

The Billygoat: A Beast Fable

by Daniel Curzon

Billy Goat had two ears, four hooves, and a little beard. He ate grass and weeds and cans. He was a stereotypical goat.

“I will break free of these limitations put upon me by society and be someone to reckon with!” said Billy.

He went off to join the circus. “I can do trapeze work,” he said.

But the manager, a hard-headed businessman who had to put butts on seats, said, after he had watched Billy on the trapeze, “Sorry, I don't think you can pull them in. Nice concept, just doesn't work.”

“Screw you!” Billy said, butting the circus manager in the, yes, *butt*.

“I will become a respected novelist!” proclaimed Billy.

He ripped up some paper and chewed it until it was pulp, then stomped on it with his hooves until it was flat. Then he peed a book on it.

He managed to get an agent, but the agent was unsuccessful at selling the book to a large corporate-owned publishing company. “It's too literary!” said the editorial boards.

“Fuck you!” said Billy, growing increasingly frustrated. He would have butted the editorial boards, but they were bought up by large conglomerates and had ceased to exist.

“I have it!” said Billy. “I will become an exotic dancer!”

He bought himself a chiffon scarf and draped it over his hide quarters. “I will make them yelp and beg for a glimpse of my goatish charms. I will become rich and famous.”

He got a gig at a seedy downtown club and rehearsed some numbers with a cheap rehearsal pianist named Snuffy. They thought maybe they had something. They opened.

But he was arrested by the Vice Squad and sent to a slaughterhouse. “No, not death!” Billy cried.

“I can offer you a deal instead,” said the manager of the slaughterhouse.

“What? Anything!” Billy was growing up.

Billy Goat lived for a long time and made a nice living leading cattle down a long runway before he himself turned off — and they didn't.

MORAL: If you can't be Jesus, you may have to be Judas.

