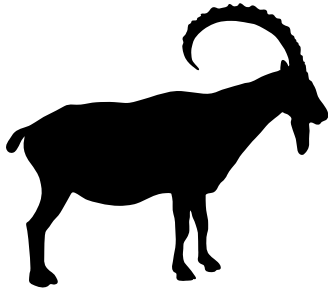


Chapter 3

The Biggest Billy Goat

Soon the biggest billy goat came to the bridge. He could see his brothers on the hill. He could not wait to eat the long, green grass.

Clump, clomp, clump, clomp went his big hooves. *Ding, dong, ding, dong* went the big bell around his neck.

The hungry troll was rubbing his hands together under the bridge. He could not wait to have his dinner!

‘WHO IS THAT ON MY BRIDGE?’ he roared. (As you can see, he liked to say this when someone went over the bridge.)

‘It is I,’ said the biggest billy goat Gruff. ‘Who is that under the bridge, with the big ugly voice?’

This made the troll very angry. He came out from under the bridge. ‘It is I,’ he roared. ‘I am a big, hungry troll, and I am going to eat you up! I let your brothers go, but I will not let YOU go. You are big and fat, and you will fill me up!’ Then he jumped up onto the bridge.

The biggest billy goat Gruff was not afraid¹, and his knees did not shake. He was very strong and brave. He said to the troll:

‘No thank you! I do not want you to eat me. I am going to eat the green grass on that hill. Please get out of my way.’

¹ *afraid*—scared. Sounds like ‘a-frade’.