

The three little pigs

Once upon a time there were three happy little pigs who set out in search of a place to build their own homes. They finally reached a beautiful hillside covered in magnificent trees, with a large corn-field just beyond.

The **first little pig** quickly decided to build himself a house made of straw. He gathered bundles of corn and before long, he had finished building his new home. But little did he know that the big bad wolf was watching him and he was very hungry.

The **second little pig** had another idea. He grabbed his axe and ran back into the forest to cut some wood. He cut down lots of trees and built himself a little house with all the logs. But little did he know that the big bad wolf was watching him too and he was still very hungry!

The sun set behind the hill and the moon began to glow in the night sky. The first little pig lay down on his straw bed and so did the second piglet, on his wooden bed.

However the **third little pig** drew up a great plan for a house made of bricks. He used his wheelbarrow to move all his bricks, his cement mixer to mix the cement and his tape measure to measure the walls.

The third little pig went on working all night long. Even the big bad wolf, on top of the hill, fell asleep dreaming of the next day's feast.

The sun rose and the wolf woke up. He crept down the hill and sneaked up to the little straw house.

"Little pig! Little pig! Let me in!"

"Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin" replied the terrified little pig.

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down," growled the wolf. And he huffed and he puffed and blew down the flimsy little straw house.

The petrified little pig ran for his life to his brother's wooden house, chased by the hungry wolf.

"Little pig! Little pig! Let me in!"

“Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin” replied the terrified little pig.

“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house down,” growled the wolf. And he huffed and he puffed and finally blew down the rickety little wooden house.

The two brothers ran for their lives to their brother’s great brick house, with the hungry wolf hot on their heels.

“Little pig! Little pig! Let me in!”

“Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin” replied the terrified little pig.

“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house down,” growled the wolf. And he huffed and he puffed and he huffed and he puffed but the house stood still. The little brick house had been built very carefully and with very strong cement. Red in the face and fuming with rage, the big bad wolf had smoke coming out of his ears! He began marching round the house while the three little pigs sat comfortably round the fire. The wolf then realised that the only way to get in was down the chimney that sat high up on the roof.

He grabbed a long ladder and began to climb.

The little pigs, on hearing the heavy footsteps of the wolf as he climbed the ladder, were very frightened but the third little pig put a large saucepan of boiling water on the fire in the fireplace. When the wolf jumped down the chimney, he fell straight into the pot of boiling water, bottom first.

With a yelp, his tail on fire and a burnt bottom, the big bad wolf fled to the woods, never to be seen again.

The first two little pigs had learnt their lesson. They took the wheelbarrow and cement mixer and added an extension to their brother’s beautiful brick house and there they all lived, happily ever after.