

The Three Billy Goats Gruff

There were three billy goats with the name Gruff. The three little billy goats Gruff were going up a mountain to eat and get fat. On the path up the mountain was a bridge over a river. Under the bridge, there lived a nasty, old, drooling troll. The littlest billy goat Gruff crossed the bridge first. "Clip, clop, clip, clop." "Who is crossing my bridge?" shouted the troll. "It's just me. The tiniest billy goat Gruff," he said. "I like eating goats." said the troll. "No, no! I'm too small! Wait for my brother. He's bigger," said the tiny billy goat. "Oh, all right. I like big goats," said the troll.

Next came the bigger billy goat Gruff. "Clip, clop, clip, clop." "If that's you billy goat Gruff, I'm going to eat you for lunch!" growled the troll. "No, no! Wait for my brother. He's much fatter!" said the middle-sized goat. "OK, fine. I'll wait then," grumbled the troll.

Finally, the biggest billy goat Gruff walked across the bridge. "CLIP, CLOP, CLIP, CLOP." "Biggest billy goat Gruff, here I come to eat you up! I'm hungry!" snarled the troll.

"You're hungry, but I'm strong," said the goat. "If you try to eat me, you'll be sorry!" The troll tried to catch the biggest billy goat Gruff. But the biggest billy goat Gruff charged and knocked the troll into the river, and it washed him away.

"They don't call us Gruff for nothing!" the biggest billy goat said. The three billy goats Gruff went up to the top of the mountain. They ate and got fat!