



## The three little pigs (short)

### Description

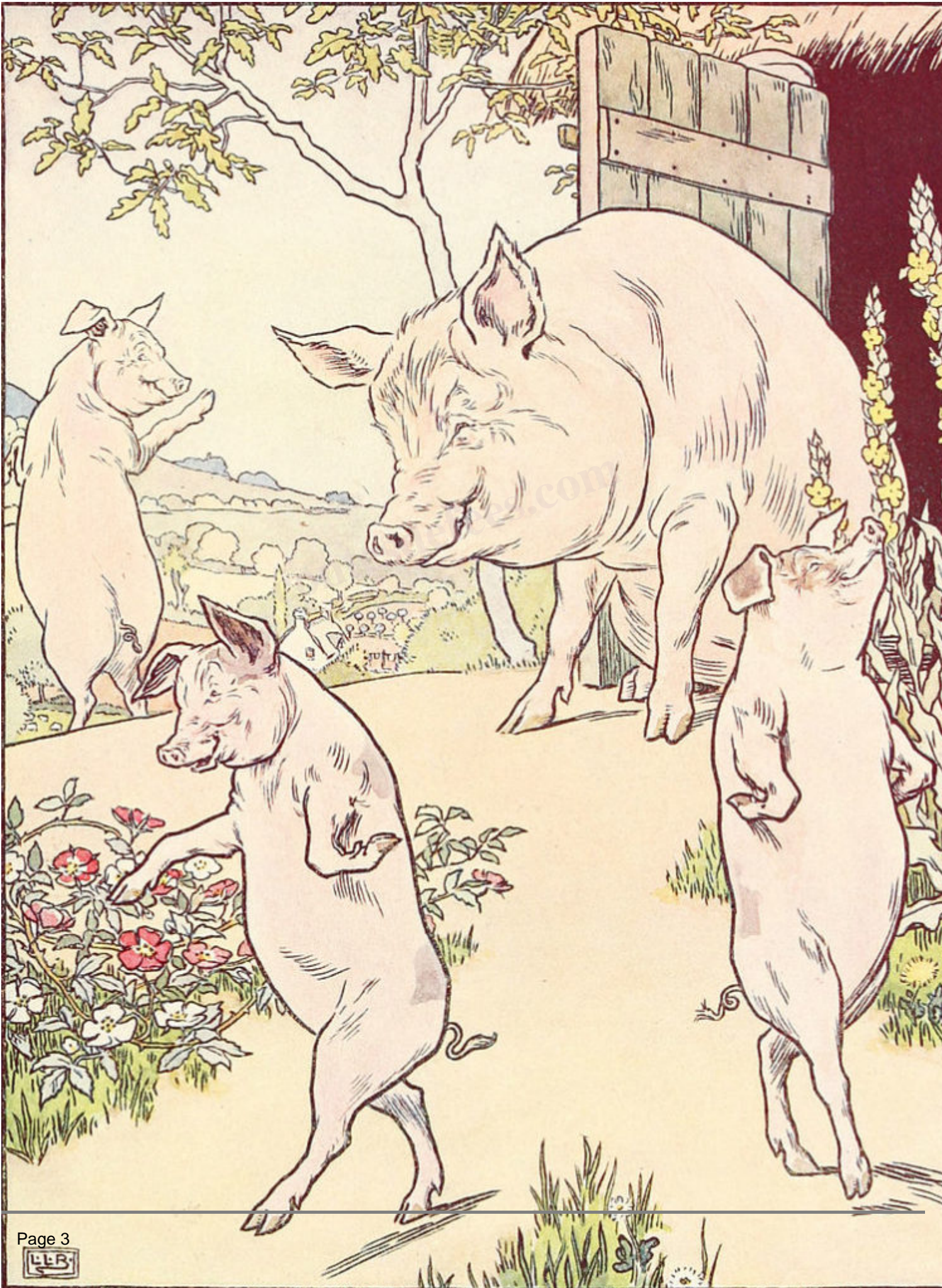
Once upon a time, there were 3 little pigs who lived with their mother in a small house. Their names were Nif Nif, Nouf, Nouf and Naf Naf.

One day, their mother gathered them together and told them:

« My children, you have grown a lot, and our house is much too small for all of us now. Tomorrow you will leave to build your own house. And be careful of the big bad wolf ».

The next day, they all kissed and left.

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Nouf Nouf the youngest and laziest, met a peasant and asked him for some straw to build his house in a few minutes.

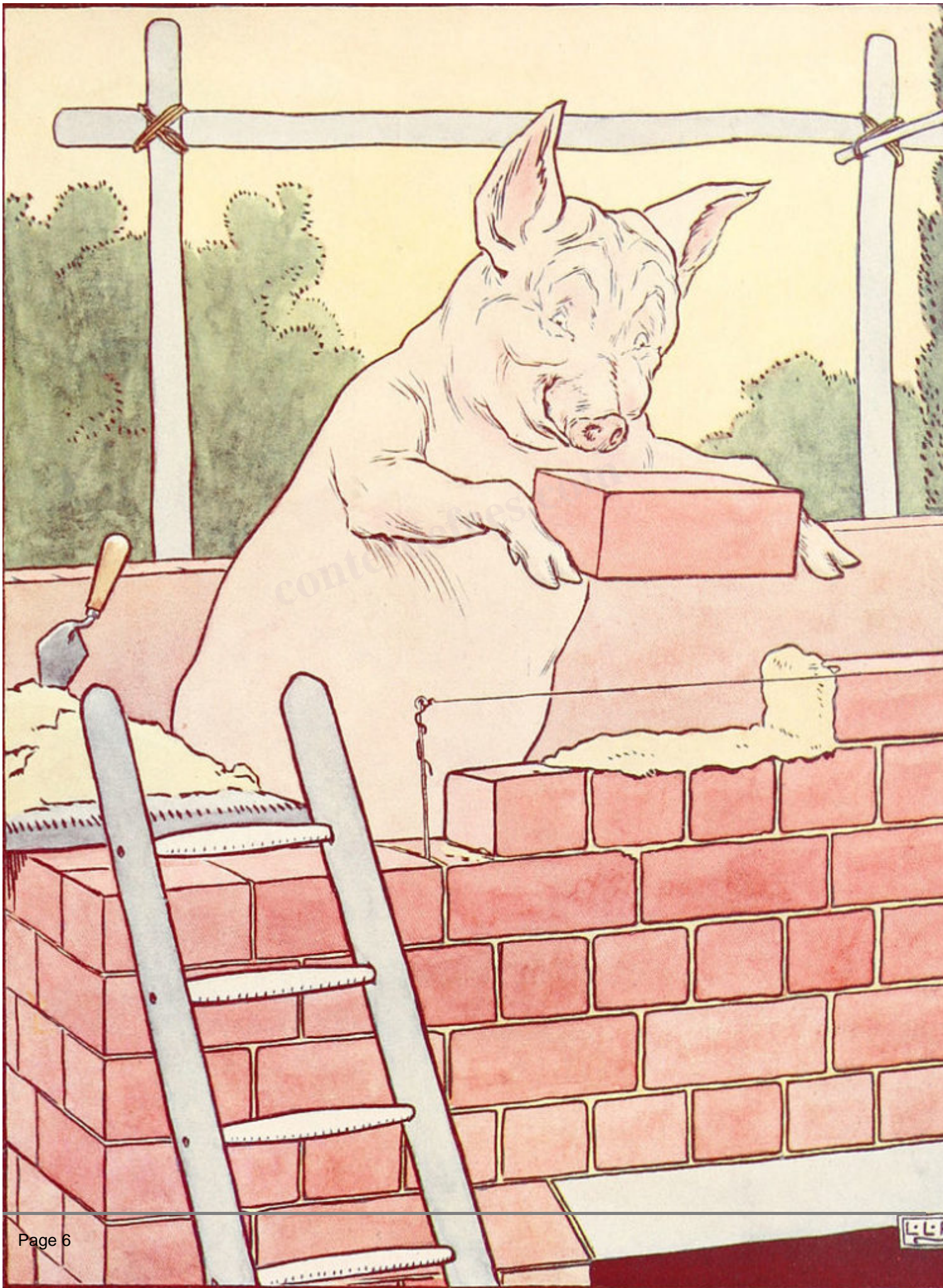
Nif Nif the second, a little less lazy, asked a woodcutter for some wood and built himself a wooden house in a few hours.

Naf Naf, the eldest and hardest working, bought bricks from a mason and built himself a solid brick house in several days.

His brothers, who had finished long before him, laughed at him and played music in front of him.

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But Naf Naf blamed them for their laziness and said:

– We will see when the wolf comes! He who laughs last, laughs hard!

A few days later, a horrible and huge big bad wolf came out of the forest.

He first saw the house of Nouf Nouf and shouted:

« Little pig, open your door to me or I'll blow, and your house will fly away! »

« No, never in your life, » said Nouf Nouf, trembling.

Then the big bad wolf filled his lungs and began to blow with all his might:

« Pfffffffffff Hoooo Pfffffffffff! »

Within seconds, the house flew away.

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Nouf Nouf, began to run with all his might towards his brother Nif Nif's hut.

Nif Nif opened the door just in time because they heard the wolf's voice roar:

« Little pigs! Little pigs! Open the door for me! »

« No no! » Nif Nif exclaimed. « We won't open the door for you! »

The wolf replied:

« Since that's the way it is, I'll huff and puff and blow, and your house will fly away. »

So he puffed up his chest and began to blow with all his might:

« Pffffffffffff Hoooo Pffffffffffff! »

The hut resisted for a while but soon flew away.

Nouf Nouf and Nif Nif started to run, run, run, towards the brick house of their brother Naf Naf.

Naf Naf let them in just in time.

Loud knocks sounded at the door. « Boom Boom Boom. » It was the wolf.

« Little pigs, little pigs! Open the door or I'll huff, puff, blow, and your house will fly away. »

« No, » said Naf Naf, « we won't open the door for you. »

Then the Wolf blew with all his might:

The house did not move an inch.

Enraged, he blew again:

But the house stood firm as a rock.

He huffed and puffed and puffed again until he lost his breath.

« Hufufufufufufu »

Out of breath, the big bad wolf looked for another way to get into the house. He saw the chimney on the roof, started to climb down the wall to get his meal.

Fortunately, Naf Naf, had heard the wolf's footsteps on the roof, and he quickly put a large pot of hot water to boil on the fire.

When the big bad wolf came down the chimney, he got so badly burned that he jumped several meters down the chimney in the opposite direction.

He ran and ran and ran until he disappeared completely. And he was never seen again in the area.

The three little pigs came out of the brick house and started to dance around singing:

« Who is afraid of the big bad wolf, maybe it's you? It's not us! »

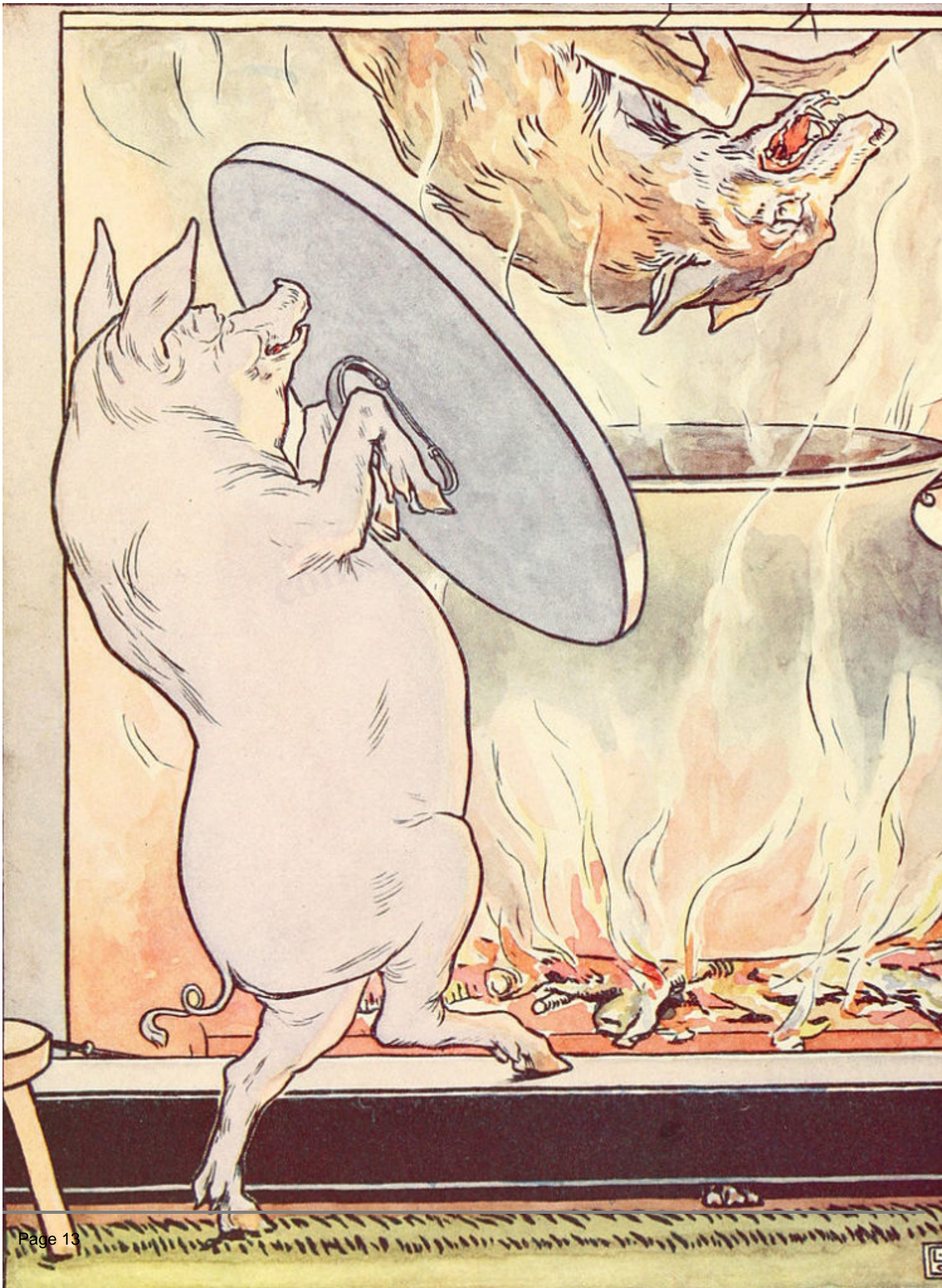
Naf Naf was finally able to join in with Nouf Nouf's flute and Nif Nif's violin, happily accompanying them on his piano.

Finally, he invited his brothers to live in his house until they each built their own brick house.

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**date créée**

04/02/2023

**Auteur**

cdf

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