

The Three Little Pigs

There was once a family of pigs. The mother pig was very poor, and so she sent her three little pigs out to seek their fortunes. The first that went off met a man with a bundle of straw, and said to him:

“Please, man, give me that straw to build me a house.”

Which the man did, and the little pig built a house with it. Presently came a wolf, and knocked at the door, and said: “Little pig, little pig, let me come in.”

To which the pig answered:

“No, no, by the hair of my chiny chin chin.”

The wolf then answered to that:

“Then I’ll huff, and I’ll puff, and I’ll blow your house in.”

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he blew his house in, and ate up the little pig.

The second little pig met a man with a bundle of furze, and said:

“Please, man, give me that furze to build a house.”

Which the man did, and the pig built his house. Then along came the wolf, and said:

“Little pig, little pig, let me come in.”

“No, no, by the hair of my chiny chin chin.”

“Then I’ll puff, and I’ll huff, and I’ll blow your house in.”

So he huffed, and he puffed, and he puffed, and he huffed, and at last he blew the house down, and he ate up the little pig.

The third little pig met a man with a load of bricks, and said:

“Please, man, give me those bricks to build a house with.”

So the man gave him the bricks, and he built his house with them. So the wolf came, as he did to the other little pigs, and said:

“Little pig, little pig, let me come in.”

“No, no, by the hair of my chiny chin chin.”

“Then I’ll huff, and I’ll puff, and I’ll blow your house in.”

Well, he huffed, and he puffed, and he huffed and he puffed, and he puffed and huffed; but he could not get the house down. When he found that he could not, with all his huffing and puffing, blow the house down, he said:

“Little pig, I know where there is a nice field of turnips.”

“Where?” said the little pig.

“Oh, in Mr Smith’s Home-field, and if you will be ready tomorrow morning I will call for you, and we will go together, and get some for dinner.”

“Very well,” said the little pig, “I will be ready. What time do you mean to go?”

“Oh, at six o’clock.”

Well, the little pig got up at five, and got the turnips before the wolf came (which he did about six) and who said:

“Little Pig, are you ready?”

The little pig said: “Ready! I have been and come back again, and got a nice potful for dinner.”

Little Red Riding Hood

Once upon a time there lived a little country girl, the prettiest creature who was ever seen. Her mother had a little red riding hood made for her. Everybody called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother said to her: "Go my dear, and see how your grandmother is doing, for I hear she has been very ill."

Little Red Riding Hood set out immediately.

As she was going through the wood, she met with a wolf. He asked her where she was going.

"I am going to see my grandmother."

"Does she live far off?" said the wolf.

"It is beyond that mill you see there".

It was not long before the wolf arrived at the old woman's house. He knocked at the door.

Tap, tap, tap.

"Who's there?"

"Your grandchild, Little Red Riding Hood," replied the wolf, faking her voice.

The good grandmother called out, "Pull the string, and the latch will go up."

The wolf pulled the string and the door opened, and then he immediately fell upon the good woman and ate her up in a moment.

He then shut the door and got into the grandmother's bed, expecting Little Red Riding Hood, who came some time afterwards and knocked at the door.

Tap, tap, tap.

"Who's there?"

“It is your grandchild, Little Red Riding Hood.”

The wolf cried out, “Pull the string, and the latch will go up.”

Little Red Riding Hood pulled the string, and the door opened.

“Grandmother, what big arms you have!”

“All the better to hug you with, my dear.”

“Grandmother, what big ears you have!”

“All the better to hear you with, my child.”

“Grandmother, what big eyes you have!”

“All the better to see you with, my child.”

“Grandmother, what big teeth you have got!”

“All the better to eat you up with.”

Fortunately, a hunter was passing near by the hut. He heard the wolf, and recognised him right away. He ran over to the window. He took a good aim, and that was the end of the wolf.

Puss in Boots

Once upon a time there was a poor miller who had three sons. The years went by and the miller died, leaving nothing but his mill, his donkey, and a cat. The eldest son took the mill, the second-born son rode off on the donkey, and the youngest son inherited the cat.

“Oh, well,” said the youngest son, “I’ll eat this cat, and make some mittens out of his fur. Then I will have nothing left in the world and shall die of hunger.”

The cat was listening to his master complain like this, but he pretended not to have heard anything. Instead, he put on a serious face and said: “Do not look so sad, master. Just give me a bag and a pair of boots, and I will show you that you did not receive such a poor inheritance in me.”

The cat’s master had often seen him play a great many cunning tricks to catch rats and mice, as when he used to hang by the heels, or hide himself in the grain, and pretend to be dead. Thinking this over, he thought that it wasn’t impossible that the cat could help him after all, so he gave the cat his bag and spent his last pennies on ordering a fine pair of boots to be made especially for the cat.

The cat looked very gallant in his boots, and putting his bag around his neck, he held the strings of it in his two fore paws and lay by a rabbit warren, which was home to a great many rabbits.

He put bran and corn into his bag, and stretching as if he were dead, waited for some young rabbits, still not acquainted with the deceits of the world, to come and rummage in his bag for the bran and corn.

Puss in BootsNot long after he lay down, he had what he wanted. A rash and foolish young rabbit jumped into his bag, and Monsieur Puss immediately drew close the strings and caught him. Proud of his prey, he went with it to the palace and asked to speak with his majesty. He was shown upstairs into the king’s apartment, and making a low bow, said to him: “I have brought you, sir, a rabbit of the warren, which my noble lord, the Marquis of Carabas (for that was

the title which puss was pleased to give his master) has commanded me to present to your majesty from him.”