

# The Three Billy Goats Gruff

Once upon a time, there were three Billy Goats Gruff who lived in a valley. One day, they made a plan to cross a bridge that had a grumpy troll underneath.

The smallest Billy Goat Gruff came to 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.

“But my brother is much bigger. You should wait for him” said the smallest Billy Goat Gruff.

Next, the medium-sized Billy Goat Gruff came to the bridge.

“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.

“But my brother is much bigger. You should wait for him” said the medium-sized Billy Goat Gruff.

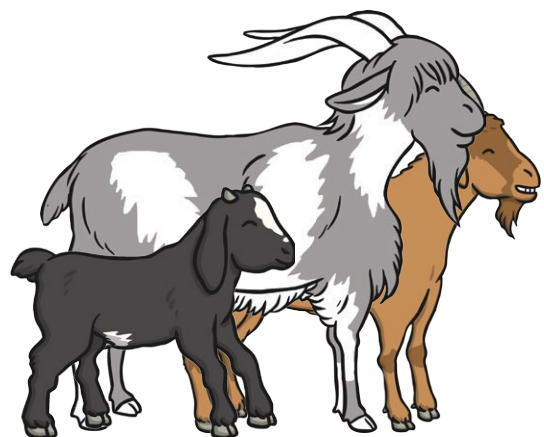
Soon, the biggest Billy Goat Gruff came to the bridge.

“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.

“Oh no you won’t!” shouted the biggest goat, and he butted him off the bridge. The troll was never seen again.



# The Three Billy Goats Gruff

Once upon a time, there were three Billy Goats Gruff who lived in a valley. One day, they saw a field of sweet, green grass, but to get there they had to cross a bridge and underneath there lived a terrible, grumpy troll. The three goats made a plan.

The smallest Billy Goat Gruff came to 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." So the troll waited for him.

Next, the medium-sized Billy Goat Gruff came over the bridge.

"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." So the troll waited for him.

Soon, the biggest Billy Goat Gruff came over the bridge.

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

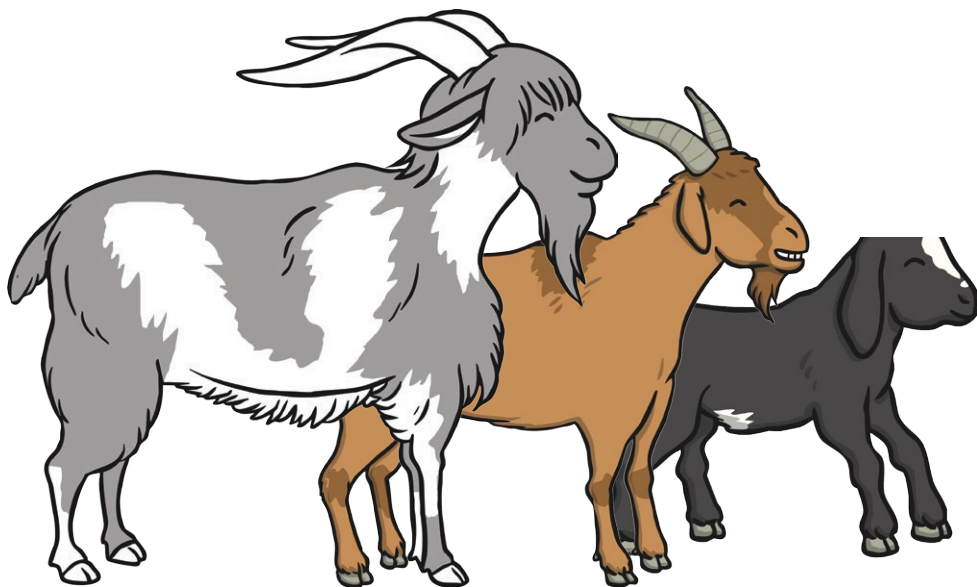


“It’s me. Big Billy Goat Gruff,” said the goat.

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

“Oh no you won’t!” shouted the biggest goat, and he 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. They found their field of sweet, green grass and ate lots.



# 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.

“Oh no you won’t!” shouted the biggest goat, 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. They found their field of sweet, green grass and ate their fill.

