


# The Three Little Pigs

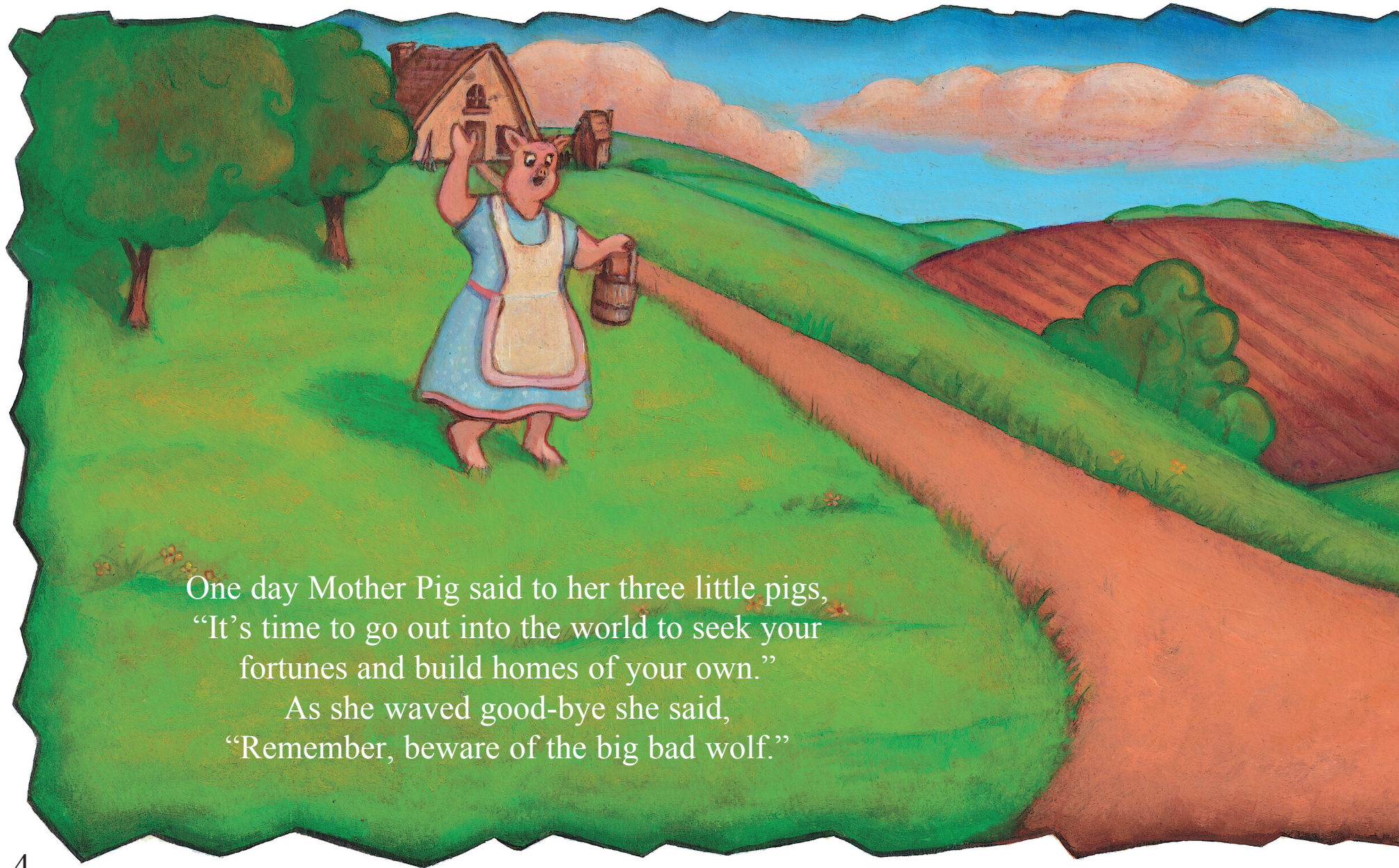


Rewritten by Madge Tovey • Illustrated by Patrick Campbell



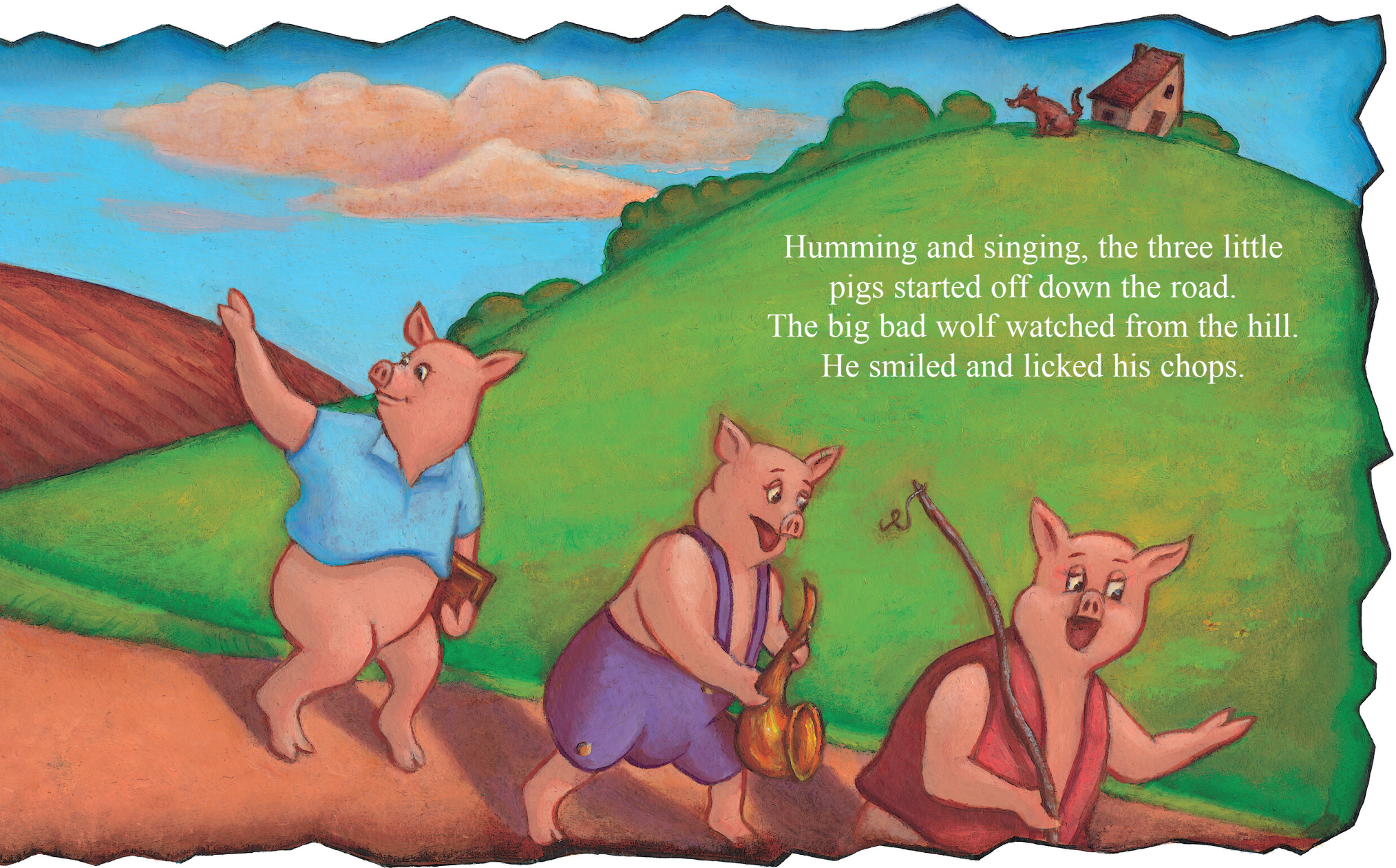


NCE UPON A TIME,  
there were three little pigs  
who lived with their mother in a  
wee little house. It was crowded!



One day Mother Pig said to her three little pigs,  
“It’s time to go out into the world to seek your  
fortunes and build homes of your own.”

As she waved good-bye she said,  
“Remember, beware of the big bad wolf.”



Humming and singing, the three little pigs started off down the road. The big bad wolf watched from the hill. He smiled and licked his chops.



The three little pigs soon met a man with a load of straw.

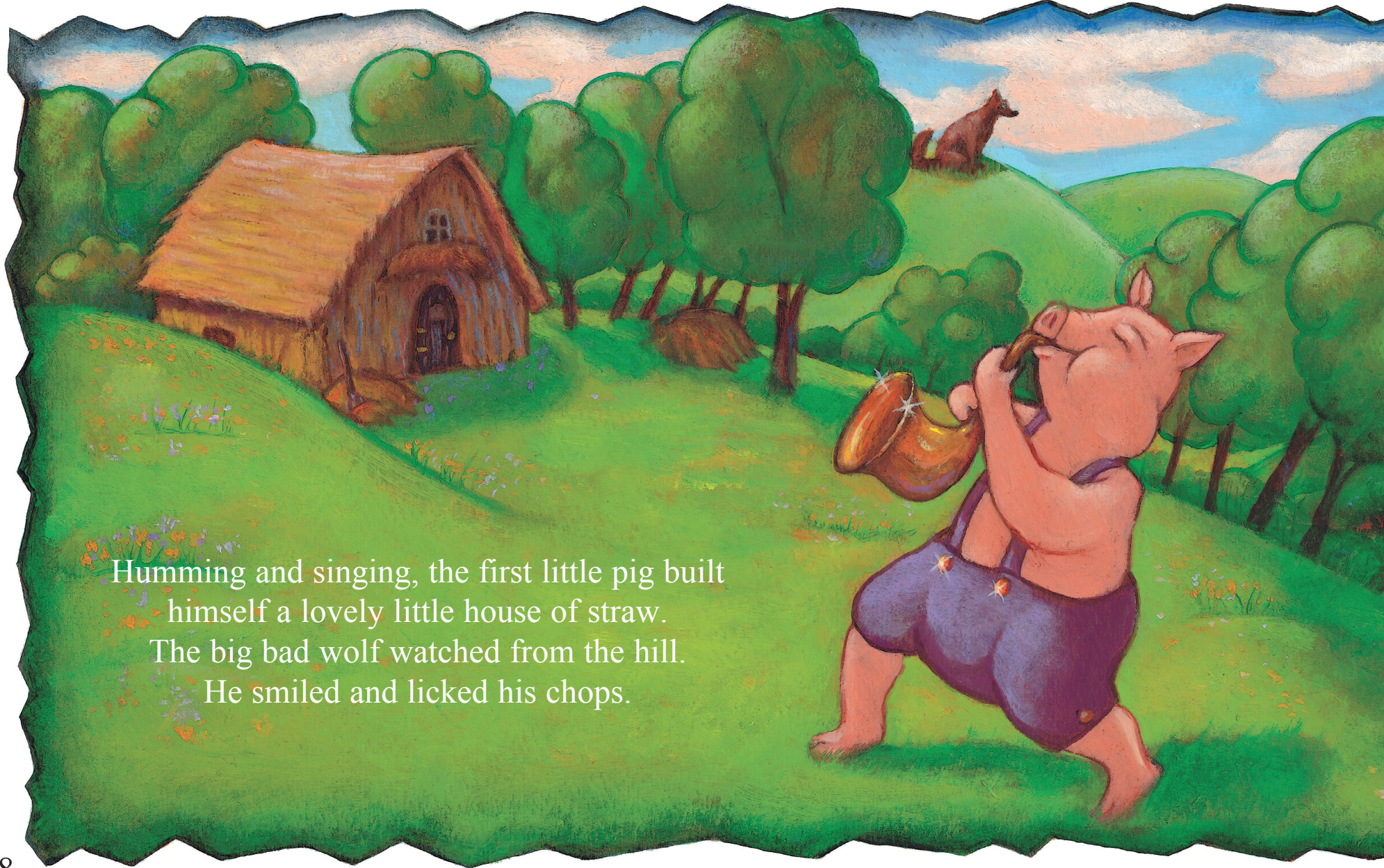
“Good morning, sir,” said the first little pig.

“May I have some straw to build myself a house?”

“Help yourself, little pig,” said the man, “I have enough to share.”



Now, a house made of straw is not a very strong house, and it doesn't take very long to build; but that was okay with the first little pig, because he would much rather sing and play than work hard all day.



Humming and singing, the first little pig built  
himself a lovely little house of straw.  
The big bad wolf watched from the hill.  
He smiled and licked his chops.





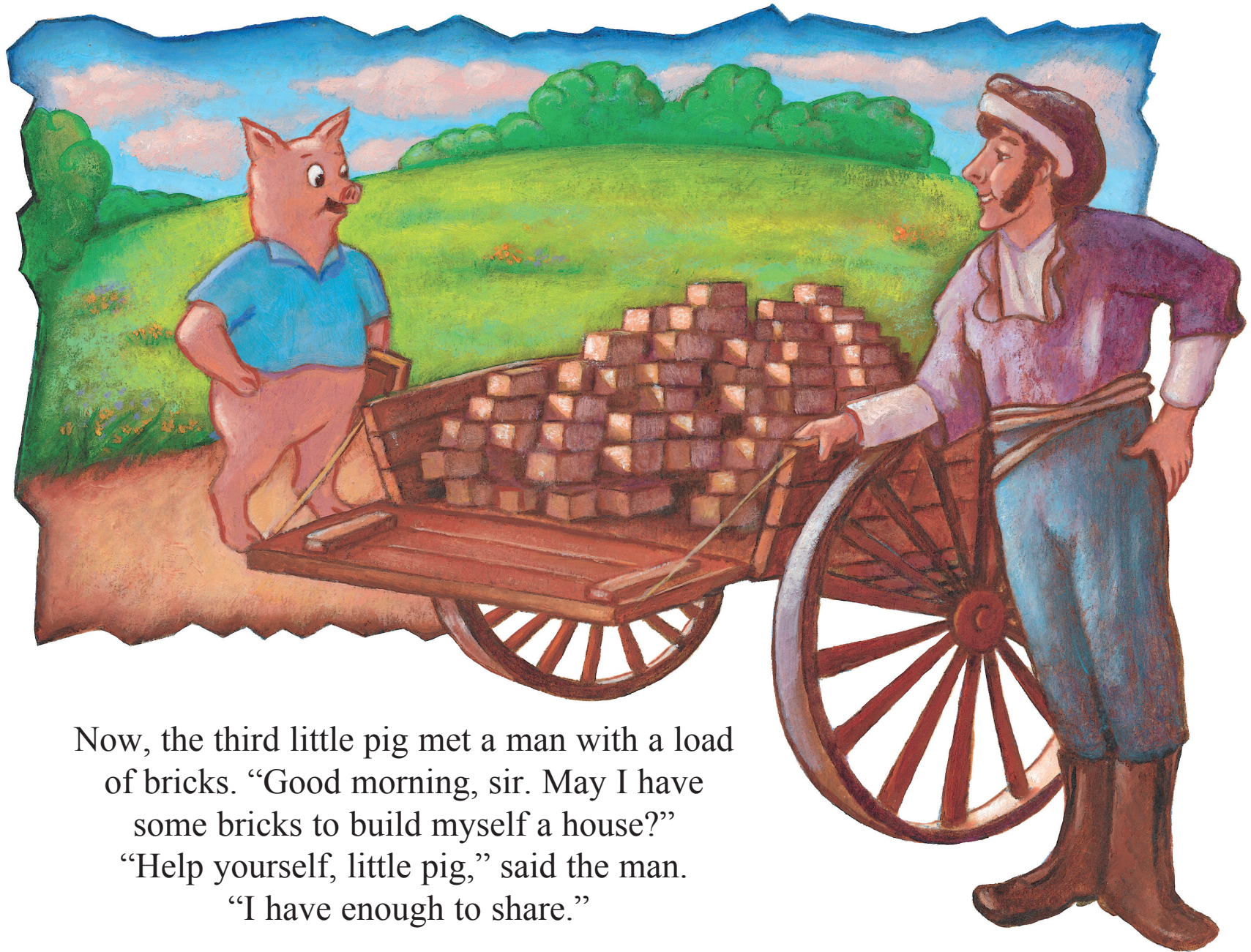
The second little pig met a man with a load of sticks. “Good morning, sir,” he said. “May I have some sticks to build myself a house?”  
“Help yourself, little pig,” said the man, “I have enough to share.”



Now, a house made of sticks is not a very strong house,  
and it doesn't take very long to build;  
but that was okay with the second little pig,  
because he would much rather sing and play than work hard all day.



Humming and singing,  
the second little pig built himself  
a lovely little house of sticks.  
The big bad wolf watched from  
the hill. He smiled and licked his chops.



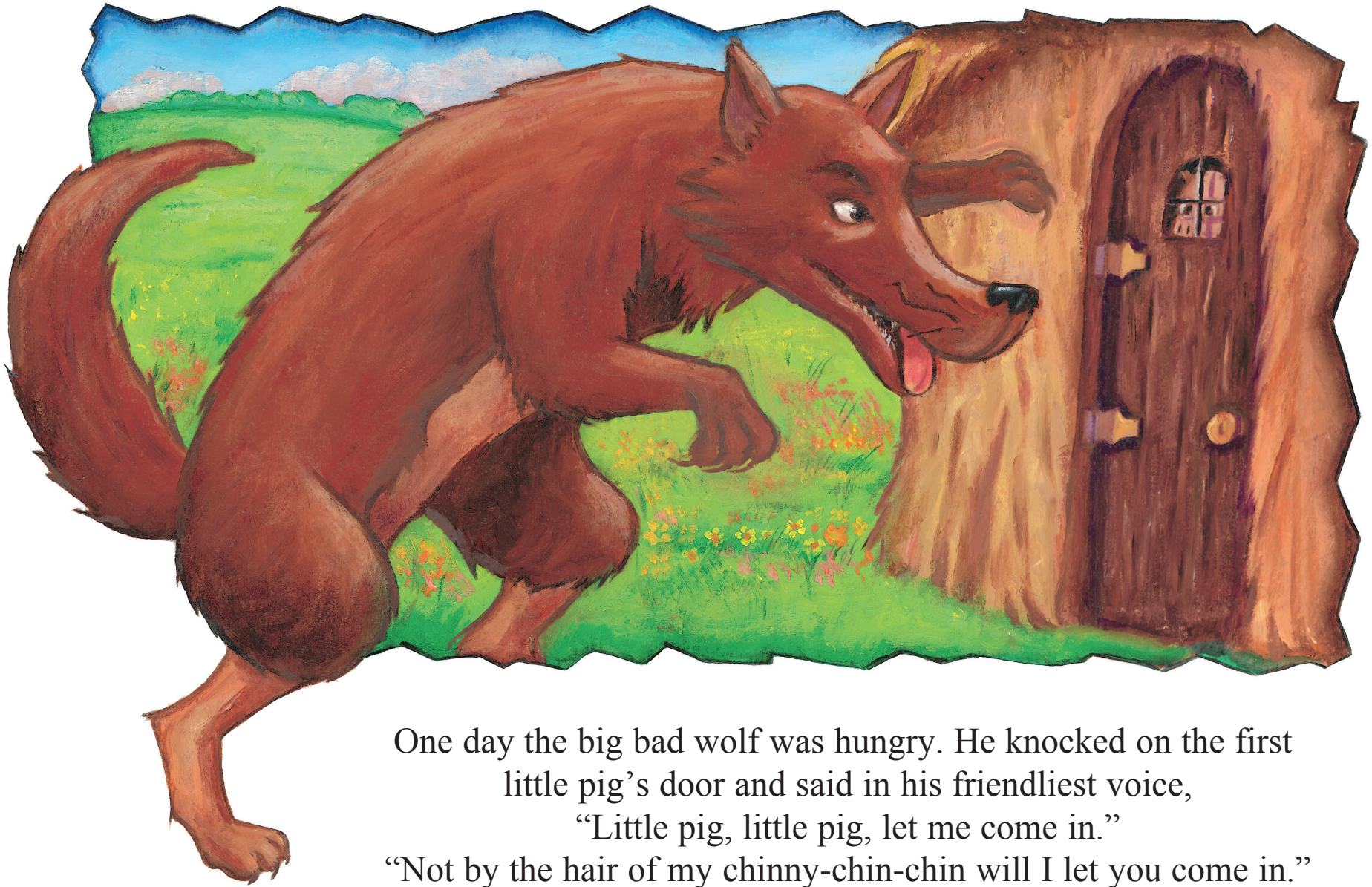
Now, the third little pig met a man with a load of bricks. “Good morning, sir. May I have some bricks to build myself a house?”  
“Help yourself, little pig,” said the man.  
“I have enough to share.”



Now, building a strong house of bricks is a lot of hard work;  
and even though the third little pig liked to sing and play, too,  
he was not afraid of a little hard work each day.



So, humming and singing,  
the third little pig built himself a stout  
and lovely little house of bricks.  
The big bad wolf watched from the hill.  
He smiled and licked his chops.

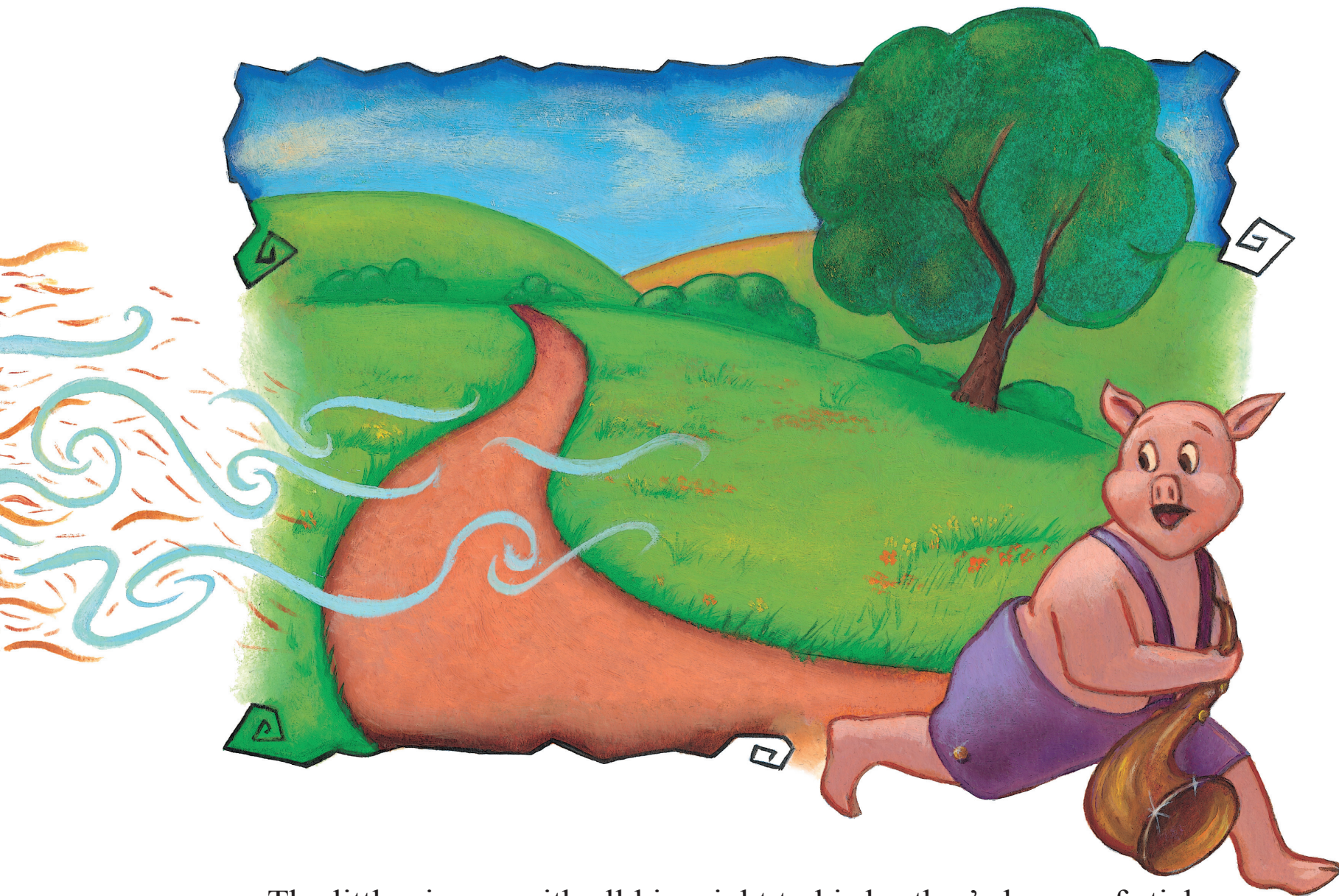


One day the big bad wolf was hungry. He knocked on the first little pig's door and said in his friendliest voice,  
"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."  
"Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin will I let you come in."



“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house in.”  
So he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house in.





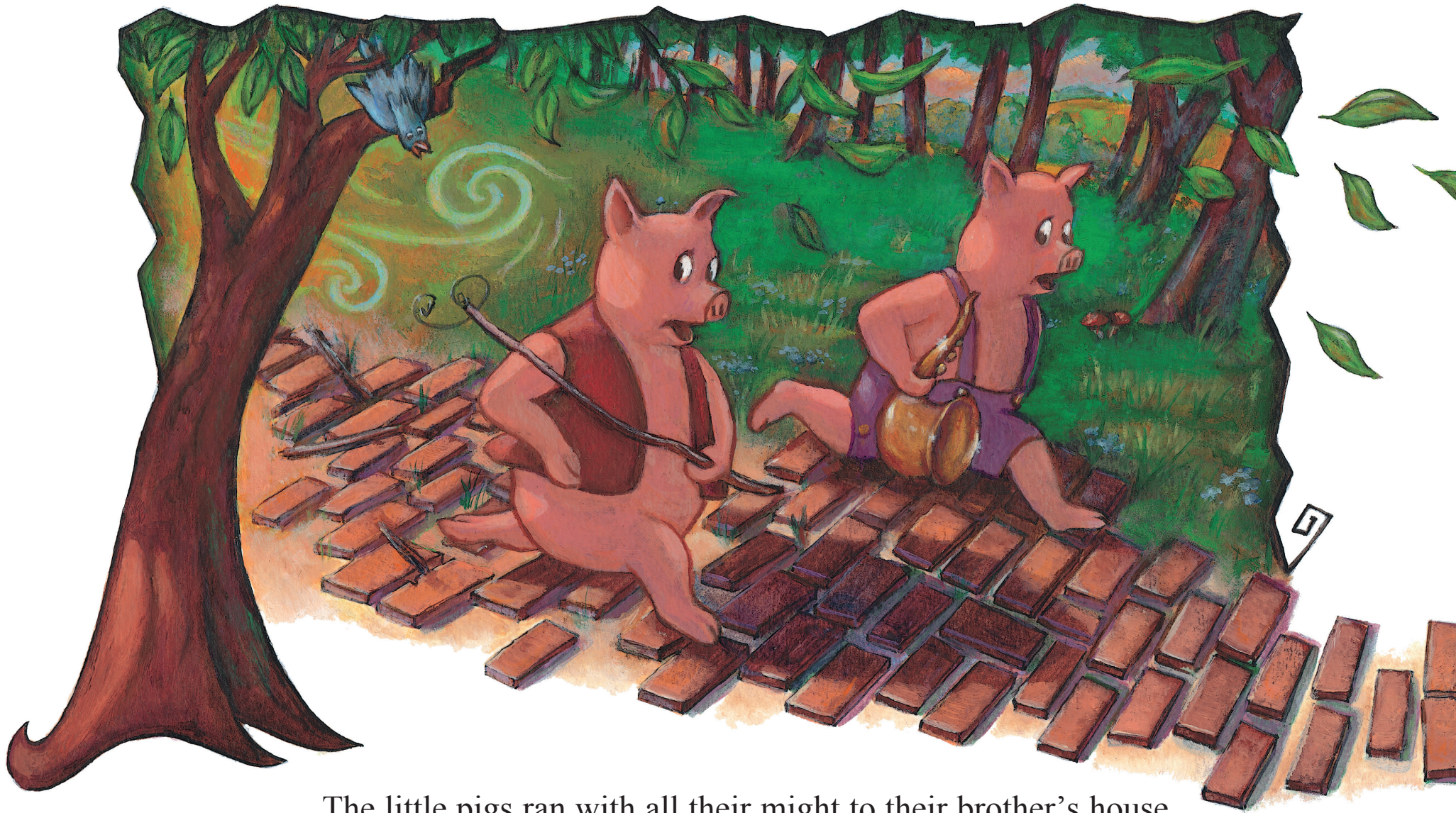
The little pig ran with all his might to his brother's house of sticks.  
They slammed the door and locked it tight.



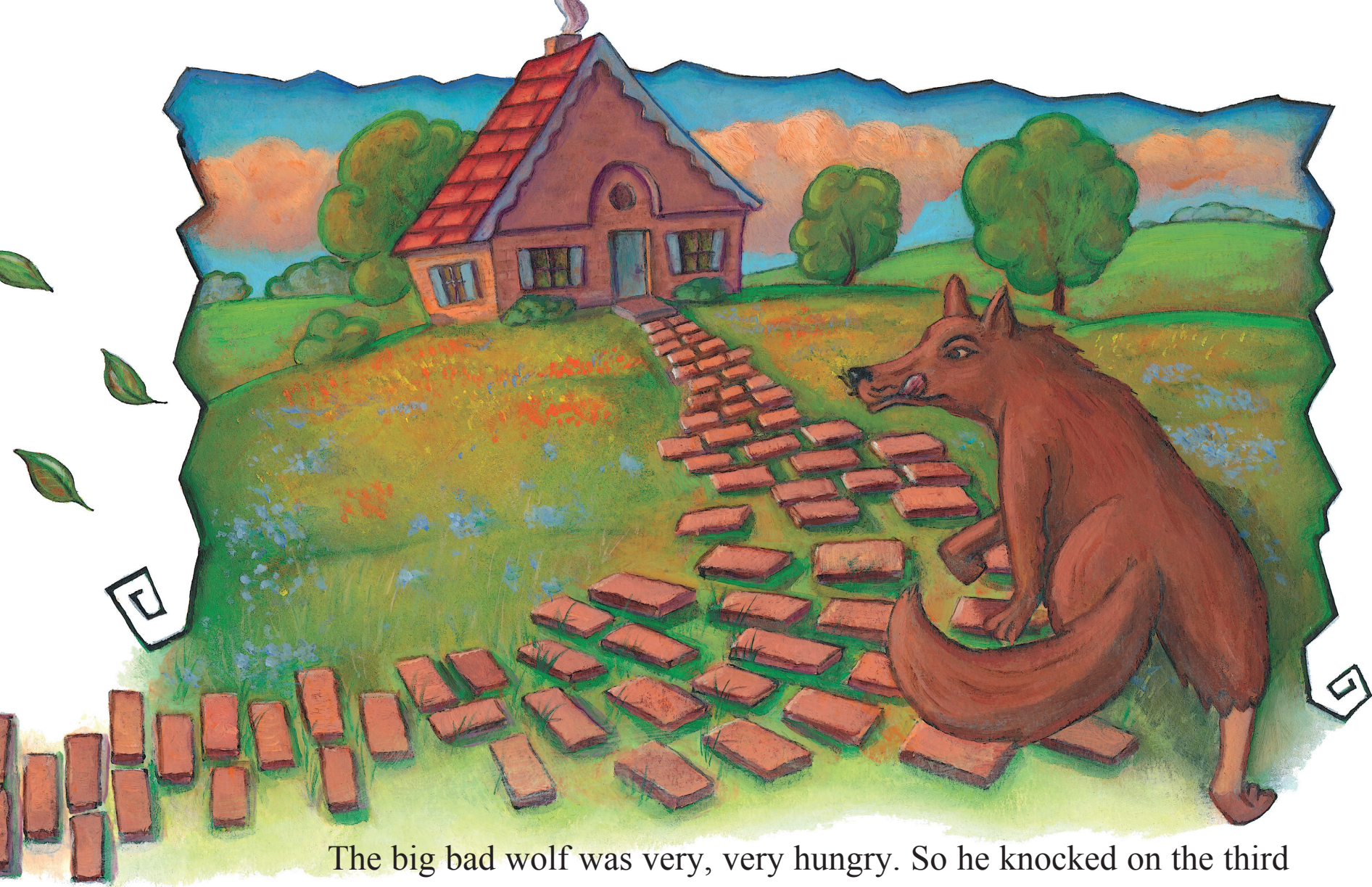
The big bad wolf was very hungry. He knocked on the second little pig's door and said, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."  
"Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin will I let you come in."



“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff  
and I’ll blow your house in.”  
So he huffed and he puffed,  
and he huffed and he puffed,  
and he blew the house in.



The little pigs ran with all their might to their brother's house of bricks. They slammed the door and locked it tight.



The big bad wolf was very, very hungry. So he knocked on the third little pig's door and said, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."  
"Not by the hair of my chinny-chin-chin will I let you come in."



“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house in.”  
So he huffed and he puffed, and he huffed and he puffed,  
and he huffed and he puffed; but he could not blow the brick house in.



Now, the big bad wolf was very, very, very hungry and angry, too.

“I’ll show you!” he growled.

“I’ll climb on your roof and slide down your chimney!”



But the smart little pig was ready for him. He had a big pot of water boiling on the fire. He took off the lid and the wolf fell in with a big splash! It stung his nose and it stung his toes and it stung his tail, too.





“Owwww!” The wolf howled as he hopped out of the pot. “Ow, ow, ow!”  
He ran out the door and all the way to his house on the hill.



Now the wolf is still hungry but not so big and bad,  
and the three little pigs are still humming and happy.



**The end**

# Reading

**Traditional Tales** are beautifully illustrated stories from around the world designed to be shared with children of all ages.

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