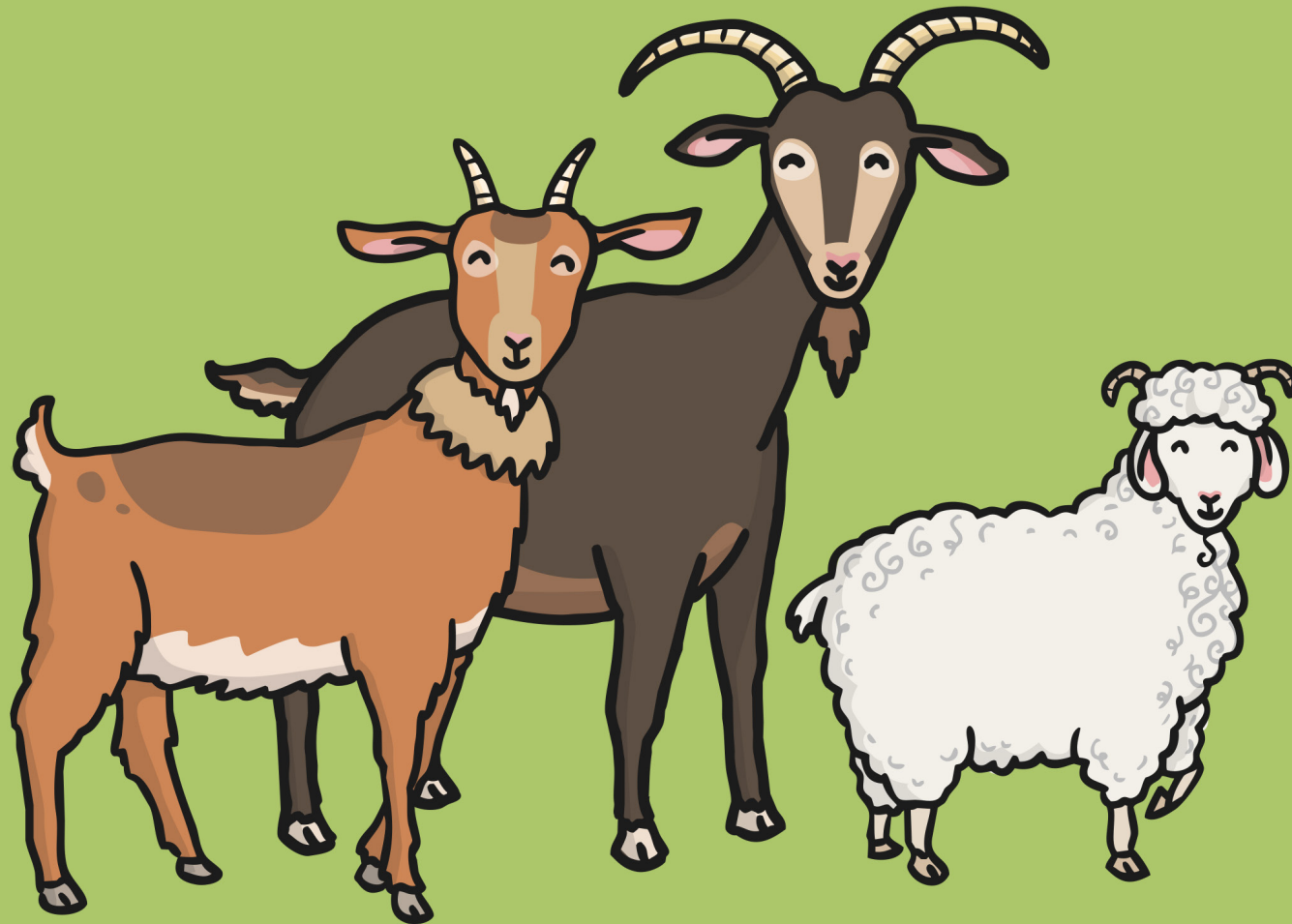
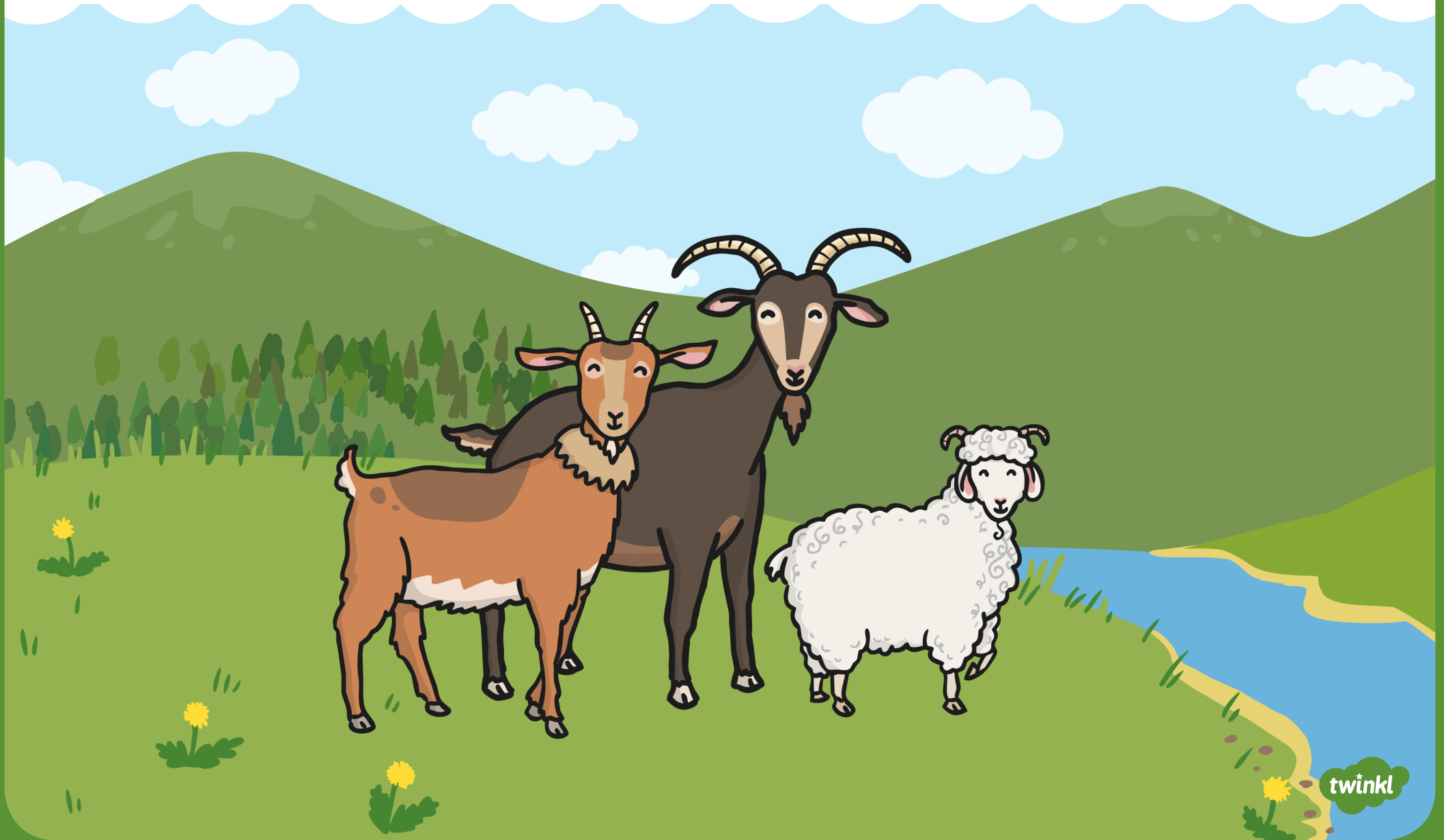


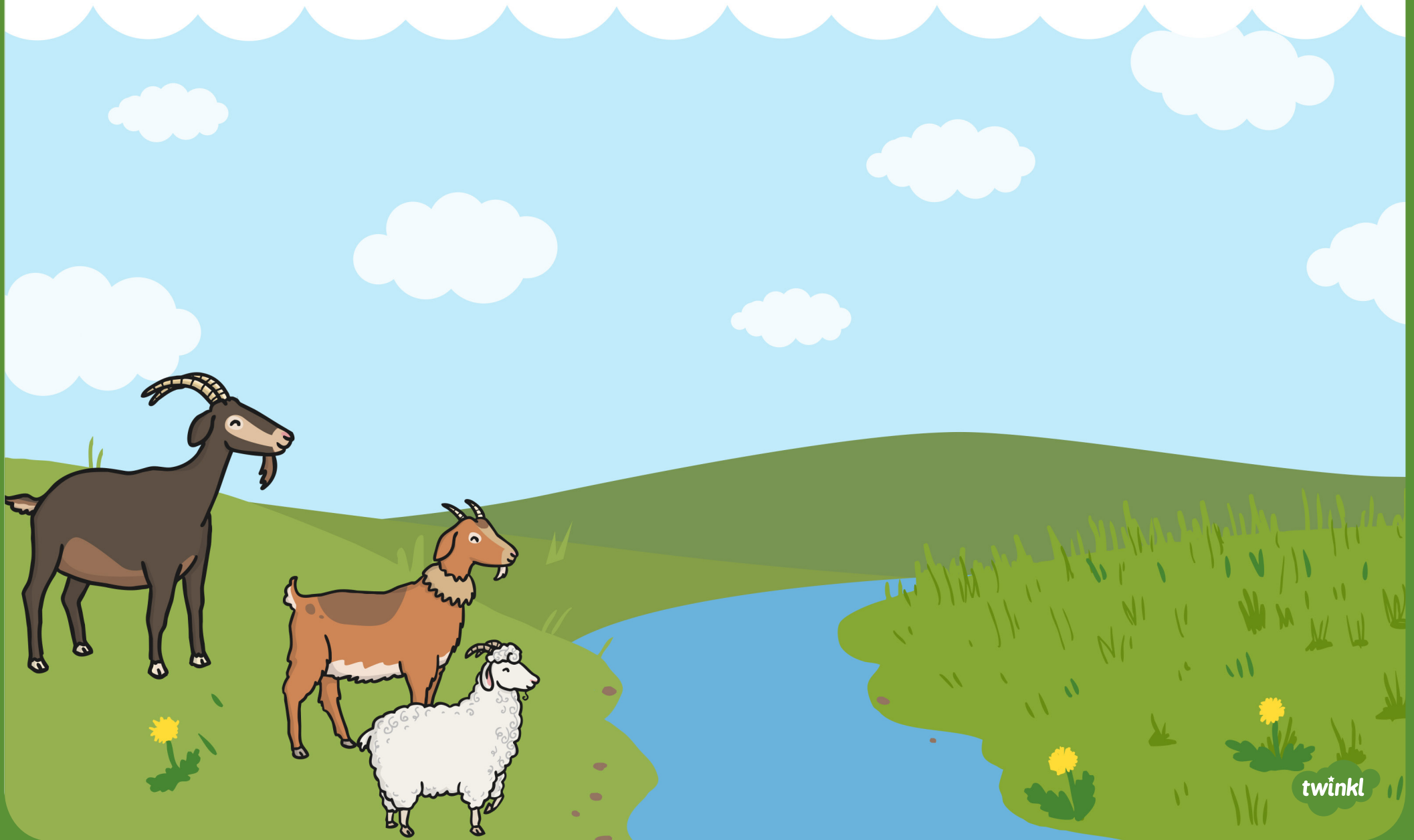
The Three Billy Goats Gruff



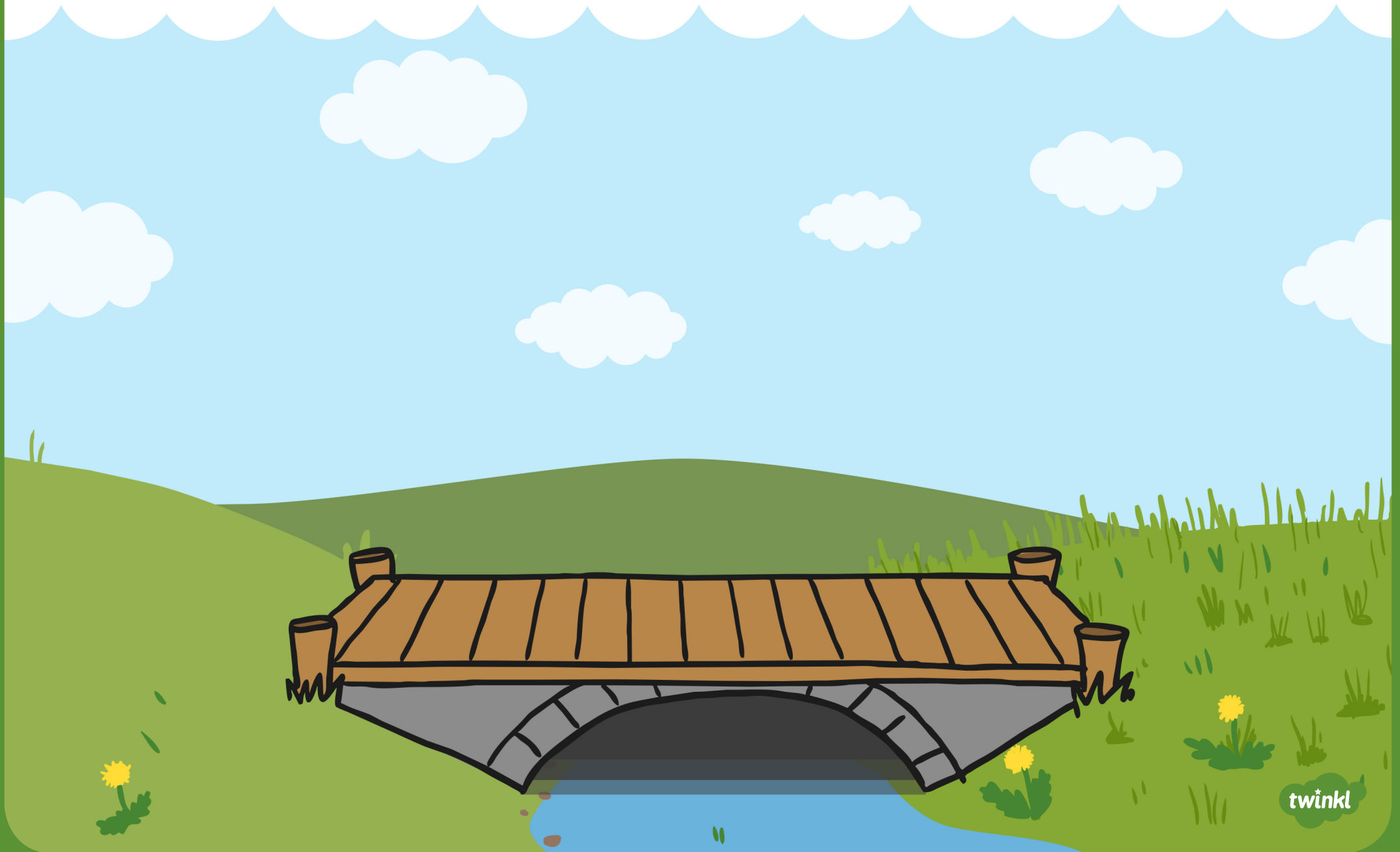
Once upon a time there were three Billy Goats Gruff.
They lived in a valley in the hills.



One day, they saw a field of sweet green grass on the other side of the valley. They decided to go there.



To reach the valley, the three billy goats had to cross a river.



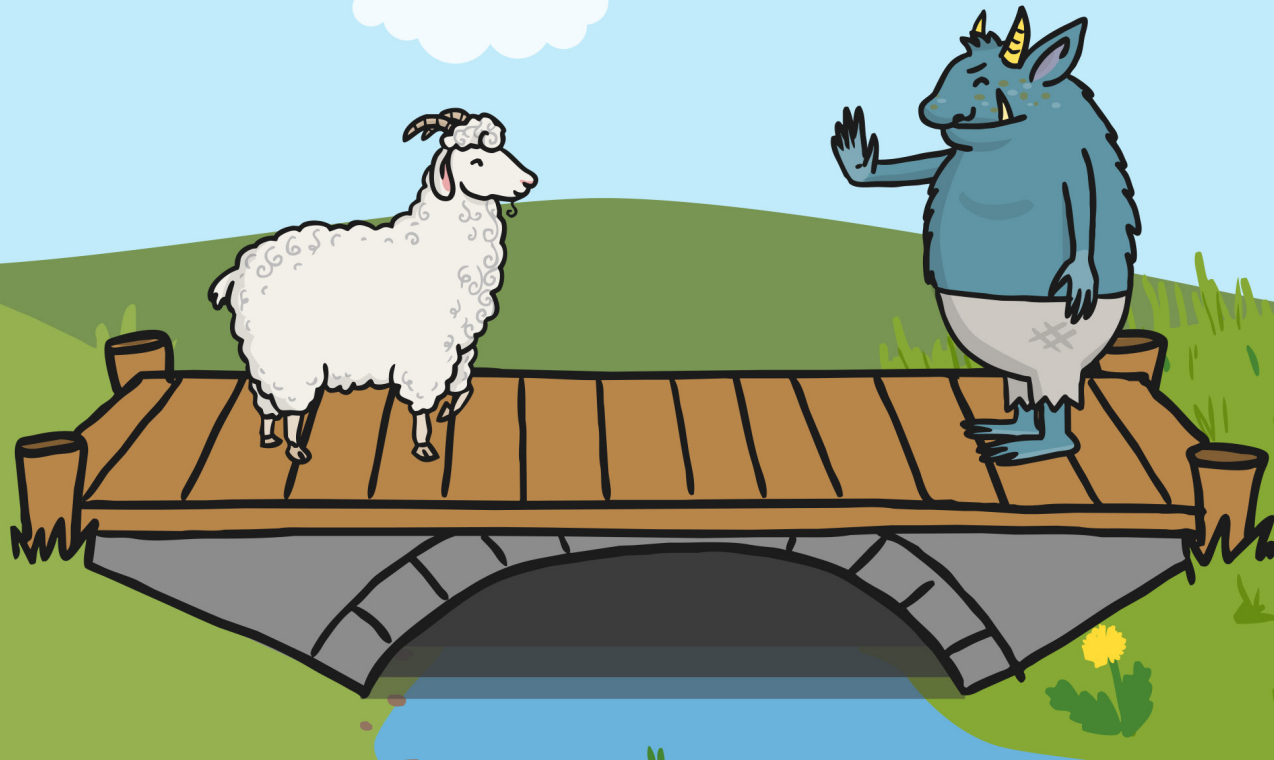
There was only one bridge across the river and underneath there lived a terrible, grumpy troll. He never let anyone cross and he always gobbled them up for his breakfast.



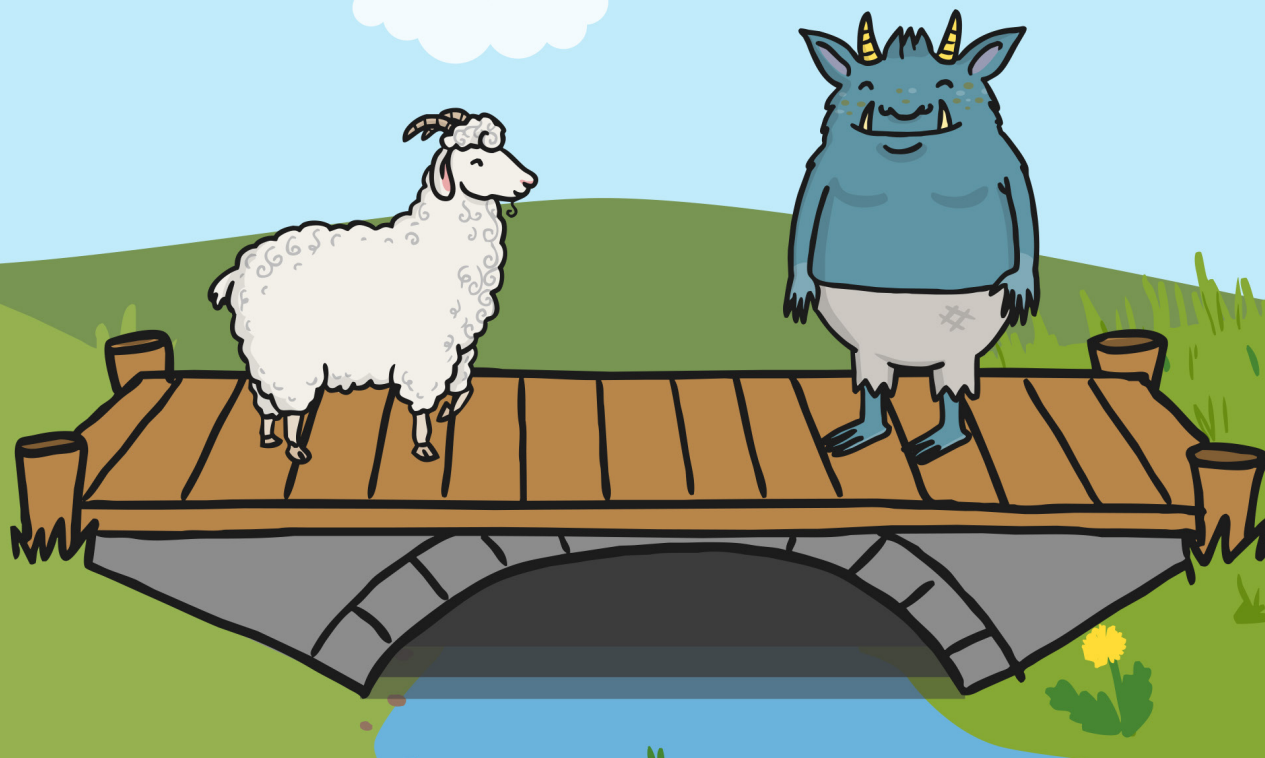
The three goats made a plan. The smallest Billy Goat Gruff was the first to get to the bridge. Trip-trap, trip-trap went his hooves as he walked across the bridge.



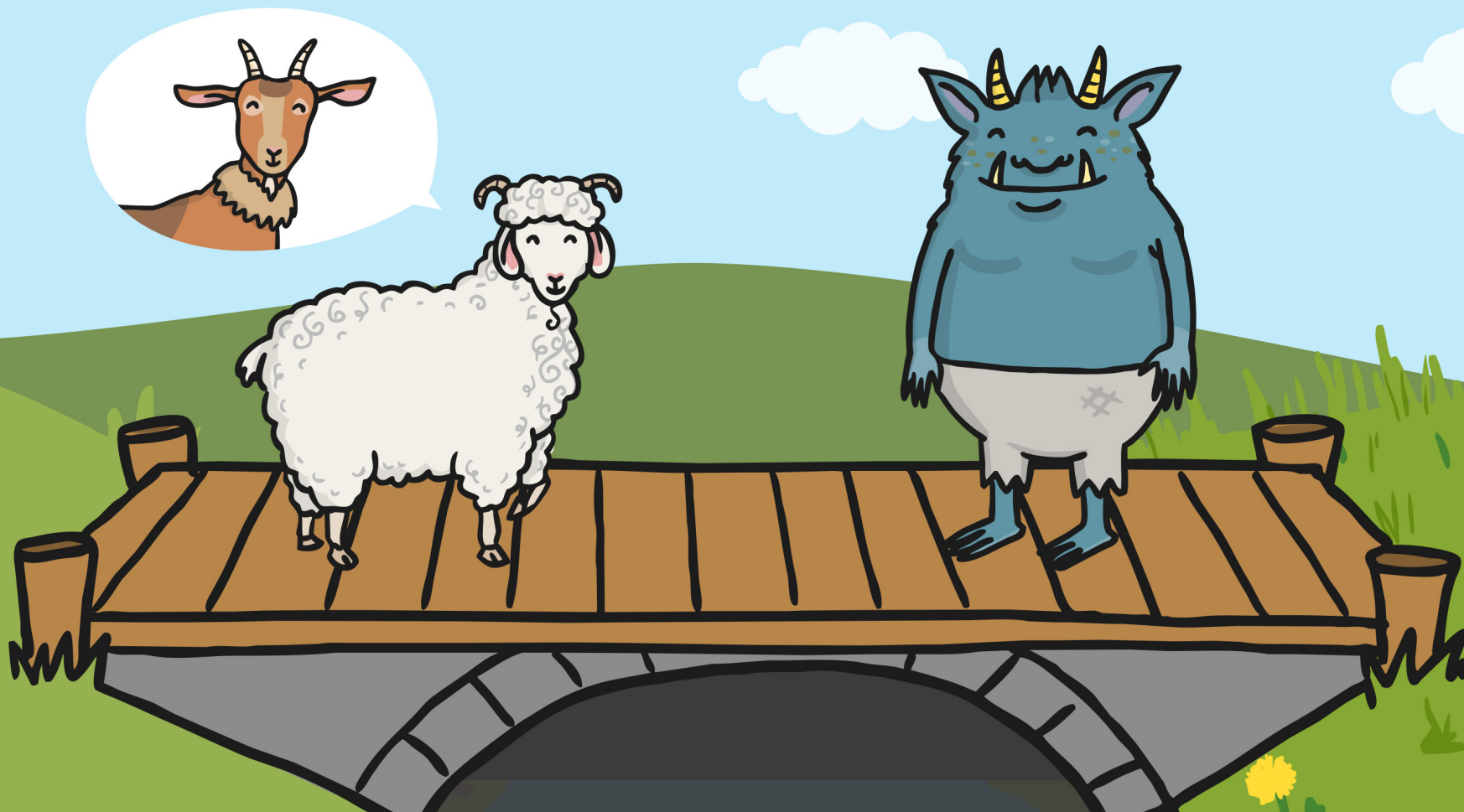
“Who goes trip-trap over my bridge?” growled the troll.
“It’s only me, little Billy Goat Gruff,” said the smallest goat.



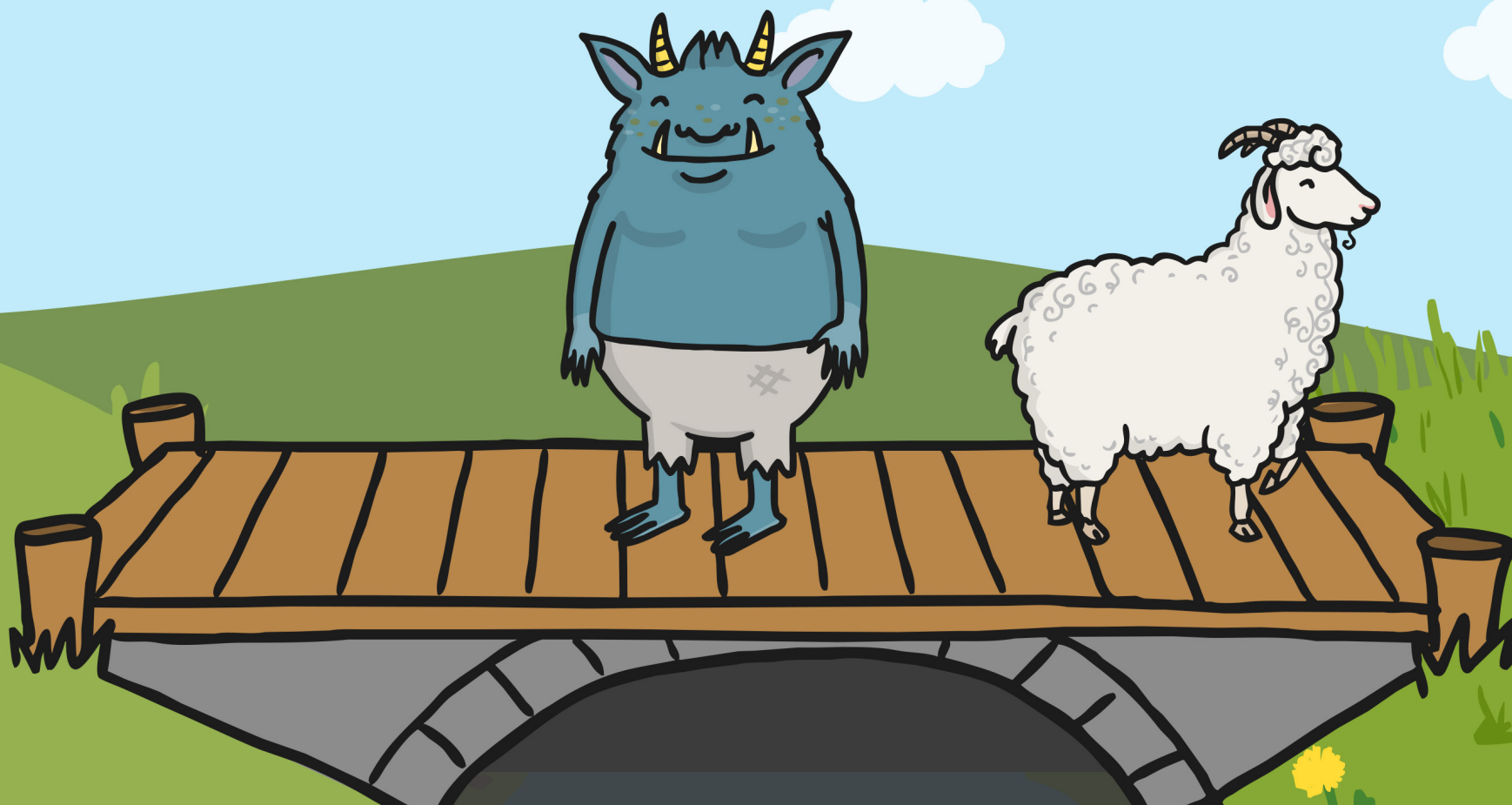
“Then I’m coming to eat you up,” roared the troll.



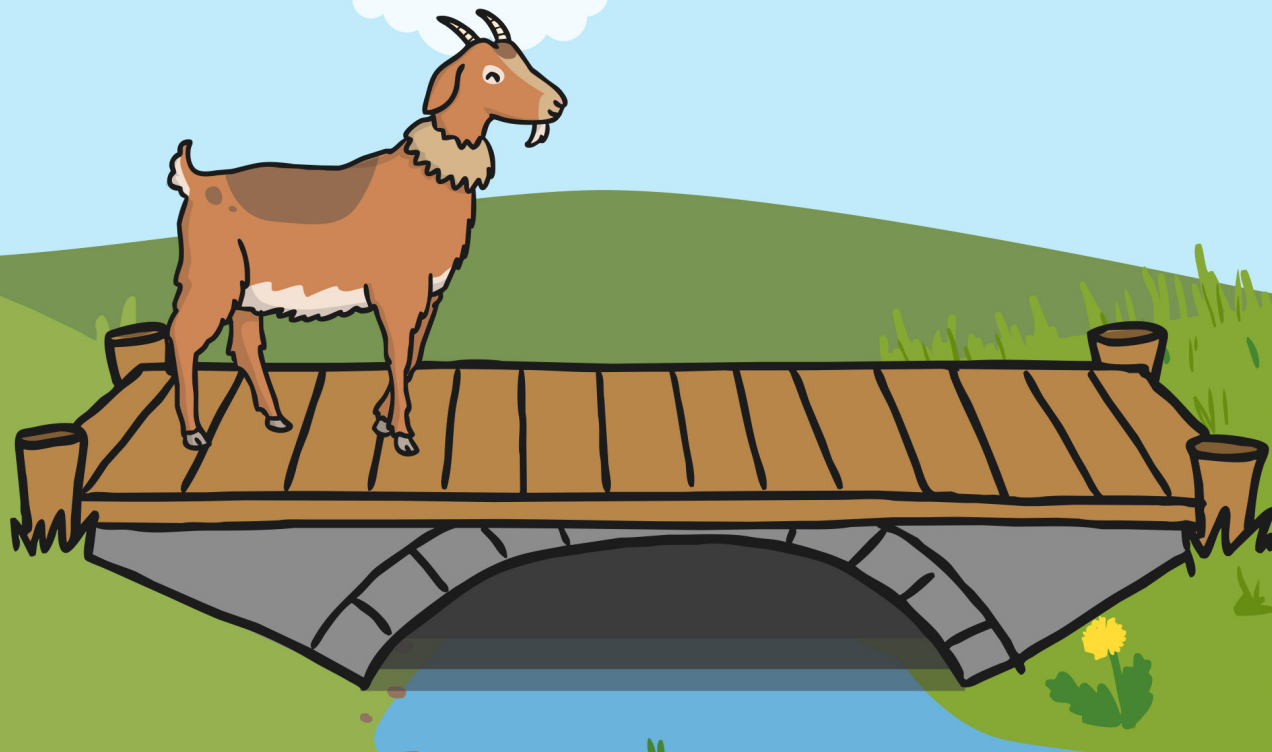
“Please don’t eat me, I’m much too little,” said the smallest Billy Goat Gruff. “My brother is coming after me and he is much bigger.”



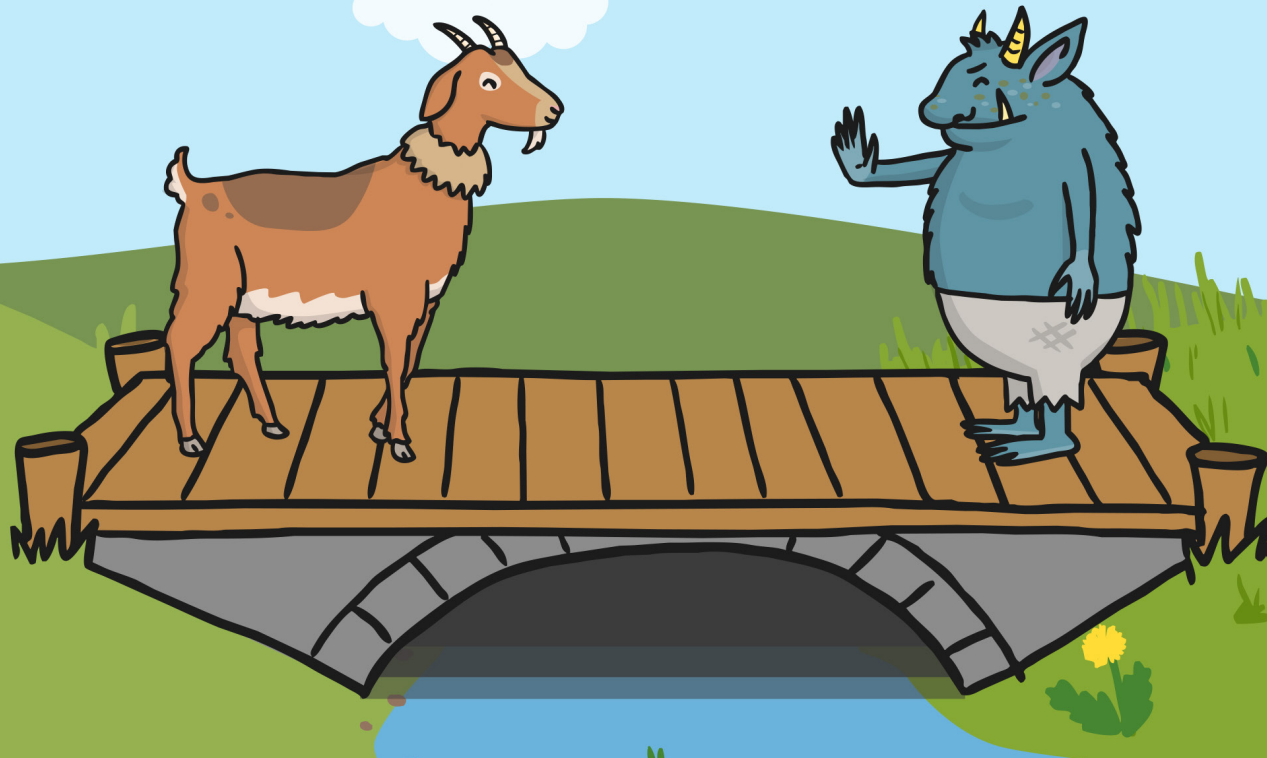
“Hmm,” grunted the troll. “Then I will wait for him.”



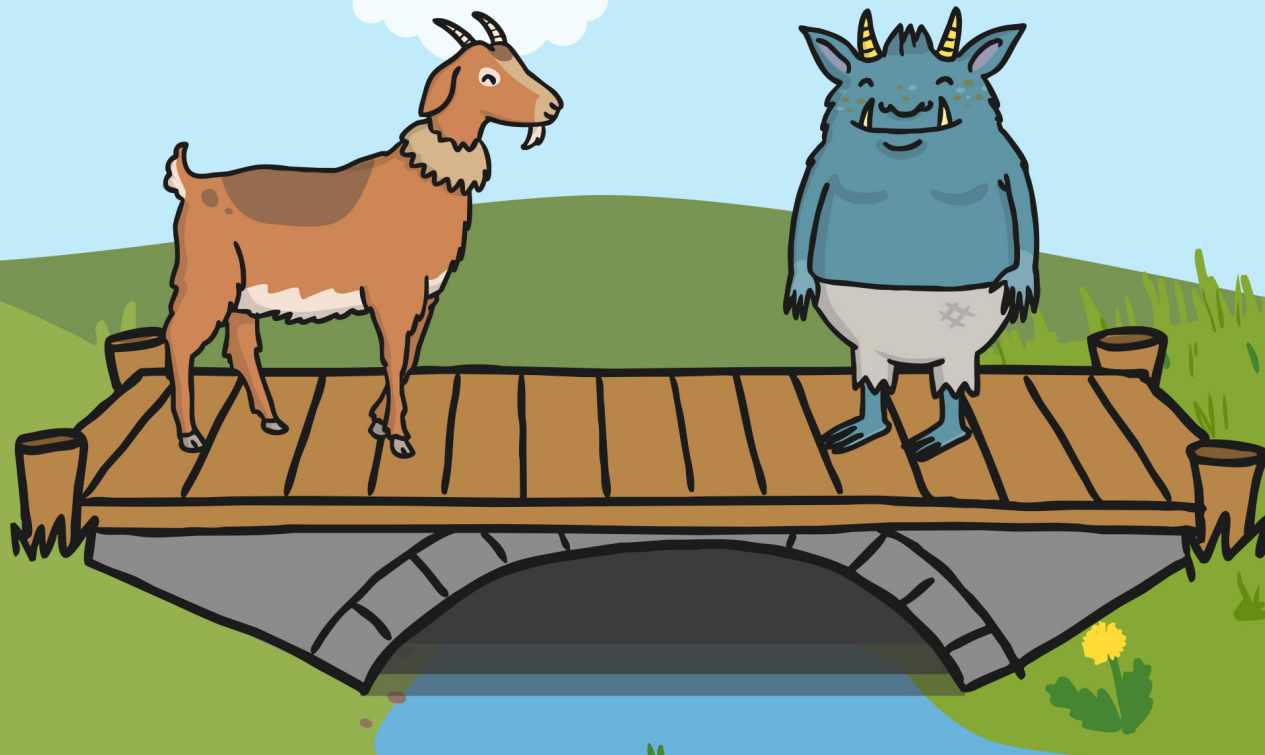
Next, the medium sized Billy Goat Gruff came over the bridge.
Trip-trap, trip-trap went his hooves.



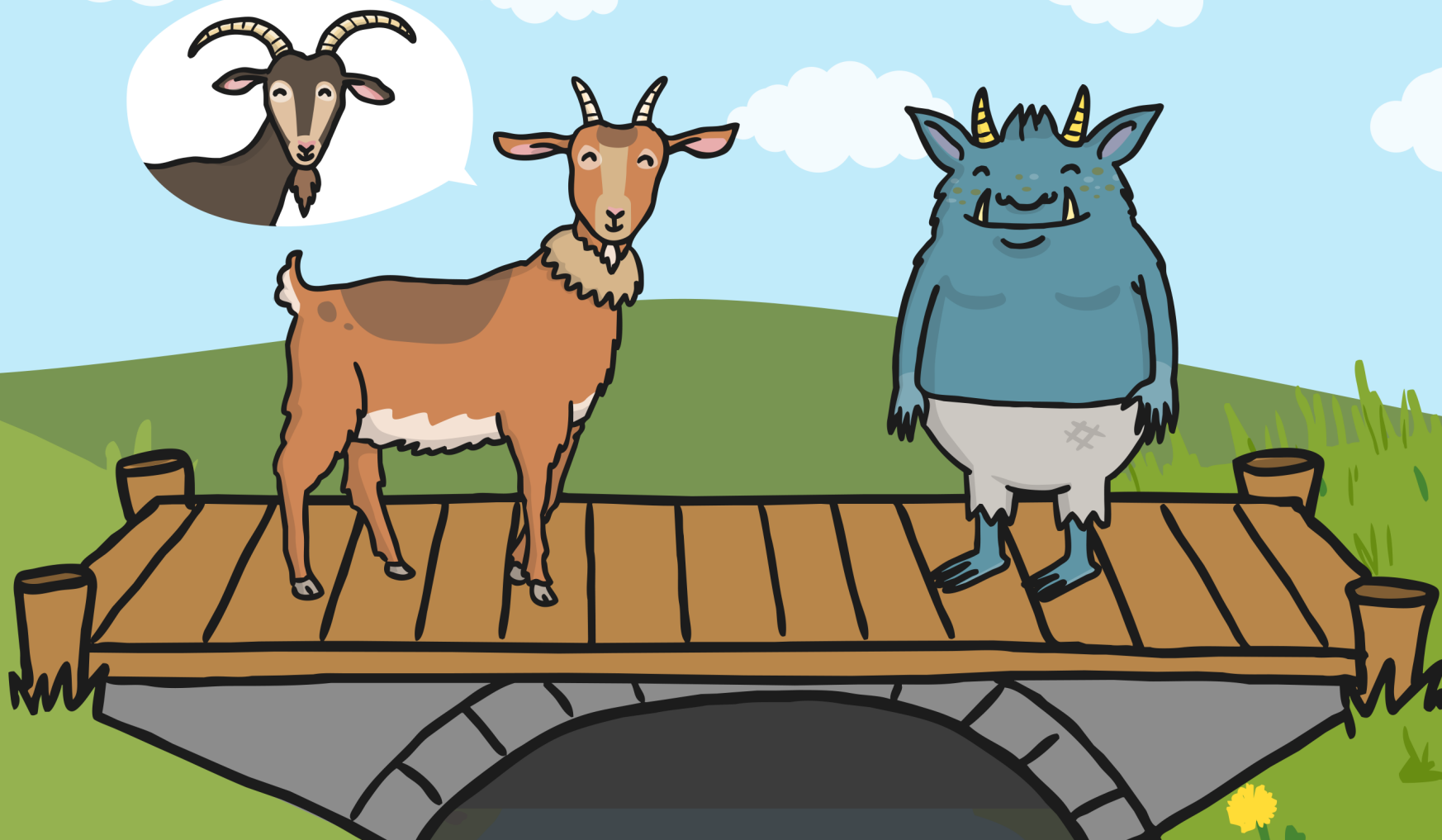
“Who goes trip-trap over my bridge?” growled the troll.
“It’s only me, medium sized Billy Goat Gruff,” said the goat.



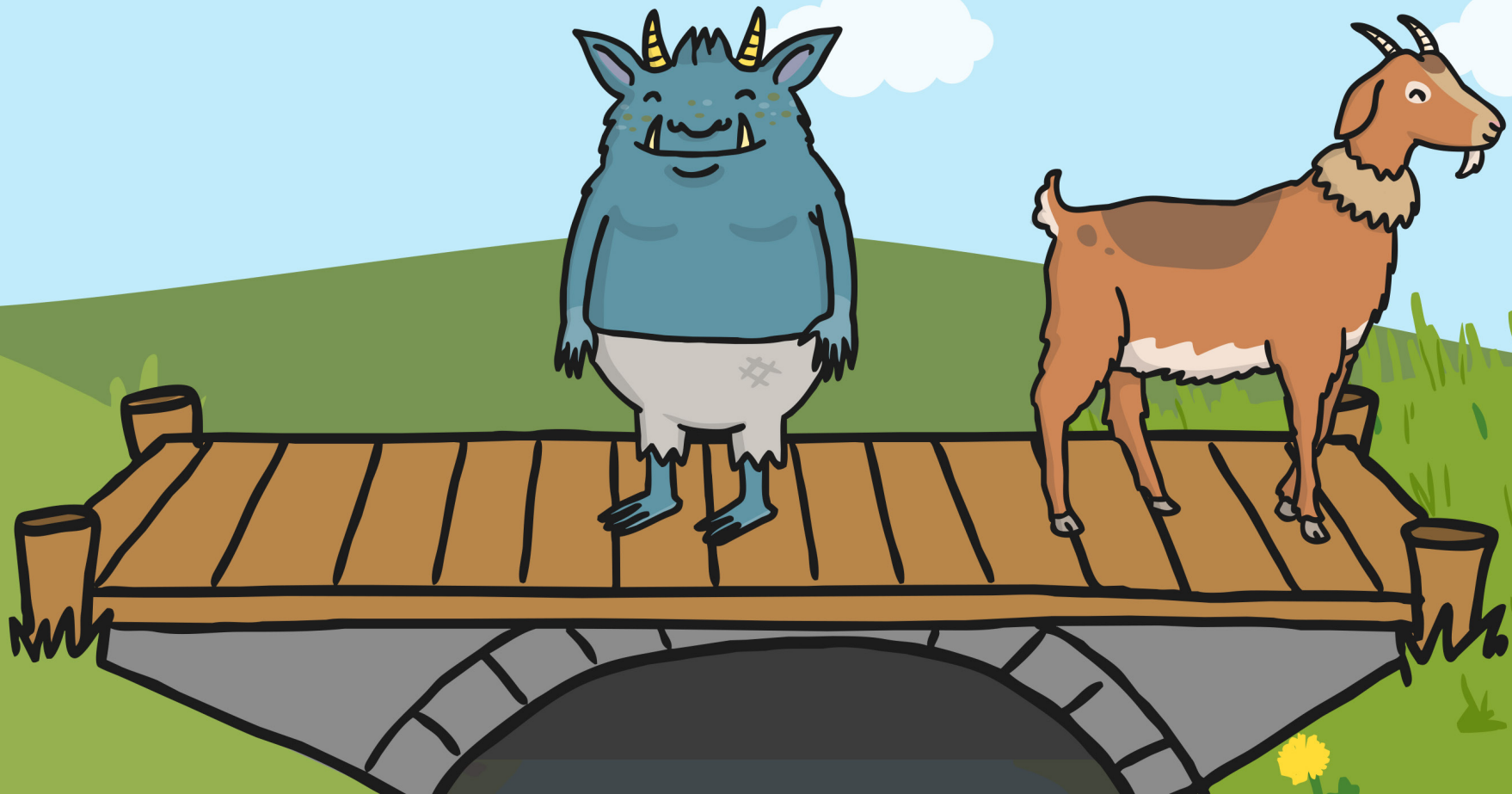
“Then I’m coming to eat you up!” roared the troll.



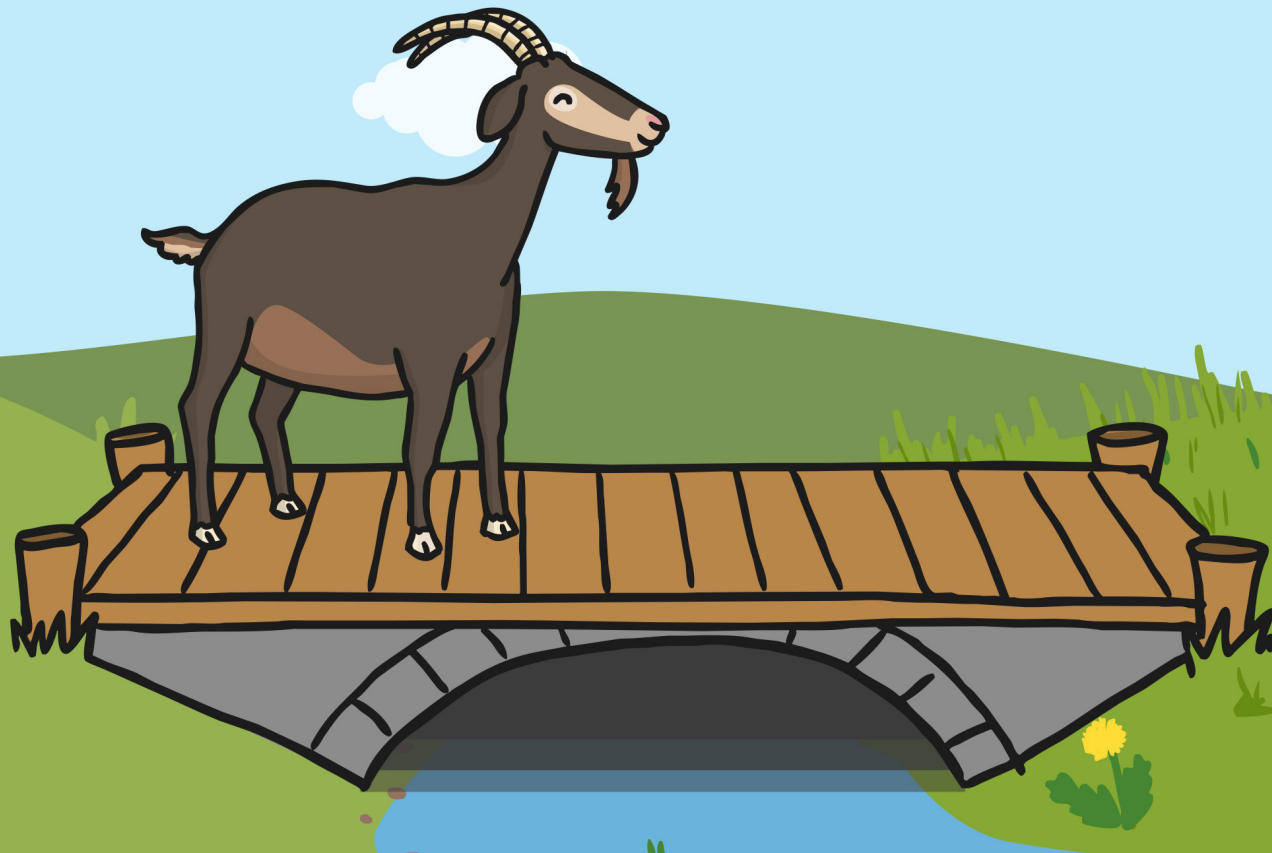
“Please don’t eat me, I’m much too small,” said the medium sized Billy Goat Gruff. “My brother is coming after me and he is much bigger.”



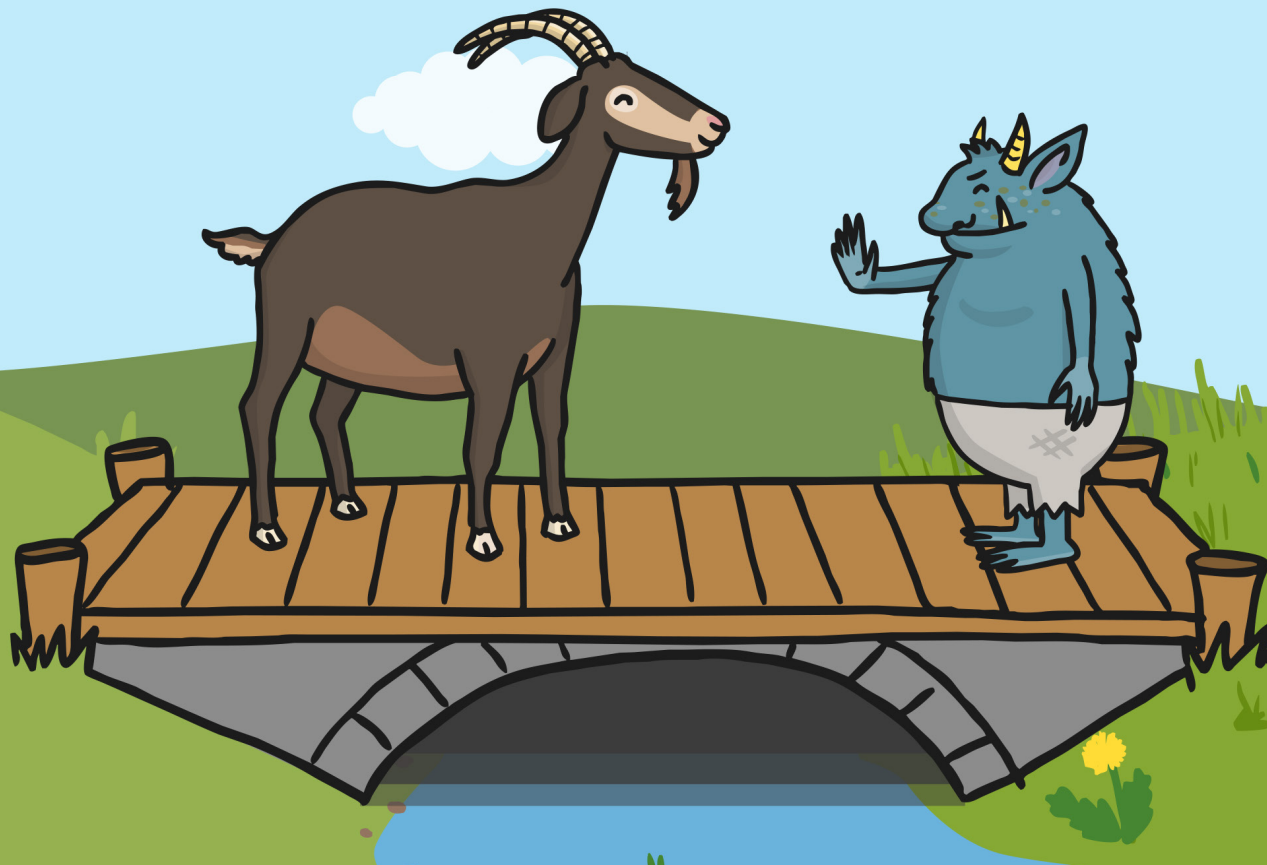
“Hmm,” grunted the troll. “Then I will wait for him.”



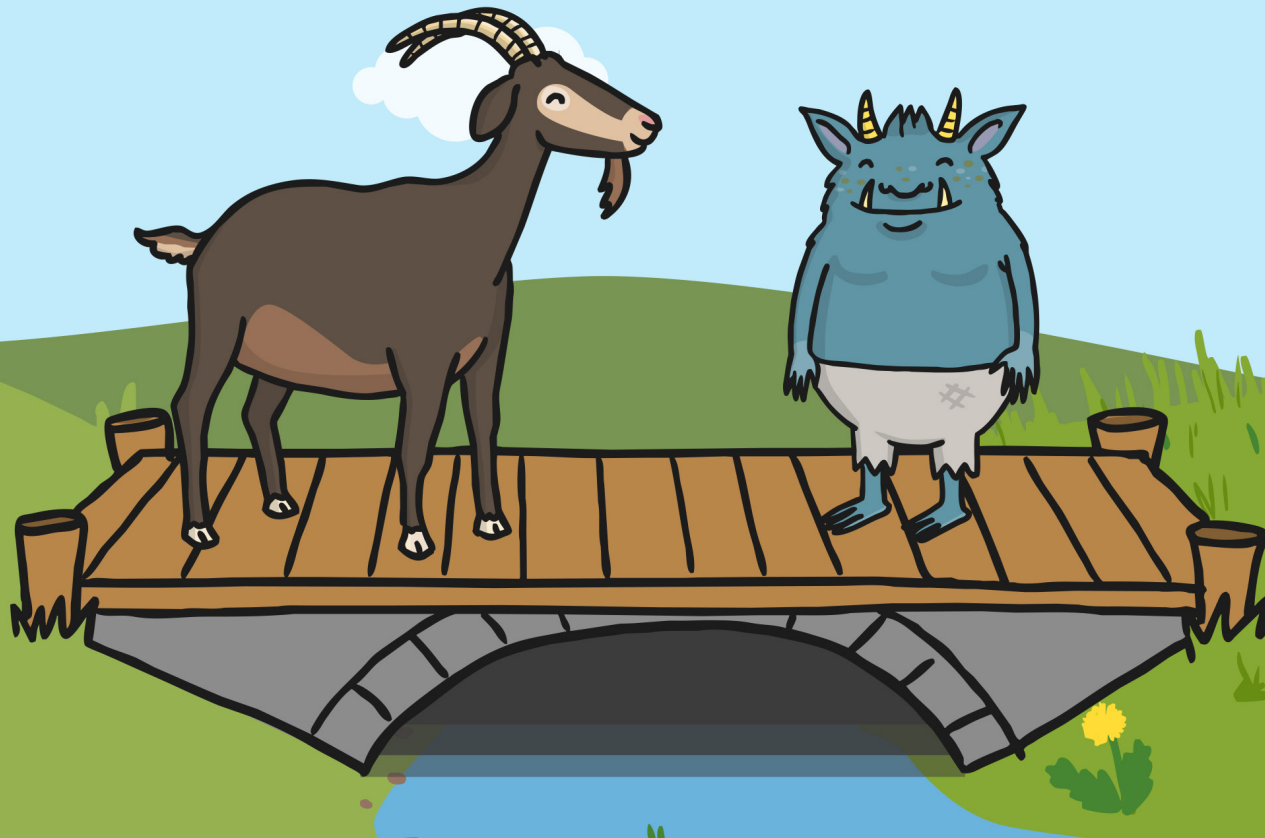
Soon the biggest Billy Goat Gruff came over the bridge.
Trip-trap, trip-trap went his hooves.



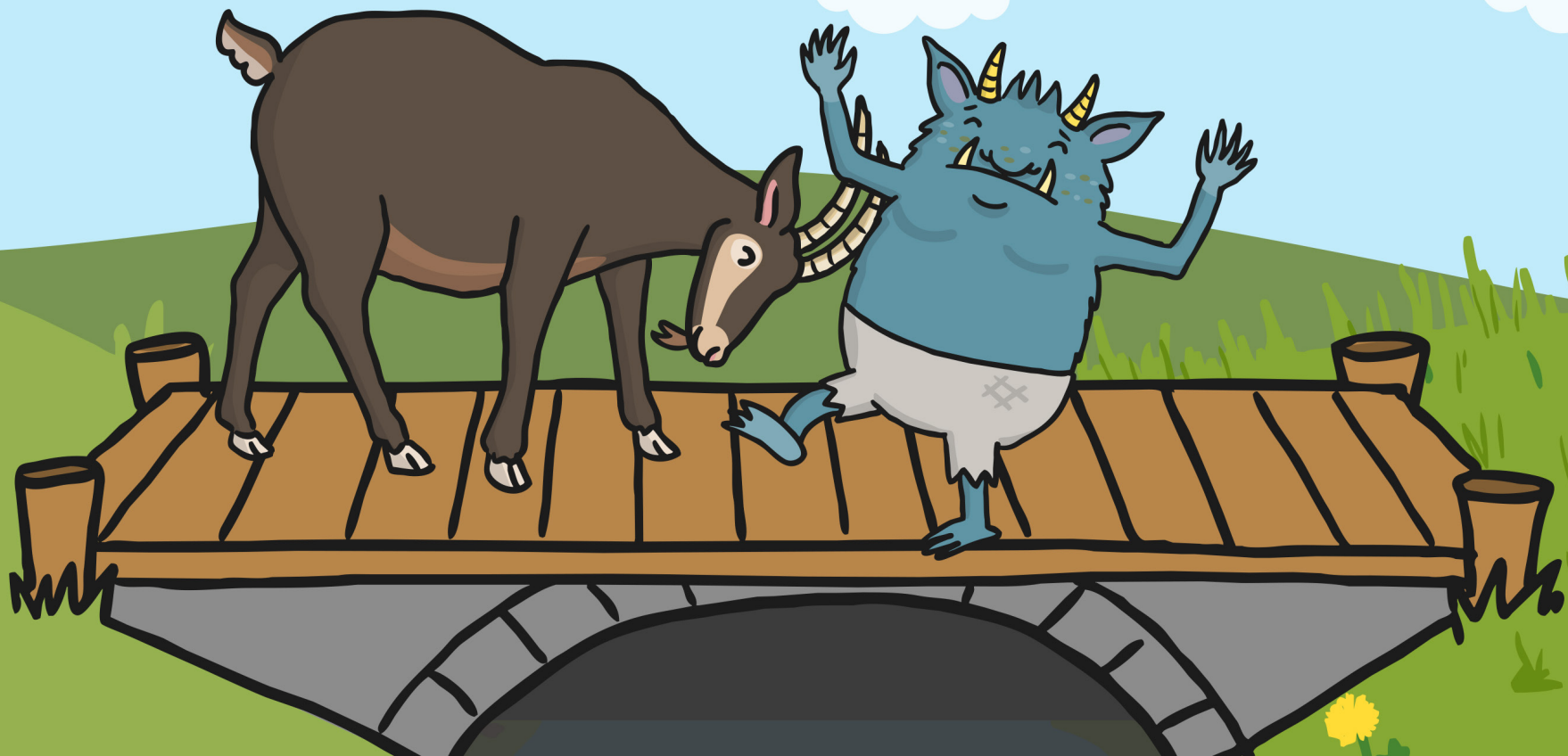
“Who goes trip-trap over my bridge?” growled the troll.
“It is I, big Billy Goat Gruff,” said the goat.



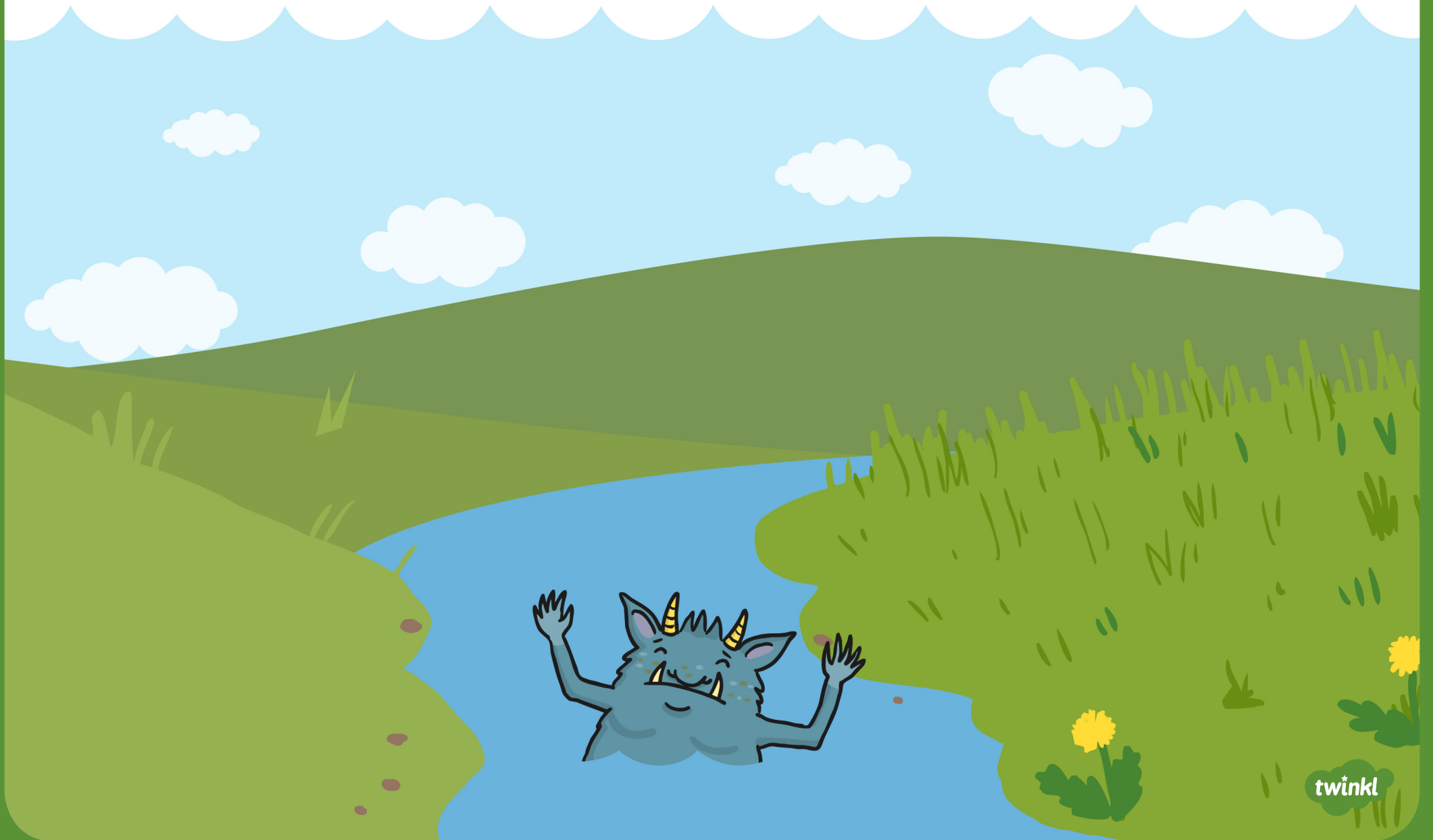
“Then I’m coming to eat you up!” roared the troll.



“Oh no, you won’t!” the biggest goat shouted and he lowered his horns and charged at the troll. Smack! He butted him right over the edge of the bridge.



The troll fell into the river and was never seen again.



The big Billy Goat Gruff joined his brothers.
They found their field of sweet green grass and ate their fill.

