

# THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

Once upon a time there were three little pigs who lived with their mama and papa. When they were old enough, they decided it was time to go out and set up their own households. So they packed their belongings and started down the path.

The first little pig took the road to the right. As he was traveling along, he met a man who was selling large bales of straw.

“Oh, what a nice house the straw would make,” he thought. “And I can have it built in no time at all.”

As this little pig was lazy and not inclined to do a lot of work, the straw house seemed ideal to him. After striking a bargain with the man, he carried the straw bales to a clearing a short distance off of the road. Within the day he had finished constructing his house. He went into town and purchased some furnishings and settled down in his comfortable straw abode.

The second little pig took the road to the left. After he had traveled some distance, he met a man who was selling large bundles of sticks.

“With all of those sticks I can build myself a very comfortable house,” he thought. “And it will not take much work or time at all.”

This little pig was not a lazy as the first little pig but he would rather spend his time having fun. So the house of sticks seemed ideal to him. He was able to buy the sticks from the man for a very reasonable price and was soon busy constructing his house. Before the day was over he had a house and even built some furniture and had settled down for the night.

The third little pig took the road straight ahead. He saw a man selling large bales of straw but did not stop to look at them. Then he saw a man selling large bundles of sticks but declined to purchase any of them. Finally he came upon a man selling bricks.

“This is just what I have been looking for,” he exclaimed.

This little pig was smart and very industrious. He knew a house of bricks would take much longer to build but he knew it would be a much sturdier house. He struck a deal in which he would pay the man for half of the bricks right away and the rest at the end of the month. Then he made many trips carrying the bricks to a clearing by the lake. He mixed up the mortar and began to lay the foundation of his house. That night he had to sleep in a tent. The next morning he got up bright and early and continued building his house of bricks.

Around noon time his two brothers came walking down the road.

“Brother, why are you working so hard building a house of bricks?” asked the first little pig. “I built my house of straw in one day and today I am going fishing on the lake.”

“I built my house of sticks in less than a day.” said the second little pig. “It is foolish to work so hard and have no time for play. We are going into town to have some fun. Why don't you come with us?” he asked.

“I am too busy to have fun right now,” said the third little pig as he continued to lay the bricks for his house.

The first two little pigs just laughed and gaily skipped down the road toward town.

The third little pig worked all that day and the next five days until finally his house was done. He spent another day making a bed, a table and some chairs. The next day he chopped some wood and made a fire in his fireplace and put on a nice kettle of soup to cook. Then he joined the first two little pigs when they went into town.

Now it so happened that there was a wolf who was traveling through the area and he had been watching the three little pigs for several days. He was very hungry and decided he would like to have a nice pig dinner! As the three little pigs were returning from town, they saw the big bad wolf coming towards them. They ran in three different directions each entering his house and locking the door. The wolf came upon the little straw house of the first little pig but he found the door was locked.

“Little pig, little pig, let me come in,” shouted the big bad wolf.

“No! Not by the hair on my chinny chin chin!” the frightened pig cried.

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

Then the big bad wolf huffed and he puffed and he blew down the little straw house. The frightened little pig ran as fast as he could to the little stick house of his brother. By and by the big bad wolf came to the little stick house but he again found the door locked.

“Little pigs, little pigs, let me come in,” shouted the big bad wolf.

“No! Not by the hair on our chinny chin chins!” the frightened pigs cried.

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

So the big bad wolf huffed and he puffed and he blew down the little house of sticks. The two little pigs squealed and cried and ran as fast as they could to the sturdy brick house of their brother.

Soon the wolf arrived at the brick house of the third little pig.

“I shall have three pigs for dinner now!” he thought as he smacked his lips.

“Little pigs, little pigs, let me come in,” shouted the big bad wolf.

“No! Not by the hair on my chinny chin chin!” replied the third little pig, for by this time the other two pigs were so frightened they could not speak.

“Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!” cried the angry wolf for he was very hungry now.

Then the big bad wolf huffed and puffed and huffed and puffed. Then he huffed and puffed some more but he could not blow down the sturdy little house of bricks. Then the wolf noticed the chimney on the roof of the little brick house.

“Ah, ha!” he thought. “I will climb down the chimney and into the house. Then I will have my pig dinner!”

So up on the roof he climbed and slithered down the chimney. By now the kettle of soup that the third little pig had put on the fire to cook was boiling nicely. When the pig heard the wolf coming down the chimney, he lifted the lid of the kettle and in plopped the big bad wolf. The wolf howled in pain and jumped out of the pot and ran out of the door which the little pigs had opened. He ran all the way out of the forest and far far away. The three little pigs danced and sang merrily. Then they all sat down and enjoyed some delicious steaming bowls of soup.

The next day the third little pig helped his brothers build sturdy houses of bricks and they all lived happily ever after never again to be bothered by the big bad wolf.

*The End*