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Opening extract from
**The Three Little Wolves and the
Big Bad Pig**

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*For Grace
E.T.*

*In memory of
Stanley
H.O.*



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Once upon a time there were three cuddly little wolves with soft fur and fluffy tails who lived with their mother. The first was black, the second was grey and the third white.

One day the mother called the three little wolves round her and said, “My children, it is time for you to go out into the world. Go and build a house for yourselves. But beware of the big bad pig.”

“Don’t worry, Mother, we will watch out for him,” said the three little wolves and they set off.

Soon they met a kangaroo who was pushing a wheelbarrow full of red and yellow bricks.

“Please, will you give us some of your bricks?” asked the three little wolves.



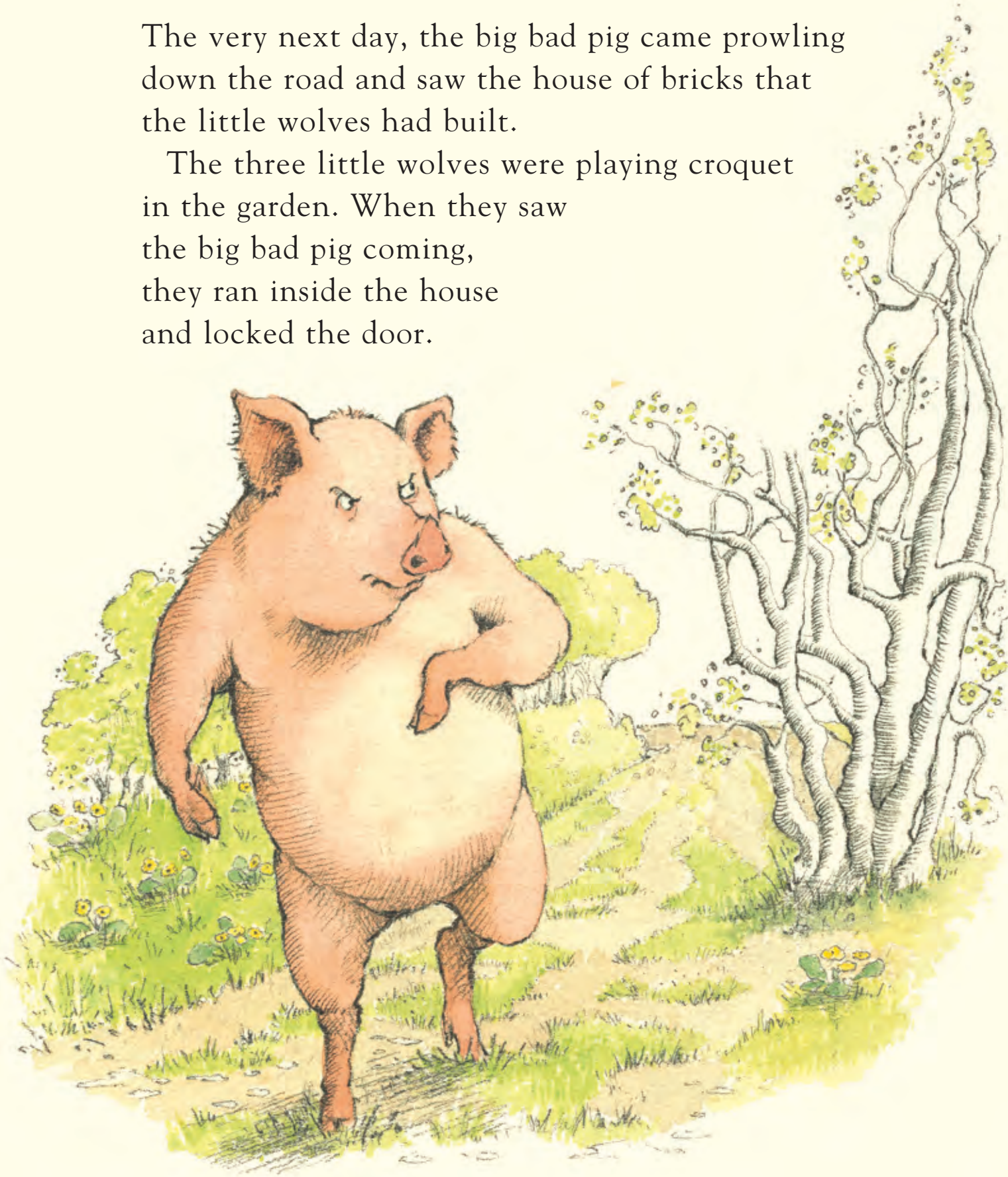
“Certainly,” said the kangaroo, and she gave them lots of red and yellow bricks.

So the three little wolves built themselves a house of bricks.



The very next day, the big bad pig came prowling down the road and saw the house of bricks that the little wolves had built.

The three little wolves were playing croquet in the garden. When they saw the big bad pig coming, they ran inside the house and locked the door.



The pig knocked on the door and grunted,
“Little wolves, little wolves, let me come in!”



“No, no, no,” said the three little wolves. “By the hair on our chinny-chin-chins, we will not let you in, not for all the tea leaves in our china teapot!”

“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff
and I’ll blow your house down!”
said the pig.

So he huffed and he puffed
and he puffed and he huffed,
but the house didn’t fall down.

