

## Three Billy Goats Gruff

*Narrator:* Once there were three goats that lived on a hillside. They had eaten all the grass on their side of the hill. They were sad and very, very, very hungry.

*All Three Goats:* We are sooooo sad and sooooo hungry!

*Narrator:* But on the other side of the hill, across the bridge, there was lots, and lots, and lots of grass to eat.

*All Three Goats:* We should go over there; Over to the other side of the hill.

*Big Goat:* We should, but what about that big, nasty troll that lives under the bridge? He has a big appetite and he really loves juicy goat meat!

*Middle Goat:* Maybe the troll is gone. Maybe he is visiting his relatives.

*Little Goat:* Yeah! He is probably visiting his relatives. Let's go across the bridge.

*Big Goat:* Tell you what Little Goat; you go across the bridge first.

*Little Goat:* Me? Why me?

*Big Goat:* Well, you are soooo skinny and soooo weak. Just look at you, Little Goat, we can hardly even see you! If you don't get to the other side of the hill first, you might just disappear!

*Little Goat:* You're right Big Goat. I will go first, and while I'm eating all that tall, green, swaying grass, I'll be thinking of both of you. Goodbye!  
(Little Goat starts crossing the bridge.)

*Troll:* WHO GOES ACROSS MY BRIDGE?

*Little Goat:* (Trembling, in a scared little voice) It is I, the Littlest Goat.

*Troll:* I SHALL EAT YOU! (Slowly move towards the Little Goat)

*Little Goat:* No! No! Don't eat me! I am skinny and scrawny and really do not taste good at all. Please, wait for the bigger goats. They are bigger, tastier, and juicier. They will be coming in just a minute. Please wait for them!

**Troll:** Hmmm...You're right! You are hardly a little snack. I would much rather have bigger, tastier, and juicier goats. You may pass across the bridge.

**Little Goat:** Thank you! Thank you! (Runs across the bridge and exits)

**Middle Goat:** Hmmm...It must be alright to cross the bridge. Look over there, Little Goat is eating all that delicious grass. I better get over there before Little Goat eats it all. (Middle Goat starts crossing the bridge)

**Troll:** WHO DARES TO CROSS OVER MY BRIDGE?

**Middle Goat:** (Shaking and scared) It is I, the Middle Goat.

**Troll:** I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU! I AM GOING TO EAT YOU IN ONE BITE!!!

**Middle Goat:** No! Don't eat me! I am just the Middle Goat. Wait for Big Goat. He is so much bigger than I am. Think about it; do you want to settle for second best? Of course not! Wait for the big, huge, tender Big Goat. Pleeeeeeeeese!!!

**Troll:** He's bigger than you? (Middle Goat nods his head) Hmmm. Then I shall wait for Big Goat. You're right; I deserve the very best meal. You may cross the bridge.

**Big Goat:** Well, look at that! Both Little Goat and Middle Goat are enjoying the luscious field of green grass. The silly Troll must be visiting his relatives after all. I think I will trot along and join them on the other side. (Big Goat starts crossing the bridge)

**Troll:** WHO GOES ON MY BRIDGE!?

**Big Goat:** (In a very loud voice) It is I, the Big Billy Goat.

**Troll:** I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU! I SHALL EAT YOU FOR MY SUPPER!!!

**Big Goat:** Oh, I don't think so! (Lowers his head) One! Two! Three! (Big Goat charges and hits the Troll in the stomach and knocks the Troll on the ground.)

**Troll:** Uggghhhhhh!!!!

**Big Goat:** Now it is time for me to join my family and have some supper. (Big Goat crosses the bridge and joins his family)