

# Huff 'n' Puff



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One day, while the Big Bad Wolf was watching TV (which he loved) and smoking cigarettes (which he also loved) the announcer broke in with a news flash: **Three Little Pigs have just built a house of straw on Mistake Street!**

The Big Bad Wolf couldn't believe his ears. "A house of straw! THREE little pigs?"

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He laughed out loud. His long white teeth gleamed.

“On Mistake Street, eh? I’ll say it’s a mistake.”

He leaped out of his chair and began pacing the room. His mouth began to water.

“The thing I love most in the world—even more than watching TV, even more than smoking cigarettes—I LOVE the taste of freshly roasted pig. I’m going to have some. This very day.”

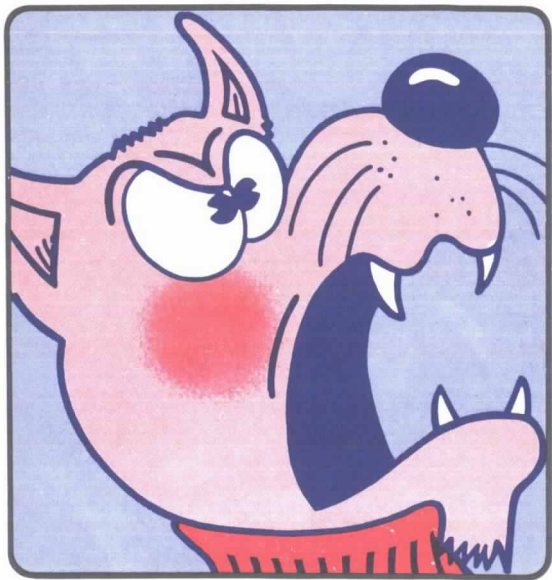
He began to laugh again—great gulping, choking guffaws. He laughed so hard that he began to cough. And cough. And cough...

A little while later, the Big Bad Wolf was on his way toward Mistake Street. He moved quickly, nervously, along the shady side of the street, dodging behind trees and fences. He wanted to surprise the Three Little Pigs. So he was very quiet—except for a few coughs here and there, which he couldn’t help. And he was almost invisible sneaking through the shadows—except for the telltale smoke from his cigarette, that floated along behind him.

Luckily.

For the Three Little Pigs heard the coughing and saw the smoke rising from behind the fence next door. They knew it was the Big Bad Wolf. They knew he was after them for his dinner.

Squealing with fright, the Three Little Pigs fled into the house, slammed the door and locked it—with two locks. Just in time.

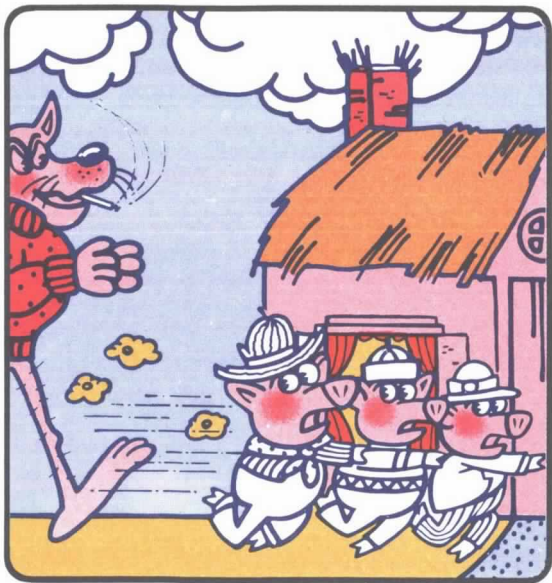


The wolf, a few seconds later, pounded on the door.

“Little Pigs, Little Pigs, let me in,” he bellowed.

“Not by the hair of our chinny, chin, chins,” they squeaked in terror. The wolf’s face appeared at the window, scowling.

“Then I’ll huff, and I’ll puff, and I’ll blow your house in.”

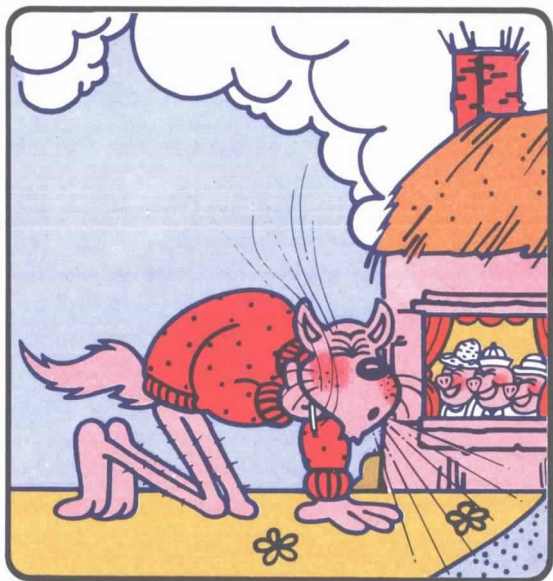


The Big Bad Wolf stepped back, stamped out his cigarette, and took a D-E-E-P breath....

To the Three Little Pigs huddled inside, the big deep breath sounded a little rattly and wheezy, but they were terrified anyway.

Then the Big Bad Wolf b-l-e-w o-u-t.

The Three Little Pigs braced themselves for a big wind.



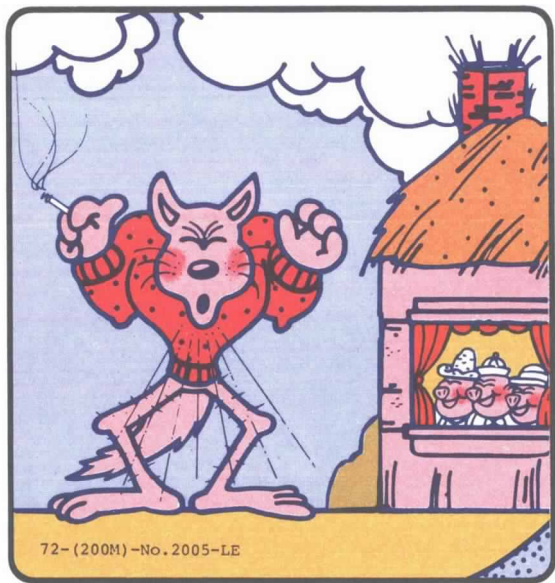
Nothing.

Not even a breeze.

Outside, the Wolf was coughing and gasping.

“Come out, you little pipsqueaks. Or I’ll (cough, cough) blow that house to the moon.”

The Wolf took another D-E-E-P breath. He couldn’t hold on to it, so it came right back as a weak little sputter



—p-h-h-h-h-t.

Not a straw quivered.

Now the Three Little Pigs begin to giggle.

Again the Big Bad Wolf huffs and puffs, and tries to suck air into his sickly lungs. He is coughing and wheezing and rattling—and furious! Suddenly he is dizzy, and has no breath—from all that smoking. He falls—splat right on his long, mean-looking snout.

He doesn't get up.

Poor wolf. He's ruined for blowing houses down.

Inside, the Three Little Pigs dance and sing an old favorite:

**“Who's afraid of the  
Big Bad Wolf?”**

**NOBODY!**







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