

Chapter 1

The Littlest Billy Goat



Once there were three billy goats. Their name was Gruff.

There was a big hill with long, green grass on it, and the three billy goats Gruff wanted to go and eat the grass. But the hill was on the other side of a deep river, so they went to cross a little bridge. It was the only way across the river.

Under the bridge there lived a troll. He was very big and ugly. His eyes were like round plates, and his nose was very long.

The littlest billy goat went to cross the bridge first.

Trip, trap, trip, trap went his hooves. *Ting, tong, ting, tong* went the little bell around his neck.

A loud voice came from under the bridge:

‘WHO IS THAT ON MY BRIDGE?’

The littlest billy goat was scared. ‘It is only I, the littlest billy goat Gruff,’ he said.