The Three Billy-Goats Gruff by Paul Galdone

Parts(5): Narrator 1 Narrator 2 Big Billy Goat Middle Billy Goat Little Billy Goat

Narrator 1: Once upon a time Three Billy Goats lived in a stony field near a bridge that went across a little river. There was Big Billy Goad, who has long whiskers and big strong horns...then there was Middle-size Billy Boat, who had small curly horns but was not old enough to have whiskers... and then there was Little Billy Goat, who had no horns, and no whiskers, but he was never afraid of anything!!!

Narrator 2: Now, across the river was a hillside just covered with delicious, juicy, green grass, but under the bridge lived a mean old troll. He was a scary thing, with eyes as big as tea cups and a long crooked nose. Aaaannd he thought that the bridge was HIS ... and would not allow anyone to cross it.

Well, one day the Billy Goats could not find any more grass on their side of the river, and this is what happened:

Big Billy G: Look over there at that beautiful green grass...and then look around us here. We have nothing to eat but stones.

Middle Billy G: You're right, Brother. It sure does make me feel even hungrier when I see all that good food across the troll's bridge.

Little Billy G: Well, I'll tell you one thing, I'm sick and tired of being so hungry. I'm just going to go right across that Troll's bridge right now and eat, and eat.

Big Billy G: Come back here, Little Billy. You don't know what you're saying. That Troll is a mean one. He will be sure to eat you up!

Little Billy G: Don't you worry about one thing, Big Billy. I'm hungry, and besides, Im not afraid of that old troll.

Narrator 1: An Little Billy Goat headed out and started walking across the bridge. The troll, hearing the clip clop, clip clop of Little Billy Goat's hooves on the bridge hollered out in a gruff voice:

Troll: Wait a minute! Who is that walking on MY bridge?

Little Billy G: Hello, Mr. Troll, sir. I'm Little Billy Goat and I...

Narrator 2: Being a very rude and not very nice creature, the troll interrupted Little Billy G in mid-sentence and yelled out:

Troll: Well, what are you doing on my bridge?

Little Billy G: I'm just going over your bridge to eat some nice green grass on the hillside.

Troll: Oh noooooo you're not! You just get off of my bridge this very minute or I'll come up there and eat you up!

Little Billy G: Oh, please don't do that, Mr. Troll, sir. I wouldn't be very good to eat. I'm little and skinny. But my BIG brother will be along soon. He is bigger and fatter than I am. Why don't you wait for him?

Troll: Bigger? Fatter? Fatter than you? Very well. Run along then, but be quick about it before I change my mind!

Narrator 1: And so fearless Little Billy Goat finished crossing the bridge, ran up the hillside and started eating, as his hungry brothers watched from across the river.

Middle Billy G: Just look at Little Billy over there eating his head off. The troll didn't bother him a bit. I don't care what happens, I'm going to try to get across the bridge, too!

Big Billy G: You'd better not try it. That mean old Troll is hungary, and you know he will stop you and eat you up!

Middle Billy G: I still don't care. I'm hungry. Here I go!

Narrator 2: And off went Middle Billy Goat headed off across the Troll's bridge, and hearing the clip clop, clip clop of Middle Billy Goat's hooves, bellowed:

Troll: Who is that walking on my bridge?

Middle Billy G: My name is Middle Billy Goat and....

Troll: Well, what the dickens are you doing on MY BRIDGE?

Narrator 1: the mean old Troll asked, angrily,

Middle Billy G: I'm just crossing it to join my little brother on the hillside, and eat some of the delicious, fresh, green grass there.

Troll: Oh, no you are not! This is MY bridge, and you get off of it this instant! If you don't, I'll come up there and eat you up!

Middle Billy G: I wouldn't do that if I were you. I'm not very good to eat, but my Big brother will be along soon. He is much fatter and much tastier than I am. Why don't you wait for him?

Troll: Even fatter and tastier than you? Very well, then, run along, but be quick about it. I'm might hungry.

Narrator 2: Well, when Big Billy Goat saw his brothers having a feast on that juicy green grass, he forgot all thoughts of danger, and decided to start across the bridge.

Troll: Who's that making such a racket on MY BRIDGE?

Big Billy G: It is I, Big Billy Goat Gruff. Who wants to know?

Troll: I want to know, that's who. Just where do you think you are going, and what are you doing on my bridge?

Big Billy G: I am going across this bridge, just like my brothers did, and then I am going to eat lunch on the hillside.

Troll: Oh, no you are not! I'm hungry and I'm coming up there right now and I am going to eat you for lunch!

Big Billy G: You don't saaaaaay! Well, you just come right on up here and we'll settle this thing once and for all!!

Narrator 1: The troll, not used to being challenged, was furious and he leapt up on the

bridge and began yelling and screaming at Big Billy Goat Gruff:

Troll: How DARE you talk to ME like that? YOU GET OFF MY BRIDGE THIS INSTANT!

Narrator 2: Then everything happened at once. Big Billy Goat lowered his horns, the Troll put up his hairy, scaly fists, and they rushed at each other...C R A S H!

They backed up and rushed again... K E R T H U M P, and over went the Troll into the river below. How he screamed and yelled as he was carried out of sight by the strong current.

Narrator 1 & 2: (Together) And NOW, the Three Billy Goats Gruff can cross the bridge any time they want, and there is No mean, old Troll to bother them... AND, they are all well fed and happy!