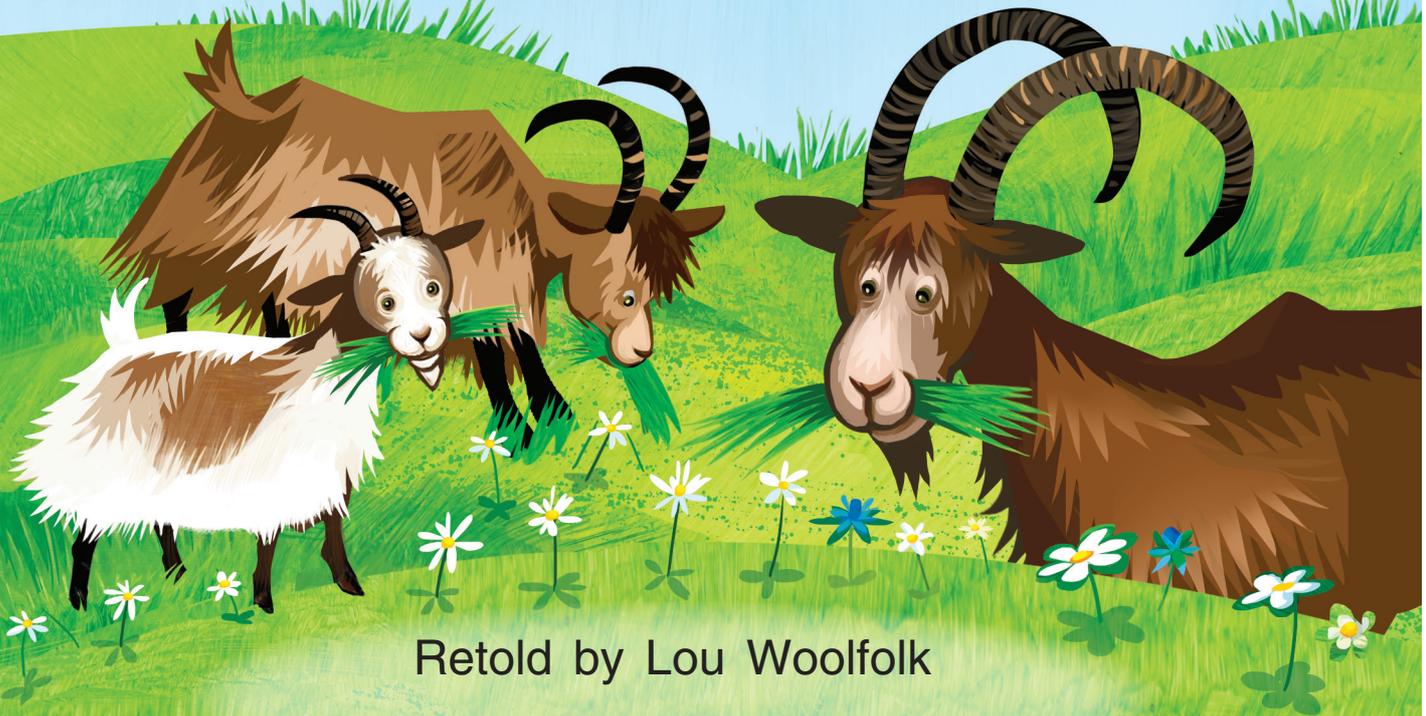


# The Three Billy Goats Gruff



Retold by Lou Woolfolk

Illustrated by Joanna Czernichowska

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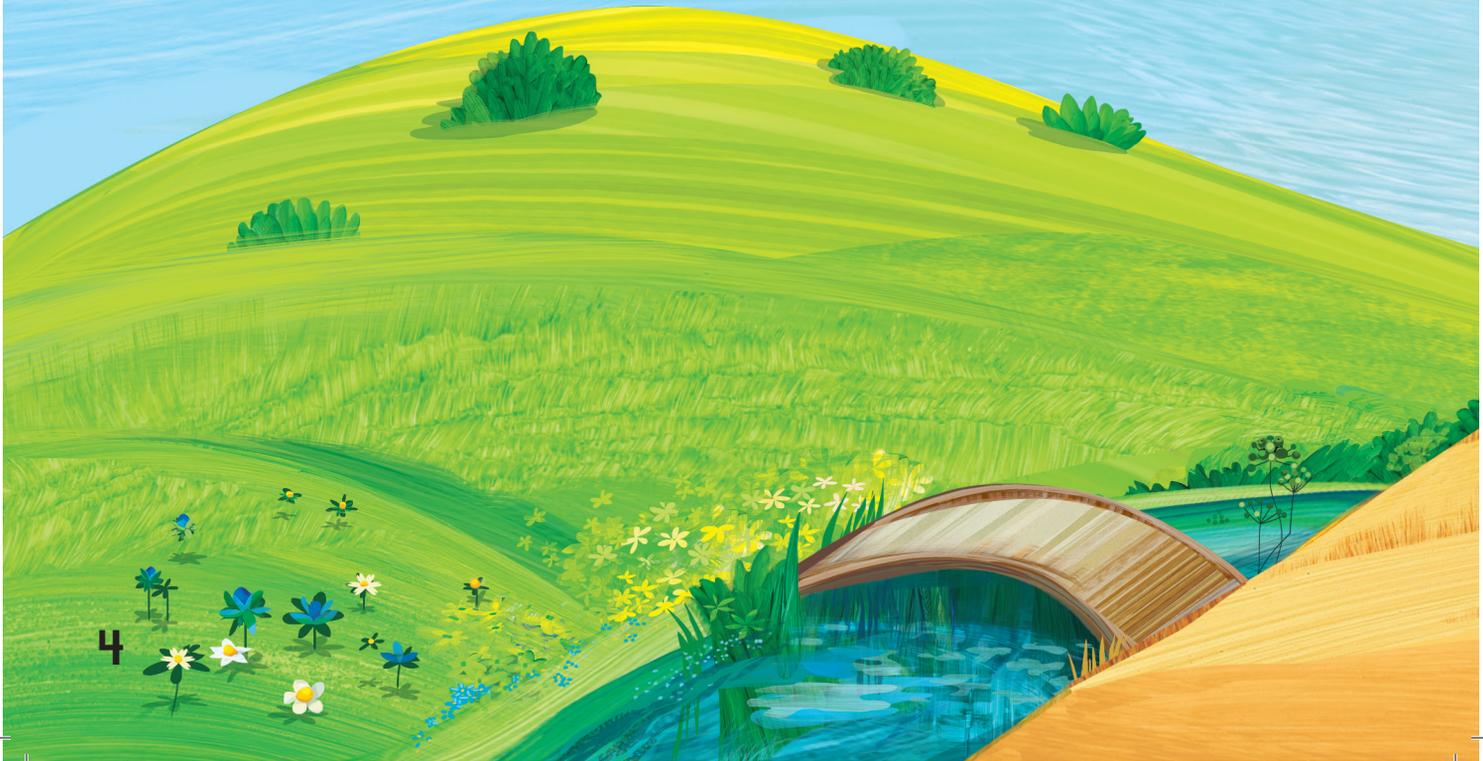


Long ago,  
there were three billy goats  
called the Three Billy Goats Gruff.



There was a small billy goat,  
and there was a not-so-small billy goat,  
and there was a big billy goat, too.

One day, the smallest billy goat said,  
“I am hungry. There is grass to eat  
on that hill. It looks very good.  
I want to go there and eat.”



“Me, too,” said the not-so-small billy goat.

“Me, three!” said the big billy goat.



*Trip trap, trip trap*  
went the smallest billy goat  
over the bridge  
to get to the hill with the grass.  
But there was a troll under the bridge.

“Who goes there?” said the troll.  
“I’m going to eat you up!”



“You do not want to eat me,”  
cried the smallest billy goat.

“My brother is coming,  
and he is much bigger than I am.  
He will fill your belly better.”

The troll had a think.  
Then he said, “Okay.”





The smallest billy goat went on his way  
to eat the grass.

The not-so-small billy goat  
came after his brother.  
Over the bridge he went  
*trip trap, trip trap.*  
Out came the troll.

“Who goes there?”  
said the troll.  
“I’m going to  
eat you up!”

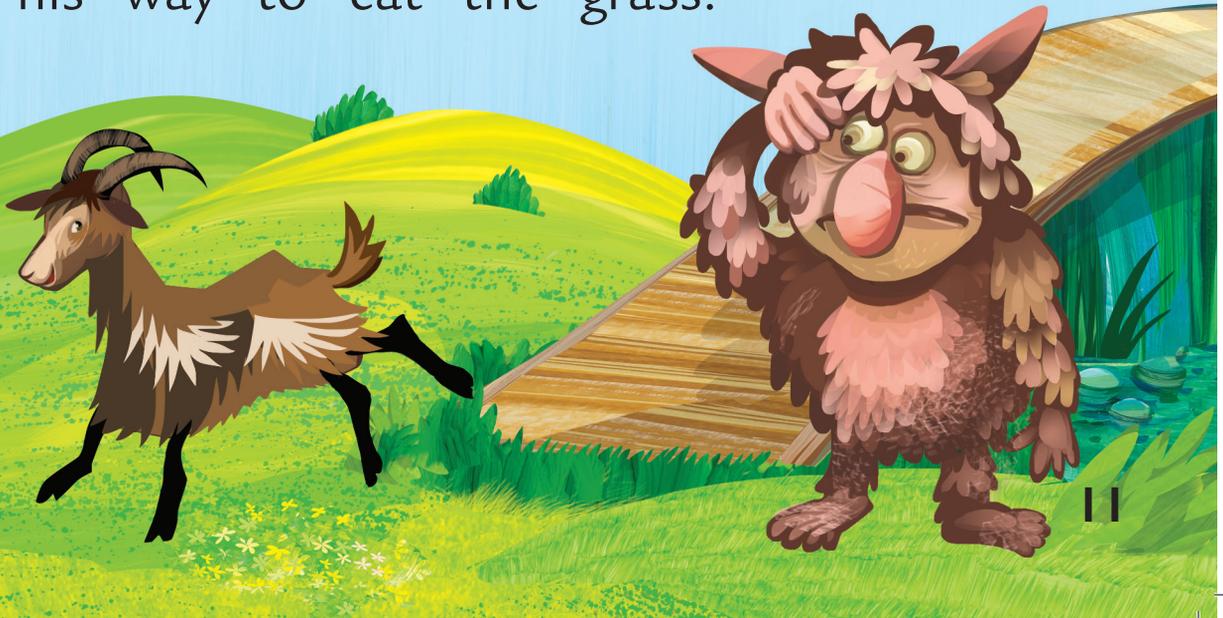


The not-so-small billy goat  
said the same thing his brother had said.

The troll had a think.

Then he said, "Okay."

And the not-so-small billy goat went  
on his way to eat the grass.



At last came the biggest billy goat.

*Trip trap, trip trap!*

Over the bridge he went.

“Here you are!” the troll said.

“You are the biggest,  
and you are the best  
for me to eat.

Get in my belly!”



The biggest billy goat had a think.  
Then he said,  
“Come and get me!”

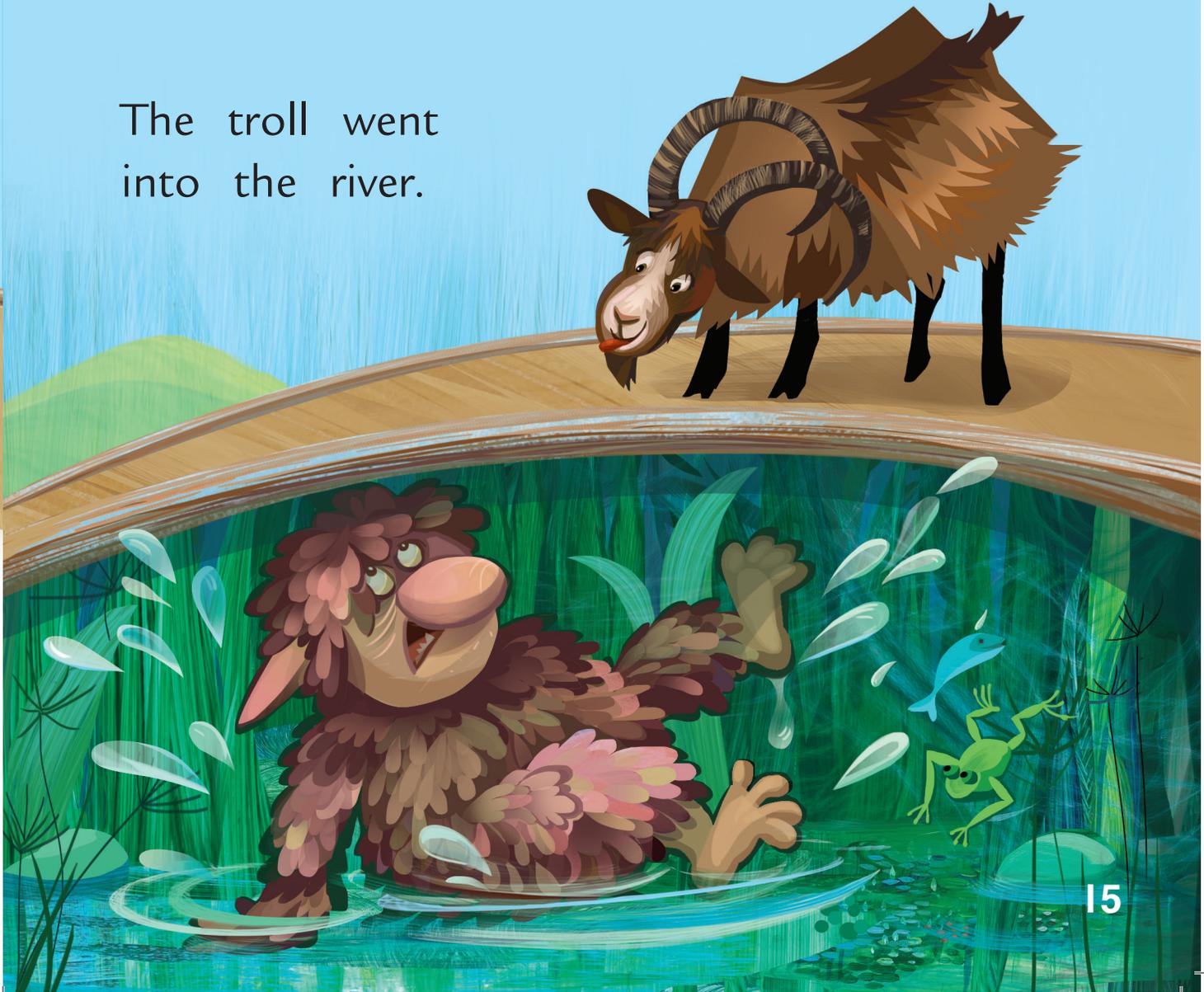


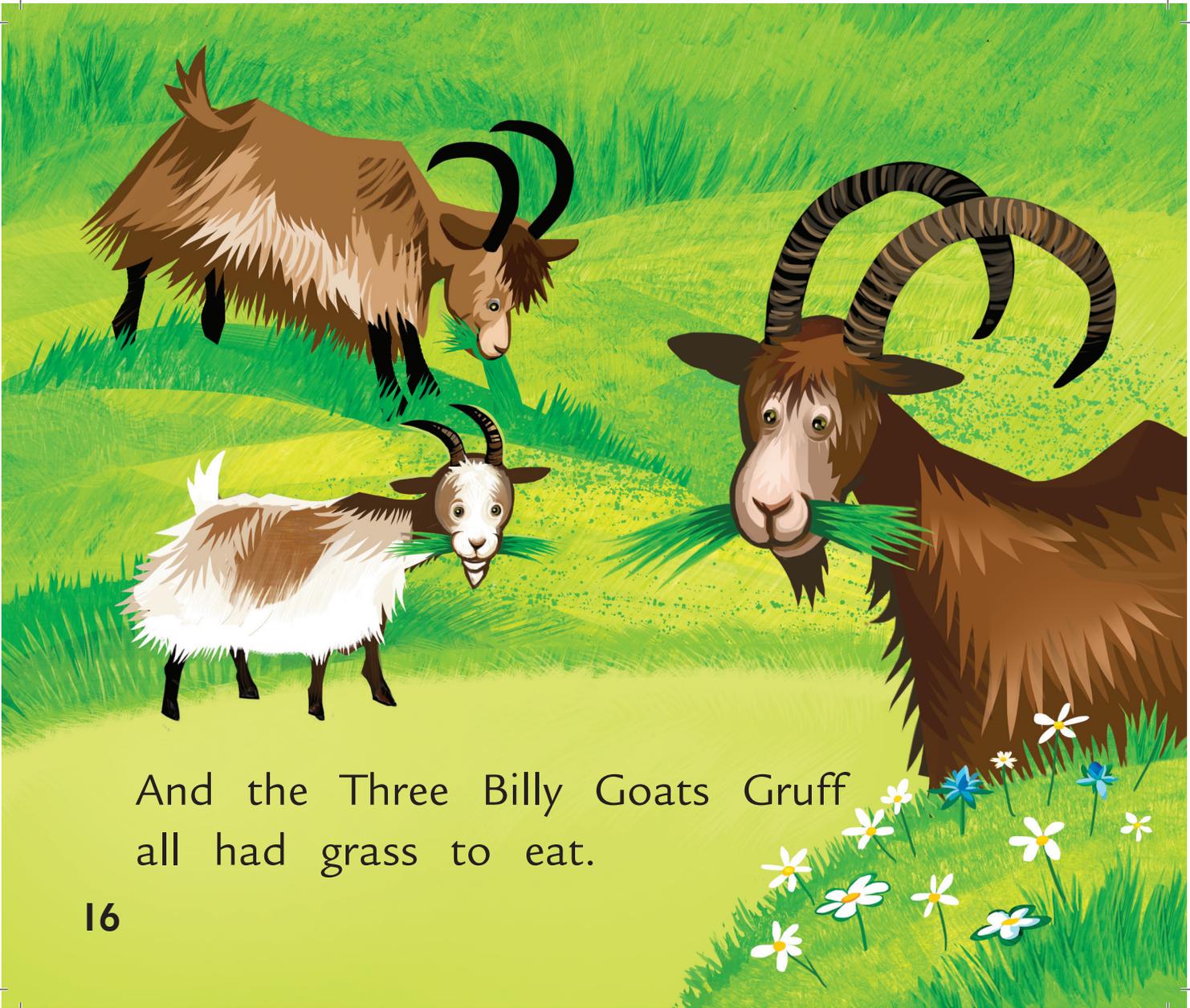


The troll ran at the biggest billy goat,  
and the biggest billy goat ran at the troll.  
The billy goat hit the troll with his horns.

***THUNK!***

The troll went  
into the river.





And the Three Billy Goats Gruff  
all had grass to eat.

