

The Trojan Horse

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The Trojan Horse story is famous . . . but nobody actually talks about the horse that much. Here's his story.

So, I was just standing there, minding my own business, when suddenly all these men with pointy sticks got inside my stomach. Do you have any idea how uncomfortable that is? They kept talking and laughing. They all heaved and wanted me to move. So I did, hoping they would get out of my stomach.

Then finally, just one man got out of my stomach. I waited for all the rest to follow, but they didn't. They just stayed super quiet, which made me feel uncomfortable. The one man who got out, whispered a whole lot of things to the people inside my stomach. Then he went up to these guards outside what looked like a clay gate to me. But he shivered as he looked up at it. I wondered if he was getting too cold, but then he started talking to the guards. He said, "I hate them!", and pointed at me.

I thought, "Hey, what did I do to this man? I let him go in my stomach, and drove him to Clay Gate Land. What else does he want me to do? Be a juggler? Dance?"

The man said, "Take this big horse into your kingdom."

I thought, "At least I get to go in Clay Gate Land. I wonder what it's like in there?"

So, that's when I went in. They took me in at the morning, and those men in my stomach were really starting to get on my nerves. I thought that once we were inside the gates, they would leave, and there would be a big war. But I was wrong.

Instead, they waited until night. And THEN there was a big war!

They sneakily snuck out of my stomach with their long sticks. They went into one of the buildings in Clay Gate Land. (I soon learned that Clay Gate Land was called Troy, but I still call it Clay Gate Land.) Then I heard screaming and perishing, and then some people with short sticks came. But the people with short sticks were no match for the people with long sticks. And then I could see a little pool of red ink whenever someone got struck with a stick.

It was annoying, because I wanted to do something and not just sit there. Maybe I could make a red ink bath – you never know. But I just stood there, as the only spectator.

In the end, Grease (I think that's how you spell it?) won. It just goes to show, that if you're a giant wooden horse, and people go inside your stomach, go to Clay Gate Land, and they'll get out, and win a fight with their long, pointy sticks.

So, remember, if you ever place a be-e-e-t-t or something like that, Go Team Long Pointy Sticks!

Thank you for listening. This is my story.