

Name _____



The Three Billy Goats Gruff

Once upon a time, in a lush meadow by a flowing river, there lived three billy goats: Gruff, Muff, and Tuff. They were small, medium, and large, respectively. The meadow was perfect for grazing, but it was also home to a fearsome troll who lived under the bridge that crossed the river.

One sunny morning, Gruff, the smallest billy goat, decided he was tired of the sparse grass in their meadow and wanted to cross the bridge to the other side, where the grass was much greener. He began to trot towards the bridge, and as he reached it, the troll emerged from beneath, blocking his path.

"Who's that crossing my bridge?" the troll growled in a deep voice. "It's just me, Gruff, the smallest billy goat. Please, Mr. Troll, let me cross," Gruff pleaded. The troll grinned wickedly. "I'm the troll who lives under this bridge, and I eat billy goats for breakfast. You can't cross without my permission." Gruff, quick-witted and resourceful, had an idea. "Wait, Mr. Troll! My brother Muff is coming next, and he's much bigger and tastier. You should wait for him." The troll, enticed by the prospect of a larger meal, agreed to let Gruff pass. Gruff scampered across the bridge and reached the other side safely, where he feasted on the lush, green grass.

Muff, the middle-sized billy goat, soon approached the bridge. The troll once again appeared and growled, "Who's that crossing my bridge?" "It's just me, Muff, the middle-sized billy goat. Please, Mr. Troll, let me cross," Muff requested politely. The troll was about to pounce, but Muff, following Gruff's clever plan, said, "Wait, Mr. Troll! My brother Tuff is coming next, and he's the biggest and tastiest billy goat of all. You should definitely wait for him."

The troll's appetite got the better of him, and he allowed Muff to pass, anticipating a larger meal. Muff crossed the bridge and joined Gruff, enjoying the delicious grass on the other side. Finally, Tuff, the largest billy goat, approached the bridge. The troll appeared once more, growling, "Who's that crossing my bridge?" "It's me, Tuff, the biggest billy goat. Move out of the way, Mr. Troll," Tuff declared with authority.

The troll, realizing that he had been tricked, tried to stop Tuff, but the mighty billy goat lowered his horns and charged. With a powerful headbutt, Tuff sent the troll tumbling into the river, where he was never seen again.

From that day on, Gruff, Muff, and Tuff were able to graze peacefully on the green meadow, knowing they had outwitted the troublesome troll and earned the right to cross the bridge whenever they pleased.

