

# The Three Billy Goats Gruff

Once upon a time, there were three Billy Goats Gruff. They lived in a valley in the hills. One day, they saw a field of sweet, green grass on the other side of the valley. They decided to go there. To reach the valley, the three billy goats had to cross a river.

There was only one bridge across the river and underneath there lived a terrible, grumpy troll. He never let anyone cross and he always gobbled them up for his breakfast. The three goats made a plan.

The smallest Billy Goat Gruff was the first to get to 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.

"It's only me, the little Billy Goat Gruff," said the smallest goat.

"Then I'm going to eat you up!" roared the troll.

"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. "Who's that trip trapping over my bridge?" growled the troll.

"It's only me, the medium-sized Billy Goat Gruff," said the goat.

"Then I'm going to eat you up!" roared the troll.

"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.

"It's me. Big Billy Goat Gruff," said the goat.

"Then I'm going to eat you up!" roared the troll.

