The Three Billy Goats Gruff
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Once upon a time, there were three billy goats. They lived together on a grassy hill.

The three goats were always hungry. They ate and ate and ate. Soon all the grass was gone.
One day, the goats looked up. What a surprise! They saw green grass on the next hill!

“Look at that!” said Little Billy Goat Gruff. “That grass is long. That grass is green. That grass is for me! I can get to that grass if I go over the bridge.”
Little Billy Goat Gruff walked onto the bridge. *Trip, trap, trip, trap, trip, trap* went his feet.

But he didn’t know that a troll lived under the bridge.
The troll heard something. “Who’s that walking over my bridge?” he shouted.

Little Billy Goat Gruff was afraid. He whispered, “It is I, Little Billy Goat Gruff.”

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

“Oh, Mr. Troll, please don’t eat me up! I’m the smallest goat. My big brother is coming soon. He is bigger! He is juicier! Please wait and eat him up!” begged the little goat.
“All right,” said the troll. “You may cross. I will wait for your big brother.”

The little goat crossed the bridge. He was so hungry! He began to eat the green grass. It was delicious! Soon the middle goat saw him eating.

“Look at that!” said Middle Billy Goat Gruff. “That grass is long. That grass is green. That grass is for me! I can get to that grass if I go over the bridge.”
Middle Billy Goat Gruff walked onto the bridge. *Trip, trap, trip, trap, trip, trap* went his feet.

But he didn’t know that a troll lived under the bridge.
The troll heard something. “Who’s that walking over my bridge?” he shouted.

Middle Billy Goat Gruff was afraid. He said softly, “It is I, Middle Billy Goat Gruff.”

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

“Oh, Mr. Troll, please don’t eat me up! I’m the middle goat. My big brother is coming soon. He is bigger! He is juicier! Please wait and eat him up!” begged the middle goat.
“All right,” said the troll. “You may cross. I will wait for your big brother.”

The middle goat crossed the bridge. He was so hungry! He began to eat the green grass. It was delicious! Soon the big goat saw him eating.

“Look at that!” said Big Billy Goat Gruff. “That grass is long. That grass is green. That grass is for me! I can get to that grass if I go over the bridge.”
Big Billy Goat Gruff walked onto the bridge. TRIP, TRAP, TRIP, TRAP, TRIP, TRAP went his feet.

But he didn’t know that a troll lived under the bridge.
The troll heard something. “Who’s that walking over my bridge?” he shouted.

Big Billy Goat Gruff was not afraid. He said loudly, “It is I, Big Billy Goat Gruff.”

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

Big Billy Goat Gruff said, “That’s what you think, Mr. Troll. Come up here. I’m not afraid of you.”
The troll climbed onto the bridge. Then the big goat put his head down and began to run.

CRASH! The goat ran right into the troll!

“Take that, Mr. Troll!” shouted Big Billy Goat Gruff. “It’s time for you to go for a swim!”
The troll flew into the air and off the bridge.

“Help! I’m falling!” cried the troll. “A-H-H-H!”

SPLASH! SPLASH!
“Good-bye, Mr. Troll!” yelled the three goats. “Now we can eat! This grass is long. This grass is green. This grass is for us!”