

Papa Pig and His Three Sons

Once there were three little pigs who lived in a big brick house with their father. One day, Papa Pig took his sons aside and said, "Now it's time for you to go out into the world and build houses of your own. But be careful of the big, bad wolf. When I was your age, the wolf would blow down a house made of straw or wood. So, take the time to build a strong and safe house out of bricks."

"But Dad!" said the first little pig, "That was in the old days. Things have changed. "

"I don't know about that," said Papa Pig. "I know you think that I'm being old-fashioned but I'm warning you, the wolf is still dangerous."

The next day, the three little pigs went out to build their houses. The first little pig built his house out of straw, and the second little pig built his house out of wood. They were both finished in a few hours.

They quickly ran to visit the third little pig. But the third little pig was still building as house out of bricks.

"We're already done with our houses and you have barely started yours," the first and second little pigs bragged.

"We were told that we should build a strong and safe house and that's what I'm going to do," said the third little pig.

"What a nerd!" the first and second little pigs said. "Just because Dad told you to build a brick house doesn't mean you have to!. Why don't you just build a house made of straw or wood like we did? Then you can come and play with us."

Then the third little pig said, "I am not a nerd! I just think Dad knows what he's talking about.

STOP! What do you think is going to happen during the rest of the story? Why do you think that?

"Fine. We're going fishing. Have fun working on your house," the two little pigs said. And they laughed all the way to the fishing pond.

While they were fishing, the big bad wolf was lurking in the bushes. He was spying on the pigs. Suddenly, he ran out and tried to catch them. Luckily, the wolf was not a very fast runner. The pigs ran all the way to the straw house. They got there just in time to slam the door in his face.

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

“Not by the hair of our chinny chin chins,” said the pigs.

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

And that’s just what he did. So the two little pigs ran to the wood house. The wolf chased them, and again the pigs slammed the door in his face.

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

“Not by the hair of our chinny chin chins,” said the pigs.

So the wolf huffed and puffed and blew the wood house down.

This time, the pigs ran to Papa Pig’s brick house where they were safe from the wolf. The wolf didn’t even try to blow down the brick house. He knew he couldn’t do it.

“I guess we should have listened to you,” the first and second little pigs told their father. “We made houses of straw and wood, and the wolf blew them down.”

STOP how do you think this makes the Papa Pig feel? Why do you think this?

The next day, the first and second little pigs went to see the third little pig. He was still working on his brick house.

“You were right to build a house out of bricks.” Said the first and second pigs. “Our houses weren’t strong enough. Can we help you build your house?” they asked.

The third little pig agreed. They all built a strong and safe brick house. And they lived happily ever after.

Two questions to answer in your writing journal.

- 1) How was the first little pig’s house different from the third pig’s house?
- 2) If you could have the house of your dreams what would it be like? (this should take a little time, put great details in this)