

## Troll's Toll

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



You probably know the story of the Three Billy Goats Gruff. It's about three goats. Each goat is bigger than the next. The goats want to cross a bridge. A troll owns the bridge. He won't let them pass. They trick the troll so they can cross the bridge.

Well, let me tell you. That was my bridge. Those goats were bad goats. This is my version of the story. This is what really happened.

I built that bridge. It was mine. You had to pay a toll to cross it. That is how I made money. A lot of bridges charge tolls.

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One day I heard a sound. Trip trap. Trip trap. Trip trap. It was a small goat. He wanted to cross my bridge. I told him to pay me. He did not want to pay. "Do you prefer that I eat you up?" I asked him.

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

Later another goat came. Trip trap. Trip trap. Trip trap. He was bigger. He didn't want to pay the toll, either. "Do you prefer that I eat you up?" I asked.

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

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

Finally, the third goat came. Trip trap. Trip trap. Trip trap. He was the biggest. I told him what his little brothers said. He did not want to pay me. I got mad. I went to the top of the bridge. I went to talk to him. But I couldn't. He pushed me off the bridge! I'm lucky I'm still alive.

Time passed. I heard a story. It was in the newspaper. It was about three goats that tricked a troll to cross his bridge. But the story made the goats sound like the good guys. Now everyone thinks that I'm the bad guy. No one would pay me a toll. All the other trolls make fun of me. I had to move back in with my mother. It's not fair, I tell you!

