

The Three Little Pigs (Retold by Debbie Pullinger)
(Verse Two)

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!