

## Three Little Pigs



Story told by Carol Rainbow

Mrs. Pig was very poor, and her piglets were growing up into fine, strong, little pigs:

“I can’t afford to feed you all anymore. It is time for you to go and make your own homes,” she said.

So, excitedly, the three little pigs set off.

They found a nice clear place in the woods where they would make their homes.



They all set to work.

The first little pig built his house from straw. It was soon complete, and he started to cook his dinner.



Soon, the second little pig's house was complete. He built his with sticks. He joined his brother and helped cook the dinner.

The third little pig's house was not complete. He had only just started. He was building his house with bricks, and it was taking a long time. His brothers laughed at him, but they were happy to share their dinner with him. A few days later, the brick house was complete. It looked great with windows, a chimney, and flowers around the door. That night, the pigs settled down in their houses, keeping warm and dry.





A wolf was in the wood looking for his dinner.

He spotted the first little pig's house of straw.

He went to the door and called:

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"No, no, not by the hair of my chinny

chin chin," replied the little pig.

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in," said the wolf, who was a big, bad, greedy wolf.

And the wolf huffed, and he puffed, and he

blew the house in.

He blew so hard that he blew the piglet to the second little pig's house, so the first little pig went in there to hide.

The next night, the wolf was even hungrier, and he saw the house of sticks.

He crept up to the door and called: "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

"Oh no, not by the hair on my chinny chin chin," said the second little pig.



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

And he huffed, and he puffed, and he blew the house in.

He blew the two little pigs to the third little pig’s house. The third little pig quickly got them both inside to hide and keep safe.

The following night, the wolf was even hungrier and angrier than ever.

Prowling around, he came to the third little pig’s house.



He crept up to the door and called:

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

“Oh no, not by the hair on my chinny chin chin,”  
said the third little pig.

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

And he huffed, and he puffed, and he blew, but  
nothing happened.

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he blew again,  
but still nothing happened. The brick house  
stood firm.

The wolf was very angry.

“I’m going to eat all of you,” he growled, “just  
you wait and see.”

He prowled round the house trying to find a  
way in.

The little pigs trembled when they saw his big  
eyes peering through the window.

Then they heard a scratching, scrambling  
sound.



“Quick, quick,” said the third little pig. “He’s climbing onto the roof. I think he’s going to come down the chimney.”

The three little pigs had gotten a pot of water bubbling on the fire ready to cook their dinner. The wolf was coming down the chimney. Nearer and nearer he came, until, with a tremendous splash, he landed in the pan of water.



“Yoweeeeee!” he screamed and shot back up the chimney, thinking his tail was on fire. The last the three little pigs saw of the big bad wolf was him flying over the treetops clutching a very sore tail.



A bed was made for each little pig, and they lived happily together ever after in their very strong and comfortable house made of bricks.

## **Words we need**

- Piglet
- Wolf
- House
- Straw
- Sticks
- Bricks
- Chin
- Hair
- Huff and puff

## **Credits**

Most of the credit goes to Dakotah Redstone, who created some of the buildings, made a wonderful wolf, and assisted with the photography!

Thanks Dak!