

The Three Billy Goats Gruff

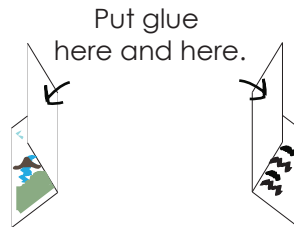
make your own mini book

How to Make the Mini Book

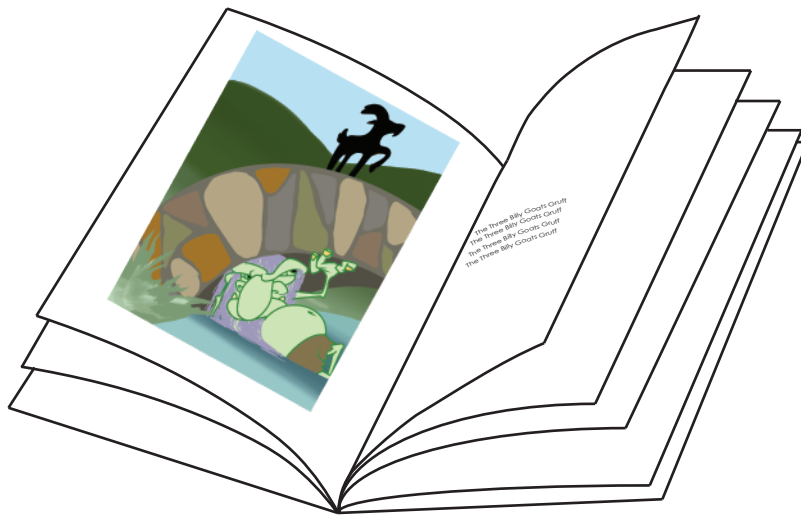
What You Need:

The story pages
Paste or a glue stick

1. Print out the story pages and fold each in half on the dotted line.
2. Fold page one so that the image is on the outside. This will be the book cover.
3. Fold page two the opposite way of page one, so that the image and text face each other.
4. You'll want to fold the rest of the pages the same as page two.
5. Time to glue! Take page two and page three and put a thin layer of paste on the backsides of the paper. Make sure to get the edge.



6. Line up the papers corner to corner and press the two halves together. You'll be gluing the backside of all the pages to each other so that when you flip through the book the picture is on the left and the story is on the right.
7. Wrap the cover page around the book and glue it in place.



Your finished book should look something like this.
Happy reading!

The Three Billy Goats Gruff



Once upon a time there were three billy goats, all named Gruff.



Goats eat a lot, you know, and one day they found that their grassy hill was becoming bare. There was more grass to eat on the other side of the river.

The smallest Gruff decided to go first. To get there he had to cross a bridge. Under the bridge lived a great big troll.



Trip, trap, trip, trap, trip, trap went the bridge.

“Who comes crossing my bridge?” said the troll.

“It is only I, Little Billy Goat Gruff,” said the billy goat, with a tiny voice.

“I will eat you up!” said the troll.



“Oh you do not want to do that. I am too little,” said the billy goat. “Wait, and my big brother will come along. He’s bigger than me. He will make a much better meal.”

“Be gone then! I will wait for a bigger, better meal,” said the troll.

And with that the little billy goat quickly crossed to the other side.



After a little while the bridge shook.

Trip, trap, trip, trap, trip, trap.

“Who comes crossing my bridge?”
yelled the troll.



“It is I, Medium Billy Goat Gruff.”

“I will eat you up!” cried the troll, coming closer.

“If you wait just a little my big brother will come along. Don’t eat me. He is much bigger.”

“Be gone then,” said the troll.



And then TRIP, TRAP, TRIP, TRAP, TRIP, TRAP. The bridge groaned under a very heavy goat.

“Now who comes crossing my bridge?” demanded the troll, now very angry indeed.



“It is I! Big Billy Goat Gruff.”

“Now I’m coming to gobble you up!”
yelled the troll.

“Well, come along,” said the biggest
billy goat Gruff.



The troll ran at him. Big Billy Goat Gruff thumped the troll hard in the chest with his big antlers.

The troll went right off the bridge and into the water, where he hurt his foot. He had wanted the biggest mouthful for himself and ended up all wet instead.



The three billy goats had their fill of grass from the hills on that side of the river.

The End