

The Three Billy-Goats Gruff Retold/All Ages.

Directions. Print out all the pages. Staple the book together. Read the story and color the pictures.

All Ages.

THE THREE BILLY GOATS GRUFF RETOLD



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Retold by Ellen Baumwoll.

Pictures by Barbara Hamburger and Ellen Baumwoll.



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Three Billy-goats by the name of Gruff thought they were not fat enough so they looked for a place where the grass grew sweet, a place with plenty of grass to eat.



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Over a stream of water strong, they found a bridge that was very long; that led to a rich and sunny knoll, but the bridge was guarded by an angry Troll.

The Troll was a mean old long-nosed elf, who thought the bridge was for only himself. He wrinkled his face with a mean-looking frown and yelled, "Do not cross or I'll gobble you down!"

But the goats were a team and did not seem to worry about the Troll. They were determined to eat the grass, the sweet-smelling grass on the knoll.



So the littlest Billy-goat Gruff, his coat all shabby and rough, stepped with his hoofs on the bridge, "Tip-tap, tip-tap, tip-tap;" when the bridge to the Troll yelled, "Trip-trap, trip-trap, trip-trap." And the Troll with his mean-looking frown called, "Who's that tripping, who's that skipping over my bridge? I'll gobble you down! I'll gobble you down!"



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"It's just me, the littlest Billy-goat Gruff, can't you see? Oh, please don't eat me, don't eat me! I'm too lean and small and tough. Wait for the other, wait for my brother, the middle-sized Billy-goat Gruff to come by. He is bigger and fatter and tastier than I!" "Run on," said the Troll, "I'll see!"

Those Billy-goats were a clever team, they knew how to trick the Troll; to get to the grass, that sweet-smelling grass on the rich and sunny knoll.



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Soon, the middle-sized Billy-goat Gruff, with a coat of shaggy long-haired stuff, stepped with his hoofs on the bridge, "Tip-tap, tip-tap, tip-tap;" when the bridge to the Troll yelled, "Trip-trap, trip-trap, trip-trap." And the Troll with his mean-looking frown called, "Who's that tripping, who's that skipping over my bridge? I'll gobble you down! I'll gobble you down!"

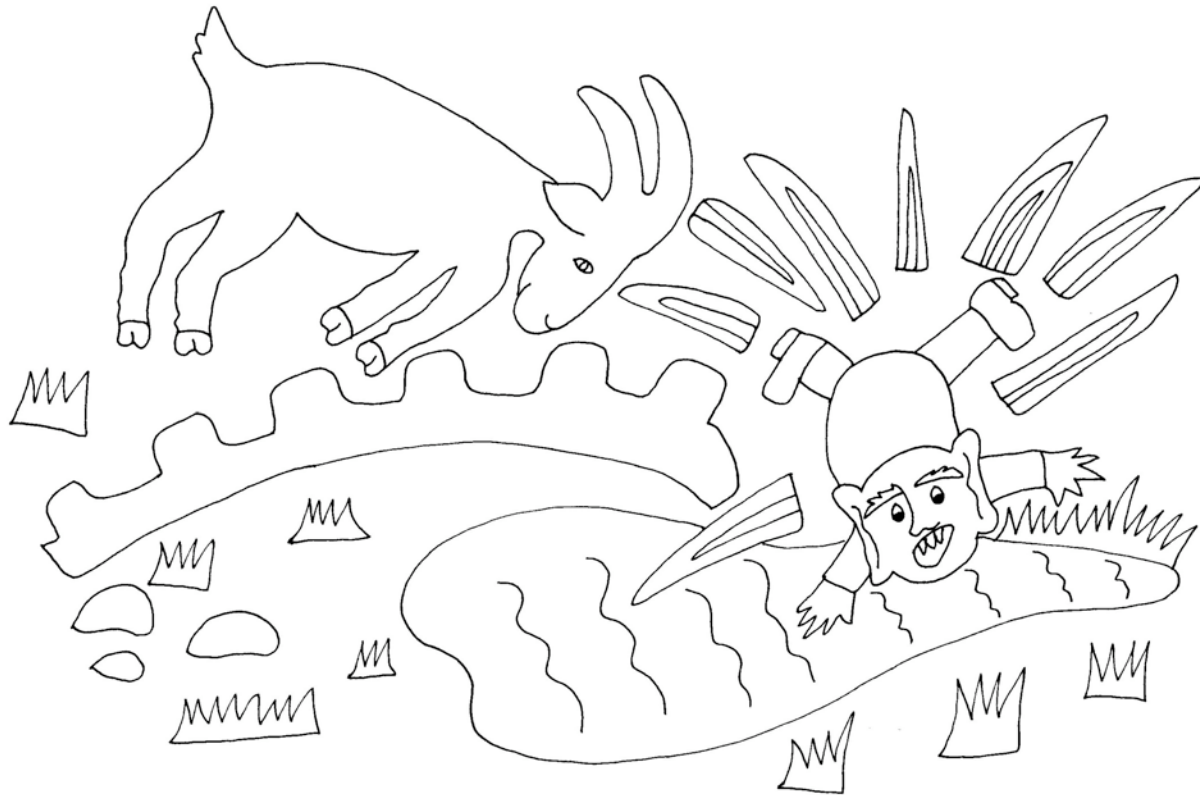
"It's just me, the middle-sized Billy-goat Gruff, can't you see? Oh please don't eat me, don't eat me! I'm only a half a pound in weight. With my shaggy long-haired coat off, I can barely walk straight! Wait for the other, wait for my brother, the great big Billy-goat Gruff to come by. He is bigger and fatter and much more tasty than I!" "Pass on," said the Troll, "I'll wait!"



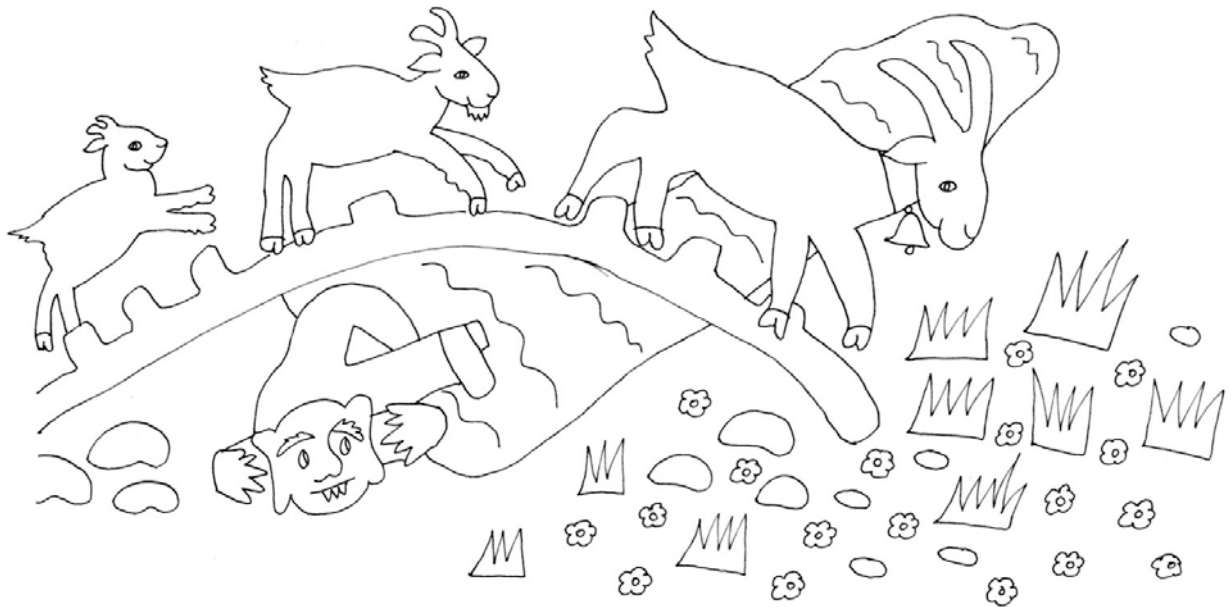
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Soon the third and biggest Billy-goat Gruff, with a voice that was heavy and hoarse and rough, stepped onto the bridge all burly and bluff, "Tip-tap, tip-tap, tip-tap." The bridge creaked and groaned and bent with a snap, and called to the Troll, "Trip-trap, trip-trap, trip-trap!" And the Troll with his mean-looking frown called, "Who's that blundering? Who's that thundering over my bridge? I'll gobble you down! I'll gobble you down!" "It is I, the great big Billy-goat Gruff," he called as he stood up big and tall and tough. "Come out from under the bridge and see! I am the other! I am the brother! I am the biggest and fattest of the three! And you will never eat me!"

The long-nosed Troll on the bridge did jump and the biggest Billy-goat Gruff did thump.



And onto his horns all crooked and bare, he tossed the Troll way up in the air. Up and down and all in a quiver that mean old Troll fell into the river. From that day on, we all have heard that the mean old Troll hasn't said one word.



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And after that, the three grew fat eating the sweet young grass on the hill. And if they haven't grown lean since then, they are all of them very fat still.

Those Billy-goats were a clever team, they knew how to trick the Troll; to get to the grass, that sweet-smelling grass on the rich and sunny knoll.

The End.