

WALTER ANDERSON MUSEUM *of* ART

LESSON PLAN

THE THREE BILLY GOATS GRUFF | PUPPET SHOW

Mississippi state standards served:

PRE-K LITERATURE

- With guidance and support, retell familiar stories (from books, oral presentation, songs, plays) using diverse media (e.g., conversation, drama, props throughout the classroom, creative movement, art and creative writing).
- With prompting and support, identify some characters, settings and/or major events in a story.

Using the Walter Anderson coloring sheets below, create your own characters (three goats and a troll). Decorate and cut out your characters, then use popsicle sticks (or the equivalent) to make simple puppets. Read the story aloud and act out the story using your puppets. The story below is excerpted from *The Magic Carpet and Other Tales*, as retold by Ellen Douglass and illustrated by Walter Anderson.

Want to take it further?

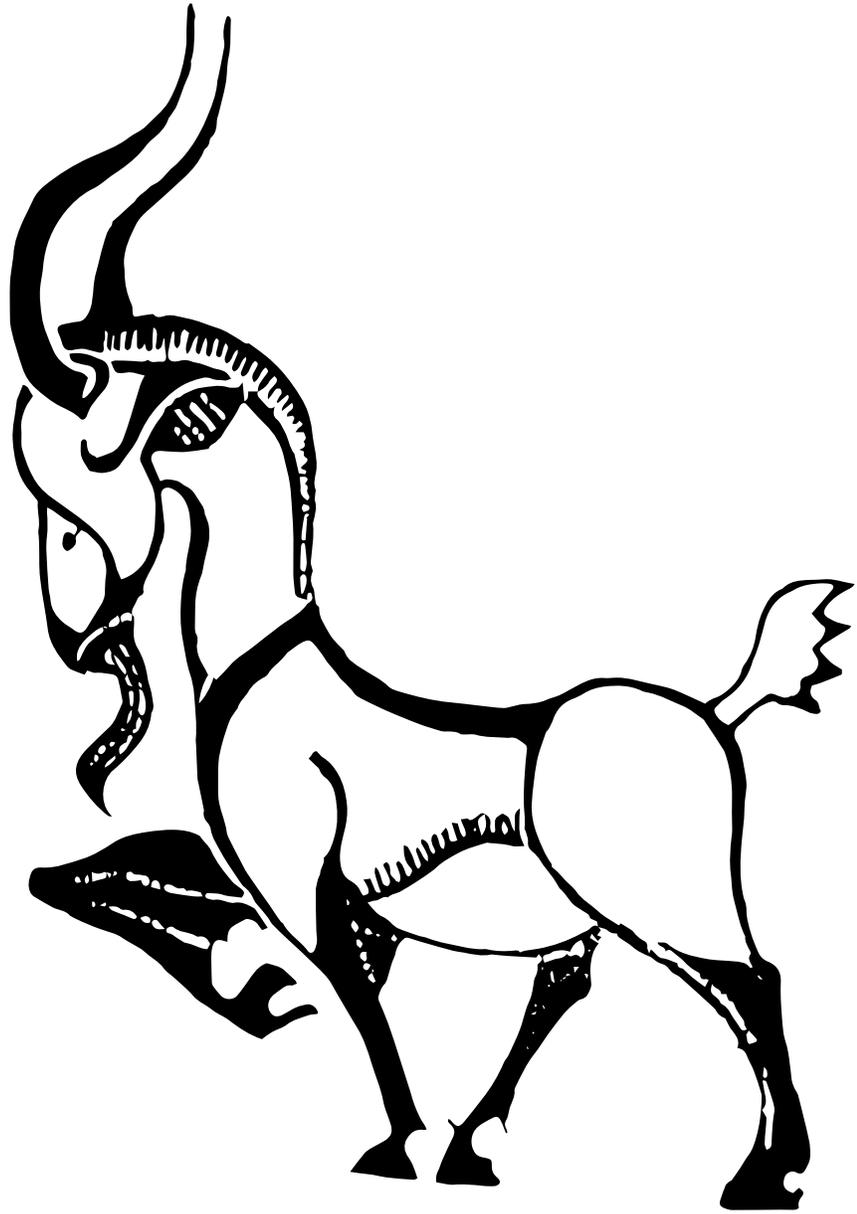
Create your own bridge and stream using additional materials from around the house or classroom.

DID YOU KNOW?

Walter Anderson created puppets out of wood for his own children in the 1940s.



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The Three Billy Goats Gruff

Once there were three billy goat brothers whose name was Gruff. In the winter their home was in a valley where they fed on hay and lived quite comfortably in a large barn. Every year when spring came they went up to the high mountain pastures where the grass was rich and green and the air cool and pleasant. To get there they had to cross a bridge over a swift mountain stream and one year it happened that just before they set out a troll moved in under the bridge—a great ugly troll with eyes as round and big as dinner plates and horns like a ram’s and a nose as long as a sausage.

The youngest and littlest of the goats set out first from his fenced field through a deep wood of oak and pine trees until he came to the bridge where, as his brothers had warned him, the troll now lived. When he came to the bridge, he hesitated a minute and then over he went. *Trip, trap, trip, trap*, like drumsticks on a drum, his little hoofs beat a tattoo on the bridge.

“Ho, ho. Who is that tripping over my bridge?” called the troll in a voice as deep and croaky as a bull frog’s.

“Oh, it’s only me, the littlest Billy Goat Gruff,” said the little goat, “and I’m going up to the high mountain pasture to eat the grass and make myself fat.”

“Well, here I come to gobble you up,” roared the troll.

“Oh, no, please don’t eat me,” said the little goat, tripping along as fast as he could. “Wait a bit for my brother, the second Billy Goat Gruff. He’s coming along behind me, and he’s much bigger and fatter than I am.”

“Well, well,” croaked the troll, grumpily. “Be off with you then, and don’t bother me any more.”

After a little while came the second Billy Goat Gruff, through the woods and then, *Trip, Trap, Trip Trap*, over the bridge.

“Who’s that tripping over my bridge?” roared the troll in an even louder croak.

“Oh, it’s only me, the second Billy Goat Gruff, and I’m going up to the pasture on the mountainside to eat the tender green grass and make myself fat. Don’t let me disturb you,” he added. “I’ll be off the bridge in a moment.”

“Not before I come and gobble you up,” roared the troll, and he began to puff himself up and make himself as ugly and fierce as he could.

“No, no, no, you don’t want me,” said the second Billy Goat Gruff. “I’m stringy and skinny as can be. Wait for my biggest brother, who is coming along behind me. He’s much bigger and fatter than I am.”

“Oh, very well then,” said the troll. “Be off with you and don’t bother me any more.”

And then, right away, along came the biggest Billy Goat Gruff, who did not hesitate one moment when he got to the bridge. *TRIP, TRAP, TRIP,*





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TRAP, he went over the bridge and he was so heavy that the boards creaked and groaned under his weight.

“Who is that tramping over my bridge?” roared the troll and he made his voice as loud as a braying jackass.

“IT IS I, GREAT BIG BILLY GOAT GRUFF,” shouted the goat, whose voice was as loud as a trumpet and made the timbers of the bridge shiver.

“Well, I am coming to gobble you up,” roared the troll.

“Then come on up,” the billy goat said.

“Come and get me.

Here I am.

You’ll think you’ve met

A battering ram.”

And when the troll came scrambling up from below the bridge, he lowered his head and charged like the battering ram he was, and poked the troll’s eyes out with his horns and tossed him over the side of the bridge into the swift mountain stream. And the troll was never seen again.

After that great big Billy Goat Gruff climbed up the mountain to join his brothers. There the three billy goats got so fat that when winter came they could hardly manage to walk home again.

Snip, snap, snout, my story’s out.