



There were once three little pigs named **H**orace, **B**oris and **P**ercy who lived together in a teeny-tiny **cottage**. One **miserable** and rainy day Mummy Pig said, "you are too big you must build new houses of your own."



"I will build my house right here out of soft straw and gooey mud" cheered Horace. "I will build my house right here out of bendy sticks and thick clay" cheered Boris. Percy plodded on, "I want my house to be safe and strong" he thought. He found some heavy bricks and built his house until it stood tall and proud.



The long summer days had passed when Horace heard a knock on the door. "Little pig little pig let me come in" bellowed Fred the big fierce wolf, "not by the hairs on my chinny chin chin" cried Horace. "Then I will huff and puff and blow your house down." Down it fell and Horace scurried to the next house. Not long after, Horace and Boris heard a knock at the door, "little pig little pig let me come in" bellowed Fred, "not by the hairs on my chinny chin chin" cried Boris. "Then I will huff and puff and blow your house down." Down it fell and they both galloped to the strong and safe brick house.



Horace, Boris and Percy were cooking their dinner when, suddenly, they heard a knock on the door. "Little pig little pig let me come in" bellowed Fred the wolf, "not by the hairs on my chinny chin chin" trembled all three pigs. Fred huffed and puffed and huffed some more, but the house did not fall.



Horace, Boris and Percy built a huge modern house with a wolf alarm and central heating, for them all to live in. They never saw the wolf again.