

The Three Little Pigs

an English folk tale

Once upon a time there was a Mother Pig with three Little Pigs. As she did not have enough money to keep them, she sent them out to seek their fortune.

The first Little Pig met a Man with a bundle of straw and said to him, "Please, Man, give me that straw to build a house." The Man did, and the Little Pig built a house of straw.

Presently, a Wolf came along and knocked at the door. The Wolf said, "Little Pig, Little Pig, let me come in."

To which the Little Pig answered, "No, no, not by the hair on my chinny chin chin."

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in!" said the Wolf. So he huffed and he puffed, and he blew the house in, and ate up the Little Pig.

The second Little Pig met a Man with a bundle of

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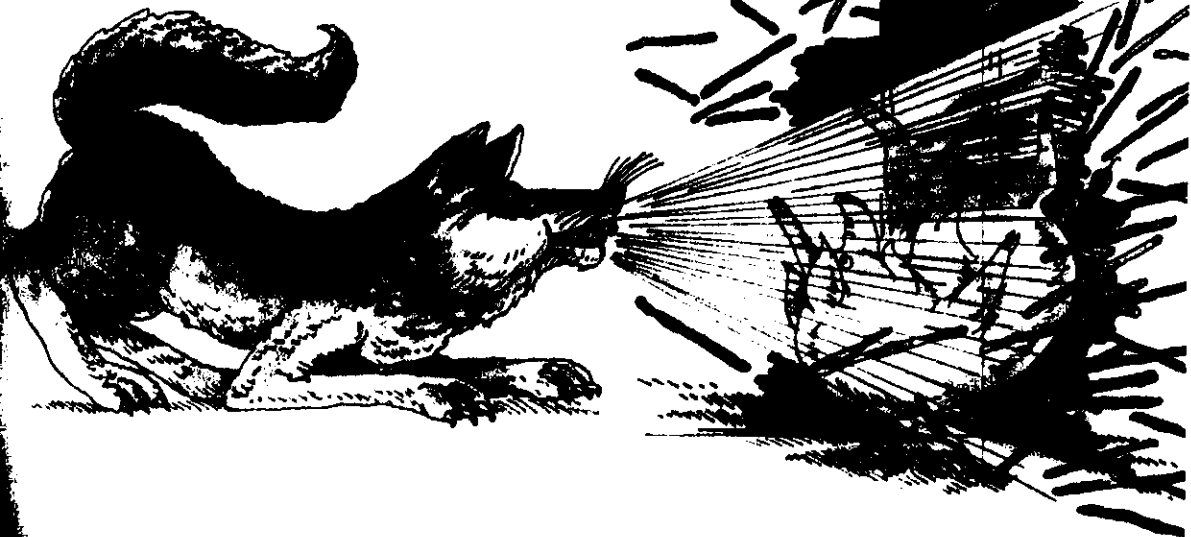
sticks and said, "Please, Man, give me those sticks to build a house." The Man did, and the Little Pig built a house of sticks.

Then along came the Wolf and said, "Little Pig, Little Pig, let me come in."

"No, no, not by the hair on my chinny chin chin," said the second Little Pig.

"Then I'll puff and I'll huff, and I'll blow your house in!" said the Wolf. So he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed, and at last he blew the house down, and ate up the second Little Pig.

The third Little Pig met a Man with a load of bricks,



and said, "Please, Man, give me those bricks to build a house." The Man did, and the third Little Pig built a house of bricks.

Then the Wolf came along and said, as he had to the Little Pigs, "Little Pig, Little Pig, let me come in."

"No, 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," cried the Wolf. Well, he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed, and he huffed and he puffed. But he could not blow the house down. When he found that he could not, with all his huffing and puffing, blow



the house down, he said, "Little Pig, I know where there is a nice field of turnips."

"Where?" asked the Little Pig.

"Oh, in Mr. Smith's field. If you will be ready tomorrow morning, I will call for you and we will go together and get some for dinner."

"Very well," said the Little Pig, "I'll be ready. What time do you mean to go?"

"At six o'clock," said the Wolf.

Well, the Little Pig got up at five, got the turnips, and was home again before six. When the Wolf came he said, "Little Pig, are you ready?"

"Ready?" asked the Little Pig. "I have been and come back again. I have a nice potful of turnips for dinner."

The Wolf was very angry, but he still thought he could trick the Little Pig somehow or other. So he said, "Little Pig, I know where there is a nice apple tree."

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"Where?" asked the Little Pig.

"Down at Merry-Garden," replied the Wolf. "If you promise not to fool me, I will come for you at five o'clock tomorrow and we will get some apples."

Well, the Little Pig woke at four the next morning and went off to get the apples. He hoped to be back before the Wolf came, but he had farther to go and also had to climb the tree. Just as he was coming down from the tree, he saw the Wolf coming. As you may suppose, that frightened him very much.

When the Wolf came up he said, "Little Pig, what are you doing here before me? Are they nice apples?"

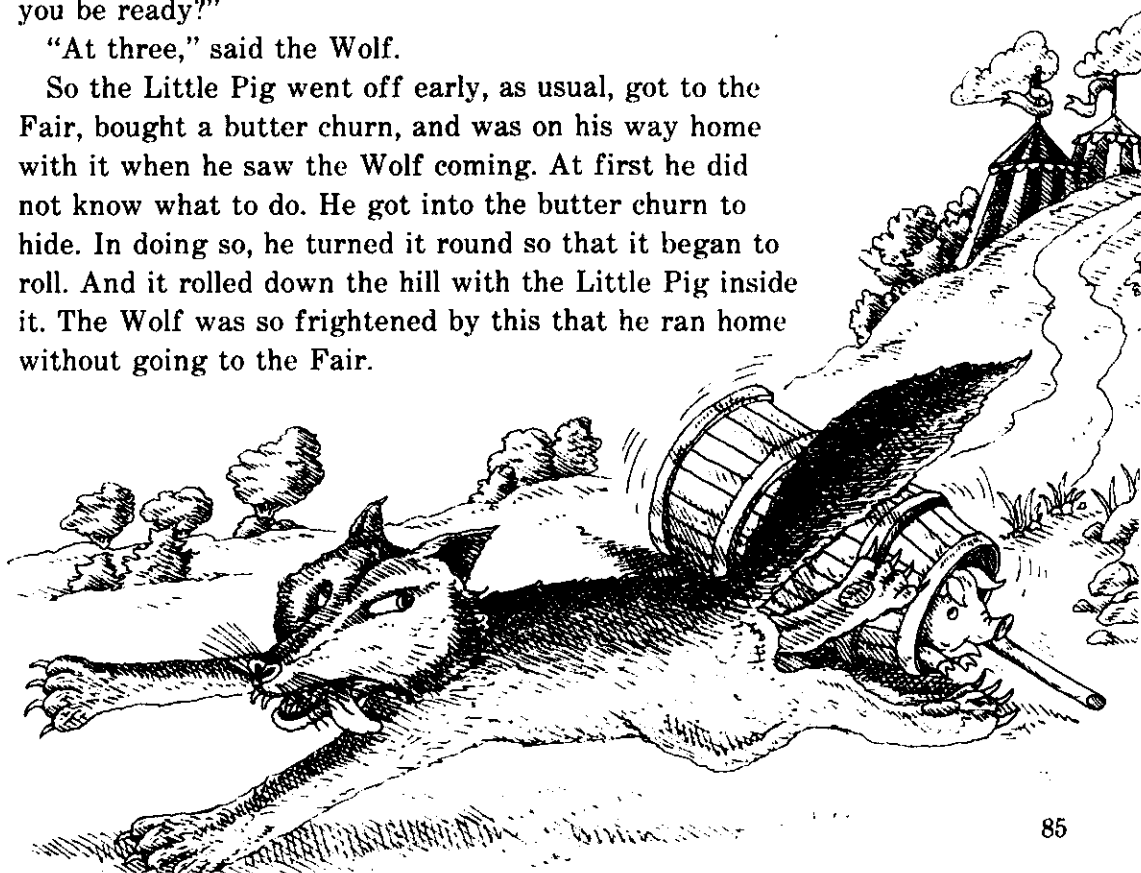
"Yes, very," said the Little Pig; "I will throw you down one." And he threw it as far as he could. While the Wolf was gone to pick it up, the Little Pig jumped down and ran home.

The next day the Wolf came again, and said to the Little Pig, "Little Pig, there is a Fair in the town this afternoon. Will you go?"

"Oh, yes," said the Little Pig, "I'll go. What time will you be ready?"

"At three," said the Wolf.

So the Little Pig went off early, as usual, got to the Fair, bought a butter churn, and was on his way home with it when he saw the Wolf coming. At first he did not know what to do. He got into the butter churn to hide. In doing so, he turned it round so that it began to roll. And it rolled down the hill with the Little Pig inside it. The Wolf was so frightened by this that he ran home without going to the Fair.



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Later, the Wolf went to the Little Pig's house and told him how frightened he had been by a great round thing which came down the hill past him.

Then the Little Pig said, "Hah! I frightened you, did I? I had been to the Fair and bought a butter churn. When I saw you, I got into it and rolled down the hill."

Then the Wolf was very angry indeed. He declared he *would* eat up the Little Pig, and that he would climb down the chimney after him.

When the Little Pig saw what the Wolf was about, he put a pot full of water in the fireplace and made a blazing fire. Just as the Wolf was coming down the chimney, the Little Pig took the cover off the pot and in fell the Wolf! The Little Pig put the cover on again, instantly boiled up the Wolf, ate him for supper, and lived happily ever after.



The Shoemaker and the

adapted from a German tale
by the Brothers Grimm

There was once a shoemaker who was also very poor. He had a pair of shoes made in the evening so that he could sell them next morning. His wife died, and he cared to heaven, and he was very sad.

In the morning he found a pair of shoes on his table. He was very surprised, and he did not know what to think.

After a moment he went to his hand to look at them. They were very good. Every shoe had come from the shoemaker's hand.

Soon after, a shoemaker came to him, and he gave him a pair of shoes. Now the shoemaker had two pairs of shoes, and he intended to set



THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

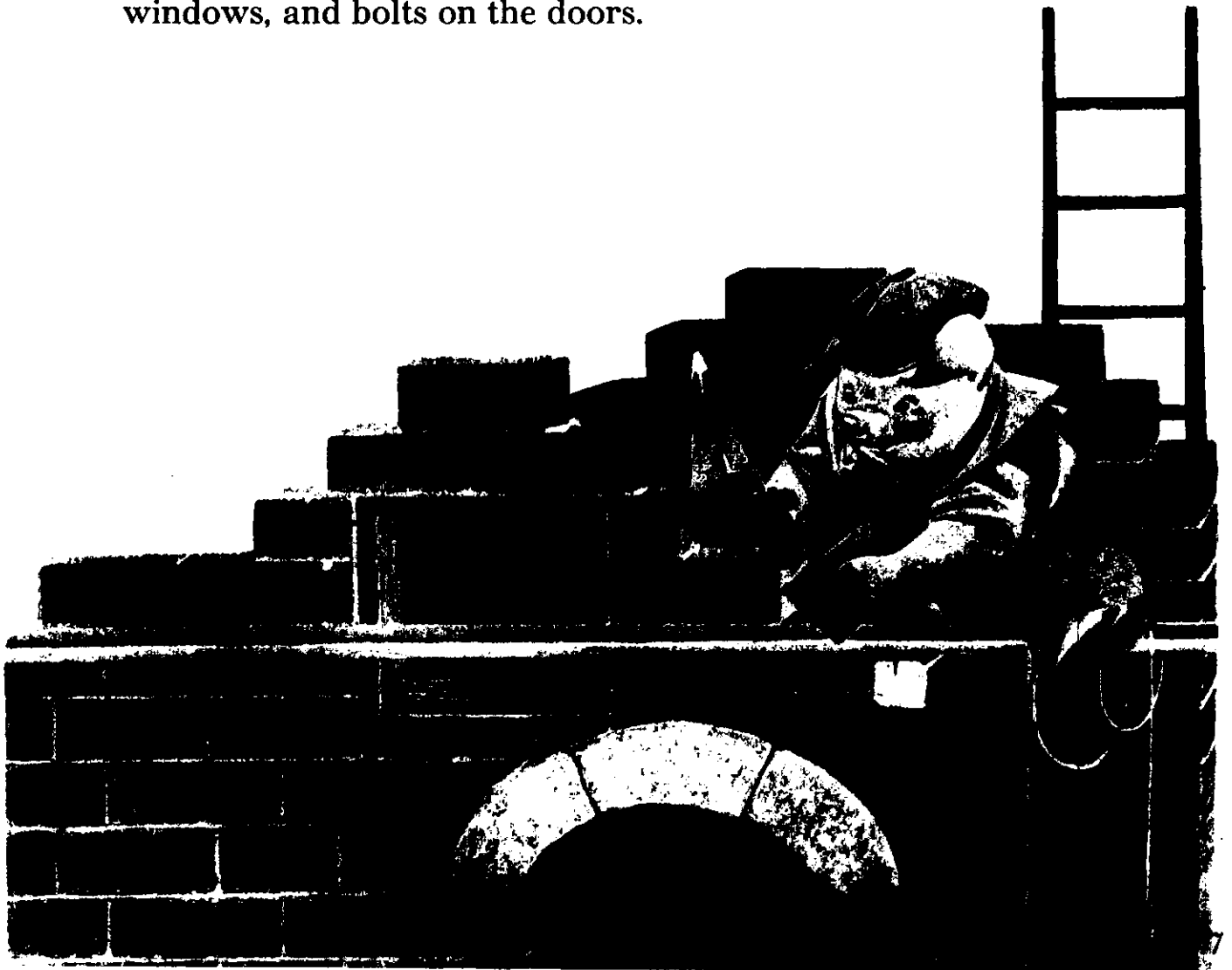
Once upon a time, there were three little pigs who lived happily with their mother until it was time for them to leave their pleasant sty and make their way in the world by themselves. They loved romping through the green fields, but they could not really enjoy themselves freely because they were always afraid of the big bad wolf, a nasty creature who preferred tender little pig to any other wolf-food. One day they solved their problem.


"We'll each build a wolf-proof house," they decided.

They read books on how to make wolf-proof houses and consulted other creatures who were expert builders; they looked at birds' nests, checked beehives, and studied beaver dams. Finally they were ready.

The first little pig built himself a pretty little house of bamboo poles, and his brother built a handsome little house of wood. They both felt very safe, but the third little pig warned his brothers that their houses were not strong enough to be wolf-proof.

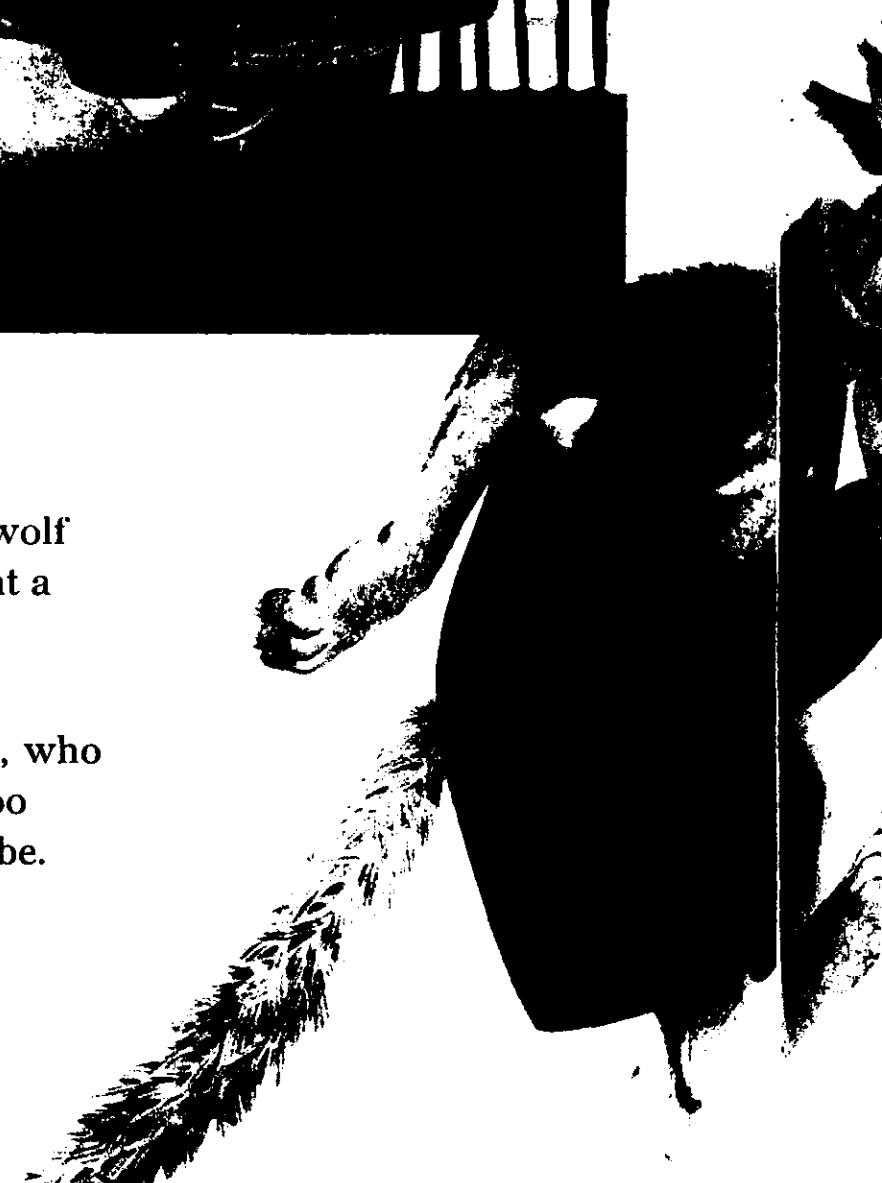
But the other two would not listen, and so the third brother stopped arguing with them and built his own house of bricks and mortar. His house was the strongest and sturdiest and even had a tall chimney, locks on the windows, and bolts on the doors.

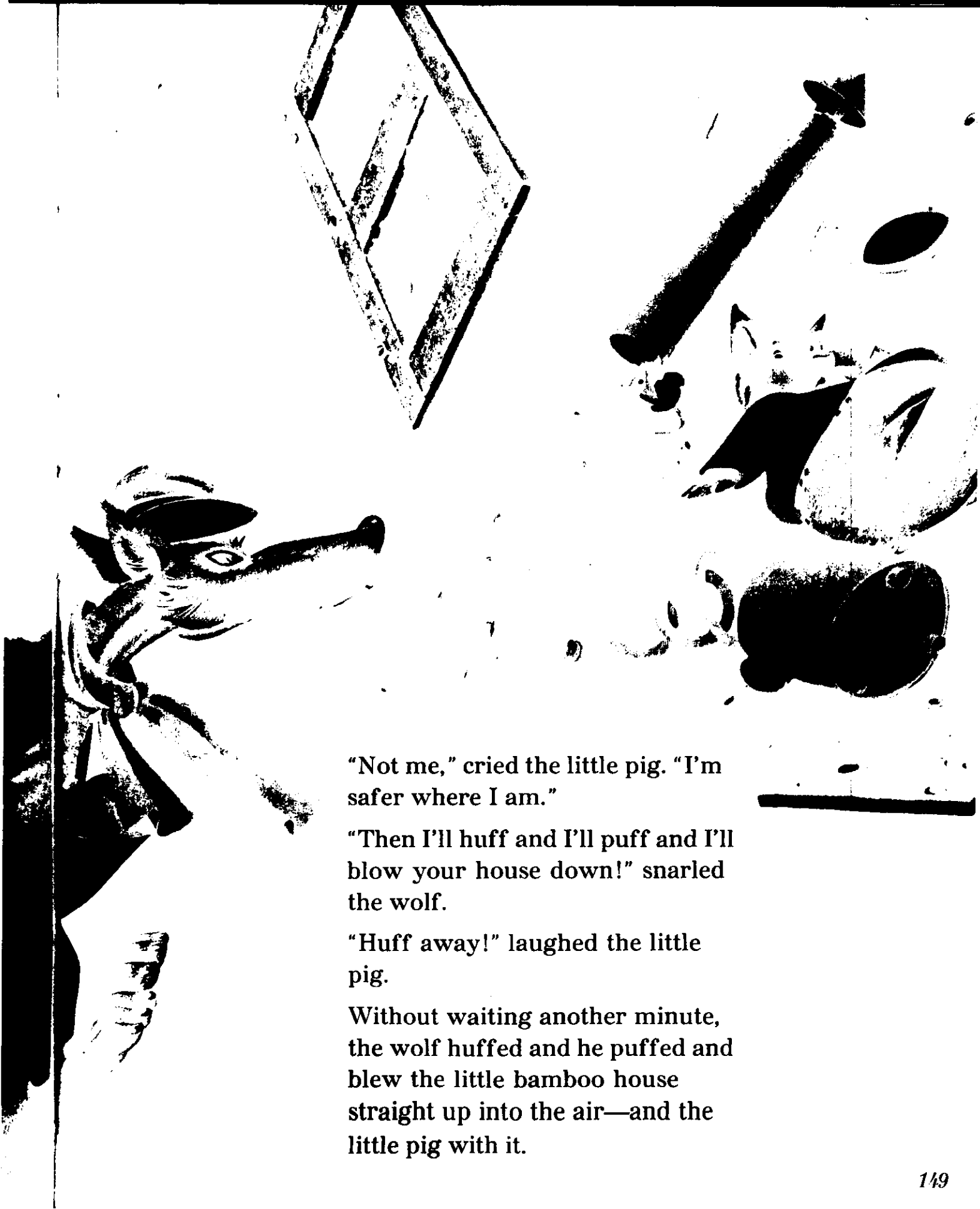




One day, when the big bad wolf was out for a walk, he caught a whiff of his favorite food.

“Come on out and play,” he shouted to the first little pig, who was sitting inside his bamboo house feeling safe as could be.





"Not me," cried the little pig. "I'm safer where I am."

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down!" snarled the wolf.

"Huff away!" laughed the little pig.

Without waiting another minute, the wolf huffed and he puffed and blew the little bamboo house straight up into the air—and the little pig with it.

He was blown right across the meadow and landed on his brother's doorstep. The two little pigs locked themselves inside, and both felt safe in the handsome little house of wood. When the wolf came loping by, the smell of his favorite food made him hungrier than ever.

"Come out and play—I'm lonely," he called, knowing there were little pigs inside.

"Not us!" the little pigs called back and giggled and chuckled because they felt so safe in their cosy little wooden abode.

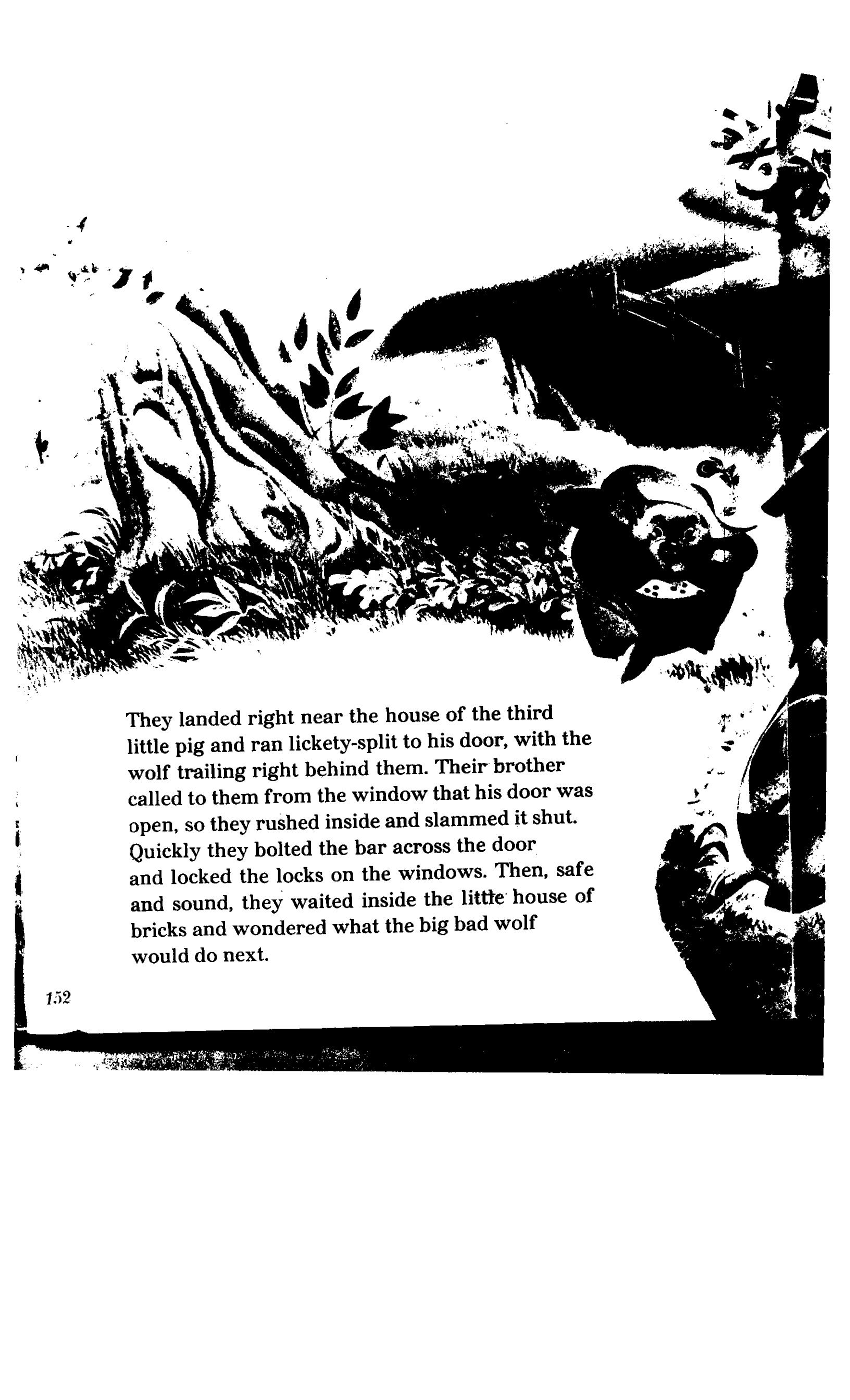
"Then," growled the wolf fiercely, "I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down!"

He sucked as much air as he could into his lungs and then blew one of his famous blasts, the most powerful one ever.



The handsome little wooden house collapsed, and the roof was blown straight up into the air with the two little pigs clinging to the rafters.





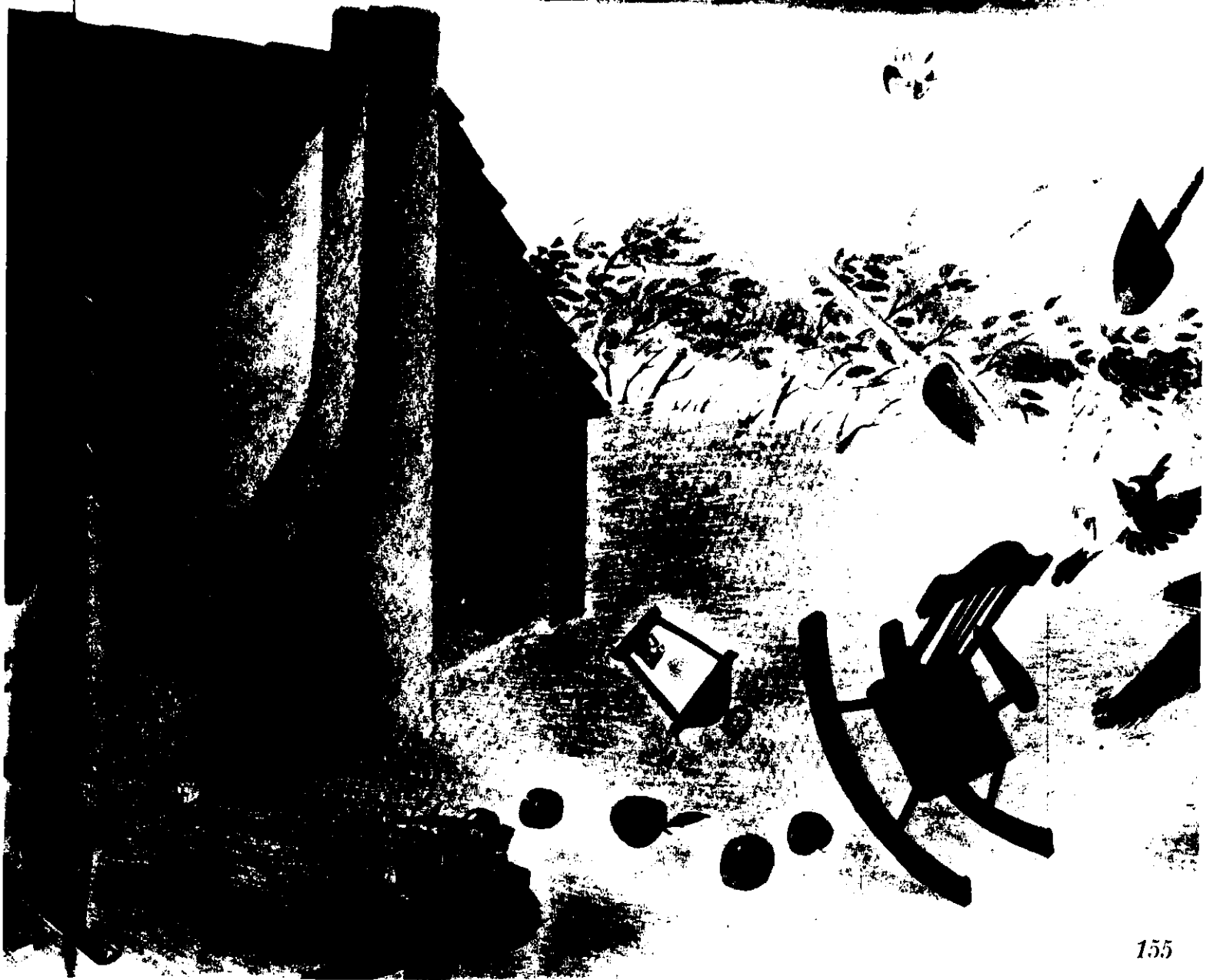
They landed right near the house of the third little pig and ran lickety-split to his door, with the wolf trailing right behind them. Their brother called to them from the window that his door was open, so they rushed inside and slammed it shut. Quickly they bolted the bar across the door and locked the locks on the windows. Then, safe and sound, they waited inside the little house of bricks and wondered what the big bad wolf would do next.

By this time, the big bad wolf was hungrier than ever and even more tempted by the smell of his favorite food. He was furious because the first two little pigs had escaped him, and this time he was determined to eat all three for his dinner. He knew just what to do, of course.

"I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down!" he roared to the brothers inside.



He drew in all the air he could hold and blew it out in one of his famous blasts. But nothing happened. The strong little house stayed firm and sturdy. He blew another blast, and chairs flew into the air, along with brooms, spades, barrels and everything else, but the little house still did not budge an inch. The little pigs giggled happily, safe inside.



Finally, exhausted, the big bad wolf realized he could not drive out the little pigs with his famous blasts, and so he decided to try one of his famous mean tricks.





“Oh, what lovely apples you have in your tree!” he called out sweetly. “Let’s pick them together and share them,” he went on in a friendly voice.

But the little pigs could not be tricked. They climbed into the tree from the roof and threw apples down at the wolf. Then, when his back was turned, they jumped from the tree and rushed right back into their little house.



When the wolf realized that the three little pigs had tricked him and were once again safe inside their sturdy little brick house, he was angrier than ever—and hungrier as well. His famous blasts had failed, and so had his famous trickery. He had to invent a new plan! He found a long red ladder and very, very quietly, so that the little pigs would not hear him, propped it up behind the house and climbed to the roof.

“This time I’ll really catch them and have myself a fine dinner,” he chuckled to himself. “I’ll slide down their chimney and pounce on them like a hawk. They’ll never know where I came from.”

But the shrewd third little pig had been watching from the window, and while the big bad wolf was climbing onto the roof, the three little pigs had time to think up a plan of their own.



"I know what we'll do," said the third little pig calmly.

"Abandon the house!" squealed one brother.

"Hide in the forest!" whimpered the other.

"No, you two sillies," laughed their brother.




"We'll build a great hot fire in the hearth, and when the wolf comes down the chimney he'll get a warm welcome. Come on, help me!"

Quickly the three got to work and laid a huge pile of logs in the hearth and set them ablaze. Great flames shot up the chimney just as the wolf started down tail-first.



Instantly his great hairy tail was aflame, but he could not stop sliding and fell straight onto the burning logs.



“Help! I’m burning up!” he roared as he rushed out of the fireplace. “Let me out!” he shrieked, screaming with pain and running round in circles.

The first little pig opened the door, and the fiery wolf dashed outside. He ran across the meadow in great leaps and bounds and was never heard of again. After this, the three little pigs built another sturdy house of bricks, big enough for all of them, and lived there happily ever after, safe from the big bad wolf and any other enemies.

