

The Three Little Pigs

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Once upon a time there was an old sow who had three little pigs, and as she had not enough for them to eat, she said they had better go out into the world and seek their fortunes.

Now the eldest pig went first, and as he trotted along the road he met a man carrying a bundle of straw. So he said very politely:

“If you please, sir, could you give me that straw to build me a house?”

And the man, seeing what good manners the little pig had, gave him the straw, and the little pig set to work and built a beautiful house with it.

Now, when it was finished, a wolf happened to pass that way; and he saw the house, and *he smelt the pig inside.*

So he knocked at the door and said:

“Little pig! Little pig! Let me in! Let me in!”

But the little pig saw the wolf’s big paws through the keyhole, so he answered back:

“No! No! No! by the hair of my chinny chin chin!”

Then the wolf showed his teeth and said:

“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house in.”

So he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house in. Then he ate up little piggy and went on his way.

Now, the next piggy, when he started, met a man carrying a bundle of furze, and, being very polite, he said to him:

“If you please, sir, could you give me that furze to build me a house?”

And the man, seeing what good manners the little pig had, gave him the furze, and the little pig

set to work and built himself a beautiful house.

Now it so happened that when the house was finished the wolf passed that way; and he saw the house, and *he smelt the pig inside.*

So he knocked at the door and said:

“Little pig! Little pig! Let me in! Let me in!”

But the little pig peeped through the keyhole and saw the wolf’s great ears, so he answered back:

“No! No! No! by the hair of my chinny chin chin!”

Then the wolf showed his teeth and said:

“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house in!”

So he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house in. Then he ate up little piggy and went on his way.

Now the third little piggy, when he started, met a man carrying a load of bricks, and, being very polite, he said:

“If you please sir, could you give me those bricks to build me a house?”

And the man, seeing that he had been well brought up, gave him the bricks, and the little pig set to work and built himself a beautiful house.

And once again it happened that when it was finished the wolf chanced to come that way; and he saw the house, and *he smelt the pig inside.*

So he knocked at the door and said:

“Little pig! Little pig! Let me in! Let me in!”

But the little pig peeped through the keyhole and saw the wolf’s great eyes, so he answered:

“No! No! No! by the hair of my chinny chin chin!”

“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house in!” says the wolf, showing his teeth.

Well! he huffed and he puffed. He puffed and he huffed. And he huffed, huffed, and he puffed, puffed; but he could *not* blow the house down. At last he was so out of breath that he couldn't huff and he couldn't puff any more. So he thought a bit. Then he said:

“Little pig! I know where there is ever such a nice field of turnips.”

“Do you,” says little piggy, “and where may that be?”

“I'll show you,” says the wolf; “if you will be ready at six o'clock to-morrow morning, I will call round for you, and we can go together to Farmer Smith's field and get turnips for dinner.”

“Thank you kindly,” says the little piggy. “I will be ready at six o'clock sharp.”

But, you see, the little pig was not one to be taken in with chaff, so he got up at five, trotted off to Farmer Smith's field, rooted up the turnips, and was home eating them for breakfast when the wolf clattered at the door and cried:

“Little pig! Little pig! Aren't you ready?”

“Ready?” says the little piggy. “Why! what a sluggard you are! I've been to the field and come back again, and I'm having a nice potful of turnips for breakfast.”

Then the wolf grew red with rage; but he was determined to eat little piggy, so he said, as if he didn't care:

“I'm glad you like them; but I know of something better than turnips.”

“Indeed,” says little piggy, “and what may that be?”

“A nice apple tree down in Merry gardens with the juiciest, sweetest apples on it! So if you will be ready at five o'clock to-morrow morning I will come round for you and we can get the apples together.”

“Thank you kindly,” says little piggy. “I will sure and be ready at five o'clock sharp.”

Now the next morning he bustled up ever so early, and it wasn't four o'clock when he started to get the apples; but, you see, the wolf had been taken in once and wasn't going to be taken in again, so he also started at four o'clock, and the little pig had but just got his basket half full of apples when he saw the wolf coming down the road licking his lips.

“Hullo!” says the wolf, “here already! You *are* an early bird! Are the apples nice?”

“Very nice,” says little piggy; “I’ll throw you down one to try.”

And he threw it so far away, that when the wolf had gone to pick it up, the little pig was able to jump down with his basket and run home.

Well, the wolf was fair angry; but he went next day to the little piggy’s house and called through the door, as mild as milk:

“Little pig! Little pig! You are so clever, I should like to give you a fairing; so if you will come with me to the fair this afternoon you shall have one.”

“Thank you kindly,” says little piggy. “What time shall we start?”

“At three o’clock sharp,” says the wolf, “so be sure to be ready.”

“I’ll be ready before three,” sniggered the little piggy. And he was! He started early in the morning and went to the fair, and rode in a swing, and enjoyed himself ever so much, and bought himself a butter-churn as a fairing, and trotted away towards home long before three o’clock. But just as he got to the top of the hill, what should he see but the wolf coming up it, all panting and red with rage!

Well, there was no place to hide in but the butter-churn; so he crept into it, and was just pulling down the cover when the churn started to roll down the hill—

Bumpety, bumpety, bump!

Of course piggy, inside, began to squeal, and when the wolf heard the noise, and saw the butter-churn rolling down on top of him—

Bumpety, bumpety, bump!

—he was so frightened that he turned tail and ran away.

But he was still determined to get the little pig for his dinner; so he went next day to the house and told the little pig how sorry he was not to have been able to keep his promise of going to the fair, because of an awful, dreadful, terrible Thing that had rushed at him, making a fearsome noise.

“Dear me!” says the little piggy, “that must have been me! I hid inside the butter-churn when I saw you coming, and it started to roll! I am sorry I frightened you!”

But this was too much. The wolf danced about with rage and swore he would come down the chimney and eat up the little pig for his supper. But while he was climbing on to the roof the little pig made up a blazing fire and put on a big pot full of water to boil. Then, just as the wolf was coming down the chimney, the little piggy off with the lid, and plump! in fell the wolf into the scalding water.

So the little piggy put on the cover again, boiled the wolf up, and ate *him* for supper.

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