

The three little pigs

Once upon a time, there were three little pigs who lived in a small house with their mum. Early one morning, their mum asked them to build houses of their own. As they walked down the road, the youngest little pig met a farmer pulling a cart full of straw. It looked very warm so he asked if he could have some. The farmer agreed and the youngest little pig began building his straw house.



A little further down the road, the second little pig saw a woodcutter slowly pulling a cart of sticks. He thought the thick, long sticks would be just right for building a house. With the help of the woodcutter, the second little pig began building his house.



The oldest little pig trotted along the road and met a builder carefully pushing a cart full of bricks. The oldest little pig thought the bricks looked strong so he asked if he could have some. With the help of the builder, the oldest little pig began building his house. He thought his house would be stronger and bigger than the others.



Later on, a big bad wolf came walking along the road. He saw the youngest little pig in his warm straw house and with an evil glint in his eye, he knocked on the door.

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in!" he said.

"Not by the hair on my chinny, chin, chin! I will not let you in!" cried the frightened little pig.

"Then I will huff and I will puff, and I will BLOW your house down!" growled the wolf.

The wolf huffed and he puffed and he blew the straw house down.



The youngest little pig quickly ran all the way to his brother's wooden house.

Next, the wolf loudly knocked on the door of the house made of sticks.

"Little pigs, little pigs, let me come in!" he angrily growled.

"Not by the hairs on our chinny, chin, chins! We will not let you in!" screamed the terrified little pigs.

"Then I will huff and I will puff, and I will BLOW your house down!" howled the wolf.

The wolf huffed and he puffed and he blew the house down.



The two little pigs quickly ran as fast as they could all the way to the oldest little pig's house made of bricks. So the wicked wolf chased the little pigs to the brick house and noisily knocked on the door.

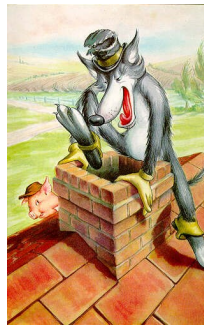
"Little pigs, little pigs, let me come in!" he rudely howled.

"Not by the hairs on our chinny, chin, chins! We will not let you in!" squeaked the fearful little pigs.

"Then I will huff and I will puff, and I will BLOW your house down!" roared the wolf in his loudest voice.

The wolf huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed, but he could not blow down the brick house.

So the angry wolf climbed onto the roof quick as a flash. He slowly crept down the chimney to catch the little pigs.



However, the big bad wolf was in for a huge surprise! The oldest little pig had been making a delicious soup because it was nearly lunch time. The boiling hot soup was sitting on the fire below the chimney. Bubbling soup sent steam up the chimney towards the wolf and he landed with a gigantic splash!



With a powerful howl, the foolish wolf sprinted out of the house and down the long road. The three little pigs happily cheered. Finally the three little pigs were free of the evil scary wolf. He was never seen again and the three little pigs lived happily ever after.

THE END