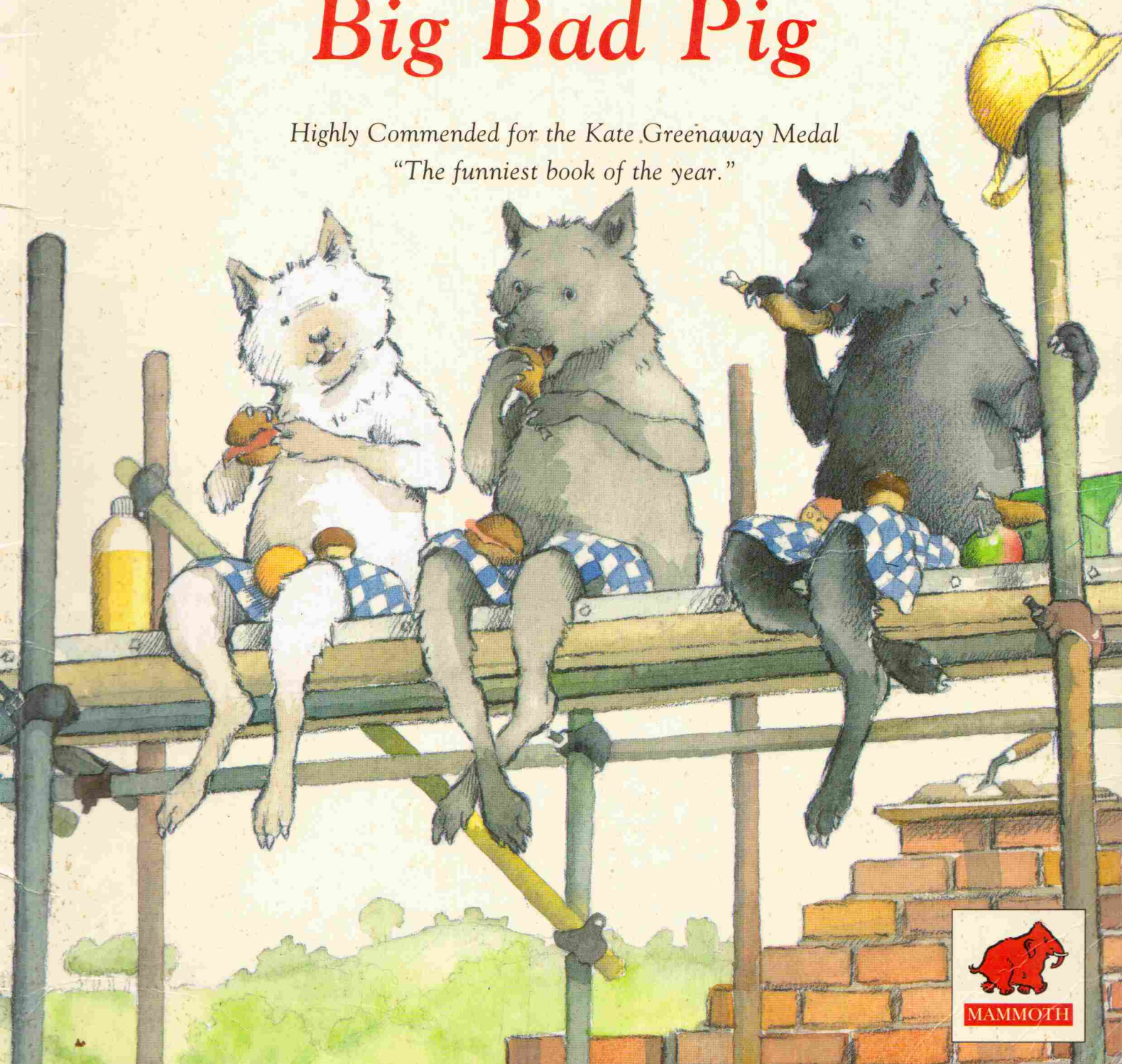


EUGENE TRIVIZAS HELEN OXENBURY

The Three Little Wolves and the Big Bad Pig

Highly Commended for the Kate Greenaway Medal
"The funniest book of the year."



The
Three Little Wolves
and the
Big Bad Pig



EUGENE TRIVIZAS
ILLUSTRATED BY **HELEN OXENBURY**



MAMMOTH

For Grace

E. T.

In Memory of

Stanley

H.O.

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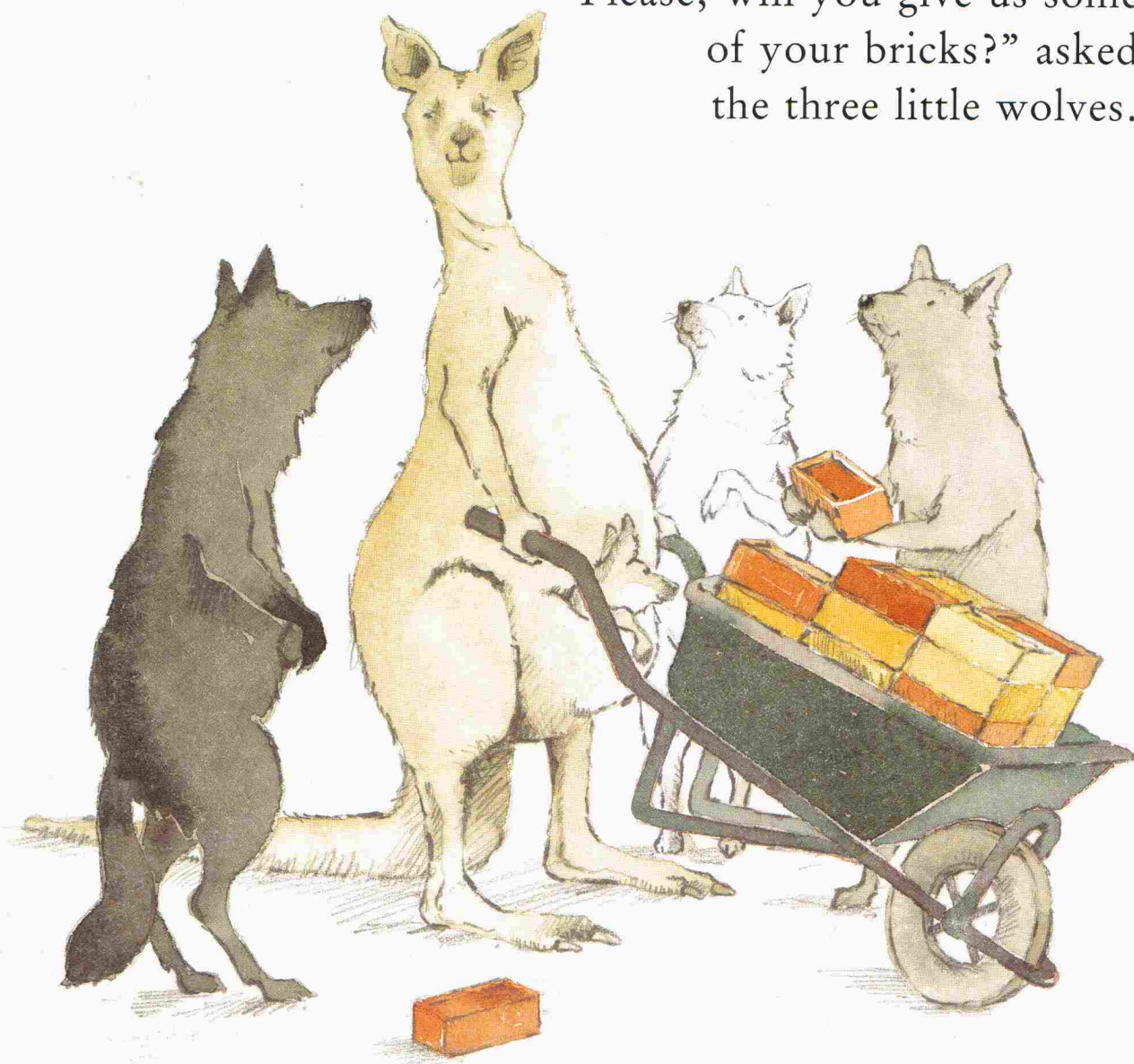
Once upon a time there were three cuddly little wolves with soft fur and fluffy tails who lived with their mother. The first was black, the second was grey and the third white.

One day the mother called the three little wolves round her and said, "My children, it is time for you to go out into the world. Go and build a house for yourselves. But beware of the big bad pig."

"Don't worry, Mother, we will watch out for him," said the three little wolves and they set off.

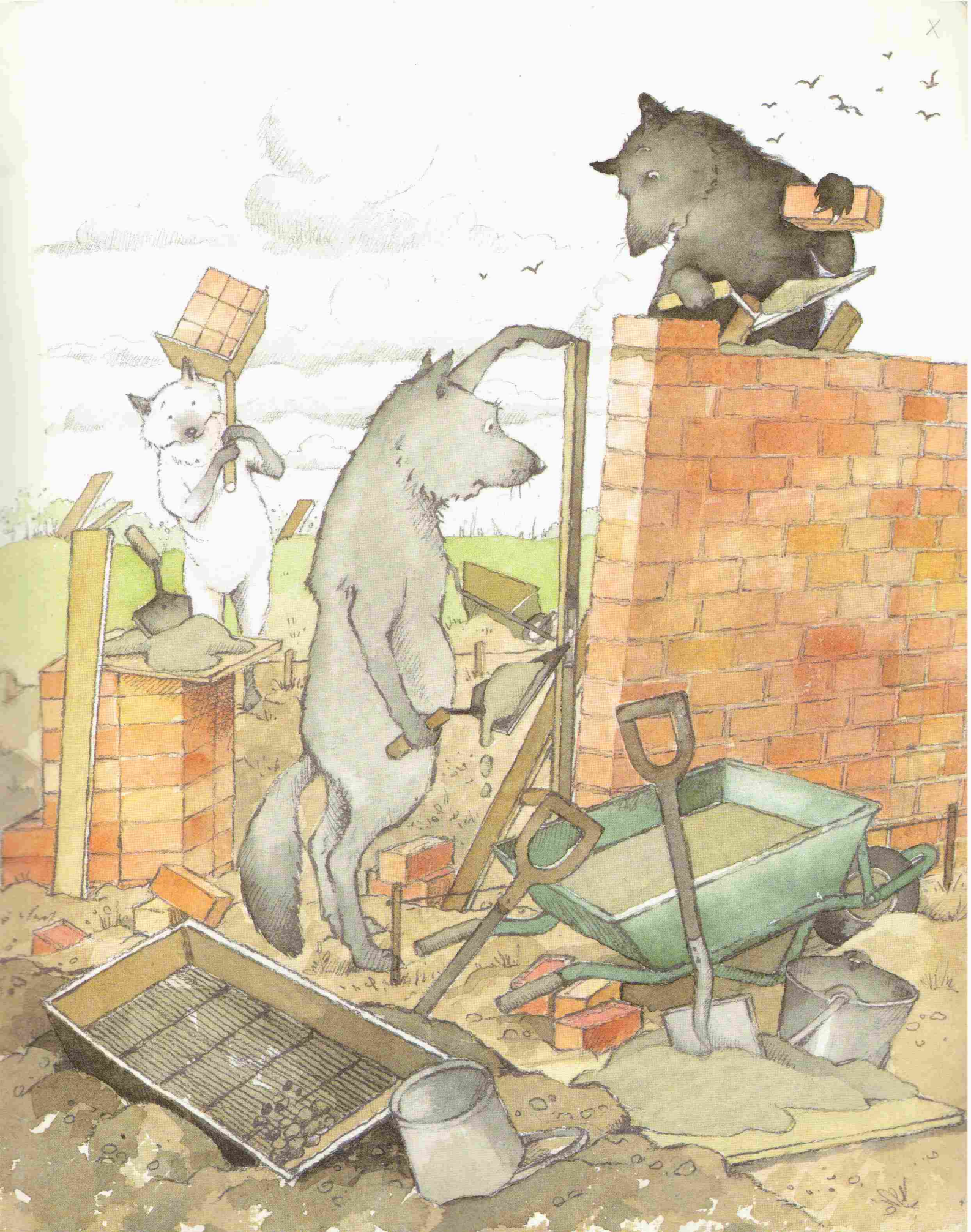
Soon they met a kangaroo who was pushing a wheelbarrow full of red and yellow bricks.

“Please, will you give us some of your bricks?” asked the three little wolves.



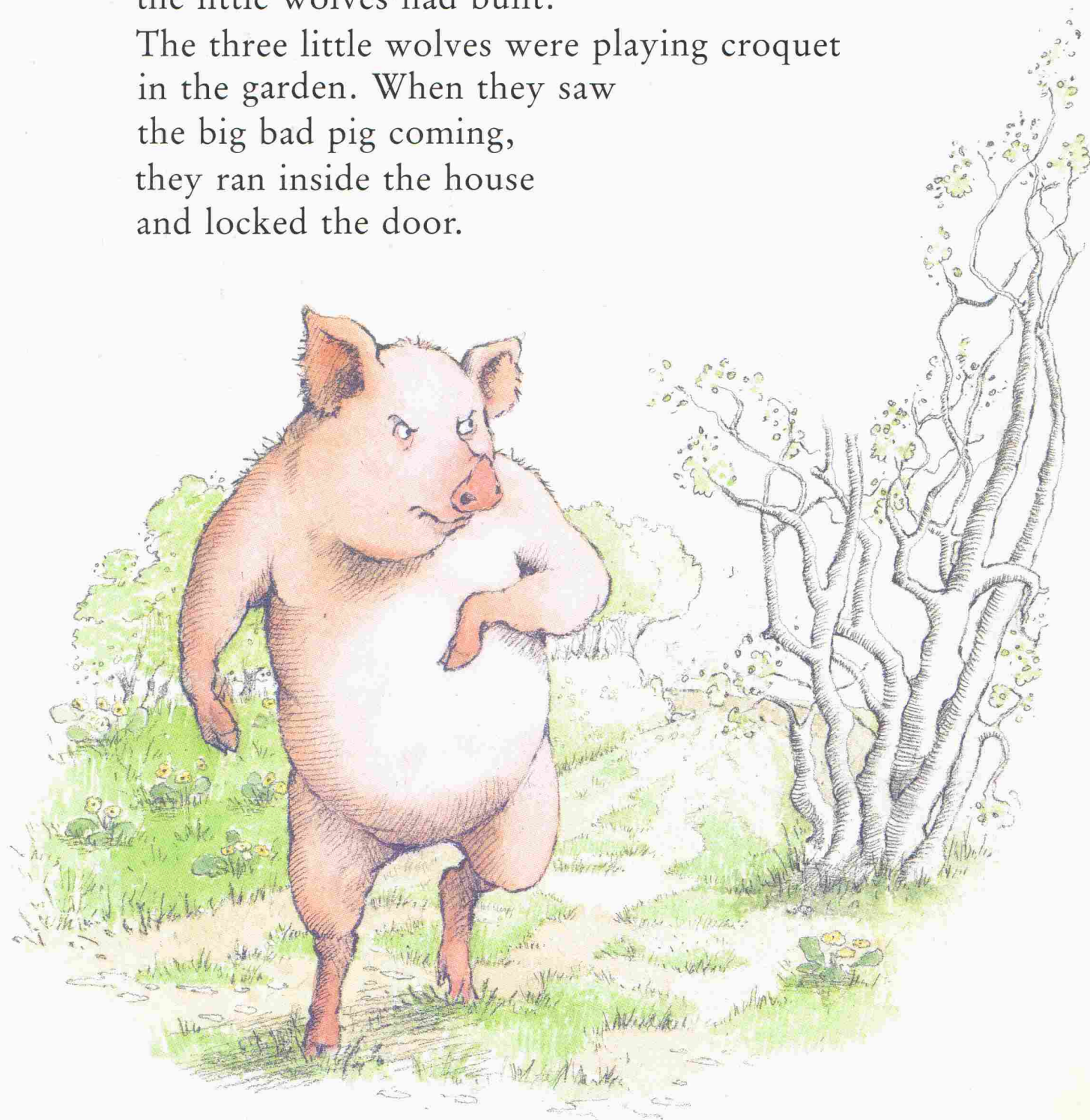
“Certainly,” said the kangaroo, and she gave them lots of red and yellow bricks.

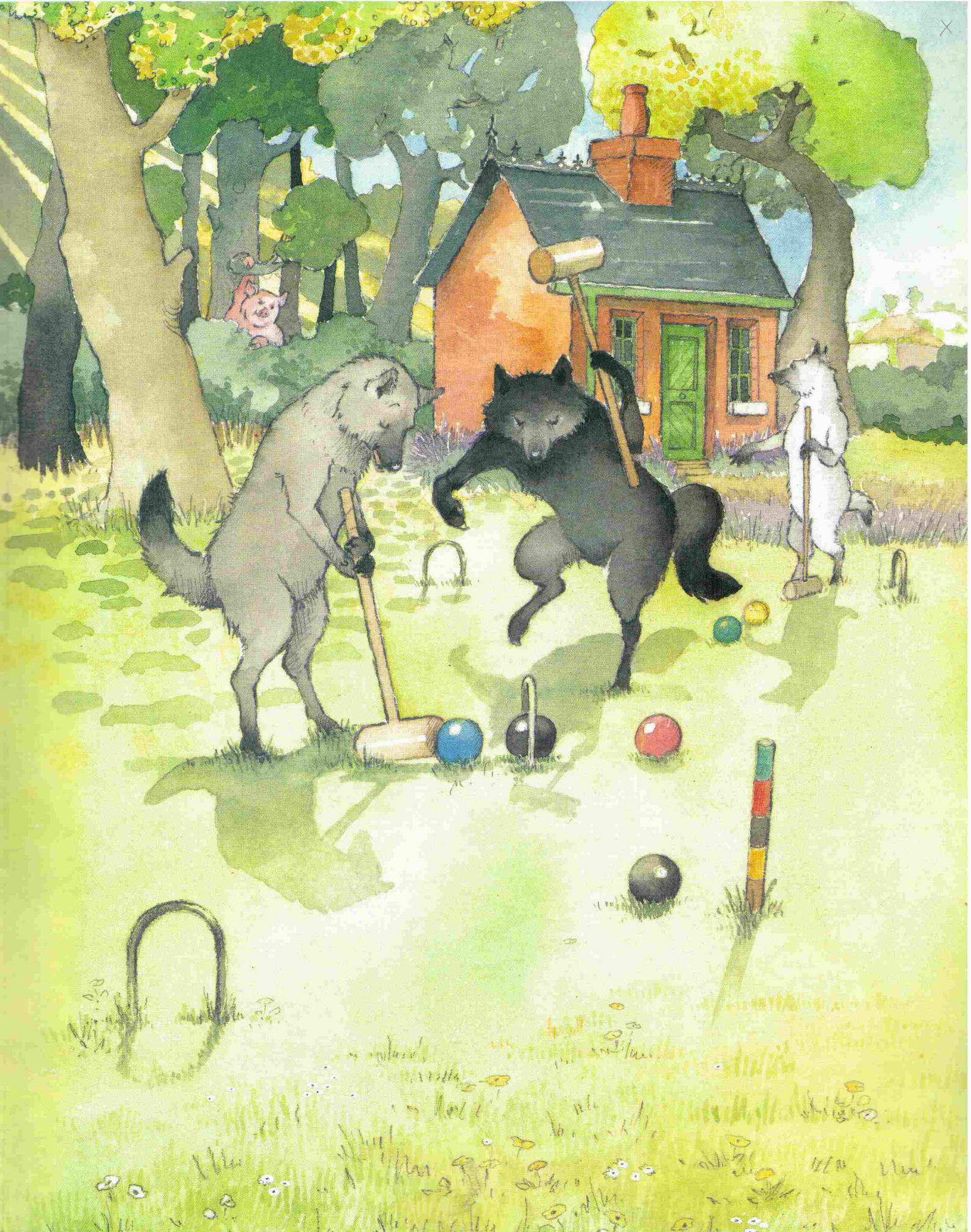
So the three little wolves built themselves a house of bricks.



The very next day, the big bad pig came prowling down the road and saw the house of bricks that the little wolves had built.

The three little wolves were playing croquet in the garden. When they saw the big bad pig coming, they ran inside the house and locked the door.





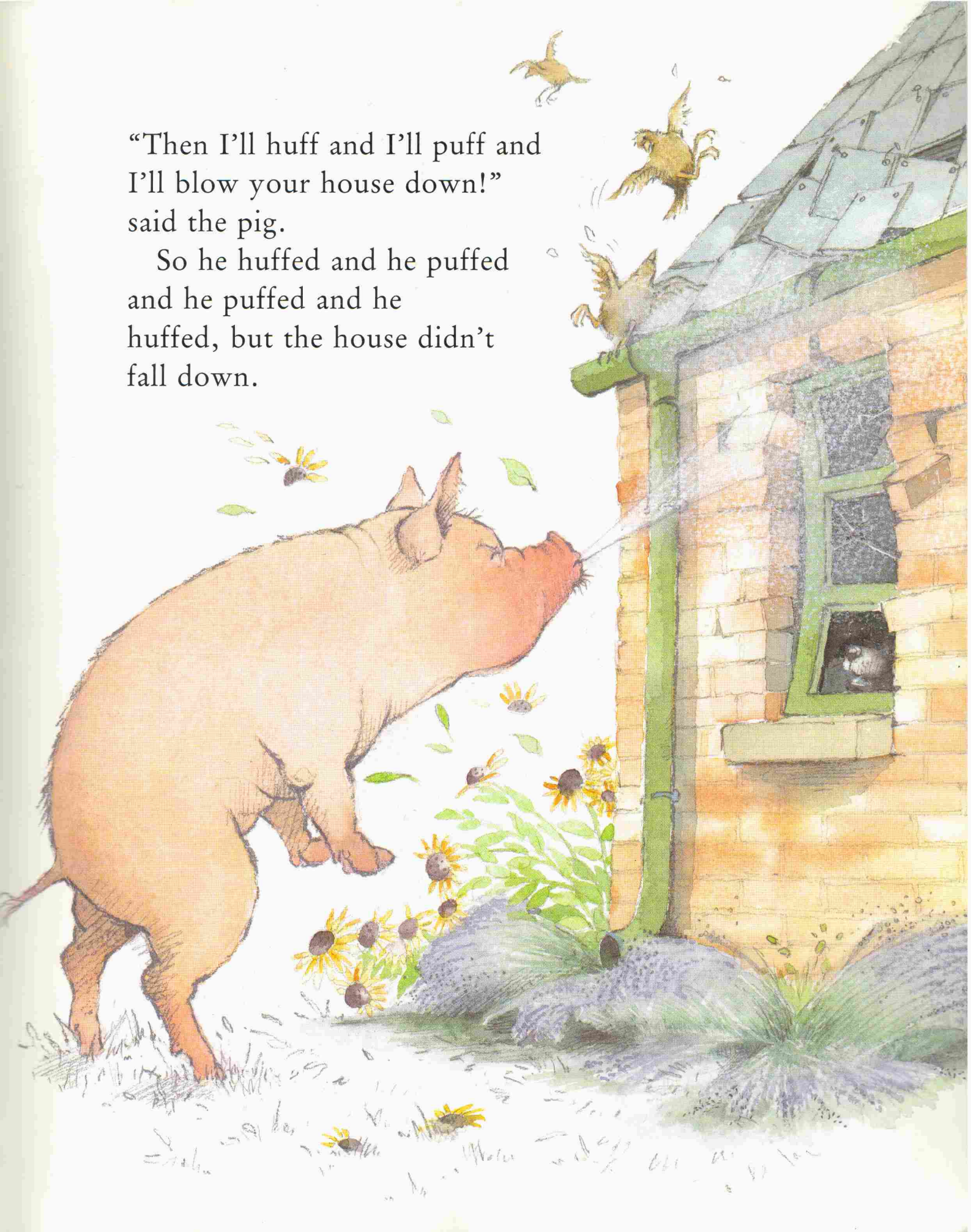
The pig knocked on the door and grunted,
“Little wolves, little wolves, let me come in!”



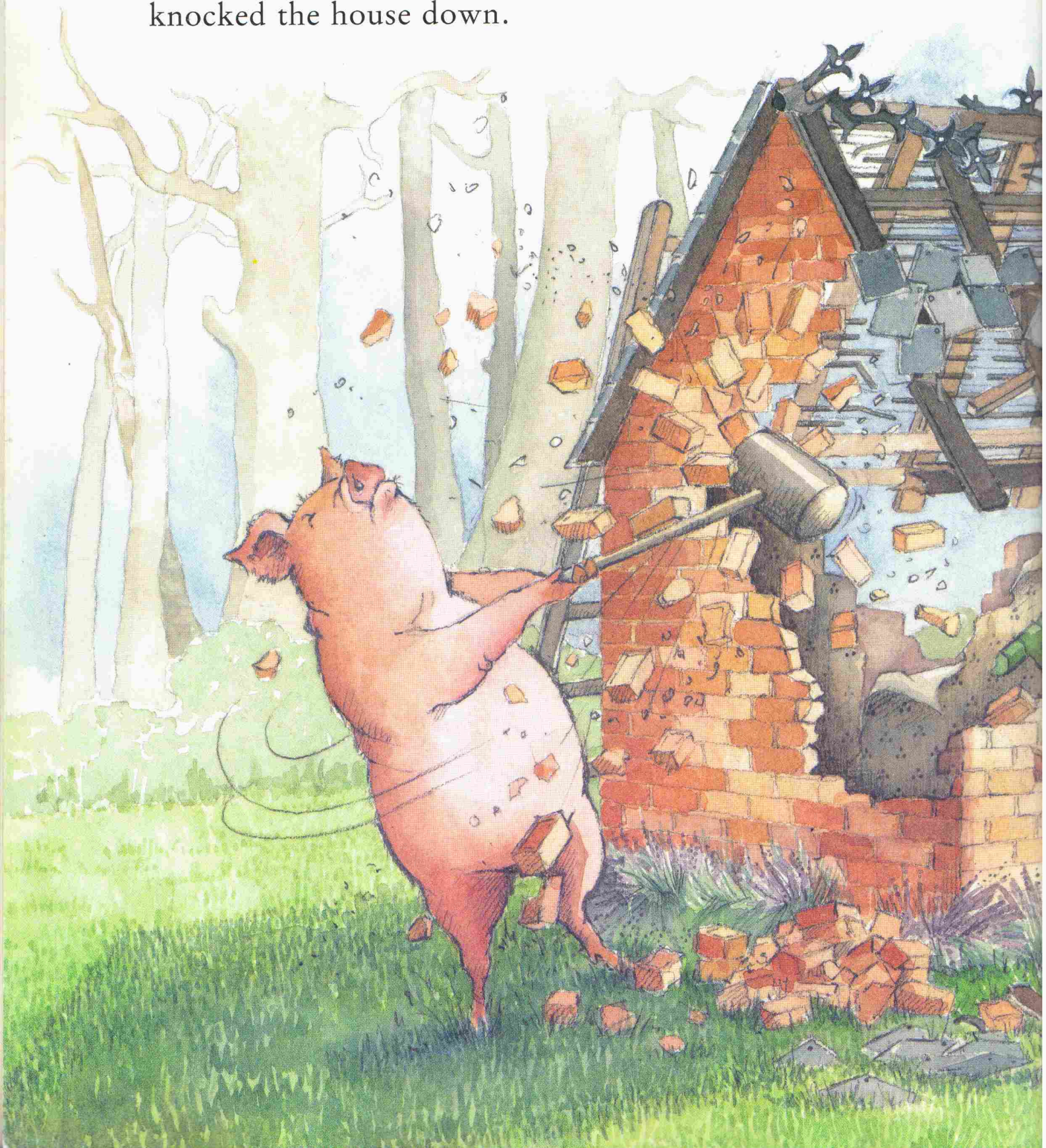
“No, no, no,” said the three little wolves. “By the
hair on our chinny-chin-chins, we will not let you
in, not for all the tea leaves in our china teapot!”

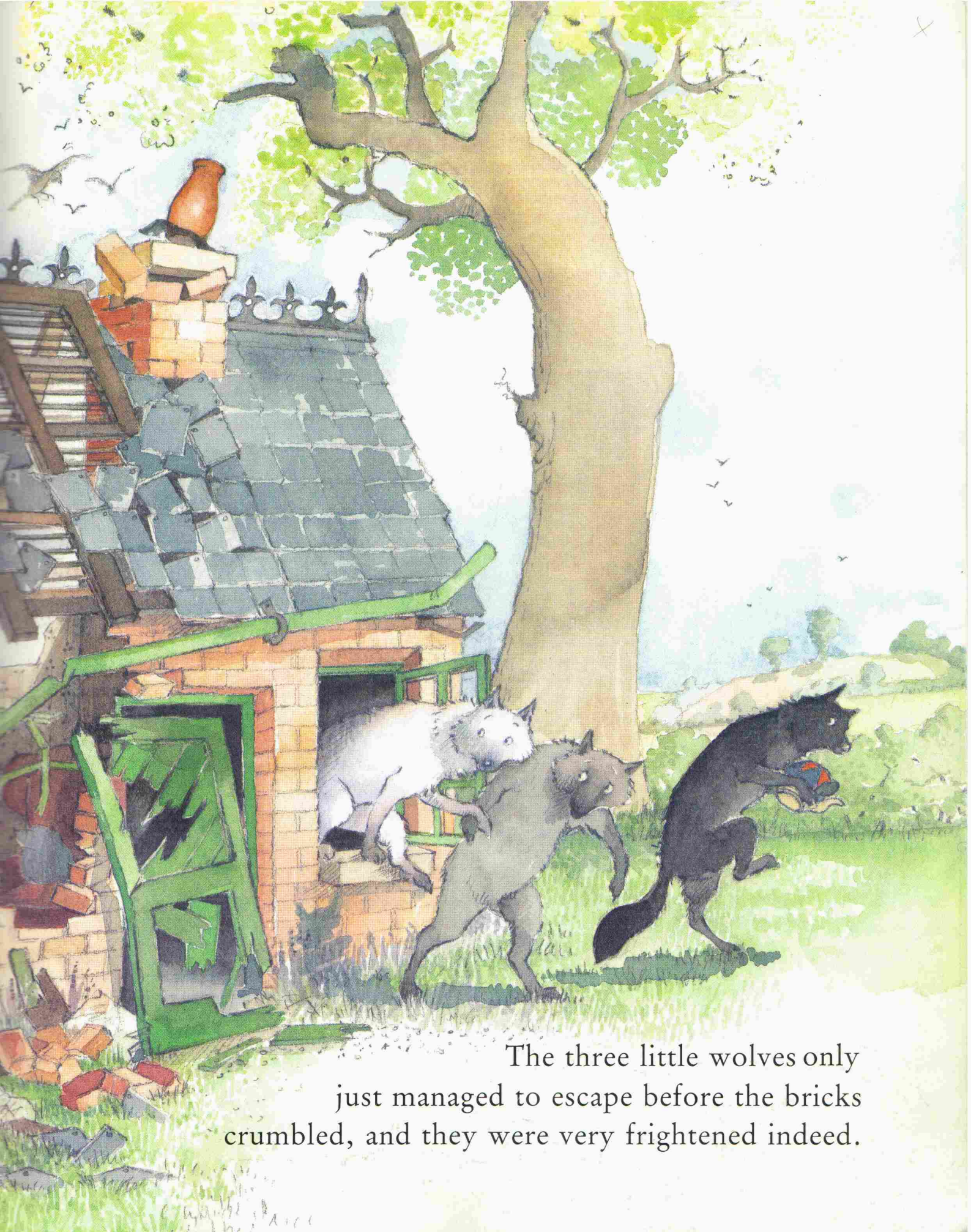
“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff and
I’ll blow your house down!”
said the pig.

So he huffed and he puffed
and he puffed and he
huffed, but the house didn’t
fall down.



But the pig wasn't called big and bad for nothing.
He went and fetched his sledgehammer and he
knocked the house down.





The three little wolves only just managed to escape before the bricks crumbled, and they were very frightened indeed.

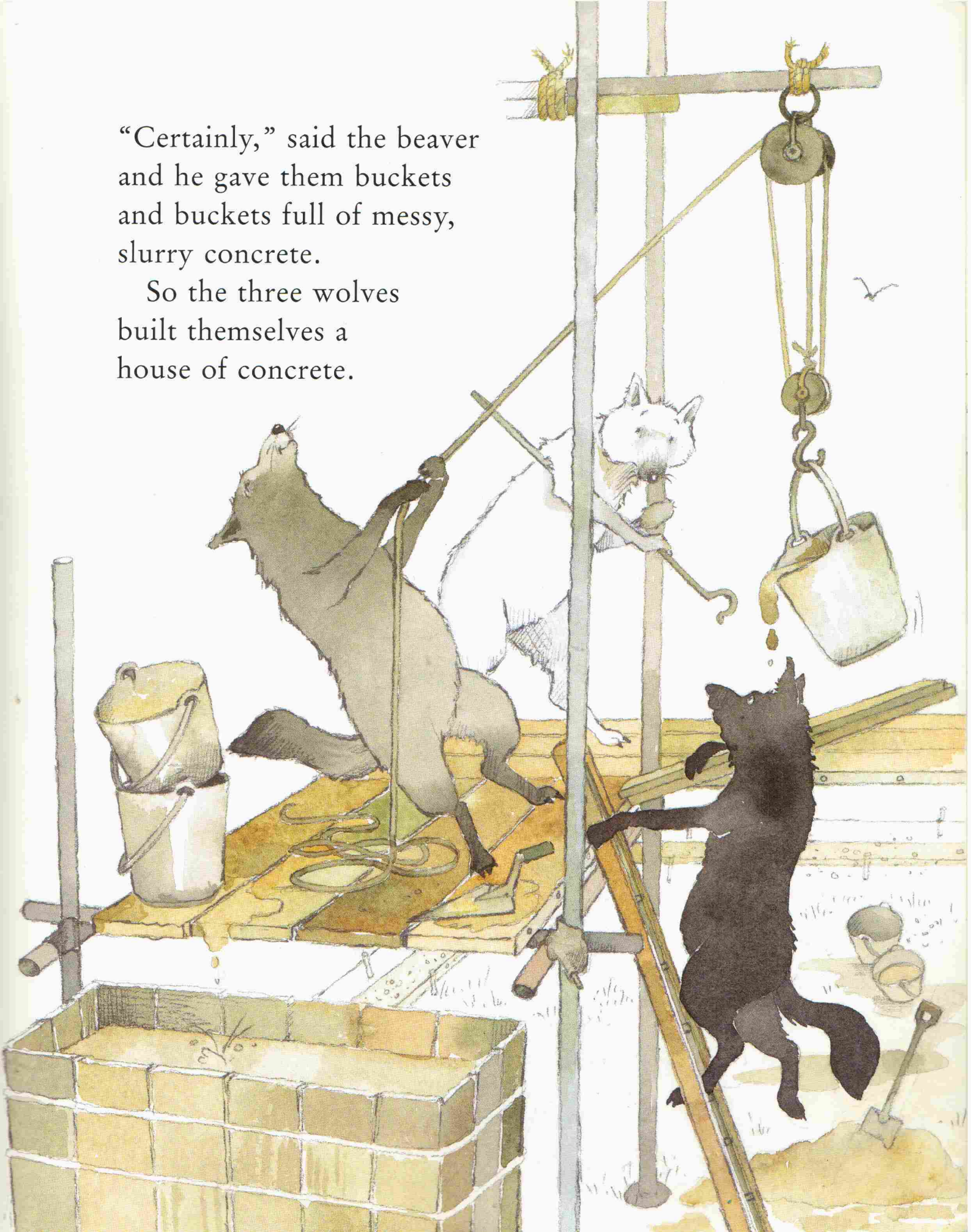


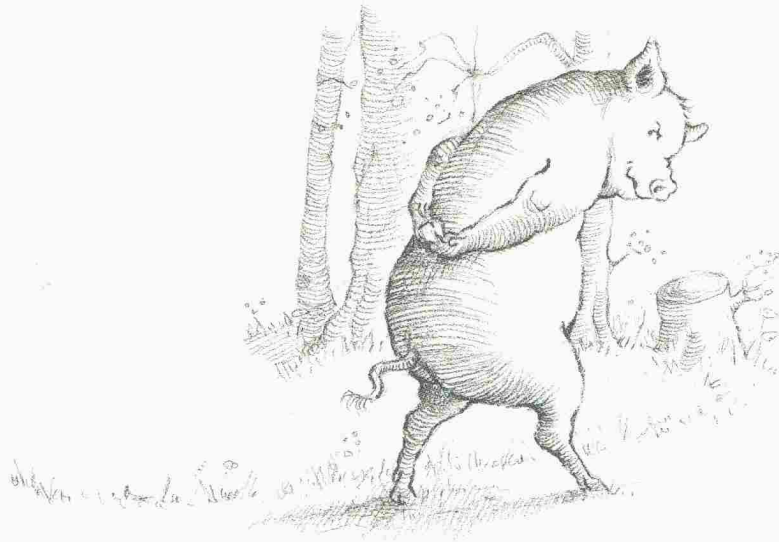
“We shall have to build a stronger house,” they said. Just then, they saw a beaver who was mixing concrete in a concrete mixer.

“Please, will you give us some of your concrete?” asked the three little wolves.

“Certainly,” said the beaver
and he gave them buckets
and buckets full of messy,
slurry concrete.

So the three wolves
built themselves a
house of concrete.





No sooner had they finished than the big bad pig came prowling down the road and saw the house of concrete that the little wolves had built.

They were playing battledore and shuttlecock in the garden and when they saw the big bad pig coming, they ran inside their house and shut the door.

The pig rang the bell and said, "Little frightened wolves, let me come in!"

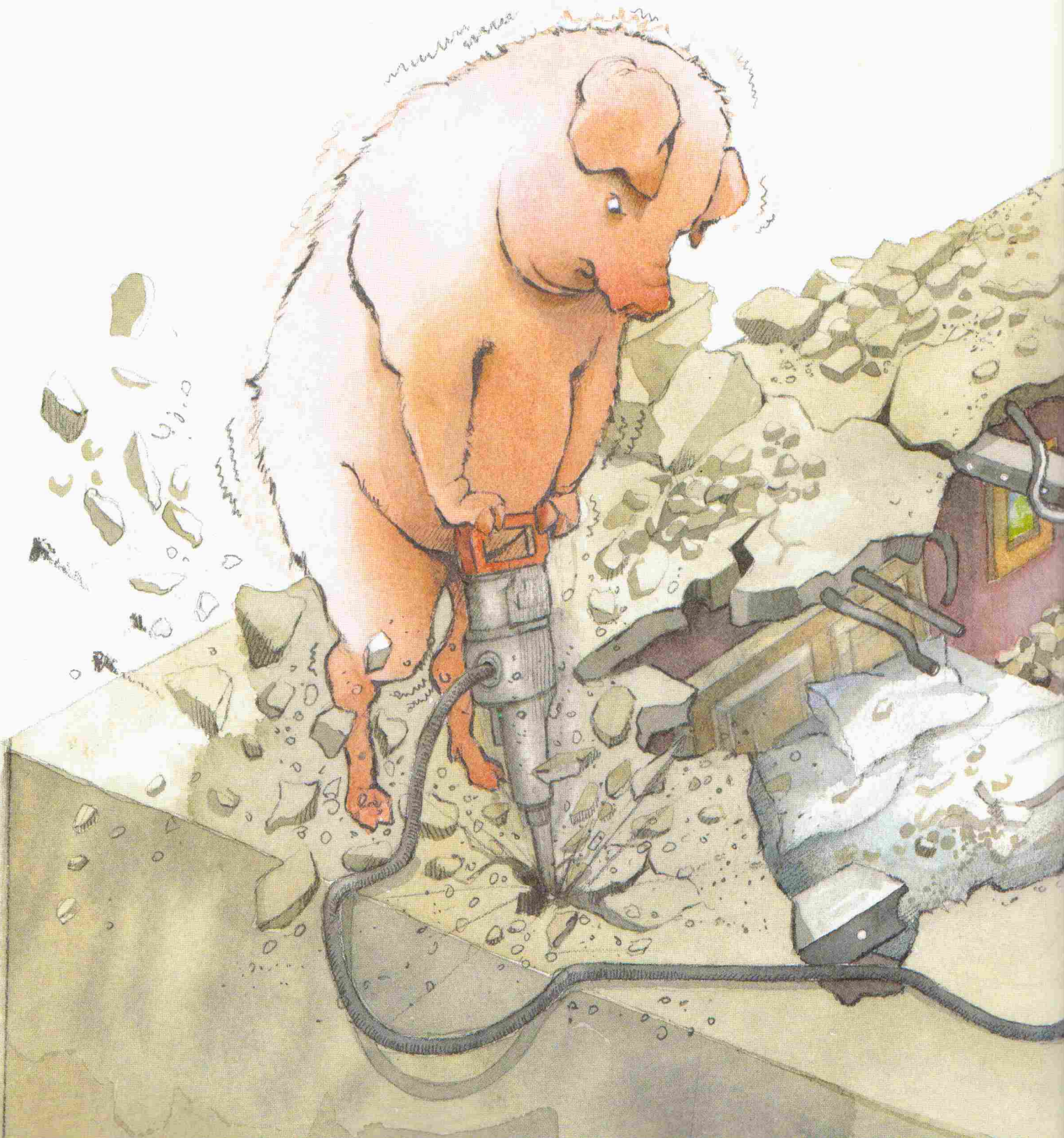
"No, no, no," said the three little wolves. "By the hair on our chinny-chin-chins, we will not let you in, not for all the tea leaves in our china teapot."

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down!" said the pig.

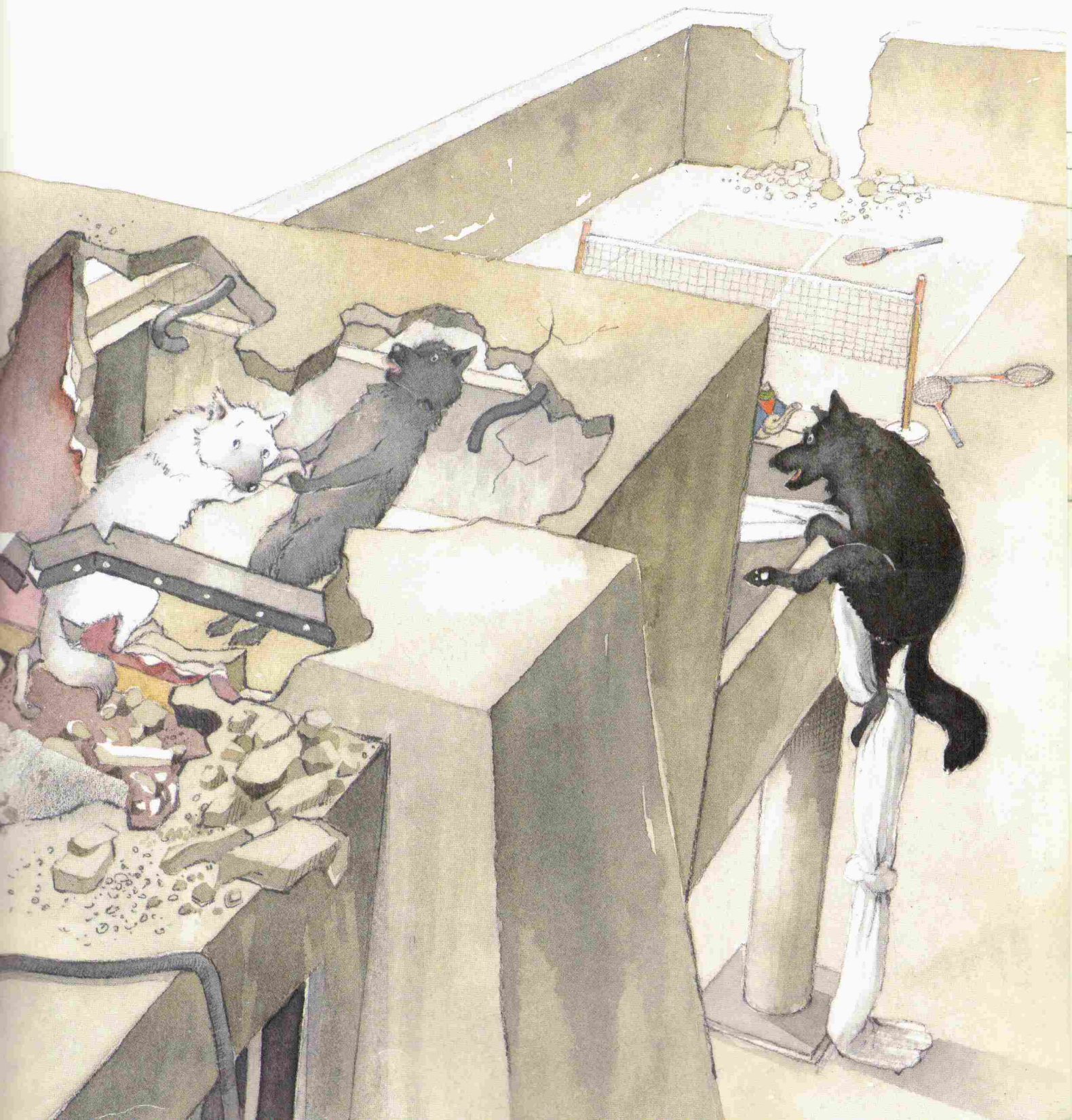
So he huffed and he puffed and he puffed and he huffed, but the house didn't fall down.

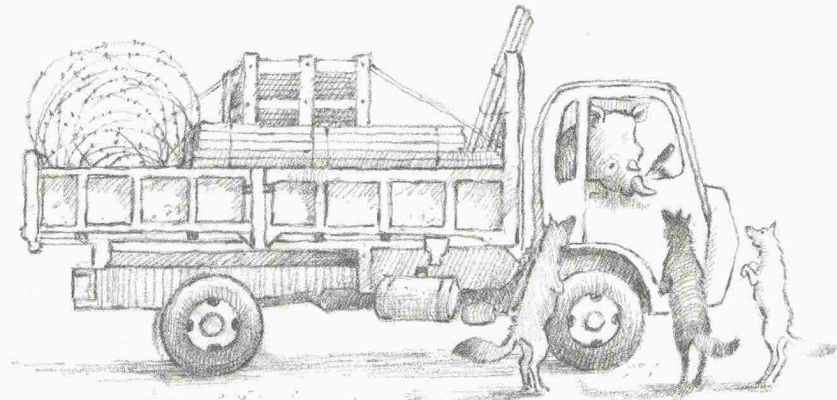


But the pig wasn't called big and bad for nothing.
He went and fetched his pneumatic drill and
smashed the house down.



The three little wolves managed to escape but
their chinny-chin-chins were trembling and trembling
and trembling.





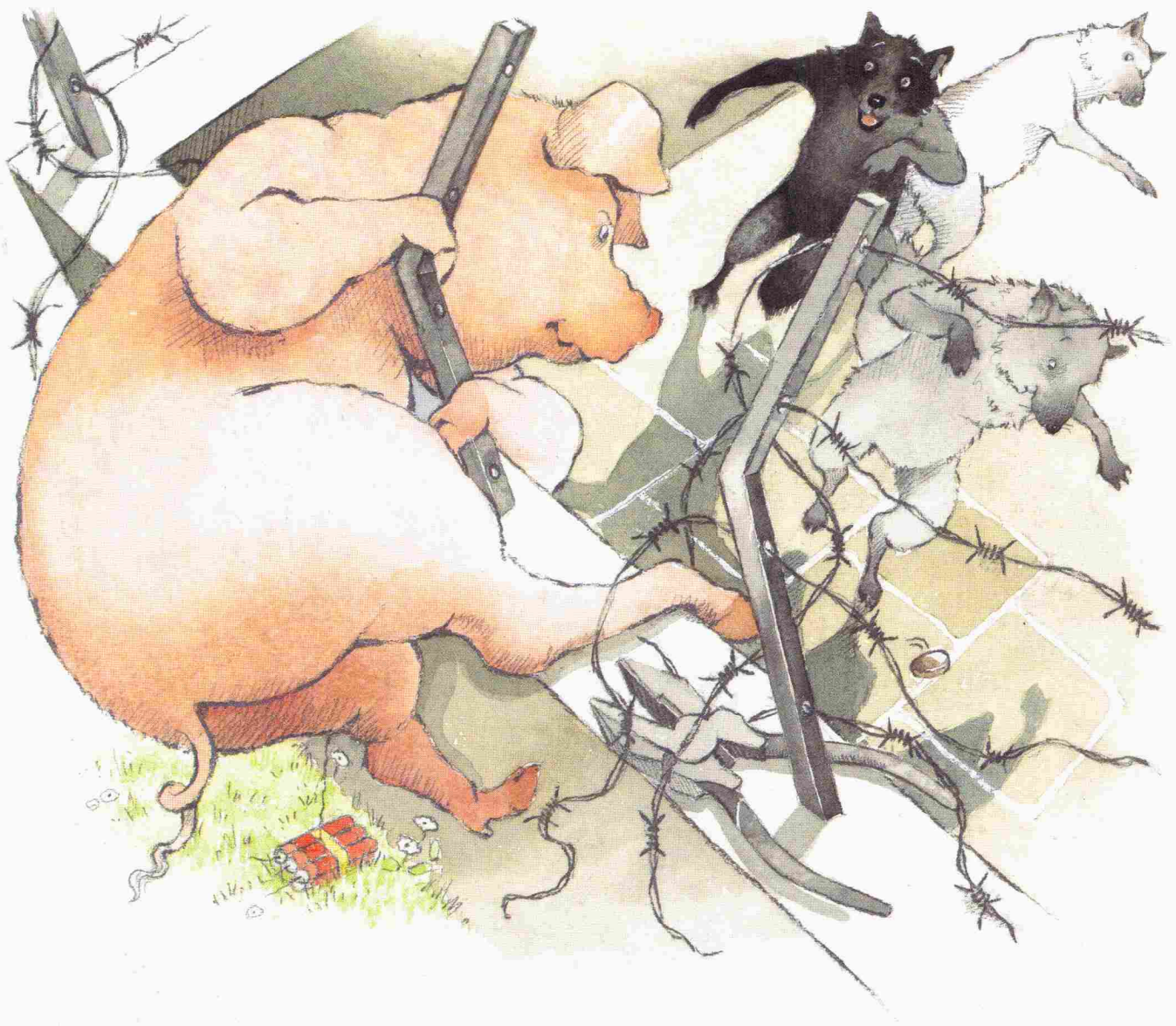
“We shall build an even stronger house,” they said, because they were very determined. Just then, they saw a lorry coming along the road carrying barbed wire, iron bars, armour plates and heavy metal padlocks.

“Please, will you give us some of your barbed wire, a few iron bars and armour plates, and some heavy metal padlocks?” they said to the rhinoceros who was driving the lorry.

“Sure,” said the rhinoceros and gave them plenty of barbed wire, iron bars, armour plates and heavy metal padlocks. He also gave them some plexiglass and some reinforced steel chains because he was a generous and kind-hearted rhinoceros.

So the three little wolves built themselves an extremely strong house. It was the strongest, securest house one could possibly imagine. They felt very relaxed and absolutely safe.





The next day, the big bad pig came prowling along the road as usual. The little wolves were playing hopscotch in the garden. When they saw the big bad pig coming, they ran inside their house, bolted the door and locked all the sixty-seven padlocks.

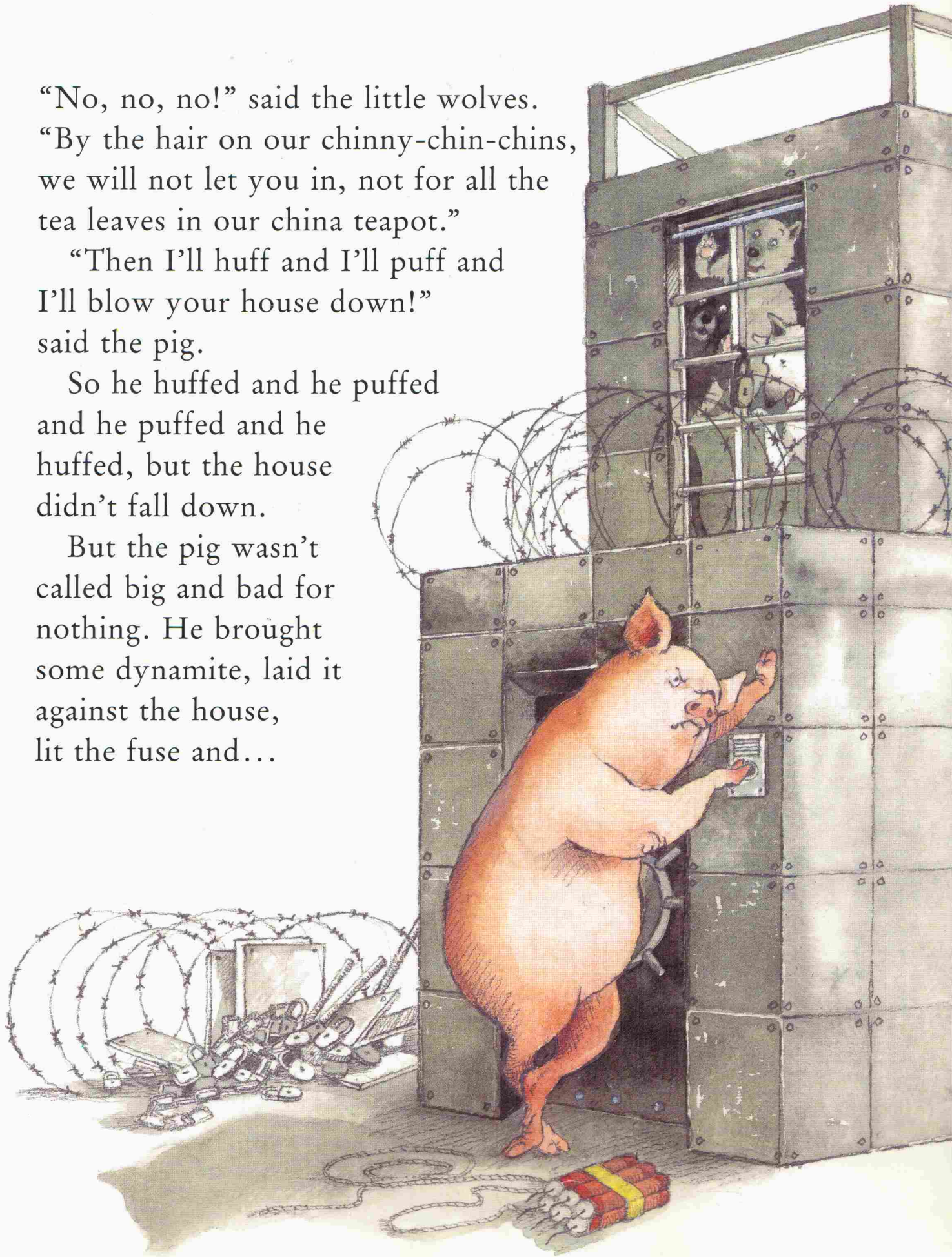
The pig pressed the video entrance phone and said, "Frightened little wolves with the trembling chins, let me come in!"

“No, no, no!” said the little wolves.
“By the hair on our chinny-chin-chins,
we will not let you in, not for all the
tea leaves in our china teapot.”

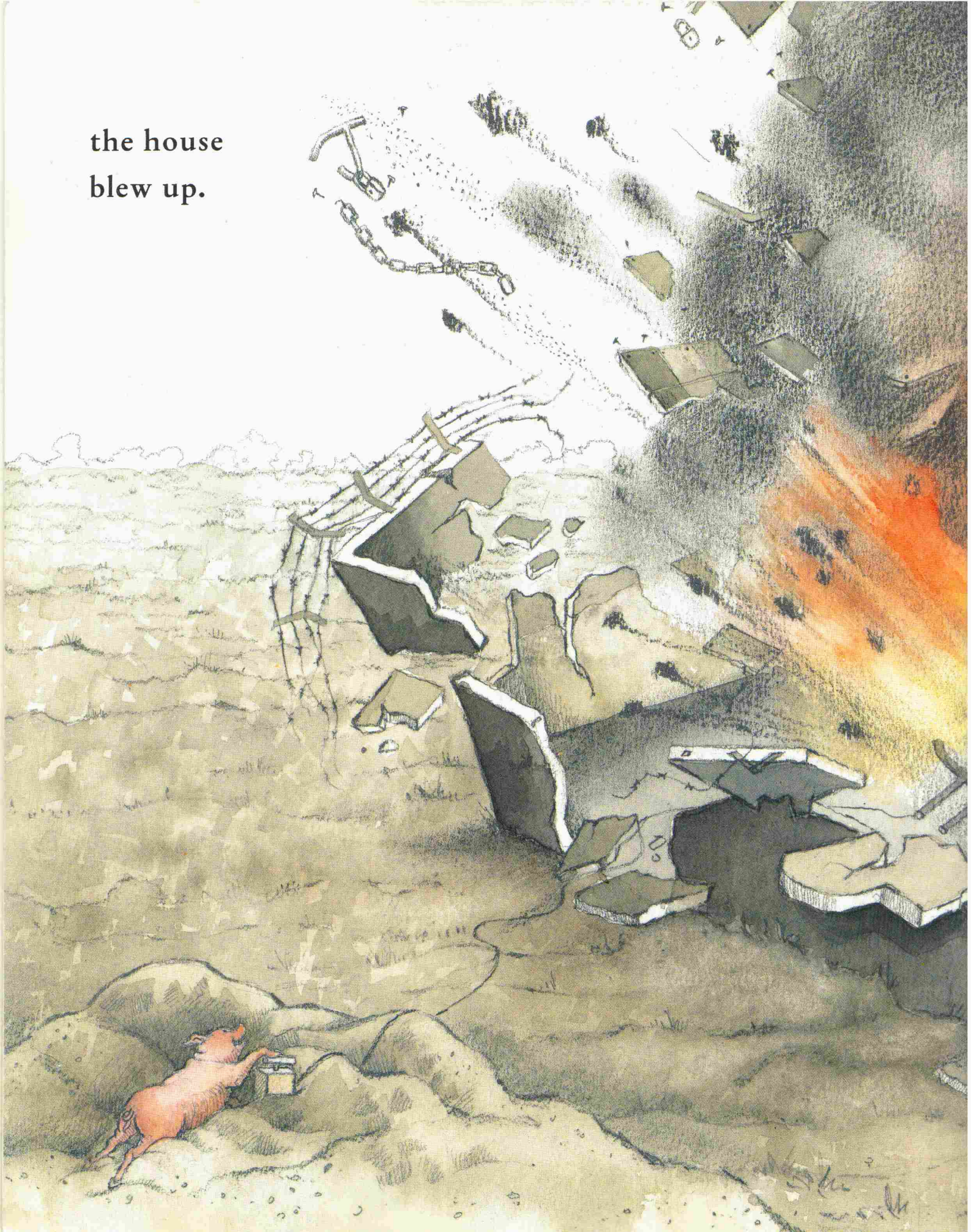
“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff and
I’ll blow your house down!”
said the pig.

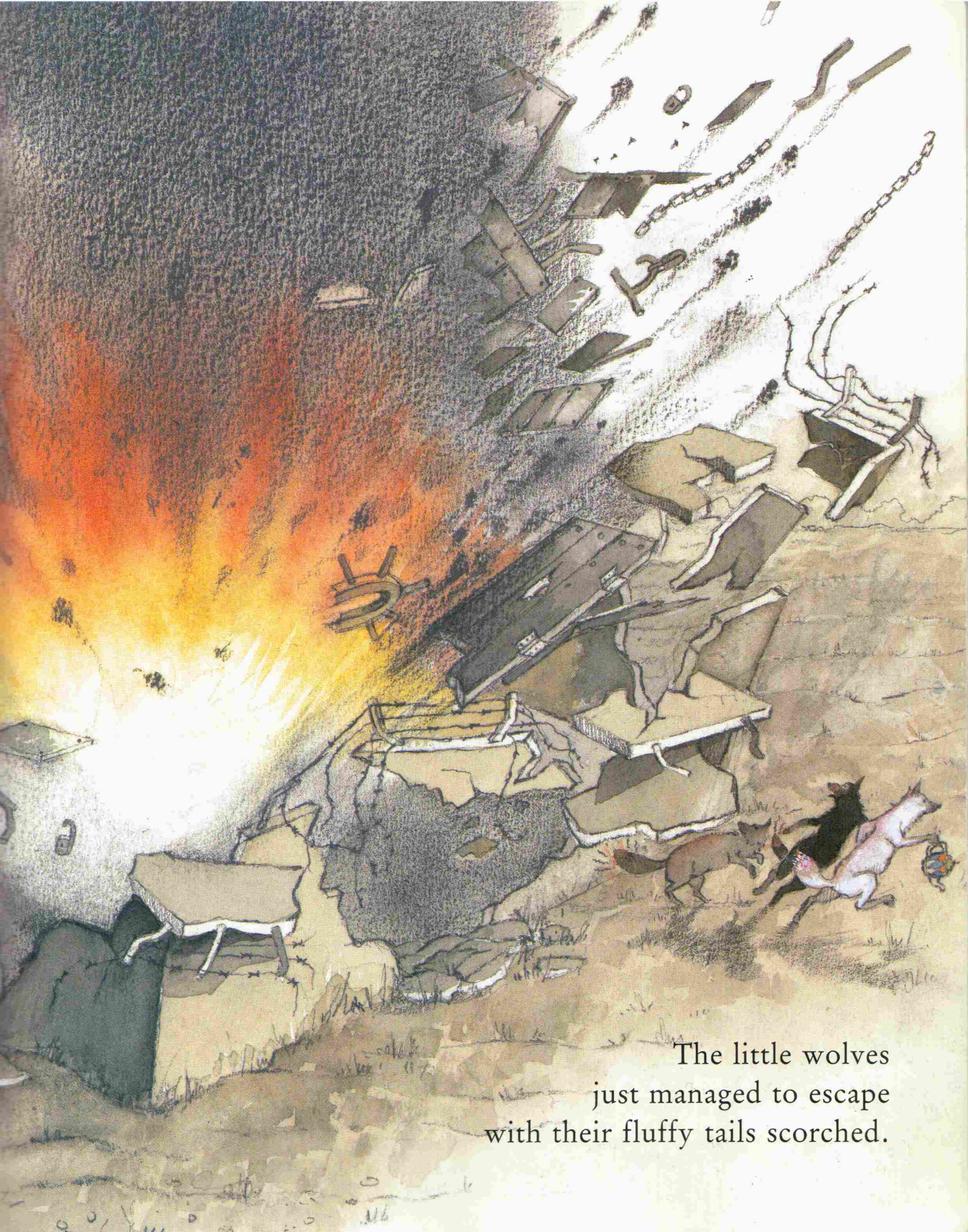
So he huffed and he puffed
and he puffed and he
huffed, but the house
didn’t fall down.

But the pig wasn’t
called big and bad for
nothing. He brought
some dynamite, laid it
against the house,
lit the fuse and...



the house
blew up.





The little wolves
just managed to escape
with their fluffy tails scorched.

“Something must be wrong with our building materials,” they said. “We have to try something different. But *what?*”

At that moment, they saw a flamingo bird coming along pushing a wheelbarrow full of flowers.

“Please, will you give us some flowers?” asked the little wolves.

“With pleasure,” said the flamingo bird and gave them lots of flowers. So the three little wolves built themselves a house of flowers.





One wall was of marigolds, one wall of daffodils, one wall of pink roses and one wall of cherry blossom. The ceiling was made of sunflowers and the floor was a carpet of daisies. They had water lilies in their bathtub and buttercups in their fridge. It was a rather fragile house and it swayed in the wind, but it was very beautiful.



Next day, the big bad pig came prowling down the road and saw the house of flowers that the little wolves had built.

He rang the bluebell and said, "Little frightened wolves with the trembling chins and the scorched tails, let me come in!"



"No, no, no," said the three little wolves. "By the hair on our chinny-chin-chins, we will not let you in, not for all the tea leaves in our china teapot!"

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down!" said the pig.



But as he took a deep breath, ready to huff and puff, he smelled the soft scent of the flowers. It was fantastic. And because the scent took his breath away, the pig took another breath and then another. Instead of huffing and puffing, he began to sniff.

He sniffed deeper and deeper until he was quite filled with the fragrant scent. His heart became tender and he realised how horrible he had been in the past. In other words, he became a big *good* pig. He started to sing and to dance the tarantella.

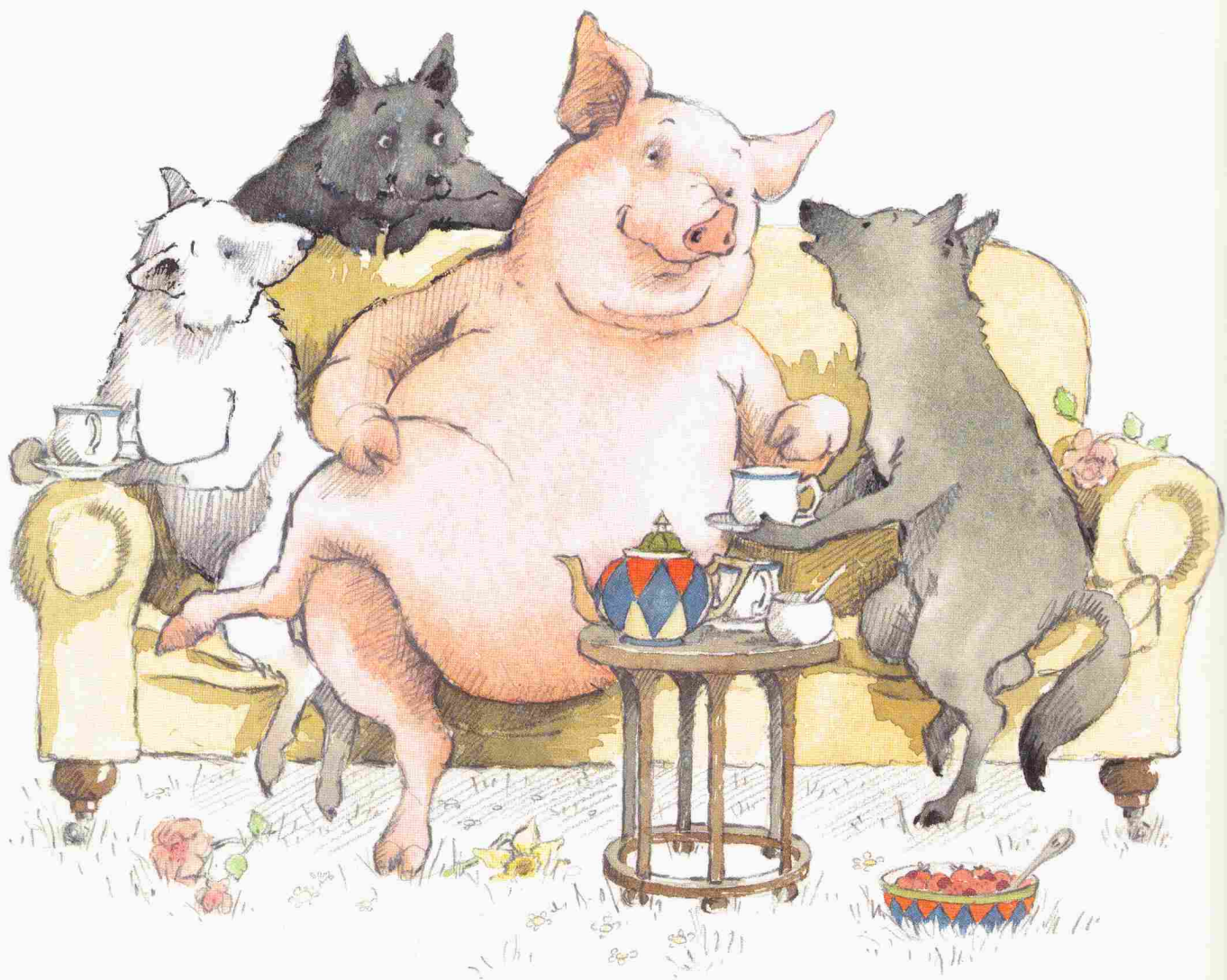


At first, the three little wolves were a bit worried, thinking that it might be a trick, but soon they realized that the pig had truly changed, so they came running out of the house. They introduced themselves and started playing games with him.



First they played pig-pog and then piggy-in-the-middle
and when they were all tired, they
invited him into the house.





They offered him china tea and strawberries
and wolfberries, and asked him to stay with
them as long as he wanted.
The pig accepted, and they all lived happily
together ever after.



It was time for the three little wolves to go out into the world
so they set off and built themselves a splendid brick house.
But they hadn't reckoned on the big bad pig coming along...

"...the funniest book of the year...a singularly perfect picture book
can scarcely fail to delight all the family."

The Junior Bookshelf

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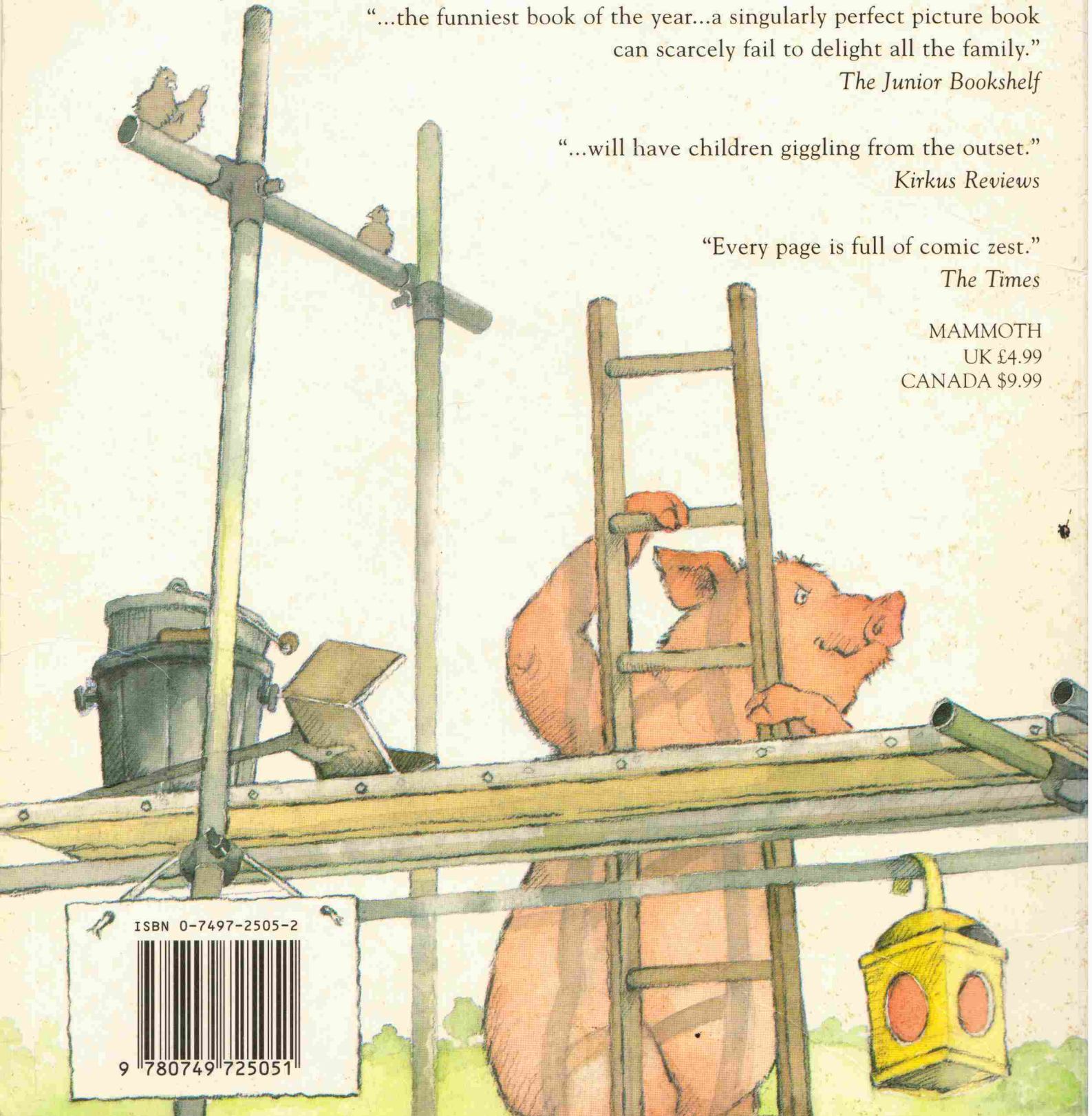
"Every page is full of comic zest."

The Times

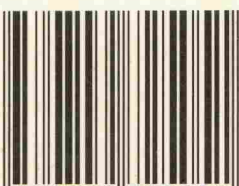
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