

Storytime

First Tales
for Sharing



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First Tales for Sharing



Told by Stella Blackstone

Illustrated by Anne Wilson

For Cecilia and Rufus — S. B.
For friendships and many shared tales — A. W.

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The Three Little Pigs

This is a story about three little pigs and
a big, bad wolf.

The three little pigs were all pink and plump, and they all had curly whirly tails. When it was time for them to make their way in the world, their mother gave them a piece of advice. ‘Look after yourselves,’ she said, ‘and whatever you do, keep out of the way of the big, bad wolf.’ Then she gave each of them a goodbye nose rub, and off they went.



The first little pig scampered along
until he came to a pile of straw.

‘Aha!’ thought the first little pig. ‘This straw is
just what I need to build myself a cosy little
house.’

He set to work, and in no time at all his straw
house was finished. He was just putting the
finishing touches to it when who should come
along but the big, bad wolf!

‘Mmmm,’ said the big, bad wolf to himself.
‘That plump little pig would make a tasty
mid-morning snack.’ And he licked his lips
with his long, mean tongue. Then he walked
right up to the little straw house, as bold as
brass, and knocked on the door.





‘Who’s there?’ called the first little pig, and his curly whirly tail gave a curly whirly tremble.

‘It’s only me, your friendly local wolf,’ his visitor replied. ‘Can I come in?’

But the first little pig remembered his mother’s warning.

‘No, 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!’ boomed the wolf.

And that was the end of the first little pig.

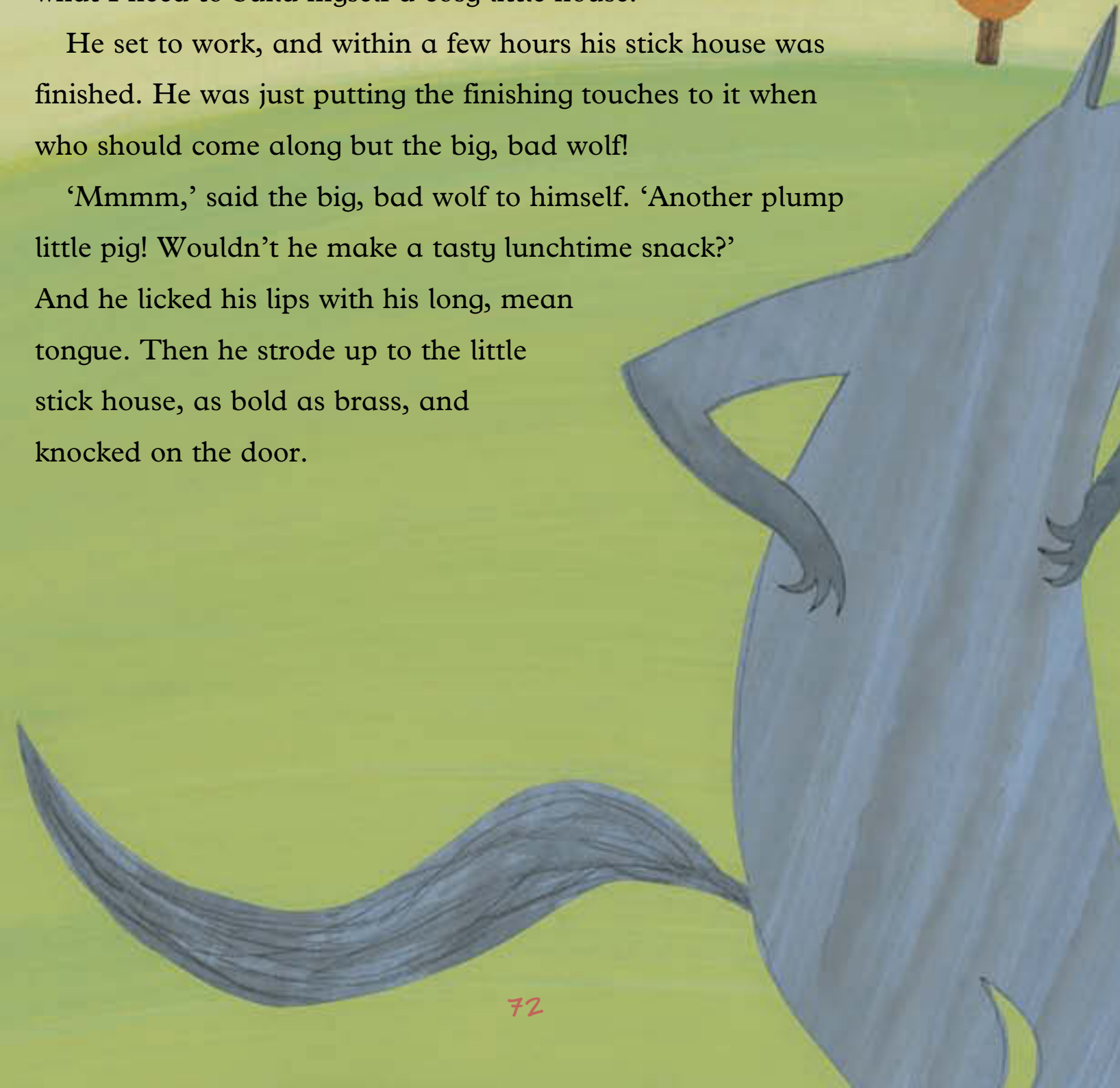
The second little pig scampered along until he came to a pile of sticks.

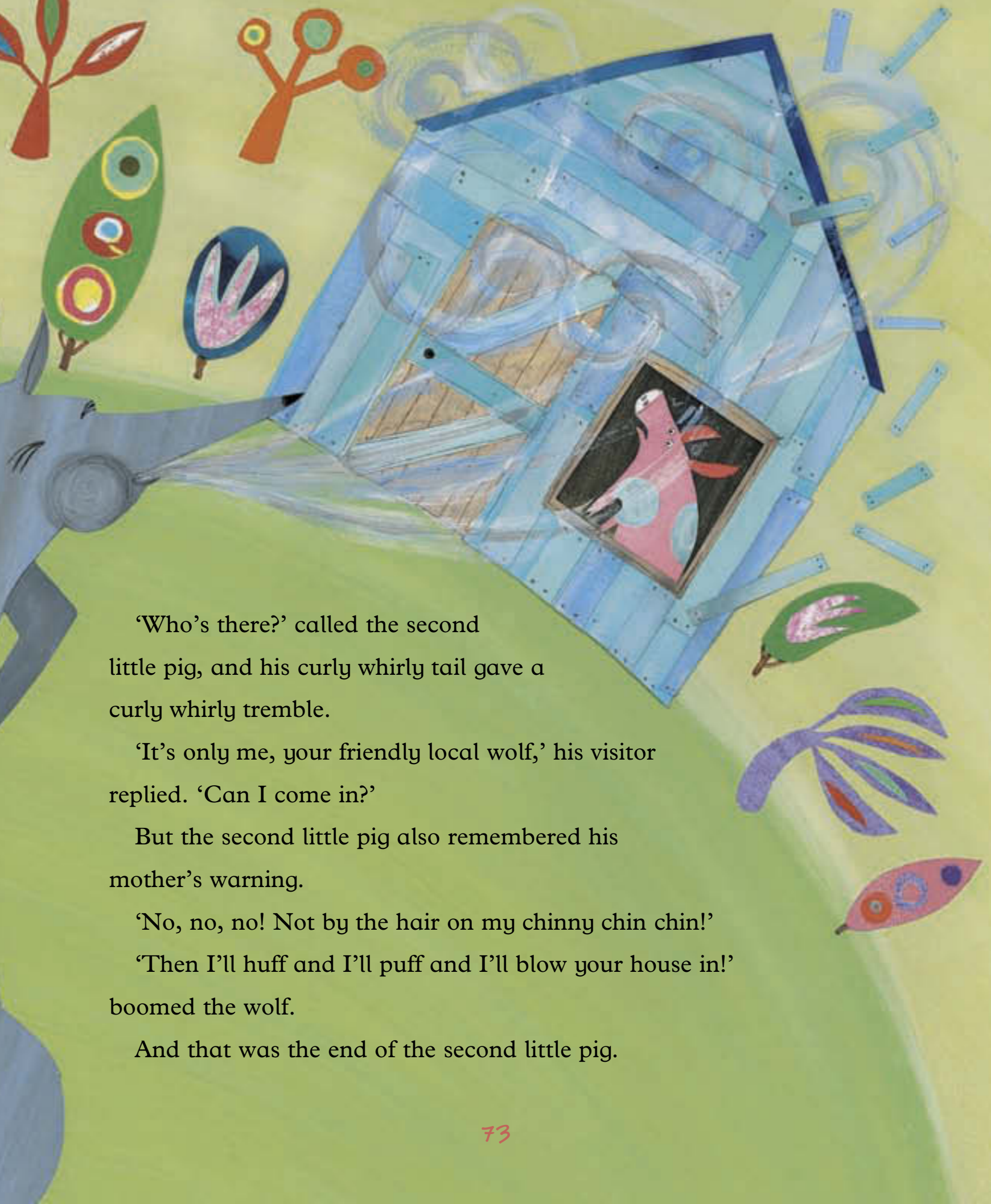
‘Aha!’ thought the second little pig. ‘These sticks are just what I need to build myself a cosy little house.’

He set to work, and within a few hours his stick house was finished. He was just putting the finishing touches to it when who should come along but the big, bad wolf!

‘Mmmm,’ said the big, bad wolf to himself. ‘Another plump little pig! Wouldn’t he make a tasty lunchtime snack?’

And he licked his lips with his long, mean tongue. Then he strode up to the little stick house, as bold as brass, and knocked on the door.



A stylized illustration of a grey wolf on the left, blowing a large, tilted house made of blue wooden planks. The house is being blown apart, with planks flying off to the right. Inside the house, a pink pig is visible through a window. The background is a light green field with various colorful, abstract plants and trees. The text is positioned in the lower-left quadrant of the page.

‘Who’s there?’ called the second little pig, and his curly whirly tail gave a curly whirly tremble.

‘It’s only me, your friendly local wolf,’ his visitor replied. ‘Can I come in?’


But the second little pig also remembered his mother’s warning.

‘No, 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!’ boomed the wolf.

And that was the end of the second little pig.





You are probably beginning to wonder what the third little pig was up to. Well, he didn't scamper off quite as quickly as his brothers. In fact, he sauntered along quite slowly, picking up a useful thing here, and a useful thing there. By the end of the morning, he had found a stack of bricks, a stack of roof tiles, some planks of wood, a box of tools and a big, red cooking pot.

The third little pig sat down for a while and made a plan. Then he set to work.

First, he dug foundations for his house. Next he laid the bricks. Then he sawed up the planks of wood to make a door, and windows with shutters, and rafters for the roof. Finally, he laid the roof tiles.

The third little pig stepped back to check his work.

'Not bad,' he thought to himself. 'But I'm hungry! I'll put the pot on the fire and make some supper.'

Soon a long plume of smoke could be seen rising from the house of the third little pig.

And soon the big, bad wolf — who, as you have probably guessed, was not very far away — sniffed the cool evening air and licked his lips with his long, mean tongue.

‘Mmmm,’ the wolf said to himself. ‘This must be my lucky day. Yet another plump little pig waiting for a visit from his friendly local wolf! I think it’s time for a little early-evening snack . . .’

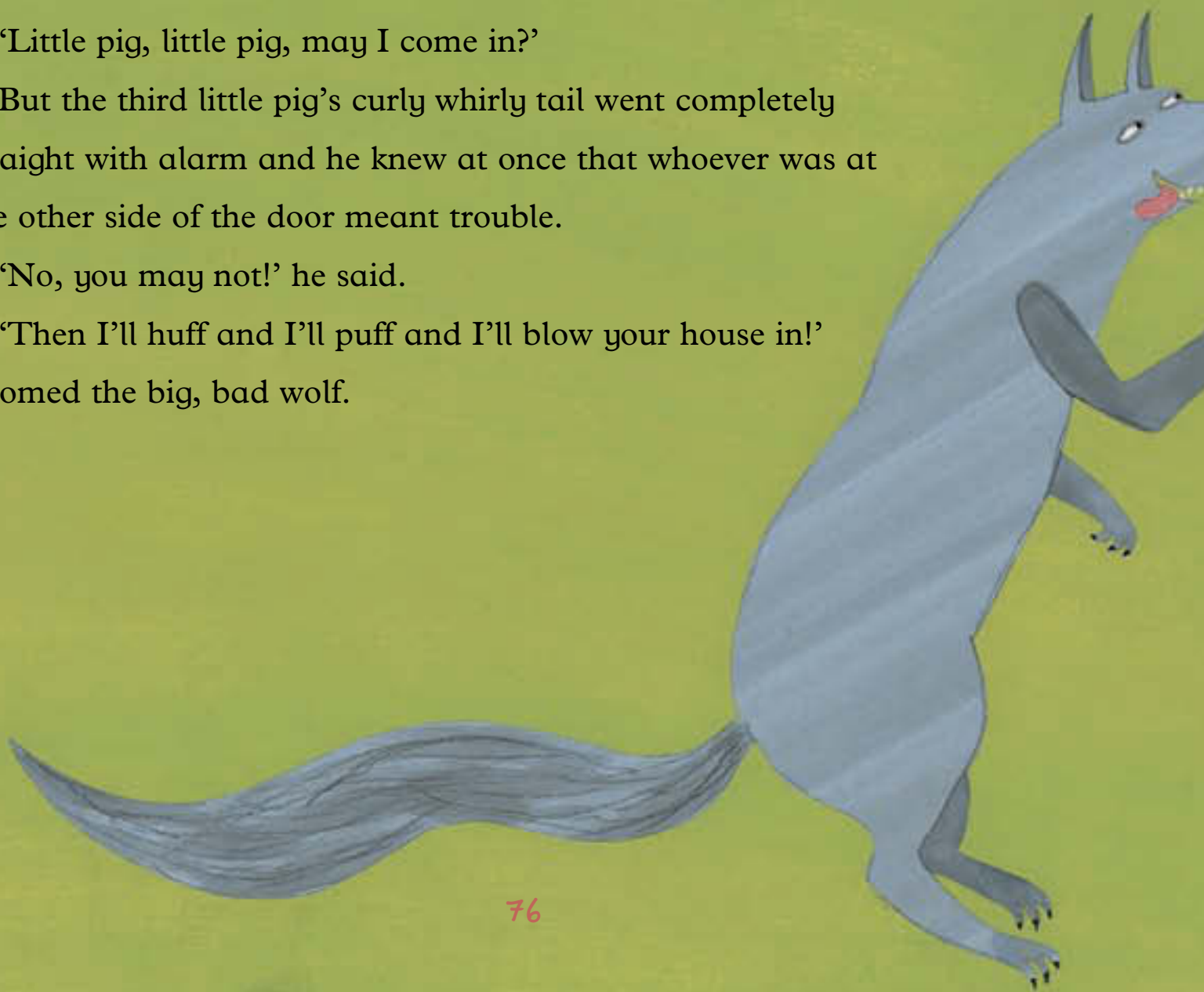
And the big, bad wolf came striding up to the door of the little brick house and called out:

‘Little pig, little pig, may I come in?’

But the third little pig’s curly whirly tail went completely straight with alarm and he knew at once that whoever was at the other side of the door meant trouble.

‘No, you may not!’ he said.

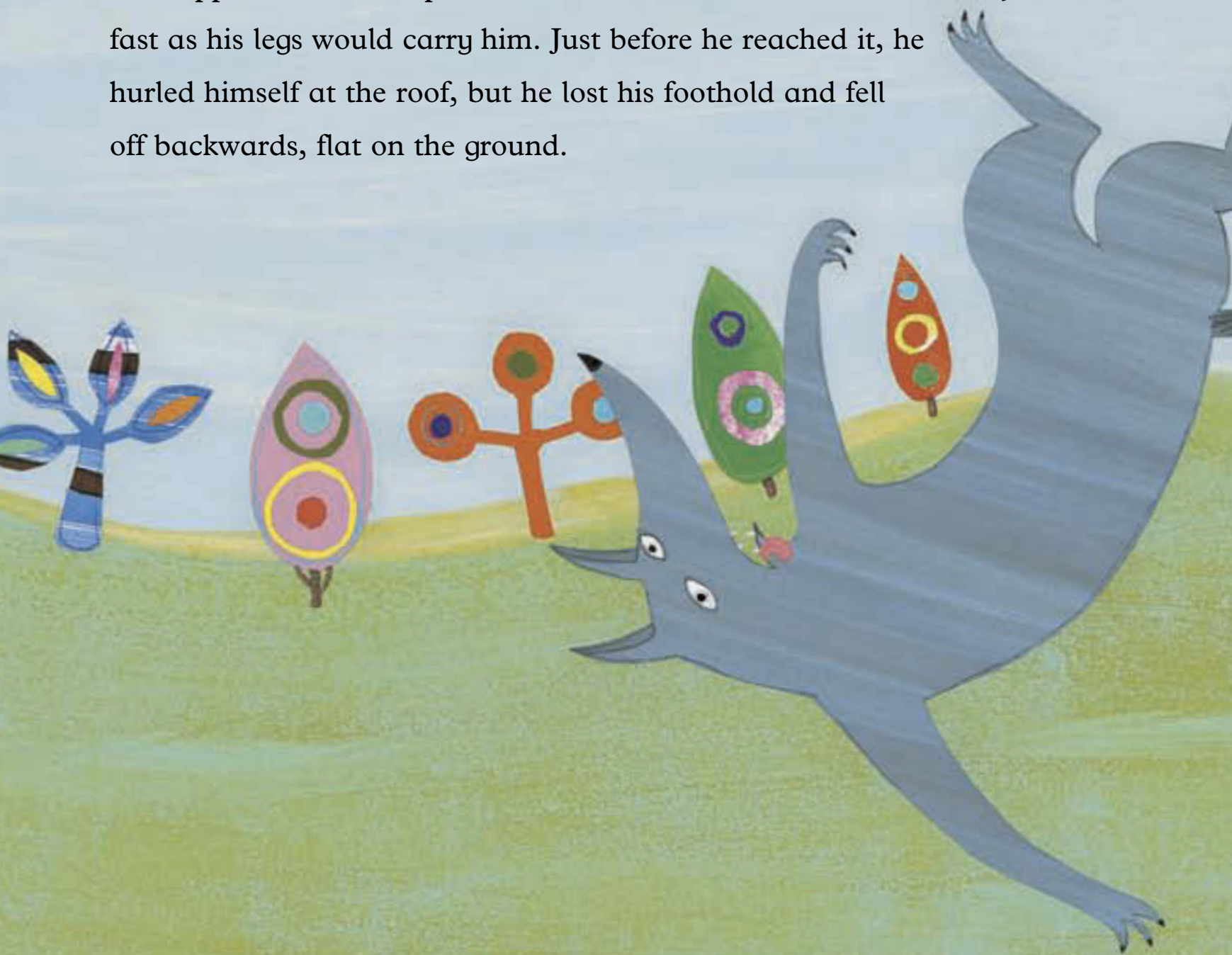
‘Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house in!’ boomed the big, bad wolf.





And the big, bad wolf huffed and puffed and blew as hard as he could. But nothing happened. He could not blow the brick house down. In fact, he could not even budge a single brick.

Well, the wolf was furious, but he was not going to give up that easily. He stepped back a few paces and then ran at the little brick house, as fast as his legs would carry him. Just before he reached it, he hurled himself at the roof, but he lost his foothold and fell off backwards, flat on the ground.





Inside the little brick house, the third little pig put a big pot of water on the fire, whistling merrily as he worked. Of course, this made the wolf even angrier. He took a few more paces back and then took another flying leap at the roof of the house, but his claws slipped on the shiny new tiles and this time he tumbled head first on to the ground.

Inside, the third little pig whistled merrily as the pot of water started to bubble and boil.

By now, the wolf was in a towering rage, but he had to wait a bit to get his breath back. When he had recovered, he charged at the little brick house and leapt towards the roof. This time he made it. He gave a roar of triumph, then he plunged down the chimney and fell straight into the cooking pot! And that was the end of the big, bad wolf.



The next day, the third little pig put up a sign,
which said:

PIGS ARE WELCOME.
WOLVES ARE NOT.
VISITING WOLVES
WILL BE PUT IN THE POT.

The third little pig had a long and happy life,
and he was never troubled by wolves again.



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