

The Troll's Bridge

by Carole Gauntlett

Once in a land not too far away
Lived an ugly and crooked old troll.
The town folks all shuddered and children would hide
Whenever he went for a stroll.

Everything would have been quite alright
If he hadn't lived under his bridge.
For no one dared to cross it
To get to the school on the ridge.

Now the mothers were tired of home schooling
Having kids under foot all the day.
So they all got together and someone said, "Toll."
They agreed they were willing to pay.

So they wrote a proposal all full of good facts
For someone to take to the troll.
But the mayor looked shocked and sputtered a bit
and told them they shared a fine goal.

But the proposal had to go through committee
And then Congress would have to agree.
Before anyone could approach the troll
And that's just the way it must be.

Years went by with nothing resolved
And the children were dumber than ever.
For Congress when asked when they would approve it
The answer was always, "Never."

One day a small girl walked up to the bridge
And curiously tested a toe
When nothing happened, she moved a bit further
She was young and what did she know?

She heard the troll's voice as he called out, "Who's there?"
And she cheerfully answered "I'm Sue."
"I thought that everyone hated my bridge,
Everyone that is except you."

"It's a very strong bridge I built it myself
You've really nothing to fear."
"Oh, I'm not afraid, I'll go get my friends.
For NOW we'll have something to cheer!"

A moral ends this fable, just as Aesop's did
Instead of counting on congress
Go and consult with a kid.