



Once upon a time there were three little pigs.

One morning the mother said,

"You must go out and make your living."

So they all set out.

The first little pig met a man with some straw.

He said, "Please give me some straw,

I want to build a house."

The man gave the little pig some straw.

Then the little pig made a house.



Soon an old wolf came along.
He knocked at the door and
said,
“Little pig, little pig, let me
come in.”
The little pig said,
“No, no, by the hair of my
chinny, chin, chin.
I will not let you in.”

The wolf said,
“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.
Then he ate up the little pig.

The second little pig met a
man with some sticks.
He said, “Please, give me
some sticks. I want to build
a house.”
The man gave the little pig
some sticks and he built a
house.

**Then the old wolf came
along.
He knocked at the door and
said,
“Little pig, little pig, let me
come in.”
The little pig said,
“No, no, by the hair of my
chinny, chin, chin.
I won’t let you in.**



**The wolf said,
“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.
Then he ate up the little pig.**

The third little pig met a man with some bricks.

He said,

“Please give me some bricks. I want to build a house.”

The man gave the little pig some bricks and he built a house.

Then the old wolf came along.

He knocked at the door and said,

“Little pig, little pig, let me come in.”

The little pig said,

“No, no, by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin.

I won’t let you in.”

“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff, and I’ll blow your house in,” said the wolf.

“You may huff and you may puff but you can not blow my house in,” said the little pig.

The wolf huffed and he puffed, and he huffed and he puffed.

But he could not blow the house in.

Then the wolf said, "Little pig, I know of a fine field of turnips."

"Where is it?" said the pig.

"Down in the field," said the wolf.

"Will you go with me?
I will call for you in the morning.

Then we can get some for dinner."

"I will be ready," said the pig.

"What time shall we go?"

"At six o'clock," said the wolf.

The little pig got up at five and he went to the field.

He got some turnips and ran home.

The wolf came at six o'clock. He knocked at the door and said,

"Little pig, are you ready?"
I went at five o'clock,"
said the pig,

"and I have a pot full of turnips."

The wolf was angry, but he said,

“Little pig, I know of a fine apple tree.”

“Where is it?” said the pig.

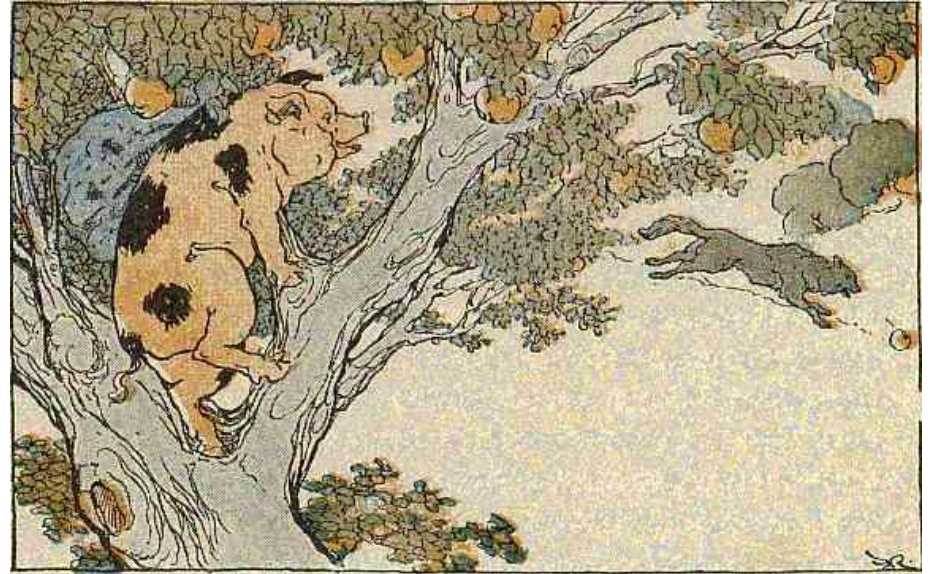
**“Down in the garden,”
said the wolf.**

“Will you go with me in the morning?”

I will come at five o’clock.

Then we can get some apples.”

“I will go,” said the pig.



This time the little pig got up at four o’clock.

**He went to the garden,
and filled his bag with apples.**

**He was getting down,
when he saw the wolf.**

The wolf was very angry,
but he said,
“Little pig, are the apples
good?”
“Very good,” said the little
pig.
“Let me throw you some.”
The pig threw the apples far
away.
The wolf ran to get them.
Then the little pig ran home.
The next day the wolf came
again and said,
“Little pig, let us go to the
fair.”

“I will go in the morning,”
said the pig.
“What time shall we go?”
“Let us go at three o’clock,”
said the wolf.
The next morning the pig got
up at two o’clock.
He went to the fair and got a
churn.
He was going home when he
saw the wolf.
The little pig was frightened.
So he jumped into the churn
to hide,
and it rolled down the hill.

The wolf saw the churn rolling down the hill. He was frightened, too, and ran home.



The next morning the wolf went to the little pig's house. He said, "Little pig, I went to the fair. I met a great round thing on the way. It was rolling down the hill. It frightened me and I ran home." "I frightened you," said the pig. "I went to the fair at two o'clock and I got a churn. On the way home I saw you coming."

**So I jumped into the churn
and it rolled down the hill.”**

**The wolf was now very
angry.**

**“I shall come down the
chimney,” he said,
“and I shall eat you up.”**

**The little pig made a fire.
He hung a pot of water over
it .**

**Soon he heard the wolf
coming down the chimney.**

He took the lid off the pot.

The wolf fell into it.

**And the little pig had a good
supper.**

The Three Little Pigs



Favorite Stories



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