

The Three Little Pigs

Once upon a time there were three little pigs. The first little pig was a thoughtful little pig. He listened to everything his mother and father told him and did as they said without complaining. But the second and third pigs were such noisy, boisterous little pigs. They didn't have time to listen to their mother and father. They were always too busy squealing and playing in the mud.

The little pigs grew up, and one day Father Pig said to them, "It is time you little pigs went out and built a house for yourselves. You eat so much and you are growing very big. It is really getting too crowded in this pig house. Remember all that I have told you about building a house," he added.

So the three little pigs left home in search of a place to build a house. The first little pig took his father's advice. He found a good, firm, solid patch of ground. He went ahead and built a house of bricks. The second and third little pigs, however, did not care so much for a good firm piece of ground. After all, they loved mud, so they each chose a slippery, sloshy mud patch upon which to build their houses. The second little pig went ahead and built a house of sticks. The third little pig went ahead and built a house of straw.

The three little pigs made themselves very comfortable in their houses. However, one day, along came a big bad wind. The big bad wind huffed and puffed and blew down the straw house of the third little pig. Then it huffed and puffed again and blew down the stick house belonging to the second little pig. The two little pigs ran and ran, squealing all the way, to the house of the first little pig. The first little pig was sitting peacefully in his brick house, which was still standing securely on its firm foundation.

The two little pigs knocked on the door. "May we come and live with you?" they asked when the first little pig opened the door. Well, the first little pig was not really surprised. "Yes, you may come and live with me," he said.

The three little pigs sat comfortably in the brick house on the firm foundation. Then along came the big bad wind once again. It huffed and puffed, and blew and blew, but it could not blow the house

down. So the three little pigs lived happily together in the brick house.

