

“THE THREE LITTLE PIGS”

by Raold Dahl

The animal I really dig
Above all others is the pig.
Pigs are noble. Pigs are clever,
Pigs are courteous. However,
Now and then, to break this rule,
One meets a pig who is a fool.
What, for example, would you say
If strolling through the woods one day,
Right there in front of you you saw
A pig who'd built his house of STRAW!
The Wolf who saw it licked his lips,
And said, “That pig has had his chips.”
“Little pig, little pig, let me come in!”
“No, no, by the hairs on my chinny-chin-chin!”
“Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!”
The little pig began to pray,
But Wolfie blew his house away.
He shouted, “Bacon, pork and ham!
Oh, what a lucky Wolf I am!”
And though he ate the pig quite fast,
He carefully kept the tail till last.
Wolf wandered on, a trifle bloated.
Surprise, surprise, for soon he noted
Another little house for pigs,
And this one had been built of TWIGS!
“Little pig, little pig, let me come in!”
“No, no, by the hairs on my chinny-chin-chin!”
“Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!”
The Wolf said, “Okay, here we go!”
He then began to blow and blow.
The little pig began to squeal.
He cried, “Oh, Wolf, you've had one meal!
Why can't we talk and make a deal?”
The Wolf replied, “Not on your nelly!”
And soon the pig was in his belly.
“Two juicy little pigs!” Wolf cried,
“But still I am not satisfied!
I know full well my tummy's bulging,

But oh, how I adore indulging.”
So creeping quietly as a mouse,
The Wolf approached another house,
A house which also had inside
A little piggy trying to hide.
But this one, Piggy Number Three,
Was bright and brainy as could be.
No straw for him, no twigs or sticks.
The pig had built his house of BRICKS.
“You’ll not get me!” the Piggy cried.
“I’ll blow you down!” the Wolf replied.
“You’ll need,” Pig said, “a lot of puff,
And I don’t think you’ve got enough.”
Wolf huffed and puffed and blew and blew.
The house stayed up as good as new.
“If I can’t blow it down,” Wolf said,
“I’ll have to blow it up instead.
I’ll come back in the dead of night
And blow it up with dynamite!”
Pig cried, “You brute! I might have known!”
Then, picking up the telephone,
He dialed as quickly as he could
The number of Red Riding Hood.
“Hello,” she said. “Who’s speaking? Who?
Oh, hello Piggy, how d’you do?”
Pig cried, “I need your help, Miss Hood!
Oh help me, please! D’you think you could?”
“I’ll try, of course,” Miss Hood replied.
“What’s on your mind ...?” “A Wolf!” Pig cried.
“I know you’ve dealt with wolves before,
And now I’ve got one at my door!”
“My darling Pig,” she said, “my sweet,
That’s something really up my street.
I’ve just begun to wash my hair.
But when it’s dry, I’ll be right there.”
A short while later, through the wood,
Came striding brave Miss Riding Hood.
The Wolf stood there, his eyes ablaze
And yellowish, like mayonnaise.
His teeth were sharp, his gums were raw.
And spit was dripping from his jaw.

Once more the maiden's eyelid flickers.
She draws the pistol from her knickers.
Once more, she hits the vital spot,
And kills him with a single shot.
Pig, peeping through the window, stood
And yelled, "Well done, Miss Riding Hood!"
Ah, Piglet, you must never trust
Young ladies from the upper crust.
For now, Miss Riding Hood, one notes,
Not only has two wolfskin coats,
But when she goes from place to place,
She has a PIGSKIN TRAVELING CASE.