

LEVELED Book • M

The Three Little Pigs



Retold by Alyse Sweeney
Illustrated by Roberta Collier-Morales

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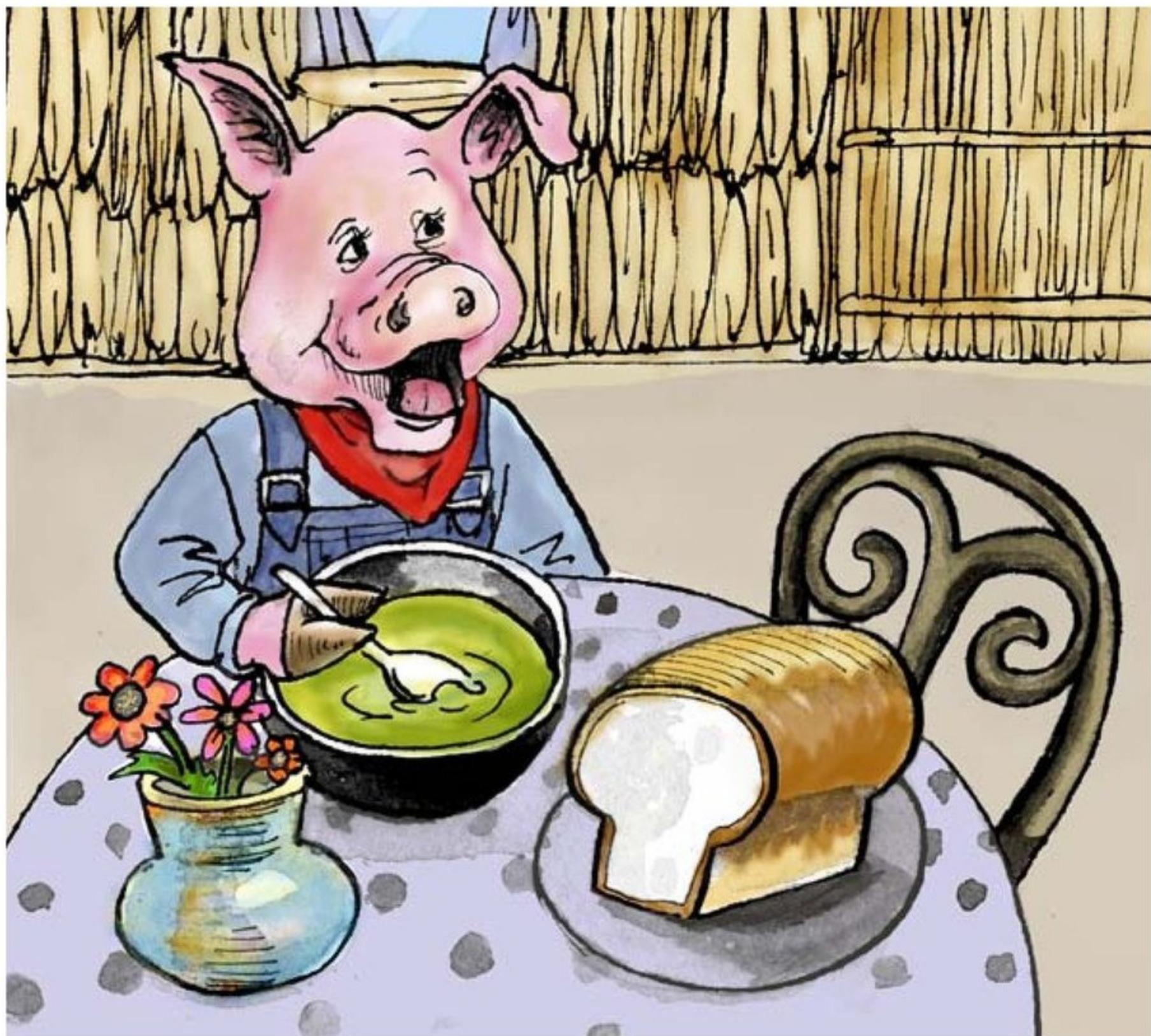


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Introduction

Once upon a time, in a quiet little town, there lived three little pigs. One day the pigs **decided** it was time to leave their mother's home. Off they went to build homes of their own.



The First Little Pig

The first little pig decided to build his home out of straw. In no time at all, the little pig built his house. Then he sat down to eat his lunch of pea soup, salad, and bread.

The little pig happily slurped and chewed until he heard an angry knock on the door.

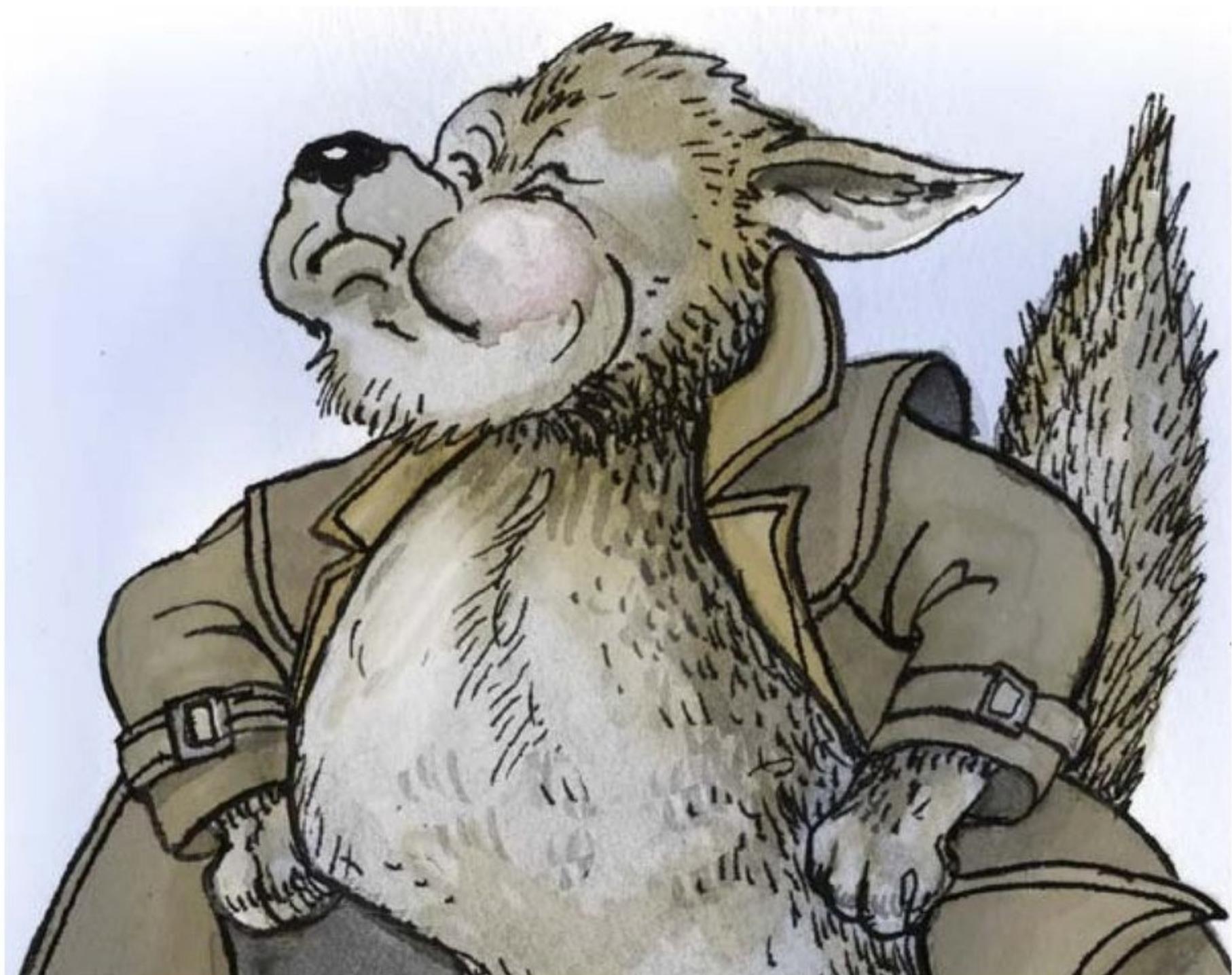
It was a **ravenous** wolf!

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in," said the hungry wolf.

"Not by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin!" said the frightened little pig.

"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in," growled the wolf.

As the wolf **inhaled** deeply, his lungs filled up like two balloons.



Whooooooosh! The wolf **exhaled** with such force that he blew the house into a haystack.

He also blew the little pig down the street to his brother's house.



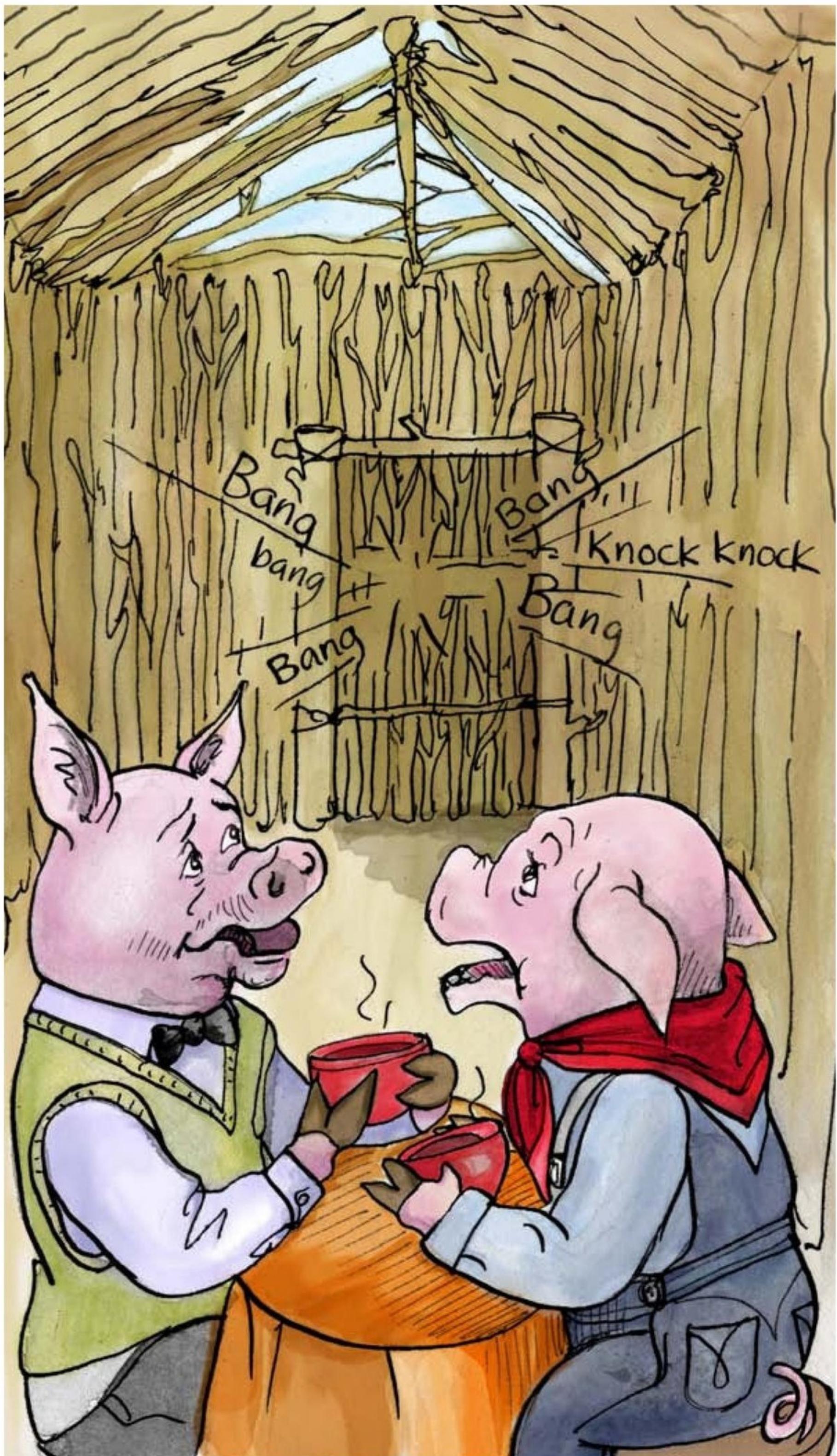


The Second Little Pig

The second little pig decided to build his house out of sticks. Just as he finished the roof, his little brother blew in. The little pig **trembled** as he told his brother about the wolf.

“Don’t worry, little brother,” said the second little pig. “Sticks are stronger than straw. Let’s go inside for some peppermint tea.”

The pigs were deep in **conversation** when they heard an angry knock on the door.





“Little pigs, little pigs, let me come in,” said the ravenous wolf.

“Not by the hairs of our chinny, chin, chins!” answered the little pigs.

“Then I’ll huff, and I’ll puff, and I’ll blow your house in,” growled the wolf.

Again, the wolf inhaled deeply. And again, when he exhaled—*whoosh*—the wolf blew down the house, leaving a pile of sticks. The wolf also blew the little pigs. Down the hill they rolled, like two pink balls.





The Third Little Pig

The third little pig built a brick house. He was hanging a *WELCOME* sign when his younger brothers rolled onto his front step.

The pigs **sobbed** as they told their older brother about the wolf.

“Let’s see the wolf blow down this house,” said the third little pig.
“Come inside for some peach pie.
You’ll feel better.”

Knock. Knock. Knock. The three little pigs looked at the door.

“Little pigs, little pigs, let me come in,” yelled the wolf.

“Not by the hairs of our chinny, chin, chins!” shouted the little pigs.

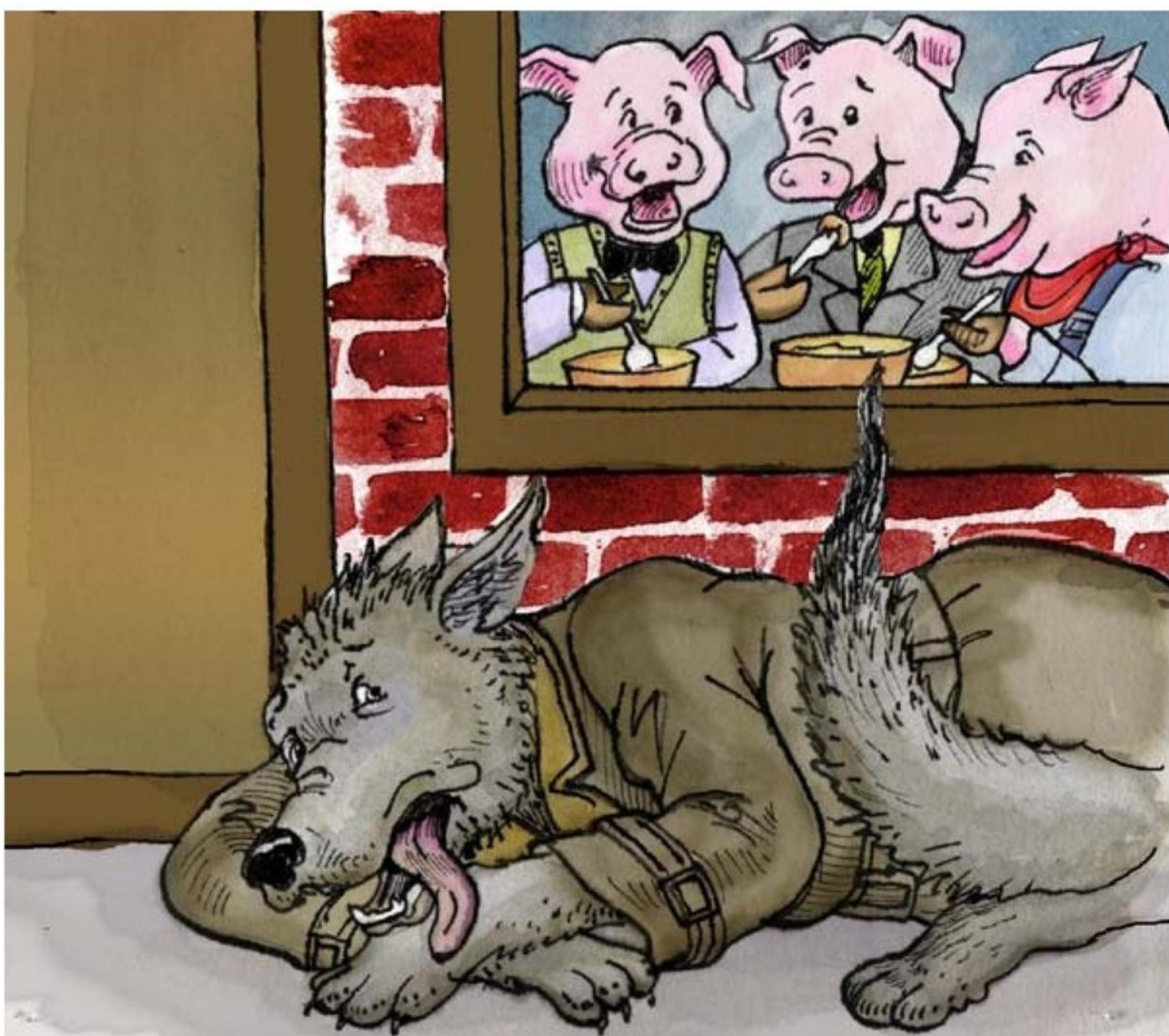
“Then I’ll huff, and I’ll puff, and I’ll blow your house in,” roared the wolf.



Call an Ambulance!

The wolf huffed and puffed and puffed and huffed and—
—toppled over!

He could not get those bricks to budge! Breathless and weak, the wolf lay on the ground like a balloon out of air.





The little pigs called an ambulance for the wolf. Then they happily returned to their peach pie.

The three little pigs lived happily ever after—eating pea soup, sipping tea, and baking pies in their brick house.

Glossary

budge (<i>v.</i>)	to move even a little (p. 14)
conversation (<i>n.</i>)	a friendly talk with someone (p. 8)
decided (<i>v.</i>)	made a choice (p. 4)
exhaled (<i>v.</i>)	breathed out (p. 7)
inhaled (<i>v.</i>)	breathed in (p. 6)
ravenous (<i>adj.</i>)	very hungry (p. 5)
sobbed (<i>v.</i>)	cried with short gasps of breath (p. 12)
trembled (<i>v.</i>)	shook with cold or emotion, such as fear (p. 8)

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