

The Three Billy Goats Gruff

Once upon a time there were three Billy Goats Gruff.

One day, they saw a field of sweet green grass on the other side of the valley so they decided to cross the bridge.

Underneath the bridge lived a terrible, grumpy troll. He never let anyone cross the bridge and he always gobbled them up for breakfast.

The smallest Billy Goat Gruff was the first to try and cross the bridge. Trip-trap, trip-trap went his hooves as he walked across the bridge.

“Who’s that trip-trapping over my bridge?” growled the troll from under the bridge.

“It’s only me, little Billy Goat Gruff,” said the smallest goat.

“Then I’m coming to eat you up!” roared the troll.

“Please don’t eat me, I’m much too little,” said the smallest Billy Goat Gruff. “My brother is coming after me and he is much bigger.”

“Hmm,” grunted the troll. “Then I will wait for him.”

Next the medium sized Billy Goat Gruff came over the bridge. Trip-trap, trip-trap went his hooves as he walked across the bridge.

“Who’s that trip-trapping over my bridge?” growled the troll from under the bridge.

“It’s only me, medium sized Billy Goat Gruff,” said the goat. “Please don’t eat me, I’m much too little,” said the medium sized Billy Goat Gruff. “My brother is coming after me and he is much bigger.”

“Hmm,” grunted the troll. “Then I will wait for him.”

Soon the biggest Billy Goat Gruff came over the bridge. Trip-trap, trip-trap went his hooves.

“Who’s that trip-trapping over my bridge?” growled the troll from under the bridge. “It is I, big Billy Goat Gruff,” said the goat.

“Then I’m coming to eat you up!” roared the troll.

“Oh no you won’t!” The biggest goat shouted and he lowered his horns and charged at the troll. Smack! He butted him right over the edge of the bridge.

The troll fell into the river and was never seen again.

The big Billy Goat Gruff joined his brothers to enjoy munching on the sweet, green grass.