

Fairytales Kingdom

The Story of The Three Billy Goats Gruff

Not far from Long-Lost Wood there flowed a Silver River, and OVER the Silver River someone had built a rickety-rackety bridge, which creaked and wobbled whenever anyone scampered across it.

Most of the people and ALL of the animals scampered across it as swiftly as they could, because UNDER the bridge there lived a damp and dangerous Troll. The only creatures who didn't care about the damp and dangerous Troll were the Three Billy Goats Gruff. (All THEY cared about was grass.)

One sunny morning, Little Billy Goat, Middle Billy Goat and Big Billy Goat gazed across the Silver River and sighed three grumpy sighs. Aaah, Aaaaaah, AAAAAHHHH. Their own grass just didn't seem as sweet as usual.

Little Billy Goat stamped his tiny feet and bleated, "The grass is greener on the other side of the Silver River. I'm going to cross the bridge."

"Look out for the Troll," cried the rabbits. "He'll snatch you with his nasty green claws."

"I don't care about HIM," said Little Billy Goat, and off he trotted, trip-trap trip-trap, over the rickety-rackety bridge. The boards creaked and wobbled – and out jumped the Troll.

"Who's that crossing MY bridge and giving me a headache?" he grumbled. "And why shouldn't I eat you at once?"

Little Billy Goat giggled, "Because I'm far too small and skinny. Middle Billy Goat is MUCH tastier than me. Wait for him." Then he skipped away to chew the greener grass.

"Well," bleated Middle Billy Goat. "That looked easy. I think I'll cross the bridge now."

"Don't go!" cried the rabbits. "The Troll will spike you with his nasty yellow teeth."

"I don't care about HIM," said Middle Billy Goat, and off he trotted, trip-trap trip-trap, over the rickety-rackety bridge. The boards creaked and wobbled – and out jumped the Troll.

"Who's that crossing MY bridge and giving me a headache?" rumbled the Troll. "And why shouldn't I eat you at once?"

Middle Billy Goat giggled. "Because I'm hardly more than a mouthful, and Big Billy Goat is MUCH larger than me. Wait for him." Then he skipped away to chew the greener grass.



“My turn,” bleated Big Billy Goat, trotting towards the Silver River.

“Come back,” cried the rabbits. “The Troll will squash you with his nasty blue feet.”

But Big Billy Goat didn’t care. He was already trip-trapping over the rickety-rackety bridge. The boards creaked and wobbled more noisily than ever – and out jumped the Troll.

“Who’s that, crossing MY bridge and giving me a HUGE headache?” he thundered. “And why shouldn’t I eat you at once?”

“Because of THIS,” bellowed Big Billy Goat, lowering his head and biffing the Troll with his two heavy horns.

“Oof!” howled the Troll, bashing Big Billy Goat’s nose.

“Ouch!” sneezed Big Billy Goat, charging at the Troll’s tummy. And at that moment the rickety-rackety bridge creaked and wobbled and snapped in half!

Big Billy Goat dived towards his brothers, the Troll made an enormous splash, and the rabbits cheered until their throats were sore.

At last, the Three Billy Goats Gruff were on the greenest side of the Silver River, where the grass didn’t taste ONE BIT sweeter than usual. In fact, it gave them such terrible hiccups, they all wished they could trip-trap home – but of course they couldn’t.

As for the Troll, he swam away to live under a splendid stony bridge which didn’t creak or wobble – so he never, ever had a headache again (and I’m told he’s quite friendly now).

The end

