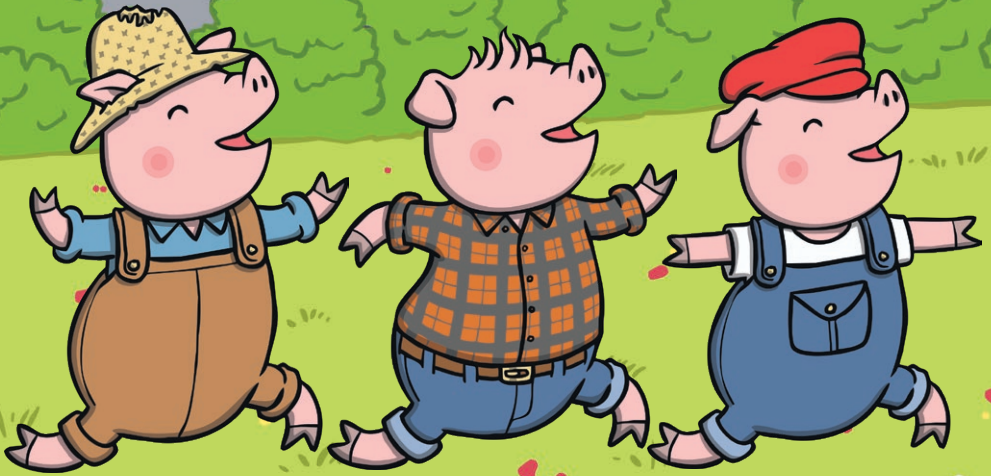


The Three Little Pigs

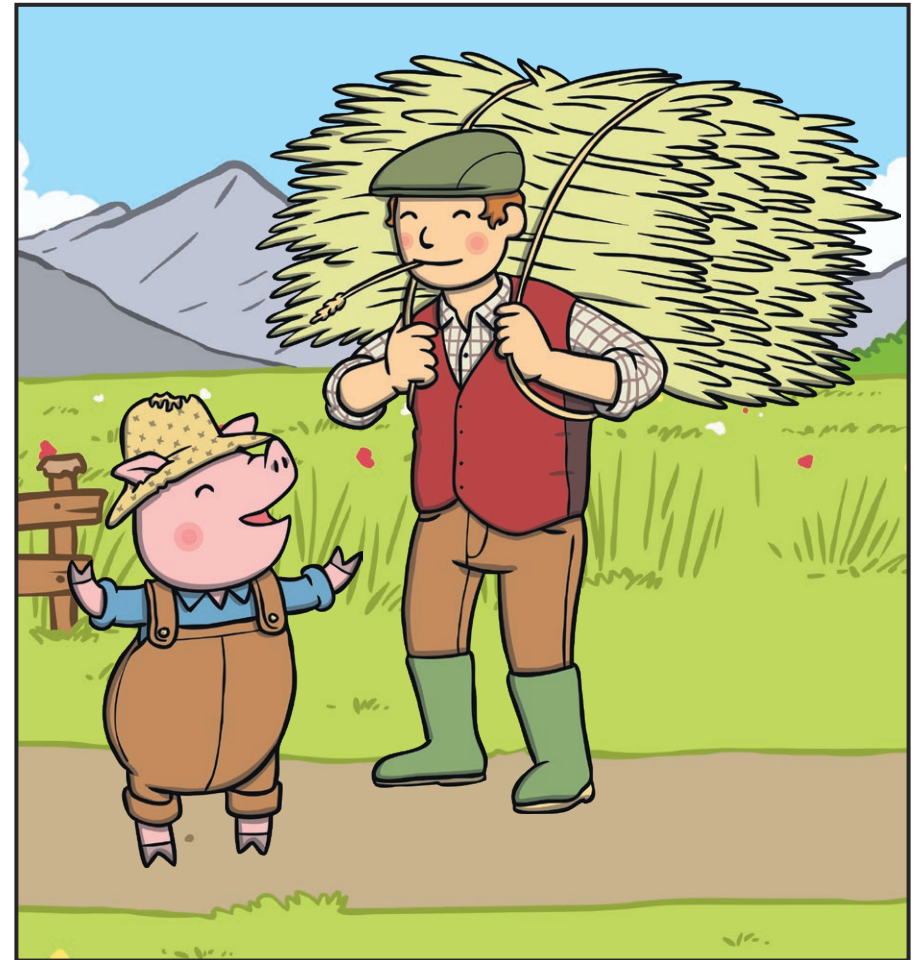


twinkl

Once upon a time, there were three little pigs. The pigs lived in a small house with their mum. One day, their mum sent them off to build houses of their own.



As they walked down the road, the first little pig met a farmer pulling a cart of straw. It looked very warm - just right for building a house. He asked if he could have some. The farmer agreed and the first little pig began to build his straw house.



A little way down the road, the second little pig saw a woodcutter with a cart of sticks. They looked thick and long - just right for building a house. He asked if he

could have some. The woodcutter agreed and the second little pig began to build his wooden house.

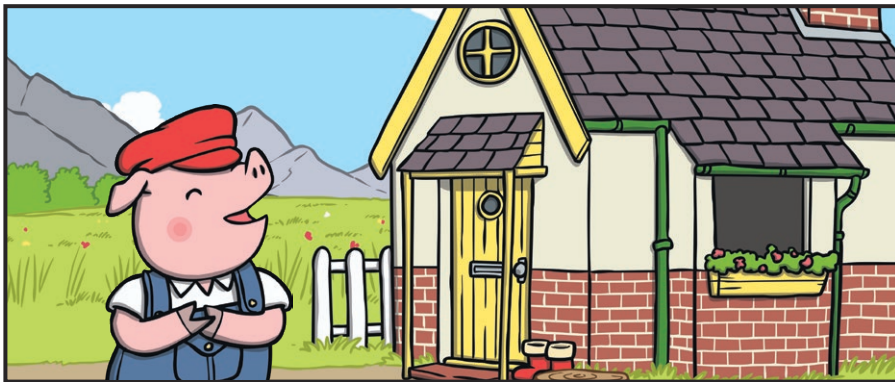
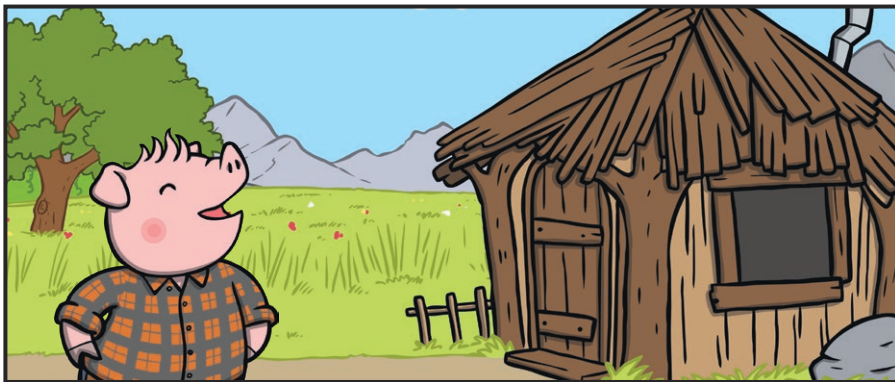
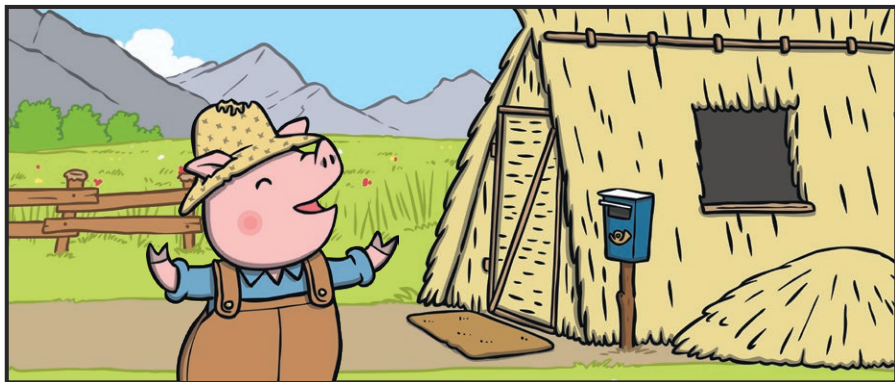


The third little pig trotted down the road. After a short time, he met a builder pushing a wheelbarrow full of bricks. The third little pig thought to himself, 'How strong

those bricks look! I think they would make an excellent house.' So, the third little pig asked the builder for some of his bricks and he began to build a house that was stronger and bigger than the others.



Soon, all three little pigs had a house of their own and they were all very happy.



Then, one day, a big bad wolf came walking along the road. He saw the first little pig in his straw house. With an evil glint in his eye, he knocked on the first little pig's door.



“Little pig, little pig, let me come in!” he said.

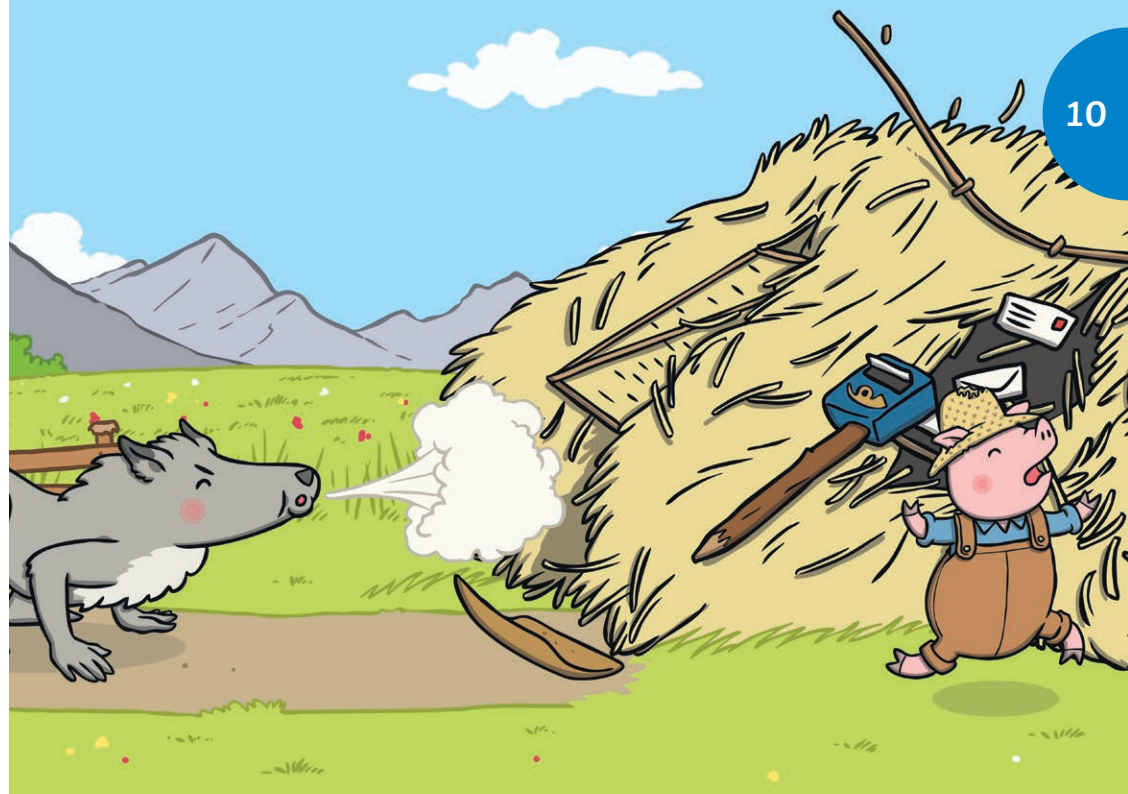
“Not by the hair on my chinny, chin, chin!
I will not let you in!” cried the frightened
little pig.



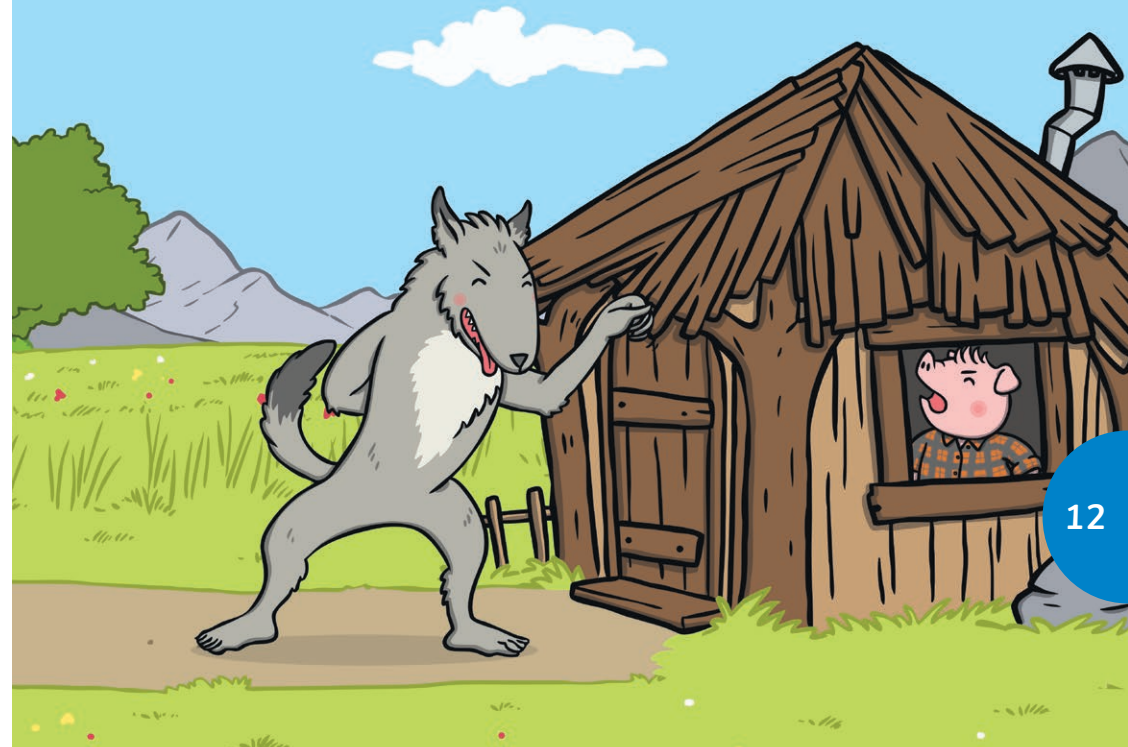
“Then I will huff and I will puff, and I will
BLOW your house down!” growled the wolf.

The wolf huffed and he puffed and he blew
the straw house down.

The first little pig ran all the way to his
brother's wooden house.



The wolf was soon at the house made of sticks. He knocked on the door.



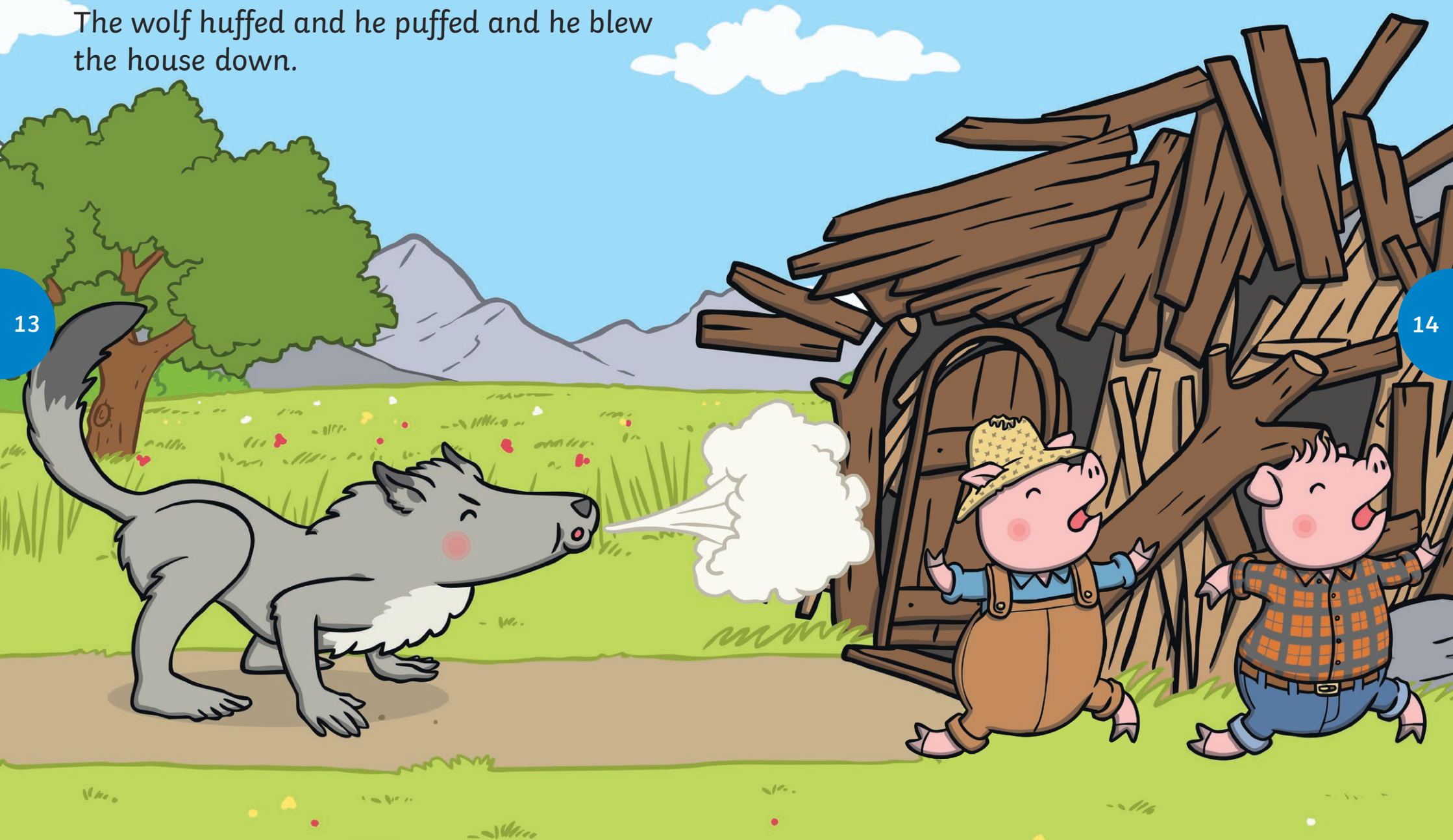
“Little pigs, little pigs, let me come in!” he snarled.

“Not by the hairs on our chinny, chin, chins! We will not let you in!” cried the frightened little pigs.

“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll BLOW your house down!” growled the wolf.

The wolf huffed and he puffed and he blew the house down.

The two little pigs ran as fast as they could all the way to their brother’s brick house.



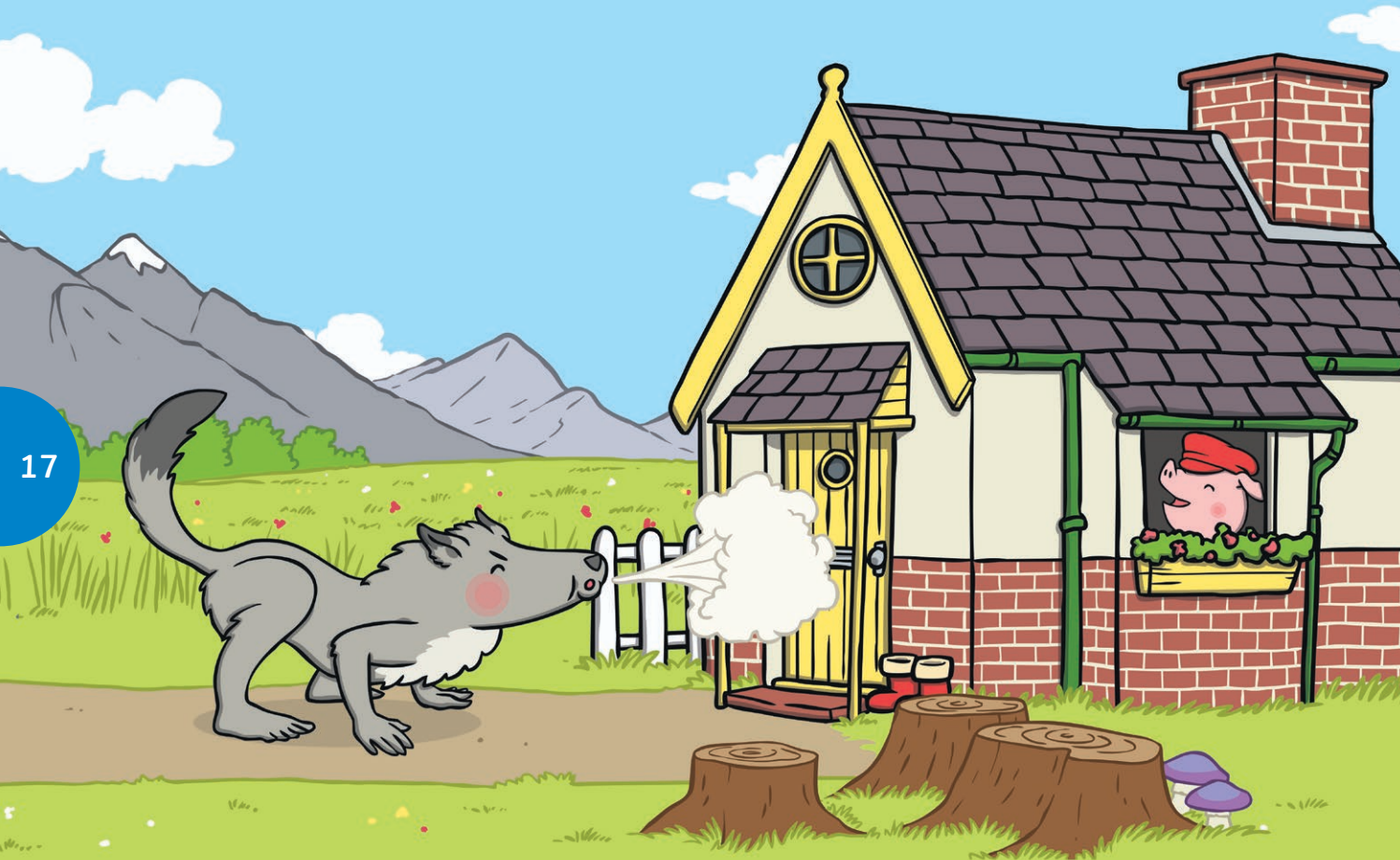
The wolf was soon at the brick house. He knocked on the door.



“Little pigs, little pigs, let me come in!” he growled.

“Not by the hairs on our chinny, chin, chins! We will not let you in!” squeaked the little pigs.

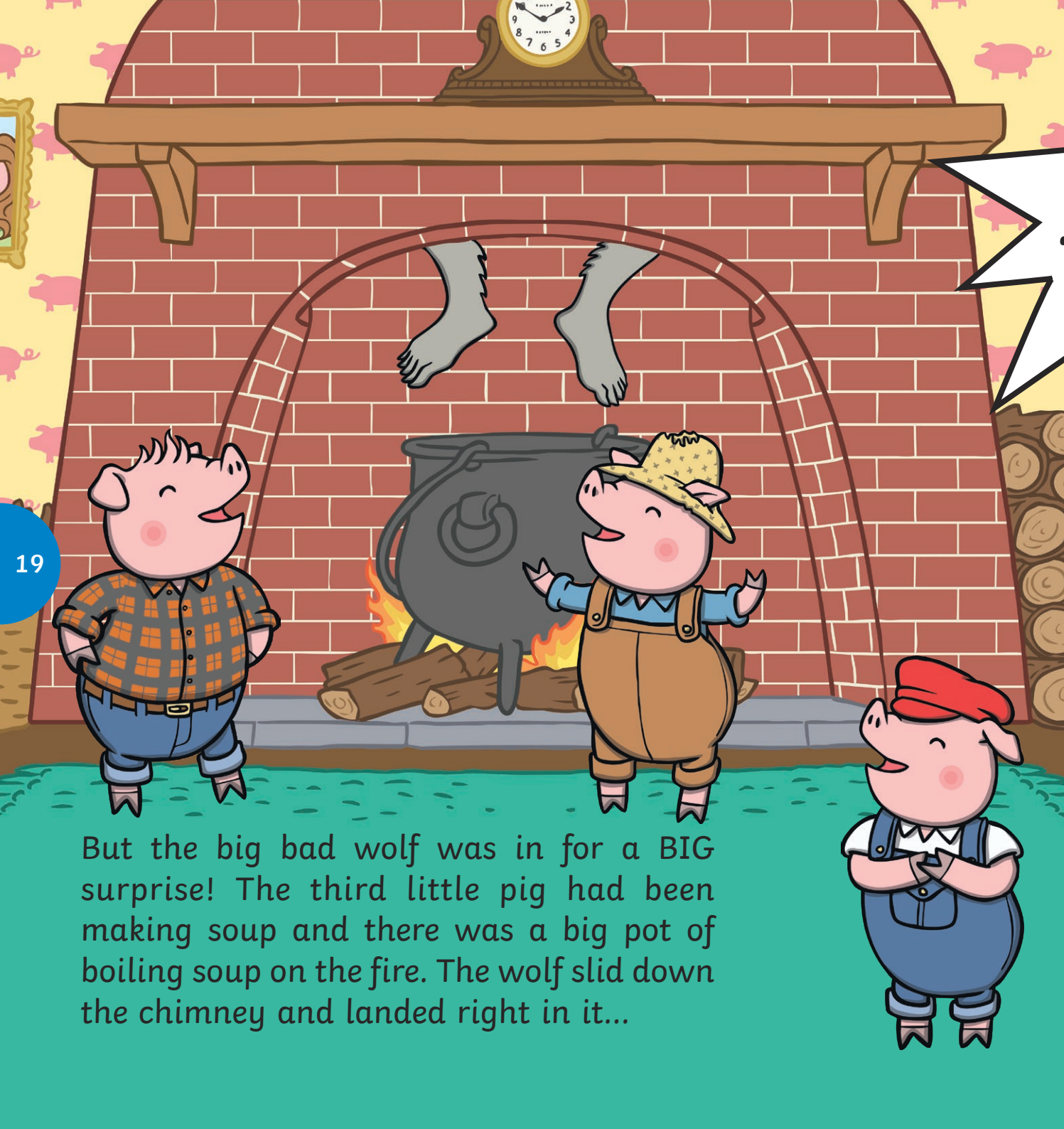
"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll BLOW your house down!" roared the wolf in his loudest voice.



The wolf huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed, but he could not blow down the brick house.

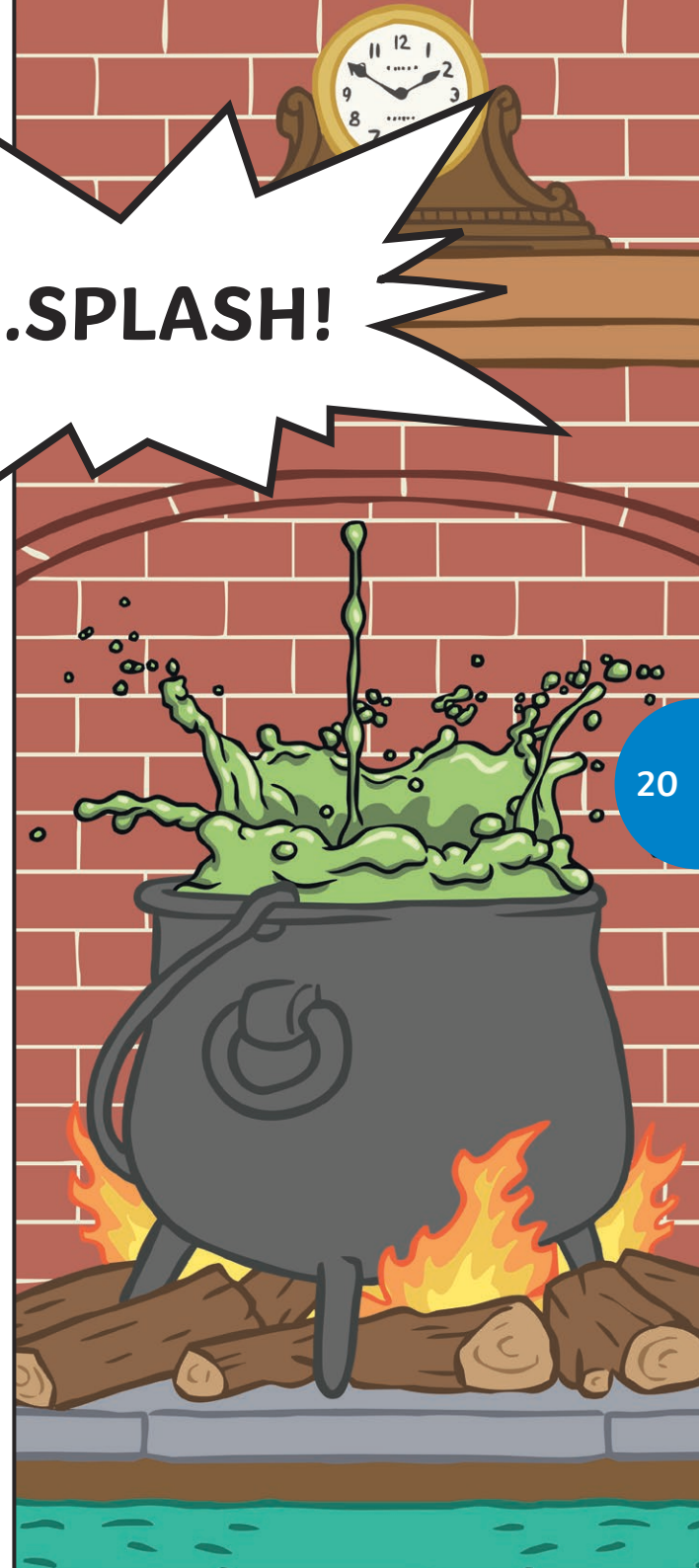
The big bad wolf was very angry. He looked at the house and saw the chimney. As quick as a flash, he climbed up on to the roof and into the chimney.





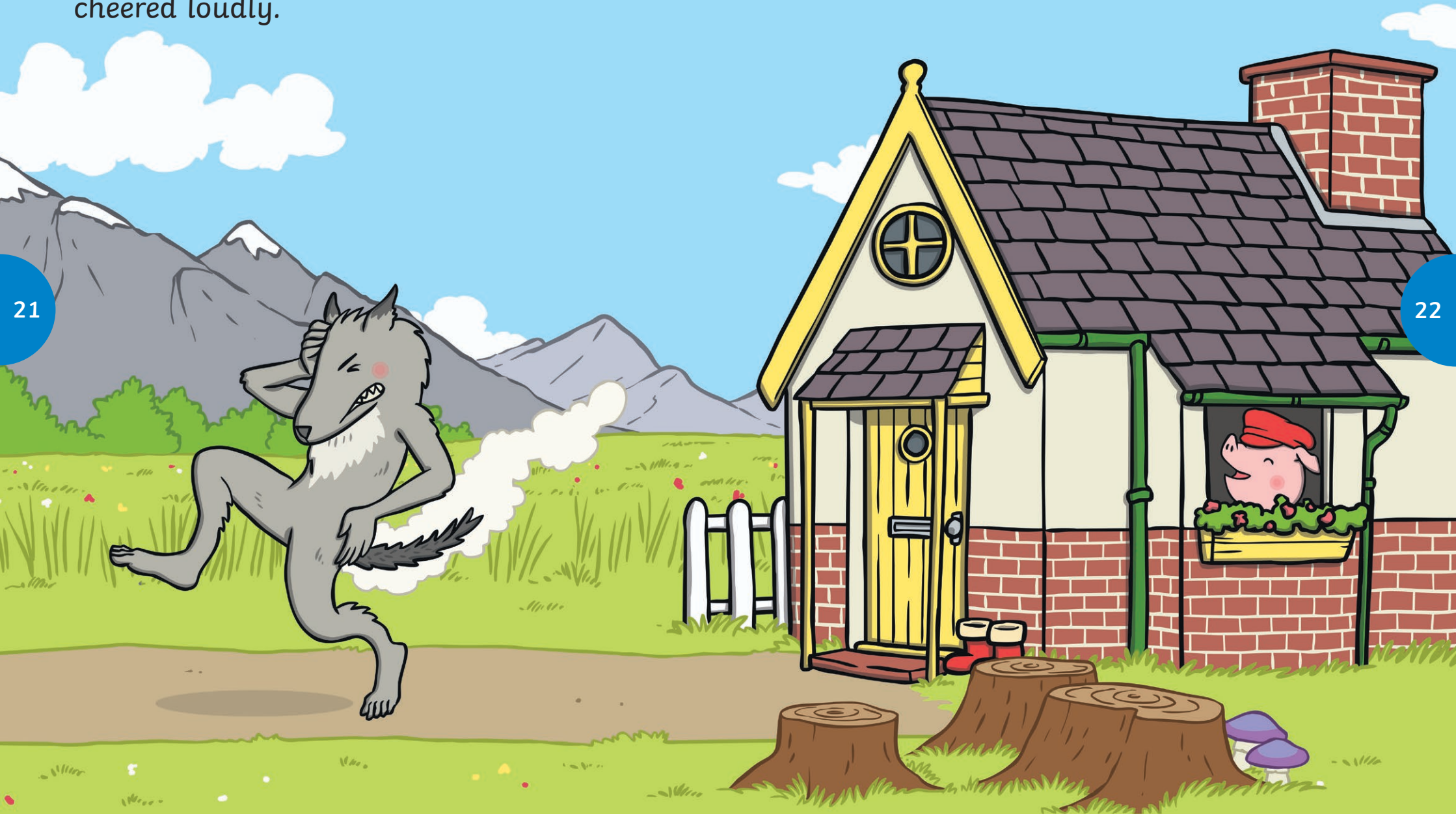
...SPLASH!

But the big bad wolf was in for a BIG surprise! The third little pig had been making soup and there was a big pot of boiling soup on the fire. The wolf slid down the chimney and landed right in it...



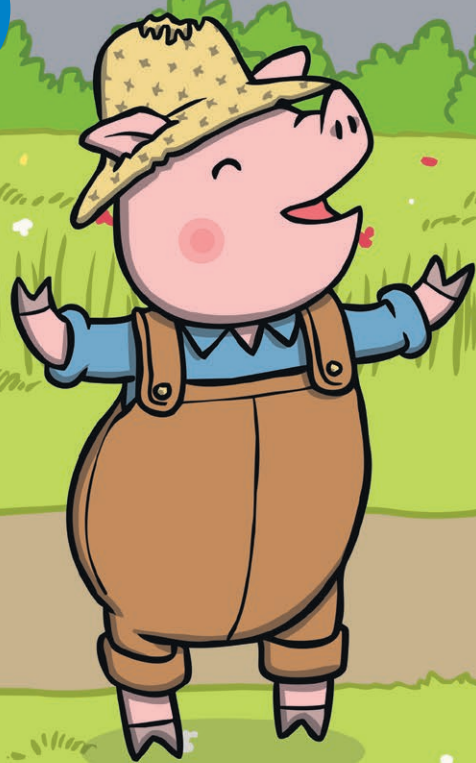
With a loud howl, the foolish wolf jumped out of the pot, ran out of the house, and off down the road! The three little pigs cheered loudly.

The big bad wolf was never seen again, and the three little pigs lived happily ever after!



The End

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