The Three Little Pigs   
(starring Porky, Ben, Morty, Mother Pig, and Fred Wolf)

**Once upon a time there was a nice, quiet little town.**

Porky: “Gosh, what a nice little town. Oh, hi there. My name’s Porky, and I live in this nice, safe, little town. This is my brother, Morty, and this is my other brother, Ben.”

Ben: “Hi there. How ya doing?”

Morty: “Yeah, hi there. Yawn…”

**Anyhow, all three brothers lived happily for a long time with their mother in Nice Town. One day, however, their mother said:**

Mother Pig: “Morning, guys. OK, today’s the big day. I love all three of you, but GET OUT OF MY HOUSE! Have a nice day!”

**So after that…**

Porky: “Gosh, I’d like a nice, warm, safe house. I think brick is the way to go.”

Ben: “No, no, too expensive. I’ll take a nice, wooden house.”

Morty: “Who cares? I’ll take anything…maybe a nice pile of grass.”

**So the three pigs built their own houses of brick, wood, and…well, grass. Nice houses, guys.**

**Then one day…**

Fred Wolf: “What a great town! I think I’ll live here!”

**So thereafter Mr. Fred Wolf lived there, and whenever he saw the three pig brothers…**

Fred Wolf: “Tasty looking pigs, those! Ham, bacon, sausage, pork,…mmmmmm.”

**One day Fred couldn’t contain himself, and he decided the time had come…**

Fred Wolf: (*sniff, sniff, sniff*) What’s this under this pile of grass? Why, it’s a delicious-looking foot” (*bite, bite*)

Morty: “Ouch!” (*runs toward Ben’s wooden house*)

Ben: “Hey, Bro, what’s happening? Why’s Fred Wolf chasing you?”

Morty: “He tried to eat my foot while I was sleeping!”

Ben: “You’re always sleeping, but come on in and relax.”

**So they went inside and closed the door. When Fred Wolf arrived…**

Fred: “Open up or I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house down.”

Ben: “Sure, sure, go ahead and try. I dare you!”

Morty: “C’mon, furball, let’s see what you can do!”

**So Fred huffed and puffed and blew the house down!**

**Ben and Morty took off running for Porky’s house and…**

Porky: “Hey, Bros, what’s happening? Why’s Fred Wolf chasing you?”

Morty: “He tried to eat me while I was sleeping!”

Ben: “And I’m moving to a new house!”

Porky: “So we have wood for a barbeque now—thanks to Mr. Wolf.”

Fred: (*knock, knock*) “Hey, open the door.”

Porky: “Get lost, Fred.”

Fred: “I mean it. Open up or I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house down.”

Porky: “Take a hike, Fred.”

Fred: “I’m warning you. I used to be a tuba player and I’m full of hot air.”

Porky: “Not by the hair of my chinny, chin chin.”

Fred: “Fine. Goodbye, guys. Hello, ham sandwich. Hello, bacon and eggs. Hello, pork roast.”

**So Fred huffed and puffed and …huffed and puffed…and huffed and puffed…and fell down because he was too dizzy to stand up.**

Porky: “Hey, Fred, are you OK? Want me to call an ambulance for you?”

Fred: “No, thanks. I think I’ll become a vegetarian—it’s easier than catching little pigs to eat.”

**THE END**