



Ririro

READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

The Three Piglets

Unknown writer

Once upon a time, a pig lived with her three children on a lovely, large, old-fashioned farm. The oldest pig was named Brownie, the second Whitey, and the youngest Blacky. The youngest pig was the most beautiful to look at.

Brownie was a very dirty little pig. He liked to spend his time rolling and wallowing in the mud. He was happiest on a rainy day when the mud in the yard became soft and sticky from the rain. On such a day, he would sneak away from his mother and find the muddiest spot in the garden. He would roll around in the mud and have a great time.

His mother didn't think that was a good idea at all. She shook her head sadly and said, "Oh Brownie, one day you will regret not obeying your old mother." But no advice or warning could get Brownie to break his bad habits.



Whitey was a very clever little pig, but she was greedy. She always thought about food and looked forward to her dinner all day long. When she saw the farm girl carrying the buckets across the yard, she would stand on her hind legs. She would dance and hop for joy. As soon as the food was poured into the trough, she would push Blacky and Brownie aside. She was so eager and greedy that she always tried to get the best and biggest pieces for herself. Her mother scolded her because she only thought of herself. She also said that Whitey would one day pay for her greed.

Blacky was a good and friendly little pig. He was not dirty and he was not greedy. He had, for a pig, beautiful and elegant manners. His skin was always as smooth and shiny as black satin. He was much smarter than Brownie and Whitey. His mother was very proud of him. She became even prouder when she heard the farmer's friends say that the little black pig would surely be worth a lot of money.

One day, the mother pig called the three little pigs to her. She felt old and weak, and her end was near. She said, "My dear children, I am old and I feel that I am getting weaker every day. I will not live much longer. Before I die, I would like to build a house for each of you. This old, dear pigsty, in which we have lived so happily, will be given to a new pig family. So you will have to leave."

"Brownny, what kind of house would you like to have?"

"A house of mud," Brownny replied. He looked longingly at a wet puddle in the corner of the garden.

"And you, Whitey?" the mother pig asked. Her voice sounded a little sad because she was a little disappointed that Brownny had made such a foolish choice. "A house of cabbage," Whitey replied, with her mouth full. She could hardly get her snout out of the trough as she said it. "Silly, silly child," said the mother pig, and she looked a little sad again.

"And you, Blacky?" she asked, turning to her youngest son. "What kind of house would you like?" "Please, a house of brick, mother. It will be warm in the winter, cool in the summer, and safe all year round."

"You are a smart little pig," his mother replied. She looked at him affectionately. "I will make sure the three houses are in order."

"Now one last piece of advice for all of you. You have heard me talk often about our old enemy, the Fox. If he hears that I am dead, he will surely try to catch you and take you to his den. He is very cunning. He will disguise himself as a friend. You must promise me not to let him into your homes under any circumstances."

The Piglets gladly promised. They had always been very afraid of the Fox, from whom they had heard terrible stories. Soon after, the old pig died and the Piglets each went to live in their own house.

Brownny was very happy with his soft mud walls and clay floor. Everything soon looked like a big mud pie. But Brownny loved it. He rolled around in the mud all day, full of joy, until he became dizzy.

One day, while he was half asleep in the mud, he heard a soft knocking on the door. A friendly, soft voice said, "May I come in, Mr. Brownny? I would like to see your beautiful new house."

"Who are you?" said Brownny. He had jumped up in shock. Although the voice sounded friendly, he was very worried. He was sure it was the Fox. "I am a friend who has come to visit you," the voice replied. "No, no," Brownny replied, "I don't believe you are a friend. You are the wicked Fox that our mother warned us about. I will not let you in."

"Aha, is that the way you answer me?" said the Fox, now speaking in his raw,

natural voice. "We'll see who's boss here in a little while." He then began to scratch at the mud wall with his paws and made a big hole in it. A short time later, he jumped through the hole. He grabbed Brownny by the neck and dragged him, at a trot, to his own den.

The next day, while Whitey was chewing on a few cabbage leaves in the corner of her house, the Fox crept up to her door. He was determined to grab her and take her to his den with her brother. He spoke in the same, seemingly friendly voice he had used with Brownny. But the little pig became very frightened when he said, "I am a friend who has come to visit you. I would like some of your delicious cabbage for my dinner."

"Please don't touch the cabbage," cried Whitey in great distress. "The cabbage is the walls of my house. If you eat it, you will make a hole and my house will collapse. The wind and rain will come in and make me sick. Go away, I am sure you are not a friend, but our wicked enemy the Fox."

The poor Whitey began to whimper and whimper. She wished she had not been such a greedy little pig. Then she would have chosen stronger material than cabbage for her house. But now it was too late. Less than a minute later, the Fox had made his way through the walls of cabbage and grabbed Whitey by the neck. He also trotted her off to his den.

The next day, the Fox went to Blacky's house. He had decided that he wanted all three Piglets in his den. He would then kill them and invite his friends to a delicious feast. When he arrived at the stone house, he discovered that the door was locked. So he tried again in his crafty way: "Please let me in, dear Blacky. I have brought a gift for you. Delicious eggs that I picked up at the farm on the way here."

"No, no, Mr. Fox," replied Blacky. "I will not open my door for you. I know your sly ways. You have taken poor Brownny and Whitey, but you won't get me."

Then the Fox became so angry that he ran with all his might towards the wall, trying to knock it down. But the wall was strong and well-built. The Fox scratched at it with his paws, but he had to give up. He only hurt himself. He limped home with painful, bleeding forelegs.

"Forget it," he shouted. "I'll see you again in my den, for sure." He growled fiercely and bared his teeth.

The next day, Blacky had to go to the neighboring town to buy some food and a large water kettle. While walking home, he heard footsteps behind him. His heart stopped with fear. It had to be the Fox.

Then Blacky had a good idea. He had just reached the top of the hill and saw his own little house under the trees. He tore the lid off the water kettle and jumped

in. He snuggled up against the bottom of the kettle and pulled the lid closed.

From inside, he gave the kettle a push, and it rolled down the hill with great force. When the Fox came up the hill behind him, he saw only a large black kettle rolling quickly down the hill. He was just about to turn around in disappointment when he saw the kettle stop near the small stone house. Soon, Blacky jumped out.

He quickly took the kettle into the house, set it in front of the door, and locked the door tightly. He also closed the window shutter.

"Oh no," the Fox exclaimed to himself. "You think you can escape me this way. We'll see about that, my friend." He sneaked around the house silently, looking for a way to climb onto the roof.

In the meantime, Blacky had filled the kettle with water. After setting it on the fire, he sat down calmly and waited for the water to boil. Just as the kettle started to sing and steam came out of the spout, he heard a sound above his head. A muffled step, and then a loud crash. The next moment, he saw the Fox's head and forelegs come down the chimney.

Fortunately, Blacky had wisely not put the lid on the kettle. With a cry of pain, the Fox fell into the boiling water. Before the Fox could escape, Blacky put the lid on the kettle. Now the Fox was trapped and would be burned by the hot water.

Once Blacky was sure their angry enemy was really dead and could no longer harm them, he went to save Browny and Whitey. When he arrived at the Fox's den, he heard the pitiful growling and loud crying of his poor little brother and sister. They had lived in constant fear, so scared that the Fox would eat them.

But when they saw Blacky appear at the entrance to the den, their joy knew no bounds. Blacky quickly took a sharp stone and cut the ropes that tied them to a pole in the ground. Then all three of them went to Blacky's house. They lived there happily ever after.

Brownly stopped rolling in the mud. Whitey stopped being so greedy. They would never forget that these mistakes had almost cost them their lives.



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