

Thursday 30<sup>th</sup> April 2020.

The Three Billy Goats Gruff, by Riley Bould.

Once upon a time, there lived three billy goats gruff. One was a small billy goat, one was middle sized and one was much bigger.

They were just eating grass on the hillside when they heard jazzy music, animals laughing and just general happiness. They wanted to see what was going on. So they decided to go one by one to the bridge which was just down by the river. They soon realised that there was something stopping them. A troll. Now you may be thinking this troll looks and smells awful, with warts on his face, straw like hair and smells of manure, but no... this troll smelt like fresh flowers, wore a red, velvet cloak and had long, grey hair. He is in fact, THE PRINCE! The troll (prince) lived under the wooden, narrow bridge and that was even covered in a red carpet, he was so posh.

The goats were unaware of the troll until the smallest goat went down to the bridge covered in red. The troll said, "Who's that trip trapping over my bridge?"

The smallest billy goat was a little scared and stuttered, "It is I, little billy goat gruff. I'm going to cross the bridge because I heard a noise, it sounds like a party."

"Oh no you're not!" Shouted the troll. "In fact, I'm going to eat you up".

"Please don't!" The smallest billy goat cried, "my brother is a much bigger goat than me, eat him instead."

"Mmm, ok I might just do that. Go on you can go by, but make sure you wipe your hooves before traipsing on my red carpet."

The smallest billy goat trip trapped over the velvet bridge and decided to WhatsApp his middle sized brother to update him on the troll and bridge situation. He also informed his brothers that it was a pool party he had walked into and that there was a tasty looking buffet on offer.

Next, the middle sized goat went down to the bridge and saw the handsome troll. "Who's that trip trapping over my bridge?"

"It is I, middle billy goat gruff. I'm going to cross the bridge to my brother, we heard music and wanted to investigate."

"Oh no you're not!" Shouted the handsome troll. "In fact, I'm going to eat you up".

"Please don't!" the middle sized billy goat cried, "my brother is a much bigger goat than me, eat him instead."

"Mmm, ok I might just do that. Go on you can go by, but make sure you wipe your hooves before traipsing on my red carpet."

So the middle sized goat walked slowly over the bridge, keeping an eye on the troll as he licked his lips thinking about the meal that was to come. He too, WhatsApped the biggest billy goat, to tell him what he had found on the other side of the bridge.

Finally and boldly, the biggest billy goat went down to the bridge, he could smell the buffet and was imagining the hot, crusty sausage rolls he was about to eat, making it a change from the fresh, green grass he was used to.

"Who's that trip trapping over my bridge?" The long, grey haired troll asked.

"It is I, the biggest billy goat gruff. I'm going to cross the bridge. My brothers, who have already crossed, are enjoying a pool party and I'm going to join them."

"Oh no you're not!" Shouted the troll. "In fact, I'm going to eat you up".

"I don't think so trolly!" And with a giant inhale of breath, the biggest billy goat, with steam coming out his ears, ran at the troll, the fastest he has ever ran in his life. He bunted the troll high into the sky, whilst shouting "I will cross your bridge with or without your permission!"

The troll fell into the river, with a giant splash and had to unravel himself from his red, velvet cloak that made him the royalist troll in town.

The biggest billy goat joined his brothers for the pool party with the other animals on the hillside. They ate hot sausage rolls, drank fizzy limeade and had the best time of their lives.

And They Lived Happily Ever After.