



Once upon a time, there were three billy goats, and the name of all three was "Gruff."

There was not much grass where they lived, and they wanted to go up to the nearby hillside where the greenest green grass grew.

BUT: to get there, they had to cross a bridge over a rushing stream. And under the bridge lived a great ugly **TROLL!**

So first came the youngest Billy Goat Gruff to cross the bridge.

"Trip, trap, trip, trap!" over the bridge he went.

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

"Oh, it is only I, the tiniest Billy Goat Gruff, and I'm going up to the hillside to eat the green green grass," said the billy goat, in a wee small voice.

"Now, I'm coming to gobble you up," said the troll.

"Oh, no! Please don't take me. I'm so little!" said the billy goat. "Wait a bit til my brother, the second Billy Goat Gruff, comes. He's much bigger."

"Well, be off with you," said the troll.

A little while after the second Billy Goat Gruff came to cross the bridge.

Trippeddy- trap, trippeddy-trap, trippeddy-trap, over the bridge he went.

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

"Oh, it's the second Billy Goat Gruff, and I'm going up to the hillside to eat the green green grass," said the billy goat, in a voice that wasn't so small!

"Now I'm coming to gobble you up," said the troll.

"Oh, no! Don't take me. Wait a little till my older brother Billy Goat Gruff comes. He's much bigger."

"Very well! Be off with you," said the troll.

But just then up came the big Billy Goat Gruff.

TRIP, TRAP, TRIP, TRAP, TRIP, TRAP! went the billy goat. He was so heavy that the bridge creaked and groaned under him.

"Who's that tramping over my bridge?" roared the troll.

"It is I! The biggest Billy Goat Gruff!" said the billy goat, who had a loud, strong voice of his own.

"Now I'm coming to gobble you up," roared the troll.

"HA! I'm not afraid!" said the biggest billy goat. And then he charged at the troll with his sharp horns and pushed him right off the bridge. **KERSPLASH!!!**

And after that he went up to the hillside to join his brothers where they happily munched the green green grass until they could eat no more.

**Snip, snap, snout.*

This tale's told out.

*This is a traditional Norwegian story ending, often used at the end of *The Three Billy Goats Gruff*. Children love to chant the rhyme and you may want to try using it during story times for other stories as well!

This telling was adapted by [Stephanie Goloway](#) from [D. L. Ashliman](#), who translated/edited it from the original Norwegian tale.