

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

Literature:

Ladybird retelling by Joan Stimson

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Transcribe the following few lines of a favourite folk tale (pp 4-6 see below) and perform a perfect reading. Check the pronunciation of the words in the text beforehand, practise proper intonation and do not forget that the sentence stress is different in English than it is in Czech.

Once upon a time there were three little pigs who lived with their mother. The three little pigs grew so quickly that one day their mother told them, "You are too big to live here any longer. Go and build houses for yourselves. But take care that the wolf doesn't catch you and eat you!"

The three little pigs set off down the road. Soon they met a man who was carrying some straw. "Please give me some straw," said the first little pig. "I want to build a house for myself." So the man gave the first little pig some straw to build a fine house. "Now the wolf won't catch and eat *me*," said the first little pig.

The other two little pigs set off together, and soon they met a man who was carrying some sticks. "Please give me some sticks," said the second little pig. "I want to build a house for myself." So the man gave the second little pig some sticks to build a fine house. "Now the wolf won't catch and eat *me*," said the second little pig.

The third little pig walked on by himself. Soon he met a man who was carrying some bricks.

"Please give me some bricks," said the third little pig. "I want to build a house for myself."

So the man gave the third little pig some bricks to build a fine house.

"Now the wolf won't catch and eat *me*," said the third little pig.

The very next day the wolf came to the house of straw.

"Little pig, little pig, let me come in," cried the wolf.

But the first little pig replied,

"No, no, by the hair of my chinny chin chin, I will *not* let you in."

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!" said the wolf.

So he huffed and he puffed and he huffed and he puffed. The house of straw fell down, and the wolf ate up the first little pig.

The next day the wolf came to the house of sticks. "Little pig, little pig, let me come in," he cried.

But the second little pig replied,

"No, no, by the hair of my chinny chin chin, I will *not* let you in."

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!" said the wolf. So he huffed and he puffed and he huffed and he puffed. The house of sticks fell down, and the wolf ate up the second little pig.

The next day the wolf came to the house of bricks. "Little pig, little pig, let me come in," he cried.

But the third little pig replied,

"No, no, by the hair of my chinny chin chin, I will *not* let you in."

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!" said the wolf. So he huffed and he puffed and he huffed and he puffed. But the house of bricks did *not* fall down!

The wolf was very angry, but he pretended not to be. "Little pig," he said in a soft voice, "be ready at six o'clock tomorrow morning, and I shall take you to Farmer Smith's field to find some tasty turnips."

The little pig agreed, but he knew that the wolf really wanted to eat him. So the next morning he set off for Farmer Smith's field at *five* o'clock. He filled his basket with turnips and hurried home.

When the wolf came to collect the little pig, he was *very* angry indeed.

Still the wolf pretended not to be angry. "Be ready at five o'clock tomorrow morning," he told the little pig, "and I shall take you to Farmer Brown's apple tree to pick some shiny red apples."

The little pig agreed, but he set off at *four* o'clock the next morning. He was already high in the tree picking apples when the wolf came along.

The little pig was very frightened, but he pretended not to be. He threw an apple as far as he could, and the wolf ran after it. Quickly the little pig jumped down from the tree and ran home as fast as he could.

The wolf was *furious*.

"Be ready at four o'clock this afternoon," said the wolf, "and I shall take you to the fair."

The little pig agreed, but he set off at *two* o'clock. First he had fun on the roundabout, and then he bought a butter churn.

When he saw the wolf coming, the little pig jumped in the churn and rolled all the way home.

When the wolf found out that he had been tricked again, he was angrier than ever. He went to the little pig's house and hammered on the door.

"Little pig, little pig," he cried,

"I am going to climb down your chimney and *eat you up!*"

The little pig was very frightened, but he didn't say anything. He put a huge pot of water on the fire to boil and waited.

The wolf clambered down the chimney. As there was no lid on the little pig's pot, the wolf tumbled ... *SPLASH!* right into the boiling water.

And that was the end of the wolf!

O n c e u p o n a t i m e t h e r e w e r e t h r e e
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s o q u i c k l y t h a t o n e d a y t h e i r m o t h e r
t o l d t h e m , " Y o u a r e t o o b i g t o l i v e
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t h e w o l f d o e s n ' t c a t c h y o u a n d e a t
y o u ! "

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The other two little pigs set off together, and soon they met a man who was carrying some sticks. "Please give me some sticks," said the second little pig. "I want to build a house for myself." So the man gave the second little pig some sticks to build a fine house. "Now the wolf won't catch and eat *me*," said the second little pig.