

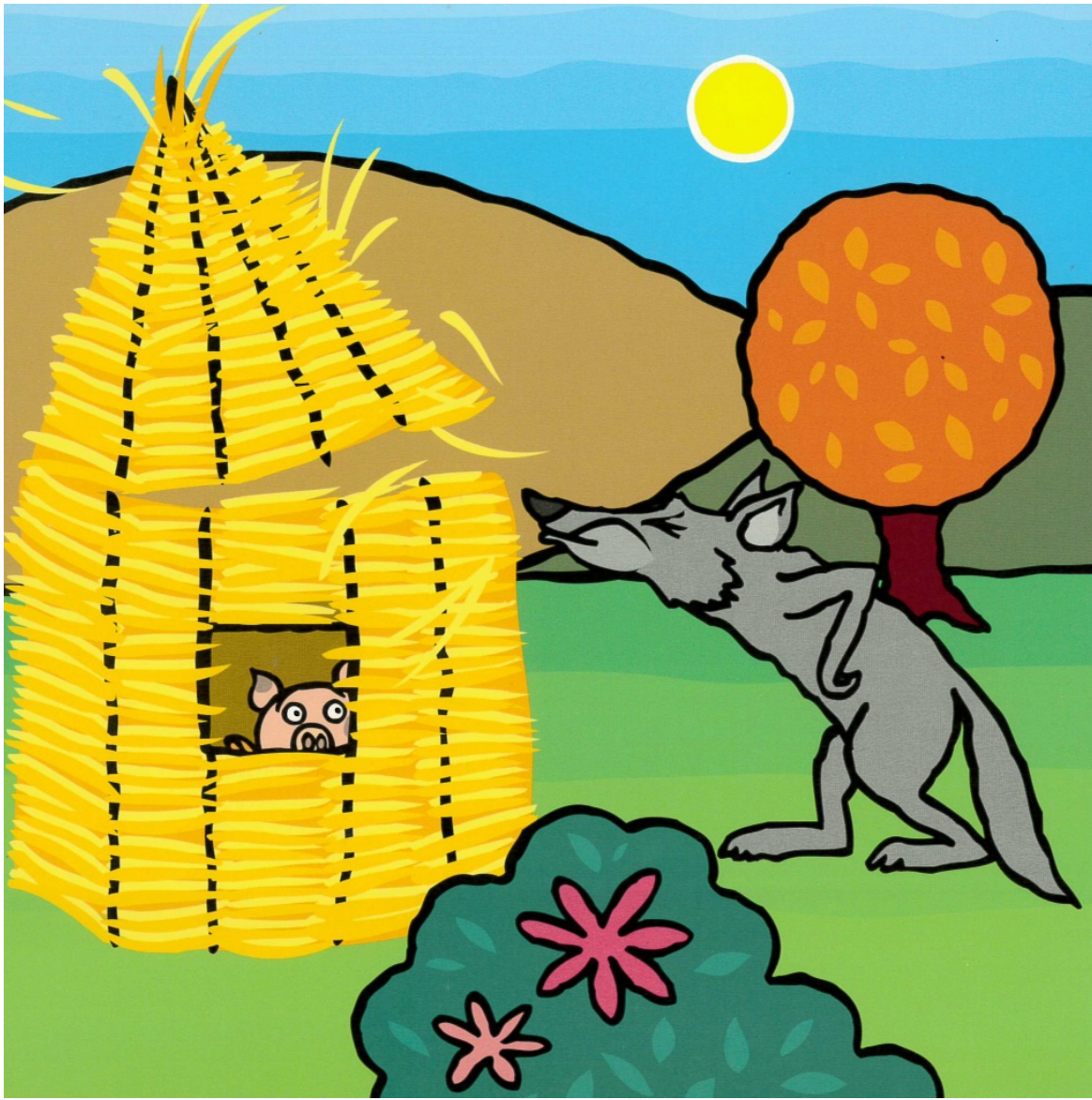


With home and family near,  
Three piglets had no fear.  
Till Mother Pig said, "Today is the day,  
When you must leave home, for you cannot stay.  
But watch out for danger along the way –  
The wolf may soon appear."

Each piglet found some land  
To build the house he'd planned.  
The first used straw that was light as fluff.  
The second used sticks that were straight and rough.  
The third used some bricks that were strong and tough.  
Each home looked very grand.

**You can build your house with bricks.  
You can build with straw or sticks.  
But just beware the big bad wolf,  
For wolves and pigs don't mix!**





Outside the house of straw,  
The wolf stood at the door.  
"I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!"  
"No, not by the hair of my chinny chin chin,"  
Said the first little pig, as he trembled within.  
He feared the worst – and more.

The wolf prowled to and fro.  
He howled a bit, for show.  
Then he huffed and he puffed and he blew the door flat,  
And the straw flew up and the house went splat,  
But the first little pig didn't stop to chat.  
He'd thought of a place to go.

**You can build your house with bricks.  
You can build with straw or sticks.  
But just beware the big bad wolf,  
For wolves and pigs don't mix!**





Outside the house of sticks,  
The wolf was at his tricks.  
“I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house in!”  
“No, not by the hair of our chinny chin chin,”  
Said the two little pigs, as they trembled within.  
Oh, what a dreadful fix!

The wolf prowled to and fro.  
He howled a bit, for show.  
Then he huffed and he puffed and he blew the door flat,  
And the twigs flew up and the house went splat,  
But the two little pigs didn’t stop to chat.  
They’d thought of a place to go.

**You can build your house with bricks.  
You can build with straw or sticks.  
But just beware the big bad wolf,  
For wolves and pigs don’t mix!**





Outside the house of brick,  
The wolf was very quick.  
“I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house in!”  
“No, not by the hair of our chinny chin chin,”  
Said the three little pigs, as they trembled within,  
Although the walls were thick.

The wolf prowled to and fro.  
He howled a bit, for show.  
He huffed and he puffed as hard as he could,  
And the bricks held firm and the house still stood.  
But the pigs still trembled – as you would –  
With nowhere else to go.

*You can build your house with bricks.  
You can build with straw or sticks.  
But just beware the big bad wolf,  
For wolves and pigs don’t mix!*





The wolf climbed to the roof,  
Which wasn't burglar proof.  
He looked down the chimney with a fearsome grin,  
And called to the piglets, "I'm coming right in!"  
But the three little pigs were determined to win,  
By thinking on the hoof.

They lit the fire below.  
The big wolf did not know.  
As he came down the chimney, his tail caught light.  
He shot back up like a rocket in flight.  
With smouldering bottom, he vanished from sight.  
Three cheers, three pigs! Good show!

**You can build your house with bricks.  
You can build with straw or sticks.  
But just beware the big bad wolf,  
For wolves and pigs don't mix!**