

## 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 one bigger than the next. The goats want to cross a bridge that is owned by a troll, but the troll won't let them pass. The troll says he wants to eat them up. The goats trick the troll so they can cross the bridge and the last goat to cross pushes the troll off the bridge.

Well, let me tell you, that was my bridge. Those goats were bad goats! Don't judge me until you hear 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—lots of bridges charge tolls. That is how I made money. Even trolls need to pay for food.

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One day I heard a sound. Trip trap. Trip trap. Trip trap. Trip trap. It was a small goat. He wanted to cross my bridge. I told him to pay me, but he refused. "If no one pays me, how am I supposed to eat?" I asked. "Do you prefer that I eat you up instead?"

"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 than the first goat. He didn't want to pay the toll, either. "If no one pays me, how am I supposed to eat?" I asked. "Do you prefer that I eat you up instead?"

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

"He better!" I said. Then I let him cross because 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 but he refused to pay me as well. I got mad. I went to the top of the bridge to talk to him. But I didn't because he pushed me right off the bridge and then ran off! I'm lucky I'm still alive. Those goats are thieves!

Time passed and I read a story in the newspaper that sounded awfully familiar. It was about three goats that tricked a troll so they could cross his bridge. But the story made the goats sound like the good guys. They said they had to trick me, or I'd eat them up. Everyone believed them because goats are cuter than trolls. Now everyone thinks that I'm the bad guy. Everyone else refused to pay me tolls to cross my bridge. I had to move back in with my mother. All the other trolls make fun of me. It's not fair, I tell you!

