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The Three Billy Goats Gruff

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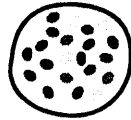


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Once upon a time, there were three billy goats,

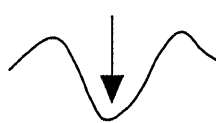
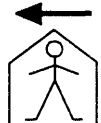
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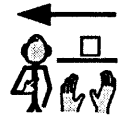
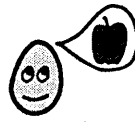
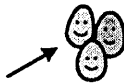
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and the name of all three billy goats was "Gruff."



The billy goats lived in a valley where there was



very little grass and they were very hungry. They wanted to



go up the hillside to a meadow of green grass and



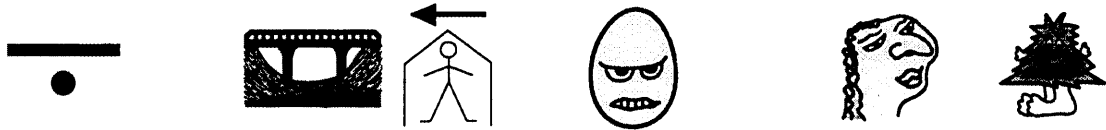
daisies, where they could eat and eat and eat and



get fat.



But on the way up, there was a bridge over a river.



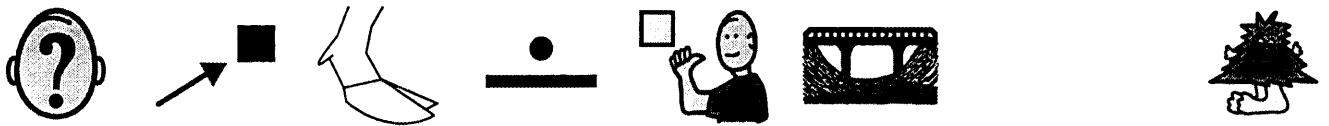
And under the bridge lived a mean and ugly troll.



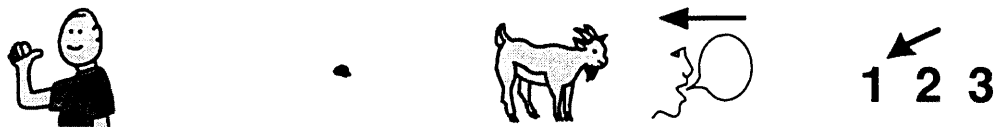
First, the youngest Billy Goat Gruff decided to cross the bridge.



Trip, Trap! Trip, Trap! went the bridge.



"Who's that tripping over my bridge?" roared the troll.



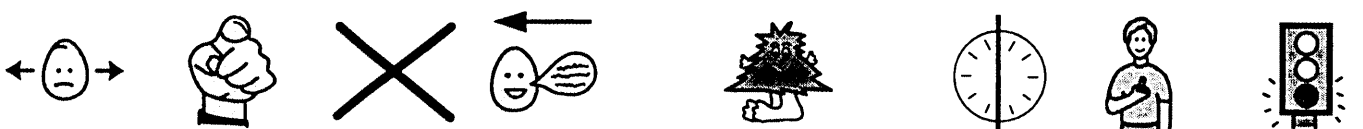
"Oh, it's me the tiniest little billy goat said the first







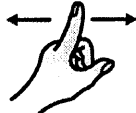


Billy Goat Gruff in his small voice. "I'm on my




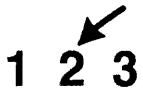

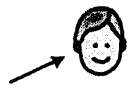



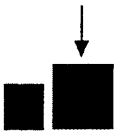



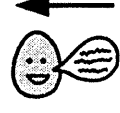

way up the hillside, to make myself big and fat.

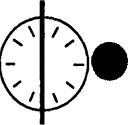
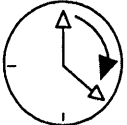
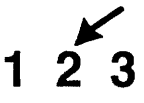




"No, you're not," said the troll, "for now I'm going

 to gobble  you  up!  "Oh, please,  don't  eat  me!








 I'm  too little.  Wait for the  second  billy goat  . He's

 much  bigger.  Well, then  go  ahead,"  said the  troll.

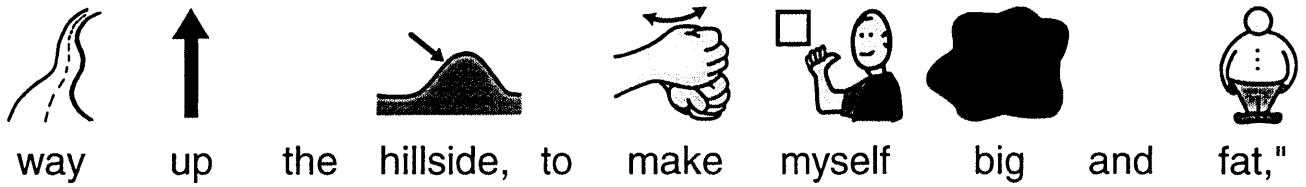
 After a while, the  second  Billy Goat Gruff  came to  cross the

 bridge.  "Trip, Trap,  Trip, Trap,  Trip, Trap!"  went the

 bridge.

 "Who's  that  tripping  over  my  bridge?"  roared the troll.

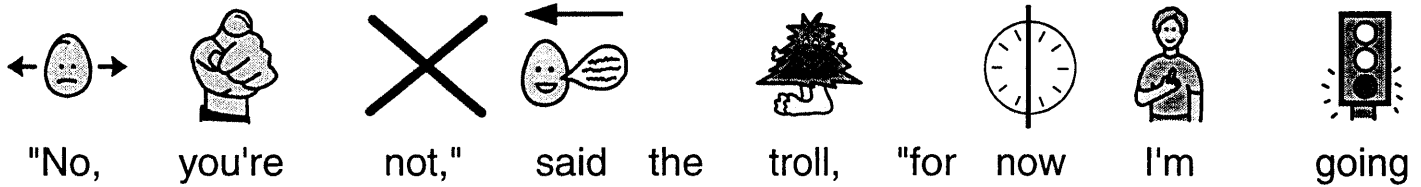
 "It's  the second  Billy Goat Gruff, and  I'm  on  my



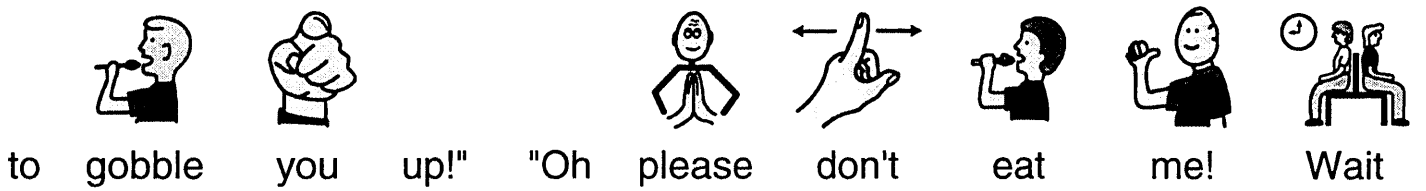
way up the hillside, to make myself big and fat,"



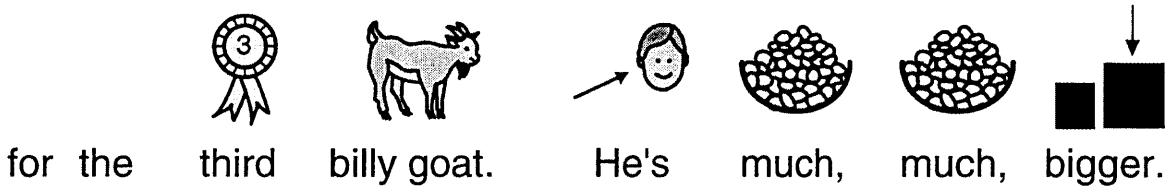
said the billy goat. And his voice was not so small.



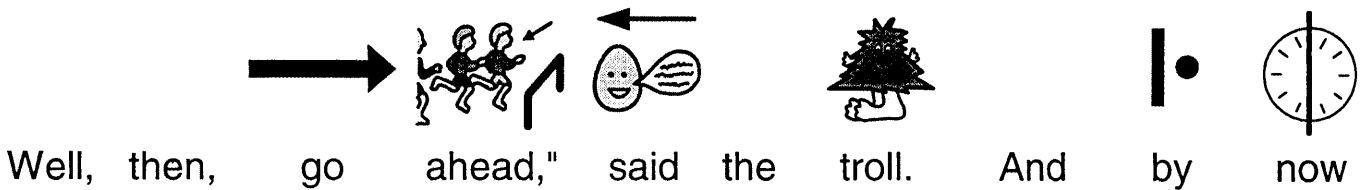
"No, you're not," said the troll, "for now I'm going



to gobble you up!" "Oh please don't eat me! Wait



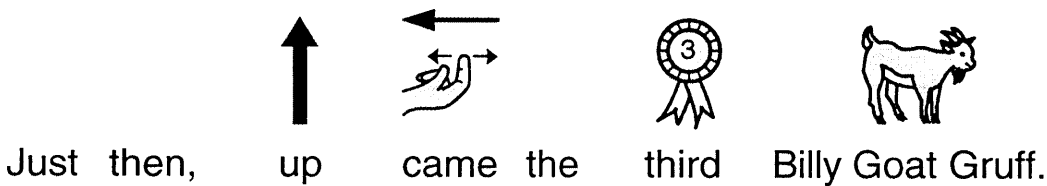
for the third billy goat. He's much, much, bigger.



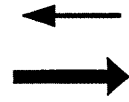
Well, then, go ahead," said the troll. And by now



he was very hungry.



Just then, up came the third Billy Goat Gruff.



"Trip, trap, trip, trap, trip, trap!" went the bridge.



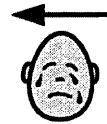
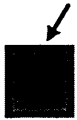
The third billy goat was so heavy, the bridge groaned and



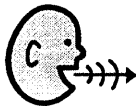
creaked under him. "Who's that tramping over my



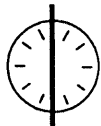
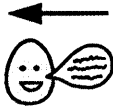
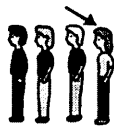
bridge?" roared the troll.



"It is I, the third Billy Goat Gruff," cried the billy goat.



And his voice was as big and loud as the troll's.



"At last!" said the troll. "Now I am coming to gobble



you up! "Well, come along," cried the third Billy Goat Gruff.



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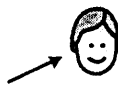
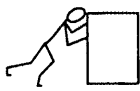
'I've got two big horns and four hard hooves, and



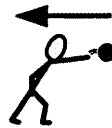
I'm not afraid of you!"



So up climbed that mean, ugly troll, and the big



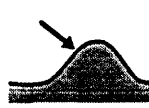
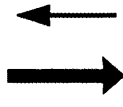
billy goat butted him with his horns and stomped on



him with his hooves, and tossed him off the



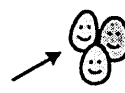
bridge and into the river below.



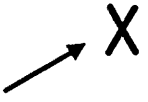
Then he went up the hillside to join his brothers.



In the meadow, the billy goats got so fat they were hardly



able to walk home again. In fact, they are probably still



there.

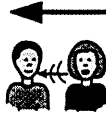
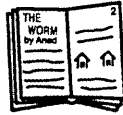


So

snip,

snap,

snout,



This

tale's

told

out!