

THE THREE BILLY GOATS GRUFF  
By Paul Galdone

Parts(6): Storyteller 1   Storyteller 2   Billy Goat 1  
              Billy Goat 2   Billy Goat 3   Troll

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Storyteller 1:    Once upon a time there were three  
                         Billy goats who wanted to go up to the  
                         hillside to make themselves fat. The  
                         name of all three was "Gruff."

Storyteller 2:    On the way up was a bridge. And under  
                         the bridge lived a great ugly Troll,  
                         with eyes as big as saucers and a nose  
                         as long as a poker.

Storyteller 1:    The littlest Billy goat Gruff was the  
                         first to cross the bridge.

All:                TRIP, TRAP, TRIP, TRAP!

Troll:             WHO'S THAT tripping over my bridge?

BG 1:             Oh, it's only I, the tiniest Billy-

goat Gruff. I'm going up the hillside  
to make myself fat.

Storyteller 1: Said the first Billy goat Gruff in his  
small voice.

Troll: Now I'm coming to gobble you up!

BG 1: Oh no! Please don't take me. I'm too  
little, that I am. Wait for the second  
Billy-goat Gruff. He's much bigger.

Troll: Well, be off with you!

Storyteller 2: A little while after came the second  
Billy goat Gruff across the bridge.

All: TRIP, TRAP, TRIP, TRAP!

Troll: WHO'S THAT tripping over my bridge?

BG 2: Oh, it's the second Billy-goat Gruff.  
I'm going up to the hillside to make

myself fat.

Storyteller 2: Said the second Billy goat Gruff in his not-so-small voice.

Troll: Now I'm coming to gobble you up!

BG 2: Oh no! Don't take me. Wait for the third Billy-goat Gruff. He's much bigger, that he is!

Troll: Very well, be off with you!

Storyteller 1: Just then came the third Billy goat Gruff.

All: TRIP, TRAP, TRIP, TRAP!

Troll: WHO'S THAT tripping over my bridge?

BG 3: IT'S I! THE THIRD BILLY GOAT GRUFF.

Storyteller 2: Said the Billy goat in his very loud

voice!

Troll: Now I'm coming to gobble you up!

BG 3: Well, come along! I've got two spears, and I'll poke your eyeballs out at your ears. I've got besides two great, flat stones, and I'll crush you to bits, body and bones.

Storyteller 1: That was what the big Billy goat said. And that is what the big Billy goat did.

Storyteller 2: And after that he went up the hillside. There the three Billy goats got so fat they could hardly walk home again. And if the fat hasn't fallen off of them, why they're still fat.

All: And so snip, snap, snout, this tale's

told out.