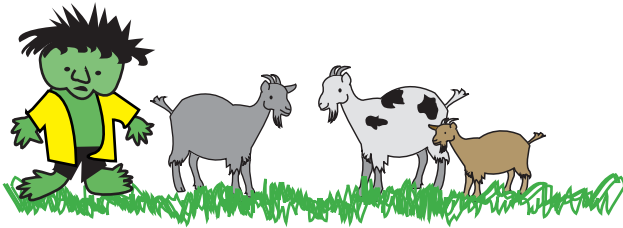


The next day, Vincent joined Sam and Pam and Bam in the meadow for lunch.

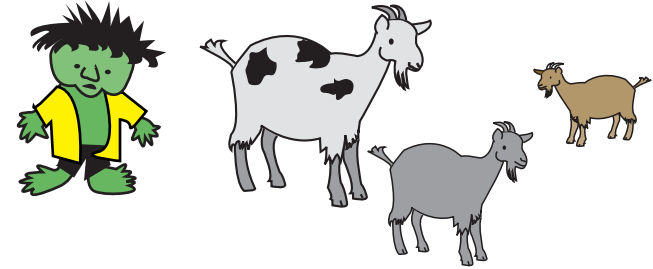
The Troll and the goats ate plenty of good green grass and had interesting conversations.

And they all lived happily ever after.



THE END

Vincent and the Goats



Vincent backed up so far that he fell off of the bridge and into the water.

“Help!” cried Vincent. “I cannot swim!”



On the other side of that curved stone bridge there lived a fierce Troll named Vincent.

Vincent was always hungry.

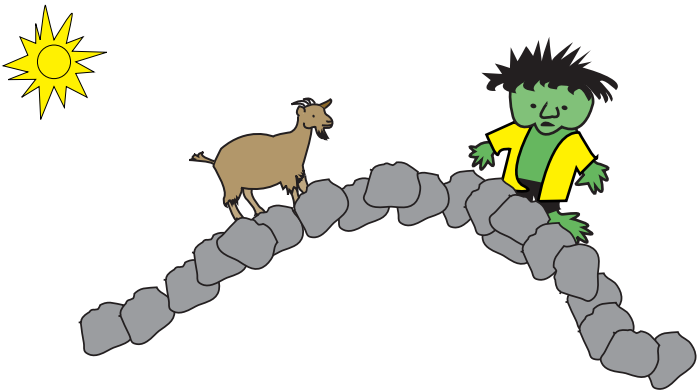


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Print-and-Mail Storybooks #5
c/o Instructables

One day, early in the morning, little Sam tried to cross the bridge.

"Trip-trap, trip-trap" went Sam's tiny hooves as he walked on the curved stone bridge.

Out jumped Vincent.



"Not bad," said Vincent. "Not bad at all."

So Vincent the Troll began eating good green grass instead of goats.

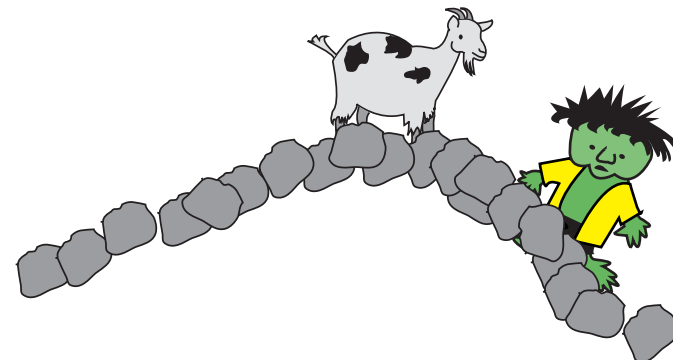


Vincent backed up a little bit.

Bam came closer.

Vincent backed up a little bit more.

Bam came closer still.



Finally, Bam said to Vincent,

“Have you ever considered eating good green grass instead of goats?”

“Not really,” answered Vincent. “I don’t think Trolls eat good green grass.”

“I think Trolls eat whatever they want to,” answered Bam. “Why don’t you try it?”

So Vincent took a little bite of the good green grass.

He chewed. He waited.

He thought about it.

Then he took another bite.

14

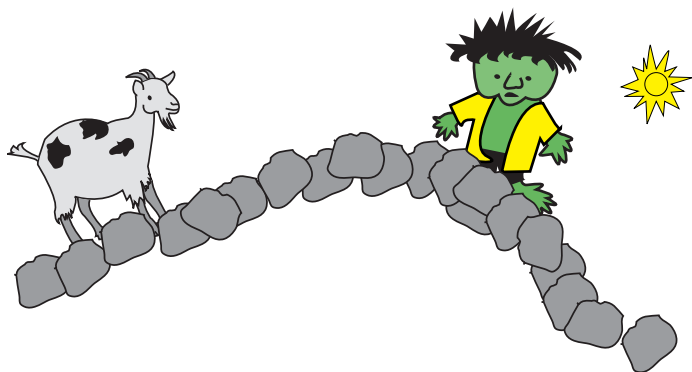
Early in the evening, Bam decided to join his brother and sister.

“TRIP-TRAP, TRIP-TRAP, TRIP TRAP,” went Bam’s large hooves as he walked on the curved stone bridge.

Out jumped Vincent.

“I am big. I am fierce. I am hungry,” cried Vincent.

“I am big, too. I fierce, too. I am hungry, too,” answered Bam.



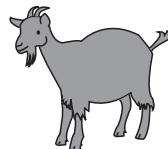
10

Once upon a time, there were three goats.

One goat was named Sam.

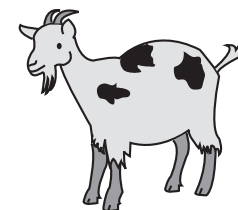


Sam was small and brown.



One goat was named Pam.
Pam was medium-sized and gray.

One goat was named Bam.
Bam was large and gray with black spots.



“I am big. I am fierce. I am hungry” cried Vincent.

“I am small. I am not fierce. I am hungry, too,” answered Sam.

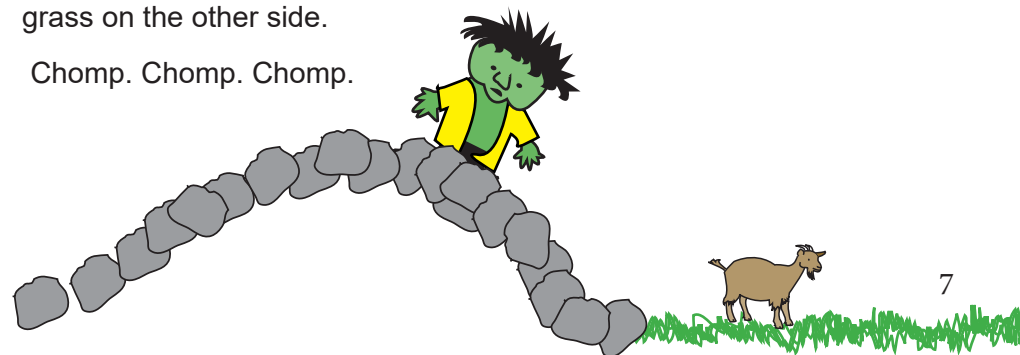
“Please let me go. I would hardly make a mouthful for a big Troll like you.”

Vincent looked at tiny Sam and decided to let him go.

Sam crossed the bridge.

He ate the good green grass on the other side.

Chomp. Chomp. Chomp.



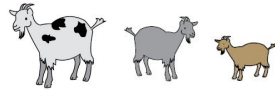
7

All three goats loved to eat good green grass.

Now the best green grass could be found in a meadow on the other side of a curved stone bridge.

The goats lived on one side.

The meadow was on the other side.



Bam jumped into the water. He took the collar of Vincent's coat between his big goat teeth and he pulled Vincent to the side of the river.

Vincent's hair was soggy. He was cold and wet and sad.

Bam's beard was soggy. He was also cold and wet and sad.

Vincent and Bam sat at the side of the river for a long time.

The warm sun slowly dried Vincent's soggy hair.

The war sun slowly dried Bam's soggy beard.

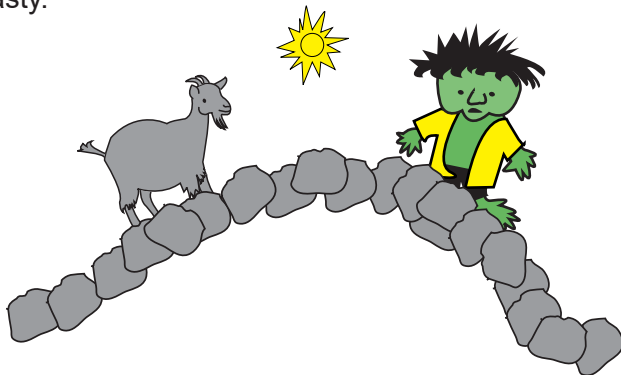
Early in the afternoon, Pam decided to join her brother.

"Trip-TRAP, trip-TRAP, trip-TRAP," went Pam's medium-sized hooves as she walked on the curved stone bridge.

Out jumped Vincent.

"I am big. I am fierce. I am hungry" cried Vincent.

"I am medium-sized. I am not fierce. I am hungry, too," answered Pam. "Please let me go. I don't think a big Troll like you would find me tasty."



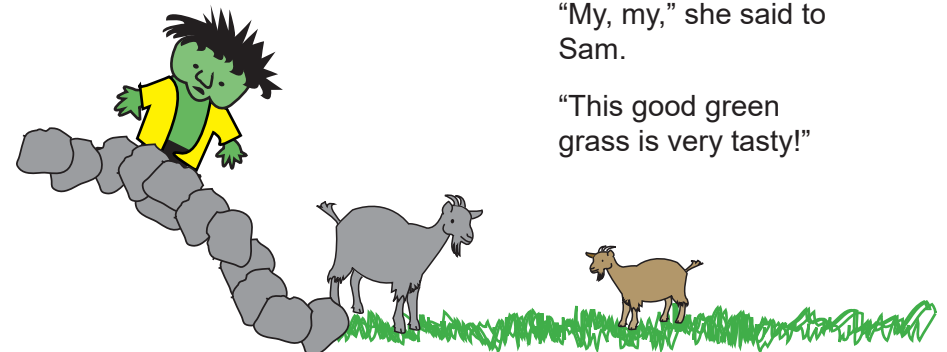
Vincent looked at Pam. She *didn't* look tasty.

So he let her go.

Pam crossed the bridge.

Trip-TRAP. Trip-TRAP. Trip-TRAP.

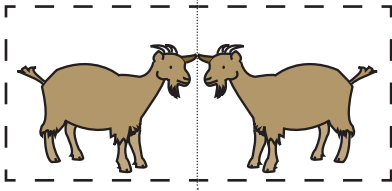
Pam joined Sam on the other side.



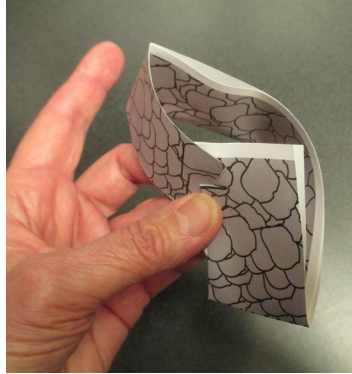
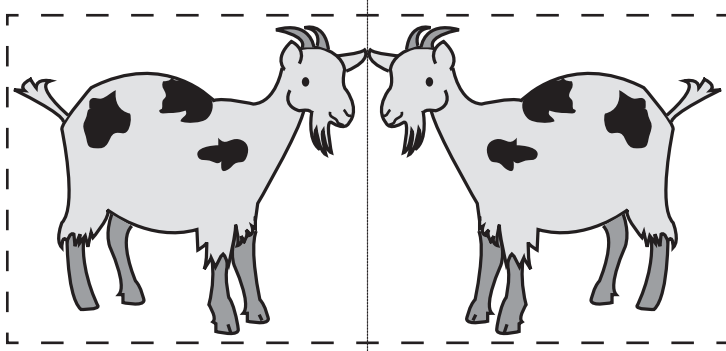
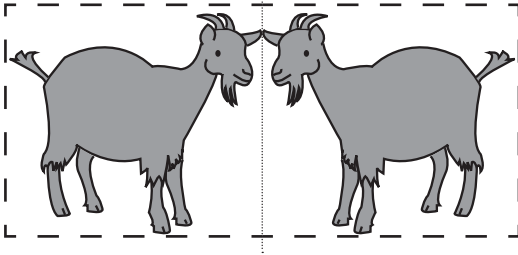
"My, my," she said to Sam.

"This good green grass is very tasty!"

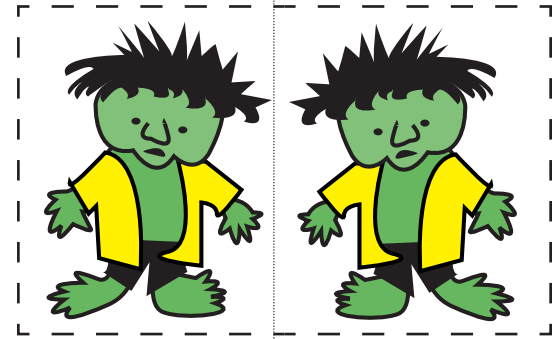
“Finger Puppet” patterns



Cut on the dashed lines. Fold on the dotted lines.
Tape or glue top and sides.
For the bridge, cut out, fold first at the white dotted line.
Then fold again at the black dotted lines. Cut each black solid line and lock as shown in the illustration.



Use this illustration for the front cover



Vincent and the Goats

