



# The Three Little Pigs

**T**here once was a mother pig who had three little pigs and they were very poor indeed. One day, the mother pig sent the three little pigs out into the big, wide world to seek their fortunes.

The first little pig met a man carrying a big bundle of straw. “Please may I have that big bundle of straw to build myself a house?” asked the pig. The man was tired of carrying the bundle of straw, so he gladly gave it to the first little pig.

The first little pig built a house out of straw, and he lived there very happily. But


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along came a big bad wolf. “Little pig, little pig, let me come in!” shouted the wolf.

“No, no, not by the hair on my chinny chin chin. I’ll not let you in,” squeaked the first little pig.

“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff, and I’ll blow your house down,” yelled the wolf. And he did. He huffed and he puffed and he blew the straw house down. The first little pig ran away as



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fast as his trotters would carry him.

Now the second little pig met a man carrying a big bundle of sticks. "Please may I have that bundle of sticks to build myself a house?" asked the pig. The man was tired of carrying the bundle of sticks, so he gladly gave it to the second little pig.

The second little pig built a house out of sticks, and he lived there very happily. But along came the big bad wolf. "Little pig, little pig, let me come in!" shouted the wolf.

"No, no, not by the hair on my chinny chin chin. I'll not let you in," squeaked the second little pig.

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house down," yelled the wolf. And he did. He huffed and he puffed and he blew the

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stick house down. The second little pig ran away as fast as his trotters would carry him.

Now the third little pig met a man carrying a heavy load of bricks. "Please may I have that load of bricks to build myself a house?"



asked the pig. The man was very tired of carrying the heavy load of bricks so he gladly gave it to the third little pig.

The third little pig built a house out of


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bricks, and he lived there very happily. But along came the big bad wolf. "Little pig, little pig, let me come in!" shouted the wolf.

"No, no, not by the hair on my chinny chin chin. I'll not let you in," squeaked the third little pig.

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house down," yelled the wolf.





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And he tried and he tried. He huffed and he puffed, and he huffed and he puffed, but he couldn't blow the pig's brick house down.

“Little pig, little pig, I'm coming down your chimney right now to get you,” bellowed the big bad wolf.


“Please yourself,” called the third little pig who was now busy with some important preparations.

“Little pig, little pig, I have my front paws down your chimney,” threatened the big bad wolf.

“Please yourself,” called the little pig who was still busy.

“Little pig, little pig, I have my bushy tail down your chimney,” called the wolf.

“Please yourself,” called the third little pig



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who was now sitting in his comfortable rocking chair by the fireside.

“Little pig, little pig, here I come!” said the wolf, and with a huge SPLOSH! the big, bad wolf fell right into a bubbling pot of boiling water. That clever little pig had placed the pot on the fire, right under the chimney.

The wolf splished and splashed, and scrambled out of the big pot. He ran as fast as he could out of the front door, and was never, ever seen again.

The third little pig went to look for his two brothers and found them safe and sound. So the three little pigs went and fetched their mother. And now they all live happily together in the brick house.

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