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know that they would...it's kind of like if you're looking up somebody in the telephone directory, you don't just go all through all the names just see who is there. I mean, you check to see how it applies to those things that you have a primary concern about.

SENATOR CHAMBERS: (Laugh) Maybe if you were an undertaker you would want to see who all is there, just in case. That's all I will ask you, Senator Pederson. Thank you. Members of the Legislature, I'm not going to try to divide this bill. I said that in the beginning, and I will not get so irritated that I would go back on that and do it. There's another big bill. The big Billy Goat Gruff is coming. In case you all don't know that story, there was an ogre or a troll who lived under a bridge. He didn't want anybody coming across his bridge. There were some Billy Goats Gruff of various sizes. So a little bitty one went tripping across the bridge, and the troll said, "Who's that on my bridge?" And he said, "It is I, the littlest Billy Goat Gruff." And the troll said, "I'm going to come and eat you up." And to show how brotherhood worked in those days, he said, "Well, I'd just make a small little mouthful. Don't eat me up. I got a bigger brother. He's coming; eat him up." So it went like that through several Billy Goats Gruff. Then all of a sudden, there was a thundering on the bridge of the troll, and the troll thundered, "Who is that on my bridge?" And the answer came, "It is I, the biggest Billy Goat Gruff." And the troll said, "Well, I'm going to come and eat you up." And that troll said, "Well, let's get with it, bring it on." That's where Bush got that. He reads the kind of stories I'm telling you about. So the troll came up on the bridge, and the Big Billy Goat Gruff was possessed of very large, sharp pointed horns--this is a children's story, delightful little children's story that you read to them before they go to bed at night--skewered that troll, split him open, gutted him, spread his entrails all over the bridge and turned the water under the bridge blood red. And then the Big Billy Goat Gruff, dripping in blood, trotted on across the bridge into the meadow and the whole family ate the grass. Well, the Big Billy Goat Gruff and the troll are abroad in the land today, but which is which remains to be determined. This bill ordinarily would be of no great interest to me.