

## The Three Little Pigs

Once upon a time there were three little pigs. As soon as they were old enough they set out to seek their fortunes.

At the first crossroads they came to they said goodbye to one another, and each took a different road.

Now, the first met a man carrying a bundle of straw. 'Please sir, can I have some straw to build myself a house?' he asked politely. The man gave him a bundle of straw and the little pig built himself a fine house and settled down inside it.

No sooner had he sat down than a knock came on the door. Peering out of the window the little pig saw a great big wolf and he began to shiver and tremble.

'Little pig, little pig, let me come in!' called the wolf from outside the door.

'Not by the hair on my chinny chin chin,' squealed the pig. 'I will not let you in!'

'Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!' snarled the wolf, and he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house in, and gobbled up the first little pig.

Well, the second little pig met a man carrying a bundle of sticks. 'Please sir, can I have some sticks to build myself a house?' he asked politely. The man gave him a bundle of sticks and the little pig built himself a fine house and settled down inside it.

No sooner had he sat down than a knock came on the door. Peering out of the window the little pig saw a great big wolf and he began to shiver and tremble.

'Little pig, little pig let me come in!' called the wolf from outside the door.

'Not by the hair on my chinny chin chin,' squealed the pig. 'I will not let you in!'

'Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!' snarled the wolf, and he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house in, and gobbled up the second little pig.

The third little pig met a man carrying a load of bricks. 'Please sir, can I have some bricks to build myself a house?' he asked politely. The man gave him some bricks and the little pig was very pleased with his splendid house and settled down inside it.

No sooner had he sat down than a knock came on the door. Peering out of the window the little pig saw a great big wolf and he began to shiver and tremble.

'Little pig, little pig let me come in!' called the wolf from outside the door.

'Not by the hair on my chinny chin chin,' squeaked the pig. 'I will not let you in!'

'Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!' snarled the wolf, and he huffed and he puffed and he huffed and he puffed and he puffed and he huffed... But the brick house would not blow down.

The wolf sat back and thought for a while. The pig peeped out from behind the curtains. Suddenly the wolf jumped up and began to climb onto the roof of the house. Although he was very frightened, the little pig thought quickly. He got a great pot of water and placed it on the blazing fire to boil. He could hear the wolf's claws tip tapping on the roof and then the grunts as the wolf hauled himself up onto the chimney pot. So when the wolf slid down the chimney the pig snatched the lid off the pan and the wolf fell with a howl right into the pot of water. The pig put the lid back on, and that was the end of the wolf.