Three Billy Goats Gruff

The smallest Billy Goat Gruff took a deep breath and steadied his hooves. Bravely, he began to walk across the rickety, wooden bridge as lightly as he could. However, even on the very tips of his hooves, there was an echoing of “Trip-trap, trip-trap” across the valley.

“Who goes trip-trap over my bridge?” growled the repulsive, enraged troll from under the bridge.

“It’s only me, little Billy Goat Gruff!” bleated the smallest goat, trying desperately to stop his voice from shaking.

“Then I’m coming to eat you up!” roared the troll as he heaved himself to his feet, his grotesque, wobbling belly spilling over his leather belt.

The smallest goat trembled and his knees knocked together whilst his teeth chattered yet he gulped back his fear, stood tall and proclaimed, “You don’t want to eat me! I’m much too little for your huge appetite! My brother is coming after me and he is much bigger!”

The troll pondered the decision he had to make next, weighing up his options. Then, all of a sudden, a bright idea sprung to mind! Surprisingly nimble, he scrambled up the side of the valley, grasped hold of the baby goat (which came as quite a shock!) and dragged him down to the side of the river before devouring the poor defenceless animal! The small goat was right, the troll’s appetite was merely awakened and nowhere near satisfied. Time to put his cunning plan in action.

“Dear brothers,” the troll bleated, mimicking the voice of the smallest goat. “You are safe to cross the bridge without fear. The big, strong troll has fallen asleep and will not hear you coming. Quick, come and join me to munch on the sweet, green grass!”

The two remaining goats marvelled at how easy this was turning out to be! Their smaller brother had worried for nothing! One behind the other, they trip-trapped across the bridge, strutting with an air of confidence and not taking as much care as they probably should have. They failed to notice the troll scaling the steep sides of the valley and sneakily untying one end of the bridge from its posts. Before they realised what was happening, the goats felt the bridge begin to sway violently before it disappeared in front of their very eyes! They tumbled to their deaths in the river below before eventually being washed to side of the river bed and at the troll’s feet. “Dinner is served,” the troll laughed to himself, “the starter was a nice nibble but now it’s time to enjoy the main and dessert!” He ate and he ate until he could eat no more!

The only happy ending to be found here is that of the menacing, heartless yet oh so full, troll!