

The Three Little Pigs

Once upon a time, three little pigs and their mother lived in a beautiful brick house. The three pigs grew up and wanted to leave their mother's house and build houses of their own. The mother told them to build their houses from bricks.

"We will!" replied the three little pigs.

The first pig was lazy and built his house from straw. The second pig didn't want to spend much time building a house, so he built his house from sticks. They built their houses very quickly and then decided to play around all day. The third pig, however, spent the whole day working hard building his house from bricks.

A big bad wolf saw the two little pigs playing and thought, "What a lovely meal they would make!" He chased the two pigs and they ran back into their houses. The big bad wolf went to the first house made from straw and knocked on the door. "Little pig, little pig, let me come in!" he said.

"Not by the hair on my chinny, chin, chin!" cried the scared little pig. So, the wolf huffed and puffed and blew the house down in seconds. The scared little pig ran to the second pig's house that was made from sticks.

Soon the wolf made it to the house made from sticks. He knocked on the door. "Little pigs, little pigs, let me come in!" he shouted.

"Not by the hairs on our chinny, chin, chins!" shrieked the frightened little pigs. So, the wolf huffed and puffed and blew the house down in minutes. The frightened little pigs ran as fast as they could to the third pig's house that was made from bricks.

Soon the wolf made it to the house made from bricks. He knocked on the door. "Little pigs, little pigs, let me come in!" he growled.

"Not by the hairs on our chinny, chin, chins!" squeaked the little pigs. So, the wolf huffed and he puffed, but he couldn't blow down the brick house.

The big bad wolf looked around and saw a chimney. In a flash, he climbed up on the roof and jumped down the chimney.

SPLASH!

There was a big surprise waiting for the wolf at the bottom of the chimney. The third little pig had been boiling a big pot of soup on the fire. The wolf had slid down and landed right in the hot soup.

With a loud howl, the hungry wolf jumped out of the pot, ran out of the house, and sprinted down the road. The three pigs cheered loudly.

The big bad wolf was never seen again and the three little pigs lived happily ever after in their beautiful brick house.