

# The Three Little Pigs

A traditional tale

Ladybird Picture Books

# The Three Little Pigs



BASED ON A TRADITIONAL FOLK TALE  
retold by Nicola Baxter ★ illustrated by Jan Lewis



Once upon a time, there were three little pigs.  
They were brave. They were bold. But they  
weren't very big.

One fine day the little pigs set off to  
see the world.



*"Always look out for the big, bad wolf,"*  
said their mother. "He's bad. He's big.  
And he'd love to eat a tasty little pig!"



The three little pigs hadn't gone far when they met a man carrying a heavy load of straw.



"I could build a very fine house with that straw," said the first little pig. And he did.





The two little pigs set off, leaving their brother at his house of straw.

Before long a man came by, with sticks on his back piled ever so high.



"I could build a very fine house with those sticks," said the second little pig.

And she did.





The last little pig set off, leaving his sister at her house of sticks. Soon he met a man carrying a load of bricks.

"I could build a very fine house with those bricks," said the third little pig.

And he did.



Meanwhile, who was creeping up to the house of straw? It was ...





... the big, bad wolf!

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in!"  
he growled.

"No! By the hairs on my chinny chin chin,  
I won't let you in!" squeaked the first  
little pig.

"Then I'LL HUFF and I'LL PUFF



and I'll blow your house down!" roared the wolf.



Help!

And he did.  
That was the end of the first little pig.



Next the wolf crept up to the house of sticks.

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in!"  
he growled.

"No! By the hairs on my chinny chin chin,  
I won't let you in!" squeaked the second  
little pig.

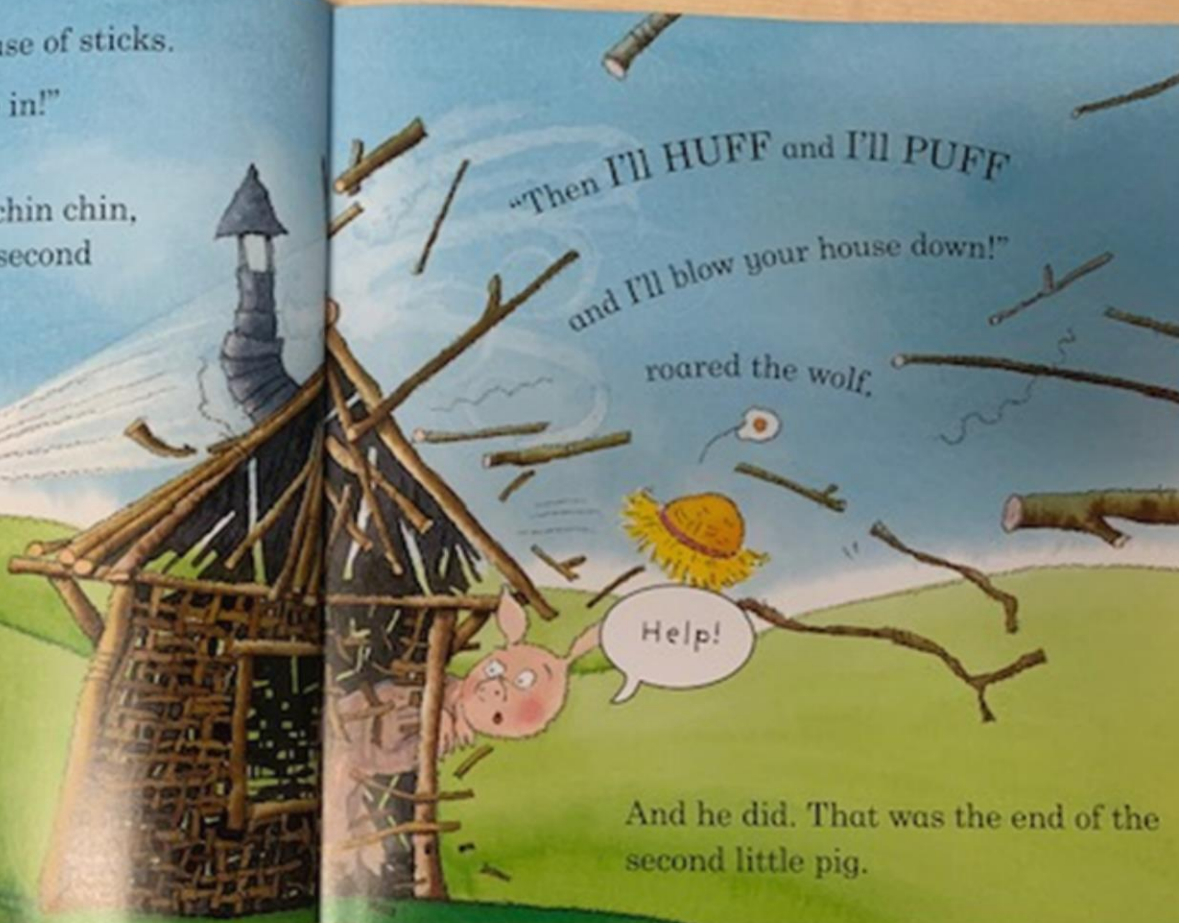


"Then I'll HUFF and I'll PUFF  
and I'll blow your house down!"

roared the wolf.

Help!

And he did. That was the end of the  
second little pig.



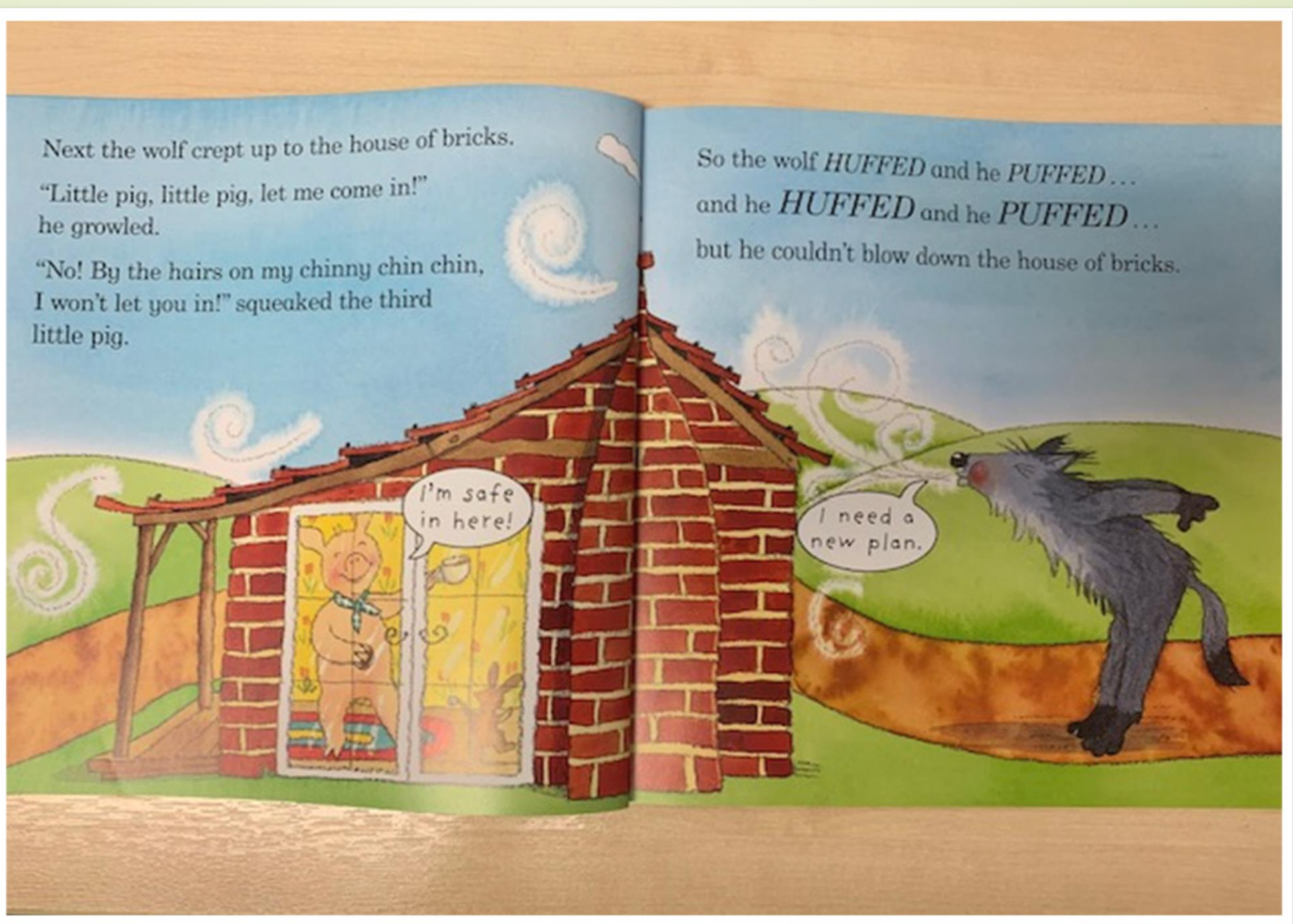


Next the wolf crept up to the house of bricks.

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in!"  
he growled.

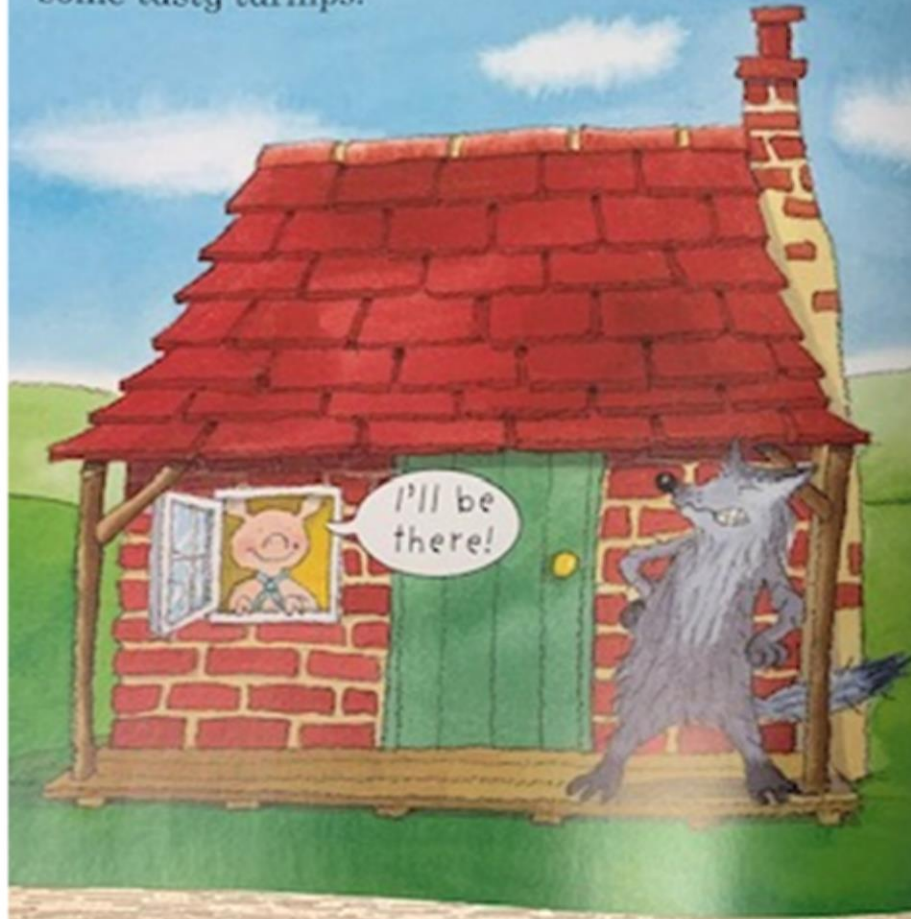
"No! By the hairs on my chinny chin chin,  
I won't let you in!" squeaked the third  
little pig.

So the wolf *HUFFED* and he *PUFFED*...  
and he *HUFFED* and he *PUFFED*...  
but he couldn't blow down the house of bricks.





"Little pig," called the wolf, "be ready at six o'clock tomorrow morning, and we'll gather some tasty turnips."



The little pig knew that the wolf planned to eat him. So off he set at *five* o'clock. He filled his basket with tasty turnips and hurried home for six o'clock.

"Bother!" growled the wolf.



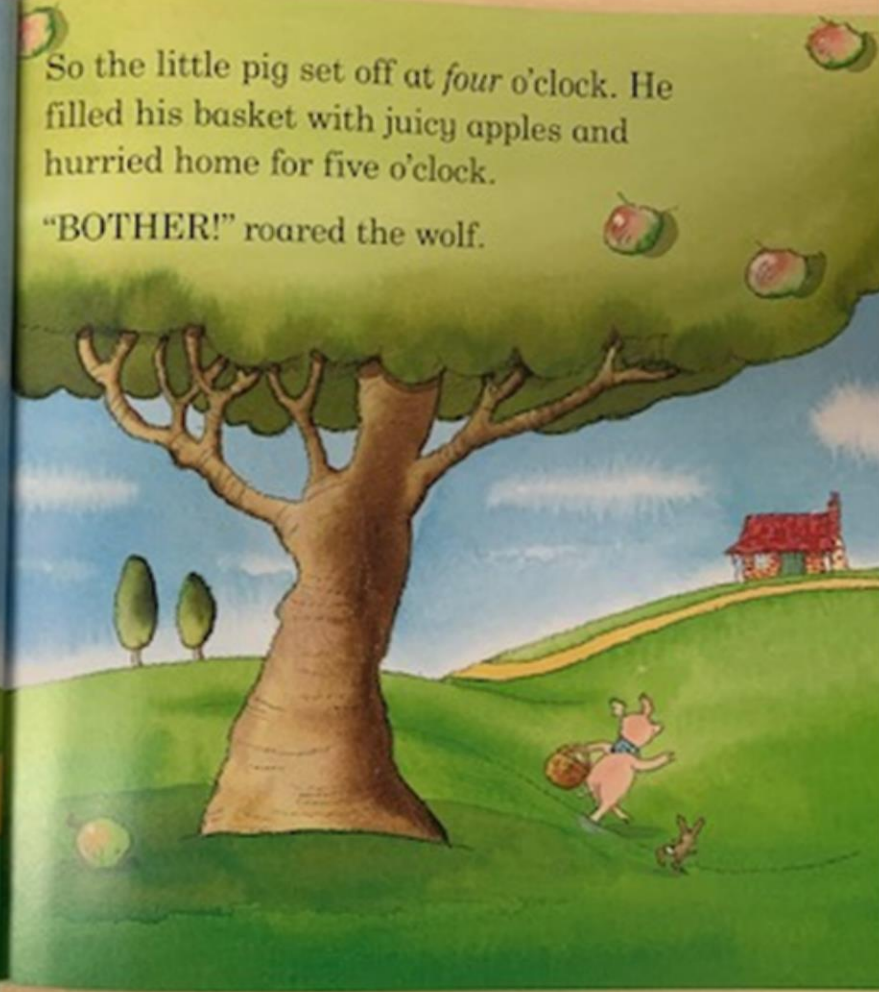


"Little pig," called the wolf, "be ready at five o'clock tomorrow morning, and we'll pick some juicy apples."



So the little pig set off at *four* o'clock. He filled his basket with juicy apples and hurried home for five o'clock.

"BOTHER!" roared the wolf.





"Little pig," called the wolf, "be ready at four o'clock this afternoon, and we'll go to the fair."

As soon as the wolf went away, the little pig set off for the fair. He had SO much fun!





At four o'clock the wolf arrived.

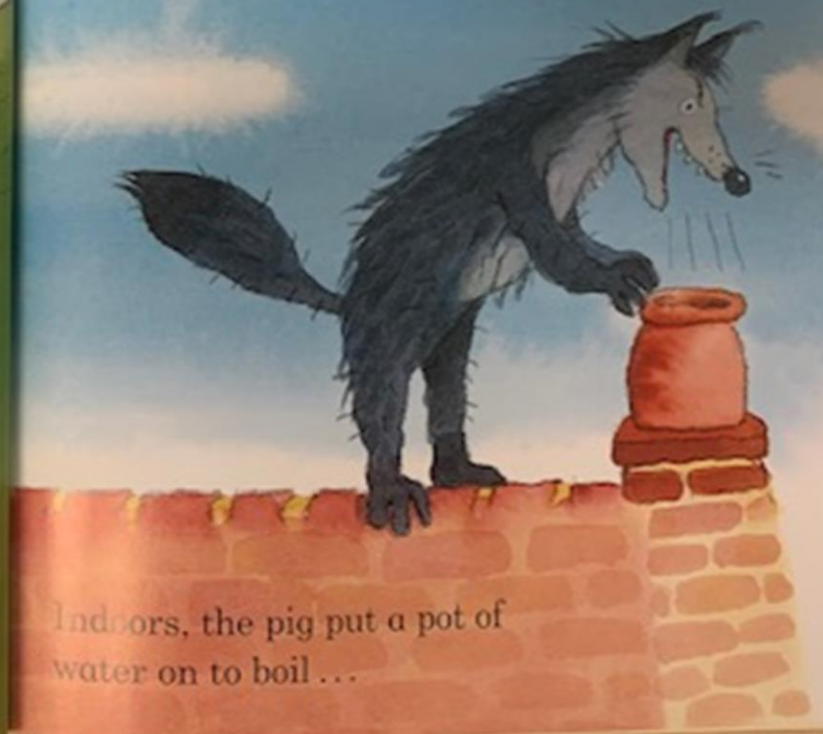
Just then, the little pig rolled back from the fair inside a barrel. And he bowled right over the wolf!

Quickly the little pig ran indoors.



Now the wolf was *really* angry. He climbed onto the roof.

"Little pig, I'm coming to EAT YOU UP!" he shouted down the chimney.



Indoors, the pig put a pot of water on to boil...



Suddenly the wolf fell down the chimney  
into the pot of boiling water with a . . .



That was the end of the big, bad wolf.

And the little pig said, "Now I can live happily  
ever after in my very fine house of bricks!"  
And he did!





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# The Three Little Pigs

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