

The Billy Goats Gruff



Once upon a time there were three billy goats, and the name of all three was Gruff. One day the three Billy goats Gruff set off to the hills where the sweet grass grew. There they would eat and eat until they were fat.

On the way was a bridge over a stream, and under this bridge there lived a troll. His eyes were round as saucers, and his nose was long as a poker.

First of all came the youngest Billy-goat Gruff to cross the bridge.

"Trip trap! Trip trap. Trip trap! Trip trap!" went the bridge.

"Who's that tripping over my bridge?" roared the Troll.

"Oh, it's only me, the littlest Billy-goat Gruff and I'm going off to the hills to make myself fat," said the

littlest Billy-goat Gruff, in such a tiny voice.

"Now I'm coming to gobble you up!" said the Troll.

"Oh no, please don't take me. I'm far too little," said the billy goat. "Wait until the second billy-goat comes – he's much bigger."

"Very well – be off with you," said the Troll.

"TRIP TRAP! TRIP TRAP! TRIP TRAP! TRIP TRAP!" went the bridge.

"Who's that tripping over my bridge?" roared the Troll.

"Oh, it's only the second Billy-goat Gruff, and I'm going off to the hills to make myself fat," said the second Billy-goat Gruff, who hadn't such a small voice.

"Now I'm coming to gobble you up!" said the Troll.

"Oh no, please don't do that. Wait until the big billy goat comes – he's much bigger."

"Very well, be off with you," said the Troll.

Just then along came the big Billy-goat Gruff.

"TRIP TRAP! TRIP TRAP! TRIP TRAP! TRIP TRAP!" went the bridge, for the bill billy goat was so heavy that the bridge groaned and creaked beneath him.

"Who's that trapping over my bridge?" roared the Troll.

"IT'S ME! THE BIG BILLY – GOAT GRUFF!" said the billy goat, who had a great hoarse voice of his own.

"Now I'm coming to gobble you up!" roared the Trollo.

"Well come along, I'm ready for you!" said the big Billy – goat Gruff. Up climbed the Troll, and the big Billy – goat Gruff put down his horns, and tossed the Troll off the bridge into the stream. SPLASH! Then the big Billy – goat Gruff crossed the bridge and went up to the hills.

There the three Billy - goats Gruff got so fat that they wew barely able to wald home again; and if the fat hasn't falled off them, why, they're still fat, and so –

*"Snip, snap, snout.
This tale's told out."*

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