

The Three Billy Goats Gruff



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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. So 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 the bridge, he always gobbled them up for breakfast.



The three goats made a plan. 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 goes trip-trap 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.

