

Three Little Pigs

By James Orchard Halliwell-Phillipps

Once upon a time there were three little pigs walking through the forest. The first little pig met a man carrying some straw, and he asked him if he might have some to build himself a house. "Of course, little pig," said the man. He gave the little pig a big bundle of straw, and the little pig built himself a lovely house of golden straw.



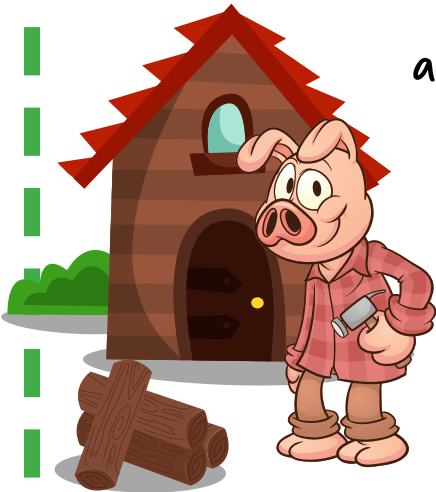
A big bad wolf lived nearby. He came along and saw the new house and, feeling rather hungry and thinking he would like to eat a little pig for supper, he called out, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in." To which the little pig replied, "No, no, by the hair of my chinny chin chin!" So the wolf shouted very crossly, "Then I'll huff and I'll puff, Till I blow your house in!" And he huffed and he puffed until the house of straw fell in.



The second little pig met a man with a load of wood. "Please Sir," he said, "can you let me have some of that wood so that I can build

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a house?" "Of course," said the man, and he gave him a big pile of wood. In no time at all, the little pig had built himself a lovely house. The next evening, along came the same wolf.

When he saw another little pig, this time in a wooden house, he called out, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in." To which the pig replied, "No, no, by the hair of my chinny chin chin!" So the wolf shouted, "Then I'll huff and I'll puff, Till I blow your house in!" And he huffed and he puffed until the house fell in.



The third little pig met a man with a cartload of bricks. "Please Sir, can I have some bricks to build myself a house?" he asked, and when the man had given him some, he built himself a lovely house with the bricks.



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The big bad wolf came along, and licked his lips. He called out, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in!" And the little pig called back, "No, no, by the hair of my chinny chin chin!" So the wolf shouted, "Then I'll huff and I'll puff, Till I blow your house in!"

And the wolf huffed and he puffed, but the house, which had been so well built with bricks didn't move. The wolf went away to think how he could trick the little pig, and he came back and called through the window of the brick house, "Little pig, there are some marvellous turnips in the farmer's field. Shall we go there tomorrow morning and get some?" The little pig thought this was a very good idea, as he was very fond of turnips, but he went early and collected all the turnips he needed before the wolf arrived.

The wolf was furious, but he thought he would try another trick. He told the little pig about the apples in the farmer's orchard, and suggested they both went to get some the next

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morning. The little pig agreed, and went as before, an hour earlier. But this time the wolf came early too, and arrived while the little pig was still in the apple tree. The little pig pretended to be pleased to see him and threw an apple down to the wolf. While the wolf was picking it up, the little pig jumped down the tree and ran to his house of bricks, rushed in and bolted the door.

The wolf chased him back to his house. When he got there he climbed on to the roof, and climbed down the chimney. The little pig was waiting for him, however, with a large cauldron of boiling water on the fire. The wolf came down the chimney and fell into the cauldron with a big SPLASH.

The wicked wolf was never seen again, and the three little pigs all lived happily in the brick house for many years.

