “The Three Billy Goats Gruff.” *East of the Sun and West of the Moon*. New York: George H. Doran Company. 167 – 170. Electronic.