

The Three Billy Goats Gruff

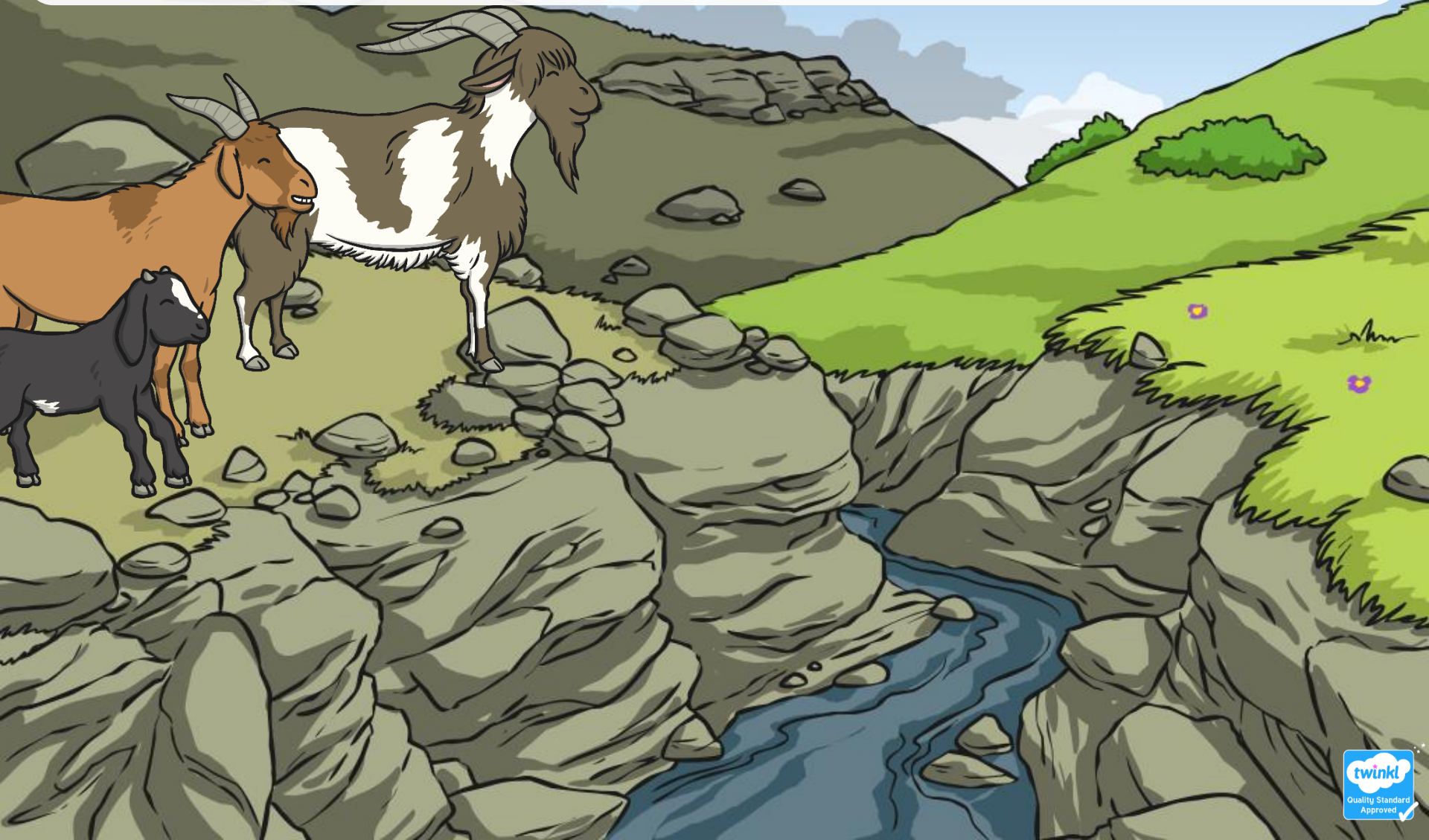


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Once upon a time there were three Billy Goats Gruff. They lived in a valley in the hills.



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.



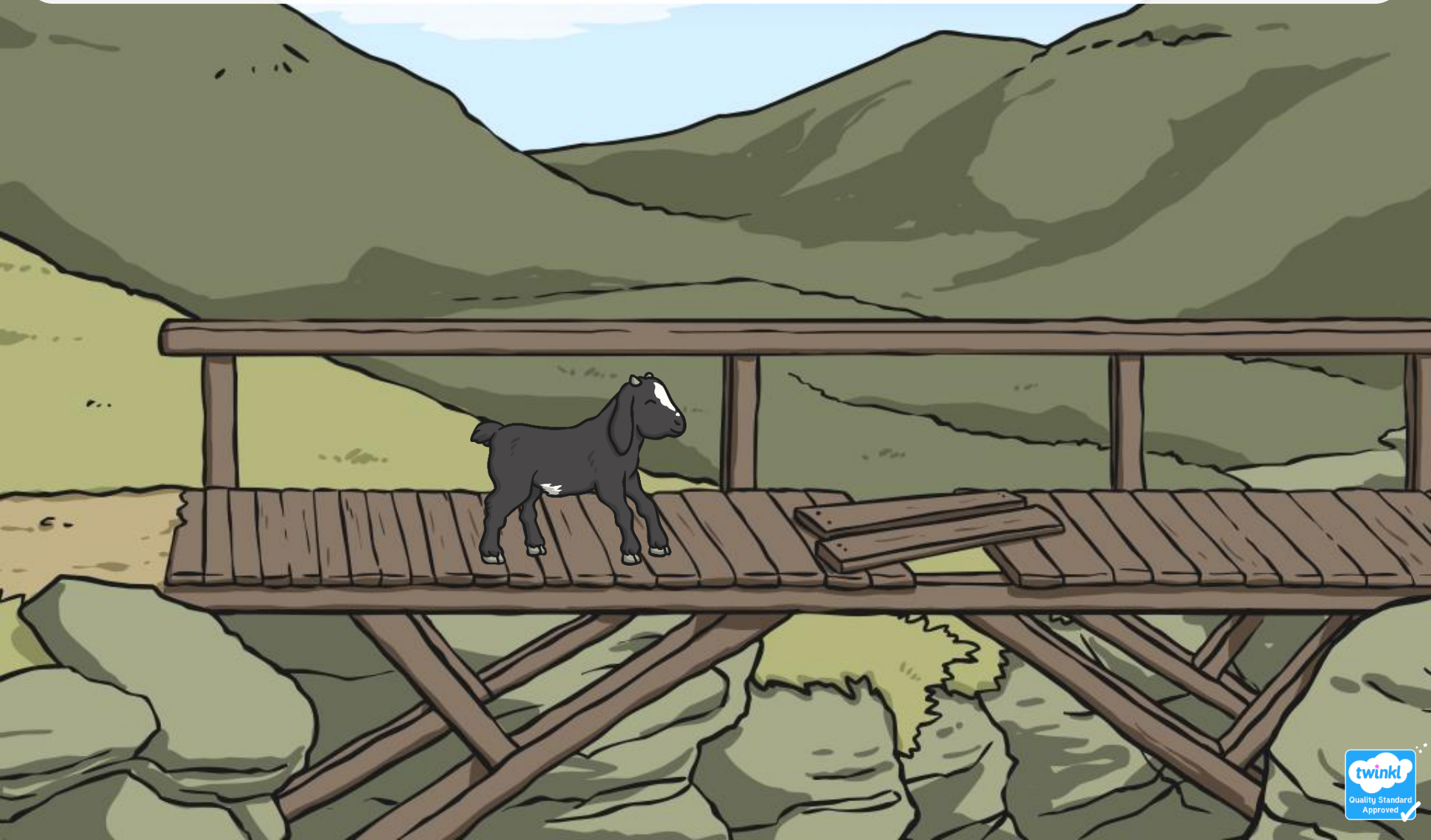
There was only one bridge across the river and underneath there lived a terrible, grumpy troll. He never let anyone cross the bridge, he always gobbled them up for breakfast.



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.

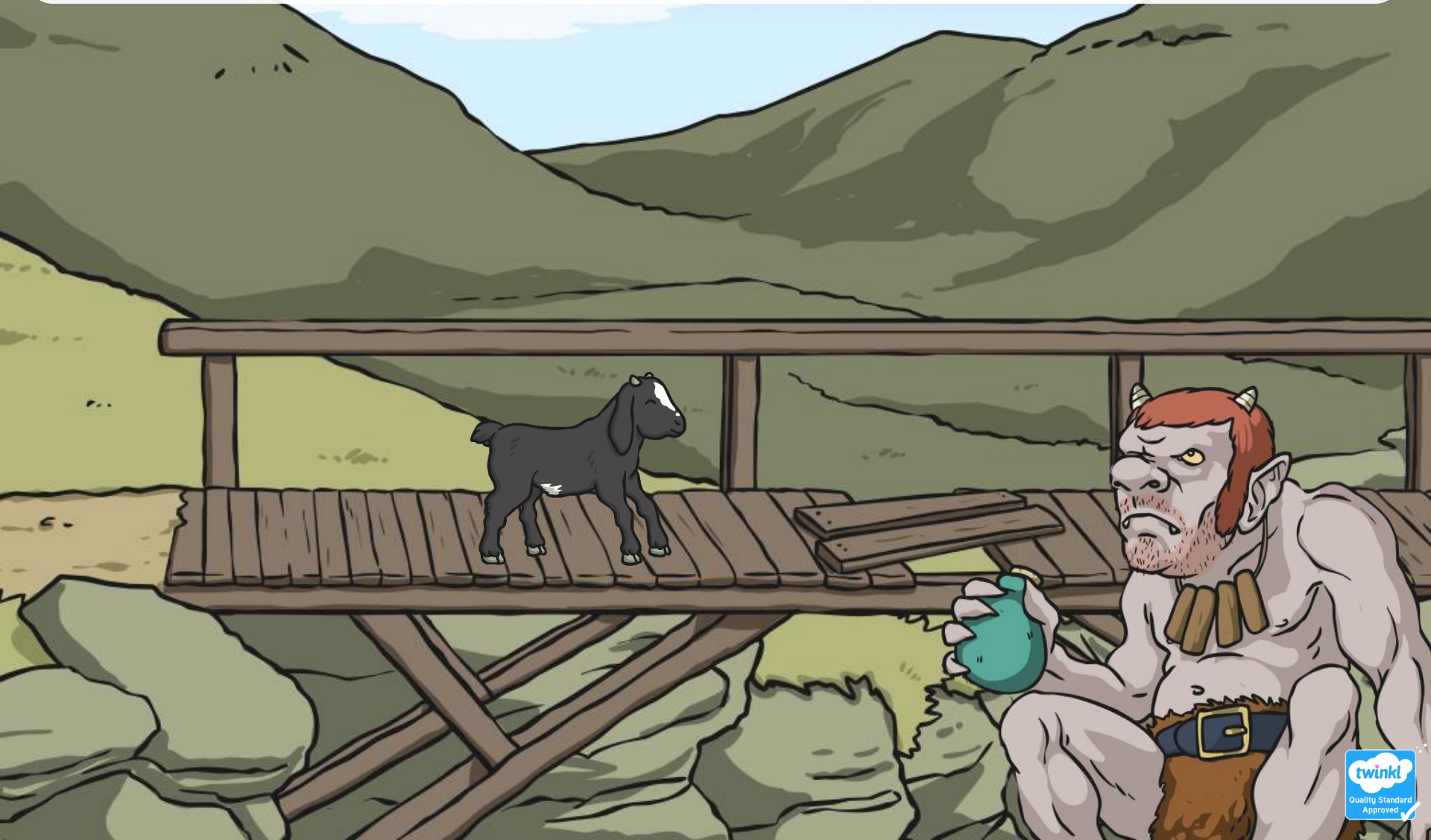


“Please don’t eat me, I’m much too little,” said the smallest Billy Goat Gruff. “My brother is coming after me and he is much bigger.”



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

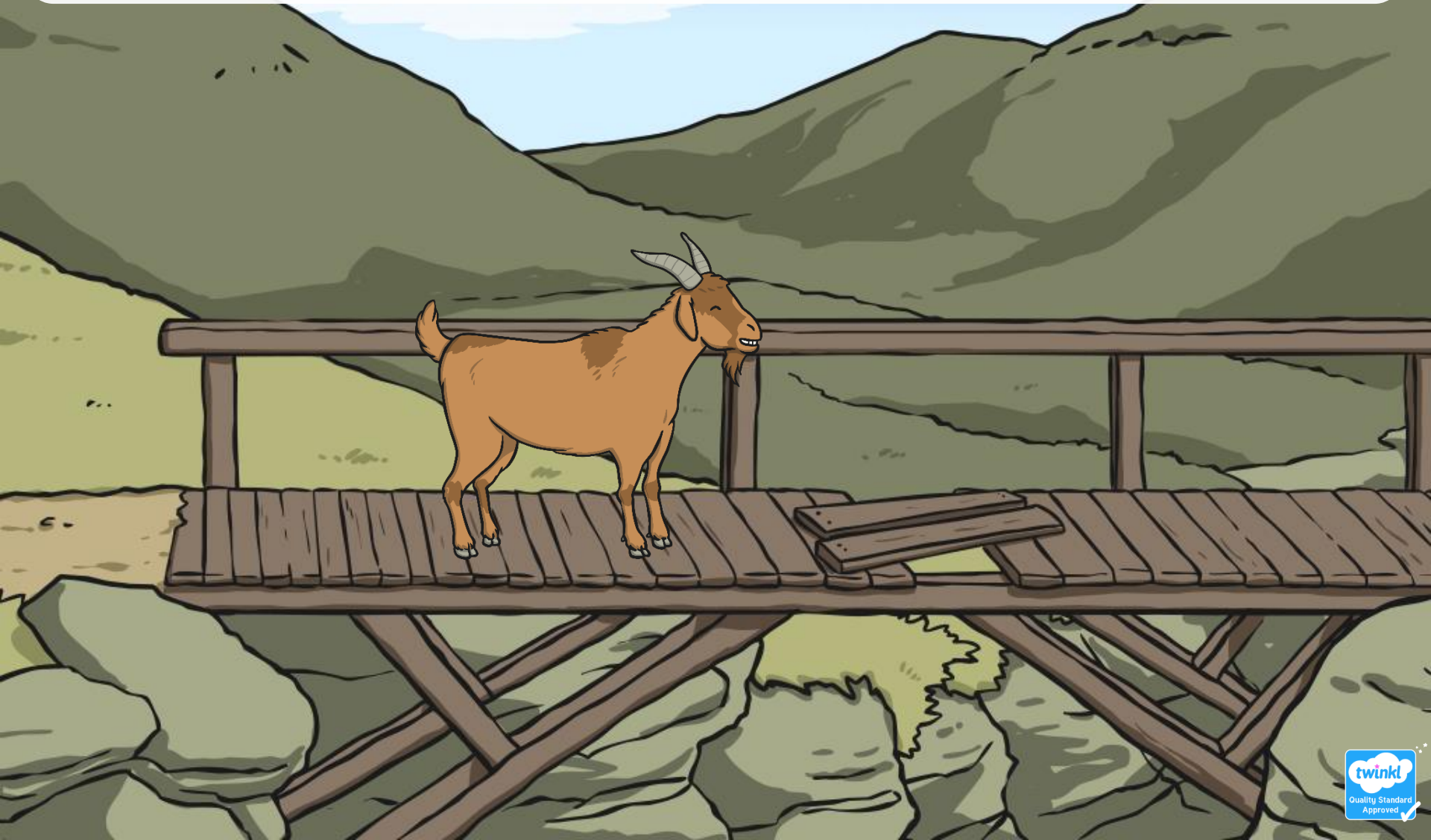
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Next the medium sized Billy Goat Gruff came over the bridge.
Trip-trap, trip-trap went his hooves as he walked across the
bridge.



“Who goes trip-trap over my bridge?” growled the troll from under the bridge. “It’s only me, medium sized Billy Goat Gruff,” said the goat.



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



“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.”

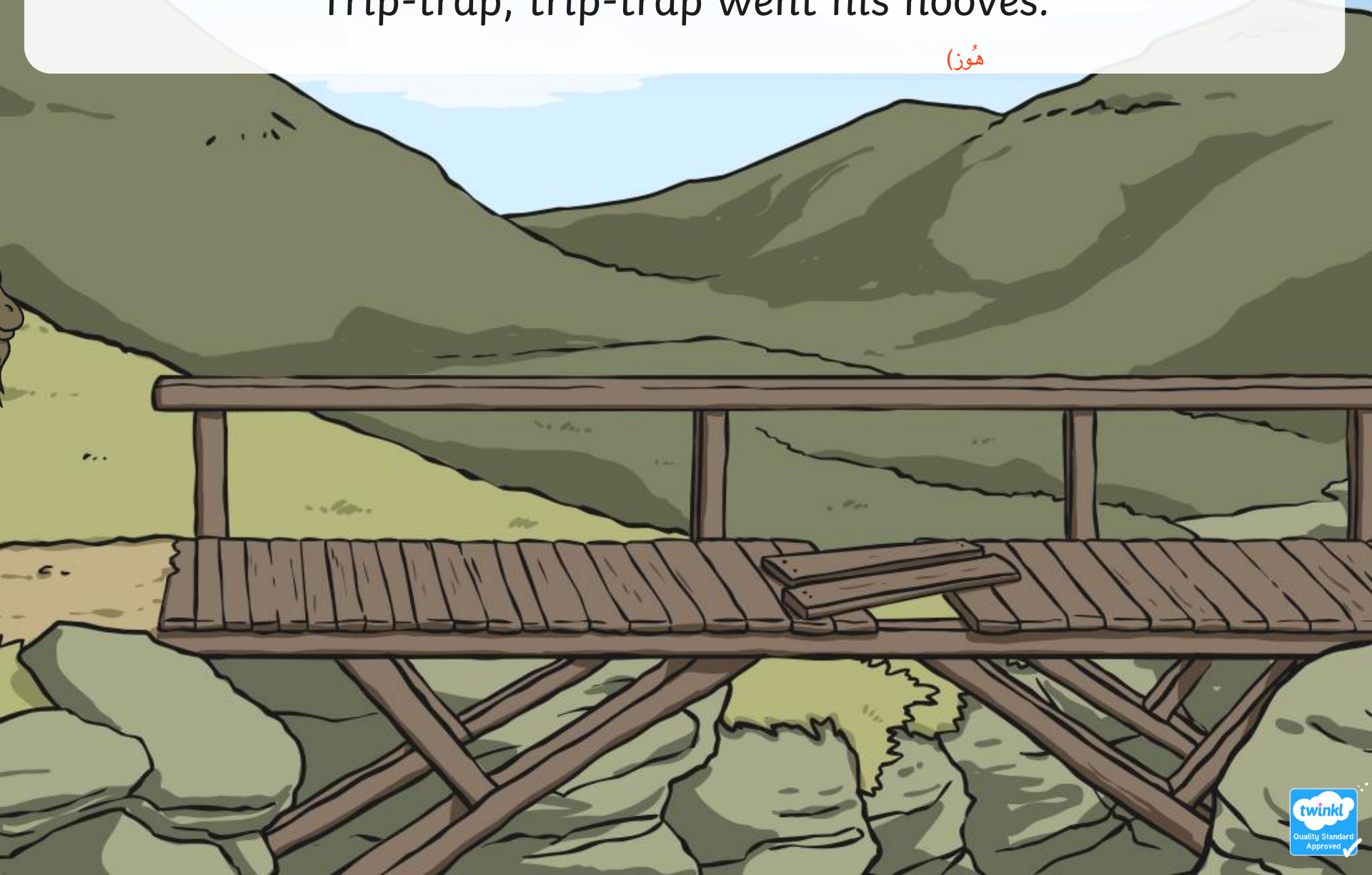


“Hmm,” grunted the troll. “Then I will wait for him.”



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

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



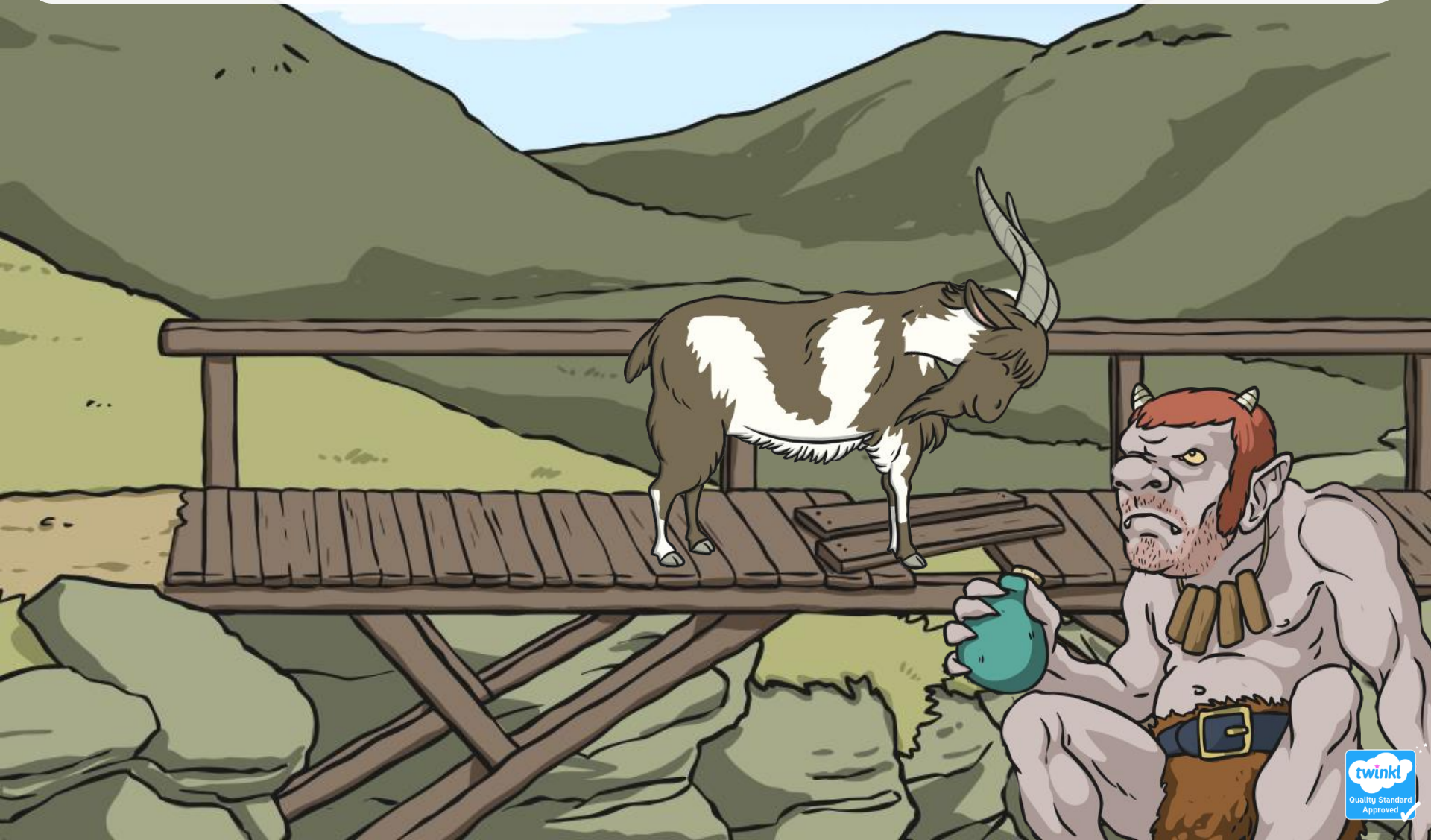
“Then I’m coming to eat you up!” roared the troll.



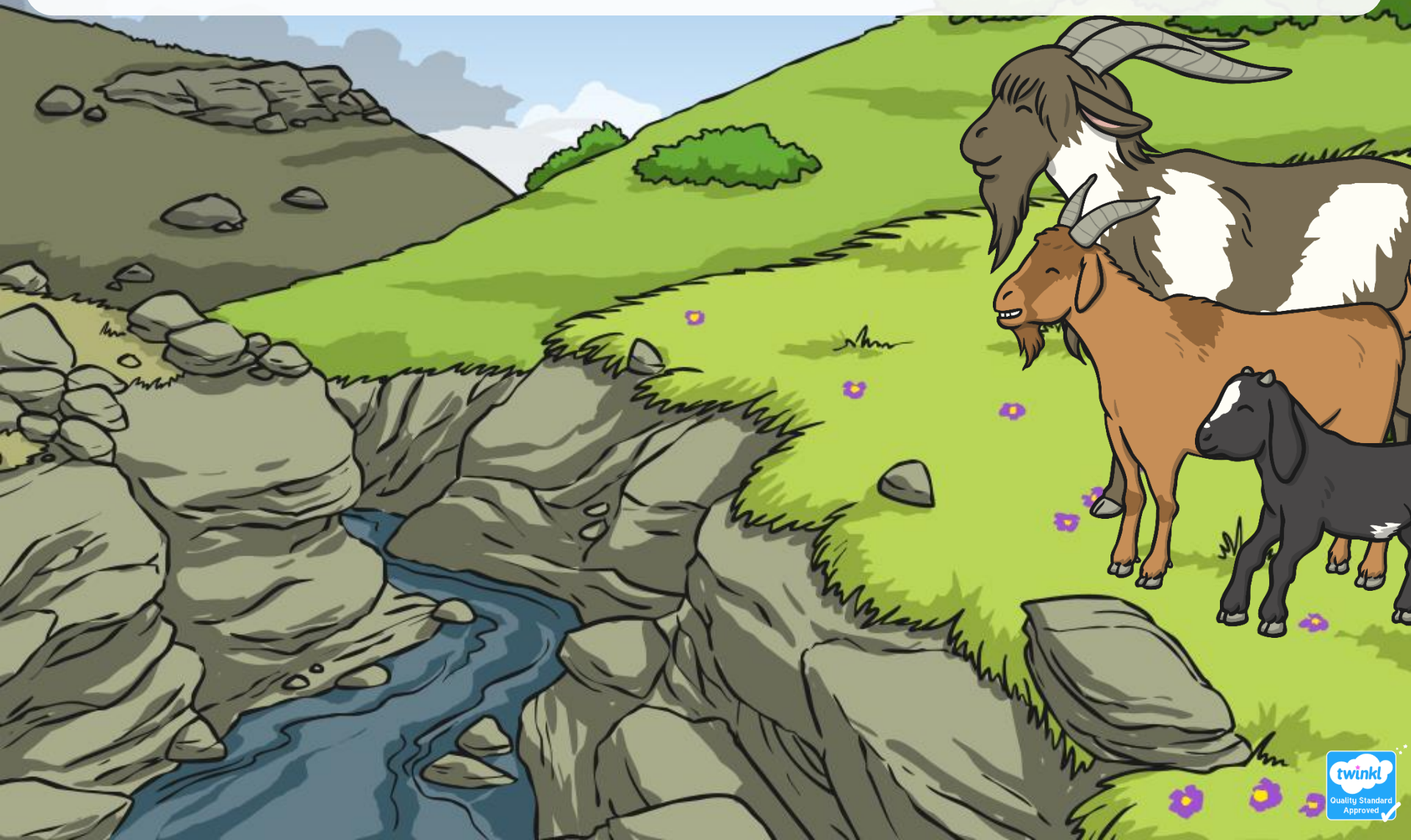
“Oh no you won’t!” The biggest goat shouted and he lowered his horns and charged at the troll. Smack! He butted him right over the edge of the bridge.

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The big Billy Goat Gruff joined his brothers. They found their field of sweet green grass and ate their fill.



The End





Questions:

1. Why did the Three Billy Goats want to cross the bridge?
2. What did the troll hear as the goats crossed the bridge?
3. Why did the troll wait for the next goat?
4. Do you like that the goat butted the troll off the bridge? If so/not then why?
5. What was your favourite part of the story? Why?
6. Can you think of a different ending to the story?
7. If you were going to try and cross the river and you knew the troll lived there, how would you do it so you didn't get caught?