The three goats

Once upon a time there were three goats. There was a big goat, a small goat and a middle-sized goat. They lived high up on a hill. The three goats liked to eat grass but on the hill where they lived, there was very little grass. The grass was short and brown.

One day the smallest goat looked out at the hill on the other side. This hill was covered in long, green grass. He said, "Look, the grass on the other side is long and green. If we go there we won't be hungry any more. Let's go!"

To get to the hill on the other side, they had to cross over a bridge. But there was a problem. Do you know what the problem was? I will tell you. There was a skelm, a baddie, living under the bridge, called a troll. This big, bad troll wanted to eat the goats.

The little goat went off first, trip-trap, trip-trap, over the bridge. The troll said in his big, gruff voice, "Who's that trip-trapping over my bridge?" The little goat said, "It's me, the little goat." The troll said, "I'm coming to eat you." The little goat said, "Don't eat me, I'm too small. Wait for the next goat – she's bigger." So the silly old troll said, "Go, I will wait for the next one."

Along came the middle-sized goat, trip-trap, trip-trap, over the bridge. The big bad troll said, "Who's that trip-trapping over my bridge?" The middle-sized goat said, "It's me, the middle-sized goat." The troll said, "I'm coming to eat you." "Don't eat me," said the middle-sized goat. "Wait for the big goat, he's coming next." "Humff," said the big bad troll. "Go, I will wait for the next one."

Along came the big goat, TRIP-TRAP, TRIP-TRAP, over the bridge. The big bad troll said, "Who's that trip-trapping over my bridge?" The big goat said in his big voice, "It's me, the BIG GOAT". "I'm coming to eat you!" said the big bad troll.

"Well then, come and get me!" said the big goat. Then he said, "You can't eat me, it's no use trying. My big horns will send you flying!"

"You can't eat me, it's no use trying
My big horns will send you flying!"