*Philistine commander* ***General A–*** *is standing with his troops. He is waiting for news from the front line, where Goliath continues to challenge the Israelite army. After forty days nobody has dared to accept Goliath’s offer of hand-to-hand combat.*

*Enter* ***Corporal J–****, running, out of breath.*

*GA: What, what? What news from the front, dear boy?*

*CJ: Not good, sir. Our champion – Goliath – is slain!*

*GA: You’re having a 1.\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_! Are you sure?*

*CJ: Yes, sir. I saw it with my own eyes. You could have knocked me down with a 2.\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_! Proper flabbergasted, we were!*

*GA: What? But, but – a whole army must have defeated him. Two armies? Three? Ten thousand fighting men?*

*CJ: Er, not exactly.*

*GA: Well – a great battalion? Words fail me, man. A platoon?*

*CJ: Not really.*

*GA: At least a brace of well-armed fighting men?*

*CJ: You know, I was blown away by what happened. We all felt 3.\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_-shocked. Your 4.\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ is an absolute 5.\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, sir!*

*GA: Are you telling me that our strongest man Goliath was slain by the hand of one individual? Surely a great champion? A hero? [Pause.] Speak man!*

*CJ: You know, nobody saw it coming, to be honest, sir. It was a bit of a shock to the old 6.\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. It’s hit us all like a ton of 7.\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_, truth be told.*

*GA: So it was one of their great champions? As tall as a house? As wide as a barn? No? Am I close? I’m at a 8.\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ for 9.\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_. You’re saying that one of their soldiers killed our Goliath?*

*CJ: It wasn’t exactly a soldier. Ah…*

*GA: Then who was it? A great man…? A normal man? A seven-stone weakling? [Pause. Shouting:] IT WAS A MAN?*

*CJ: Well – I think you are going to be in for a bit of a 10.\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ here, sir. Do you want to sit down?*

*GA: Tell me, man! What? No! It was a youth? A boy? A child? I’m – I’m – I’m speechless! Struck dumb!*

*CJ: You know, it certainly raised a few 11.\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ where I was standing, to be fair.*

*GA: But a boy who was under the orders of – ?*

*CJ: No. He was alone. Yeah. I know! I had to do a double-take myself, but seeing is believing.*

*GA: But he was dressed in the strongest armour; you know, the best helmet and protective gear available?*

*CJ: Well – no. He was dressed as a shepherd. They said he had only come to bring a few sandwiches.*

*GA: Well, I never did! Are you sure he didn’t carry with him a great sword, or spear, or javelin with which he defeated our beloved champion, Goliath?*

*CJ: Not really. Just a shepherd’s sling and a few smooth stones, as far as I could tell.*

*GA: Well, I’m completely gobsmacked! I don’t believe it!*

*CJ: I know. I thought I’d seen it all but… [Lets out a long whistle.] I can’t get over it, really.*

*GA: But surely he must have used the most devious and underhand tactics? Did he play dirty? He must have used the 12.\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ of surprise? Surely he must have leaped from out of 13.\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ and caught Goliath off- 14.\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_? You know – unawares? Poor chap must have fairly jumped out of his 15.\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_!*

*CJ: Not really. The kid just hurled a stone from his sling and it hit Goliath BANG on the forehead – first time! I suppose it did come a bit out of the 16.\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_ – nobody was expecting THAT!*

*GA: How about that! That really takes the 17.\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_! What a turn-up for the 18.\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_! Well, all I can think of is that this kid must have had some sort of secret weapon – some kind of trick up his sleeve?*

*CJ: I don’t think so. The people were saying that the LORD his God was with him. But apart from that…*