

## Troll's Toll

### The True Story of the Three Billy Goats Gruff



Do you know the story? It is about three goats. The goats want to cross a bridge. A troll owns it. He let them pass. The goats trick the troll. Then they cross the bridge.

That was my bridge. Those were bad goats. This is my version of the story. This is what really happened.

I built that bridge. It was mine. It cost one coin to cross. It is called a toll. That is how I made money.

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A small goat came one day.  
Trip trap. Trip trap. Trip trap. He  
wanted to cross. I told him to  
pay. He did not want to pay. "Do  
you prefer that I eat you up?" I  
asked him.

"No, no," he said. "My big brother is coming. He  
will pay you."

Soon another goat came. Trip trap. Trip trap. Trip  
trap. He was bigger. He didn't want to pay me.  
"Do you prefer that I eat you up?" I asked.

"No, no," he said. "My big brother is coming. He  
will pay you."

"He better!" I said. I let him cross. I'm a nice troll.

The third goat came. Trip trap. Trip trap. Trip trap.  
He was the biggest. I told him what his brothers  
said. He did not want to pay me. I got mad. I  
went up to talk to him. But I couldn't. He pushed  
me. I fell off the bridge! I'm lucky to be alive.

Time passed. I heard a story. It was about three  
goats that tricked a troll. But the story made the  
goats sound like the good guys. It made me  
sound like the bad guy. The other trolls make fun  
of me. It's not fair, I tell you!

