

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!



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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!



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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. 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!

