

Narrator 1: The wolf was still hungry.

Wolf: Little pig, little pig let me come in.

Pig 2: No, no, no! Not by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin.

Narrator 2: The wolf didn't care for that at all.

Wolf: I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in.

Pig 2: Ha, ha, ha.

Narrator 3: So the wolf huffed and he puffed and he blew the house in.

Narrator 4: And he gobbled up the little pig.

Narrator 5: Now the third little pig met a man with a load of bricks.

Man 3: These bricks will make a fine sturdy house.

Pig 3: Capital idea, my good fellow!

Narrator 6: So he bought the bricks and set about building a house.

Narrator 1: It took him quite a bit of time, but it was well worth it.

Pig 3: Nice and solid; nice and solid.

Narrator 2: But no sooner had the little pig move in than he noticed the wolf loitering about.

Narrator 3: And the wolf was still hungry.

Wolf: Little pig, little pig, let me come in!

Pig 3: No, no, no. Not by the hair of my chinny, chin, chin.

Narrator 4: Well the wolf had heard that before!

Wolf: Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in.

Narrator 5: But the wolf huffed and he puffed and huffed and he puffed until he was quite blue in the face.

Narrator 6: The house stood quite firm.

Wolf: (muttering) Hmmmm, I'll try another approach.

Narrator 1: He put on his most dazzling smile.

Wolf: Little pig, I was only teasing. By the way, I hear tell that Farmer Jones has the most scrumptious turnips. Shall we go pick a few?

Pig 3: Oh, I'm much too busy now. What about tomorrow morning?

Wolf: Excellent! I'll come for you at six.

Narrator 2: The next morning the little pig got up at five, hurried off to Farmer Jones's turnip field, picked a basketful of scrumptious turnips and dashed back home.

Narrator 3: When the wolf arrived at six the turnips were already boiling in the pot.

Pig 3: Sorry I couldn't wait.

Narrator 4: The wolf tried not to show his displeasure.

Wolf: No harm done. By the way, there is a lovely apple tree down in Merry Meadow. Shall we go help ourselves to a few apples?

Pig 3: I must cook my turnips. Let's meet there tomorrow morning.

Wolf: Splendid. Shall we say at five?

Narrator 5: The next morning the little pig was up at four and went off for the apples.

Narrator 6: It took longer than he'd expected to reach Merry Meadows, and while he was gathering apples in the highest trees, he saw the wolf approaching.

Pig 3: Do try one of these.

Narrator 1: The third little pig threw an apple as far as he could.

Narrator 2: When the wolf chased after the apple, the little pig shimmied down the tree and made it safely home.

Narrator 3: The next day the wolf came again.

Narrator 4: Really he was quite put out.

Wolf: There's a fair today on Hog Hill. Would you care to go?

Pig 3: Why don't we meet there? Would three o'clock suit you?

Wolf: Colossal!

Pig 3: Three it is.

Narrator 5: Just to make sure, he would be there at two.

Narrator 6: At one in the afternoon the little pig went to the fair and had a fine time-so fine that he lost track of the hour.

Narrator 1: Suddenly, out of the corner of his eye he saw the wolf coming up the hill. Without a minute to spare, the little Pig jumped inside an empty butter churn and rolled down the hill toward the wolf.

Narrator 2: Well, the wolf was so scared, he ran all the way home.

Narrator 3: That evening the wolf went to the little pig's house and told him how frightened he'd been by a great round thing that came down a hill.

Pig 3: Frightened you did I? That great round thing was a butter churn, and I was inside!

Narrator 4: This was simply too much for the wolf to stand.

Wolf: I've been nice long enough! I'm going to eat you up right now!

Narrator 5: So the wolf climbed up onto the roof. When the little pig saw this, he put a big iron pot in the fireplace and quickly stoked the fire.

Wolf: Here I come! Dinnertime!

Pig 3: You can say that again!

Narrator 6: The wolf dropped directly into the pot and the pig cooked that mean old wolf and gobbled him up!

All: And that was the end of the big, bad wolf!

Scripted by Jennifer Wells