

## THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

Here is a version of the Three Little Pigs, but the parts are all mixed up. Look for clues and **number** them so that the story is in the right order.

The third little pig spent some time planning his house. Bit by bit, he built himself a skyscraper out of bricks. When it was finished, he went inside, locked the door and admired the view.

When a wolf, called Mr Bad, appeared and saw the house of straw, he laughed. He huffed and puffed and blew it down so easily. The first little pig had to escape to the second pig's house.

Once upon a time, there were three little pigs. "We're old enough to build our own houses," they oinked. So off they went, holding hands and skipping in the morning sunshine.

Mr Bad arrived at the bungalow of sticks a few minutes later. "Let me in," he said very nicely. When the pigs refused, he blew the house of sticks down. The two pigs ran to the house of bricks.

The second little pig did his best. He gathered as many sticks as he could carry. The bungalow he built wasn't as strong as he would have liked, but he was very pleased with it.

Mr Bad reached the house of bricks. His mouth fell open. He coughed when he tried to blow it down. So he climbed to the top of the skyscraper, but he slipped and fell. That was the end of him.

The first little pig was the laziest pig you have ever met. He piled up a load of straw and nosed his way in. He sat on a chair made of straw, with his feet on a straw stool and ate some straw.

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