

The three little pigs

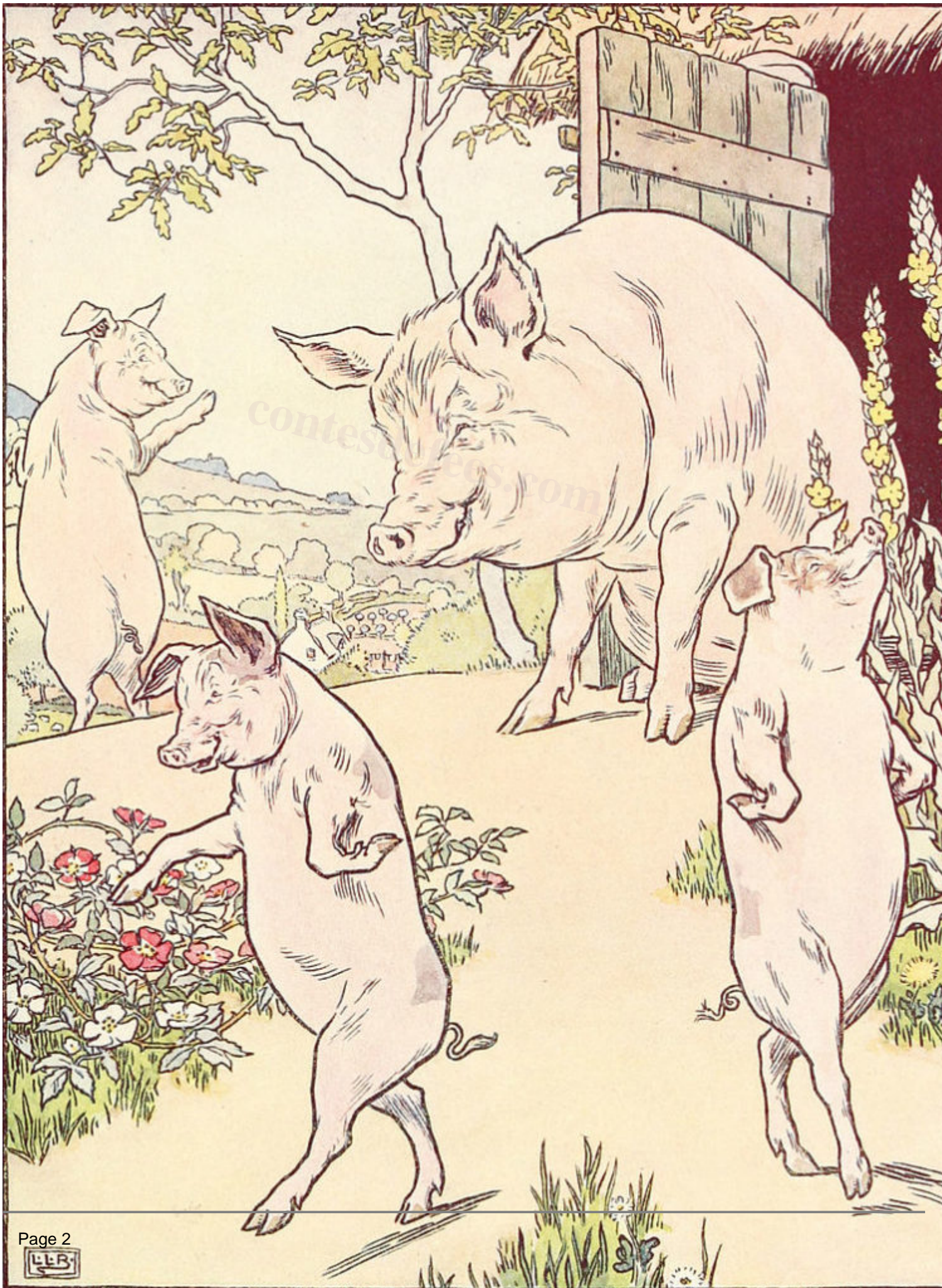
Description

Once upon a time, there were three little pigs who lived with their mother in a small house. The youngest and laziest one was called Nouf Nouf, and played the flute. The second, a little less lazy, was called Nif Nif and played the violin. The eldest, the bravest and hardest working of the three, was called Naf Naf, and played the piano. They grew up happily playing music and having fun.

But one day, their mother gathered them together and said:

“My children, you have grown so much, and our house is much too small for all of us now. It is time for you to go out and make your own homes. I have prepared a little bundle for you and tomorrow you will go your own way.

But above all! Be careful of the big bad wolf! If he should come prowling around the area, you will have to defend and protect yourselves, so you don't get eaten.”



The next day, they all embraced each other with hot tears and each went their separate ways.

We Nouf the youngest gamboled happily playing a pretty melody with his flute, which delighted the little birds. After a few hours on the road, he met a farmer and his donkey pulling a straw cart. He said to him:

“Good morning sir, could you sell me some straw to build my hut?”

“Of course, my boy! Here you are! Here’s a nice bundle”.

And not far from there, the little pig built his straw house in less time than it takes to say “wow”. Happy with himself, he took his flute and went off to see how his brothers were doing.

Nif Nif the younger, who was almost as lazy as his younger brother, was walking along the road when he met a carpenter carrying a cart full of boards and bundles of wood.

“Eureka!” Said the little piggy to himself. “Here’s my chance!”

And so he addressed the man:

“Hello sir, would you have some wood to build my house, please?”

“Of course my child” replied the craftsman, and he offered him a few dozen boards and 2 bundles for a roof.

Nif Nif happily went off to build his wooden house not far from there. At the end of the day, he was almost finished when he heard the beautiful melody of his brother Nouf Nouf’s flute. He hurried to finish his hut so that he could join him with his fiddle and continue their journey by dancing, in search of their big brother Naf Naf.

Naf Naf, the eldest, and the most intelligent and hard-working of the three, had gone to see a bricklayer and bought bricks, tiles and cement from him, to build himself a real solid house, ready for any test. But of course, this construction required much more time, and when his brothers found him, they had barely begun to lay the bricks on the first floor.

Nif Nif and Nouf Nouf laughed and laughed at him breathlessly.

“Ha ha ha! What’s the use of tiring yourself out like this!” said Nouf Nouf.

“Hi hi hi! Come and play music and dance with us instead!” said Nif Nif.

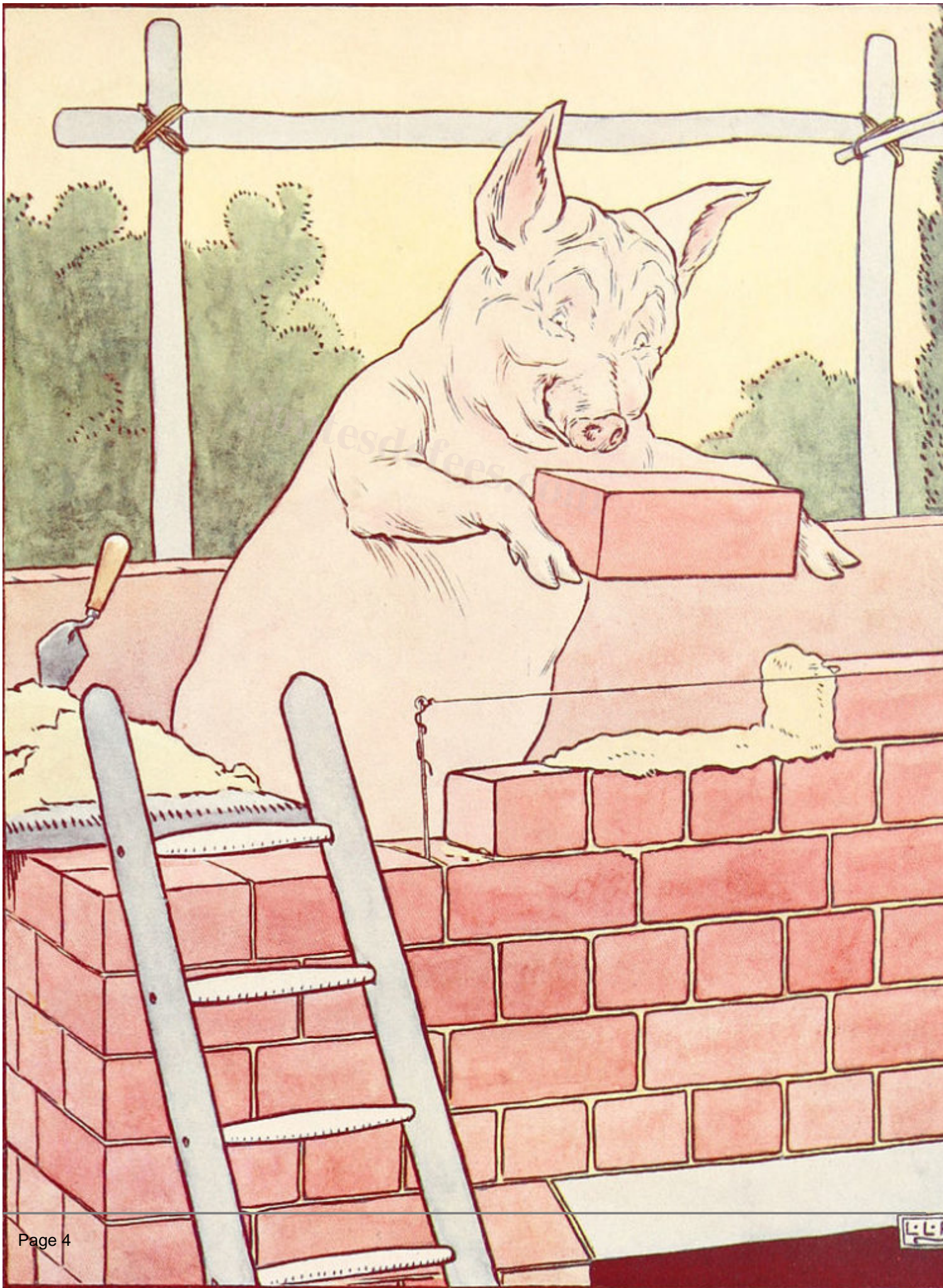
“No!” Said Nouf Nouf. “Poor careless people with no brains! Didn’t you listen to our mother? What will you do if the wolf comes? Do you think your poor huts will protect you?”

Nif Nif and Nouf Nouf burst out laughing even louder, rolling around in the grass until they lost their breath and saying to him:

“How old are you to believe in these wolf stories? Stop wasting your time and come with us.”

Naf Naf turned red and cried out:

“No, no and no! He who laughs last will laugh when the big bad wolf knocks on your doors.”



Seeing that he would not give in, the two young brothers hopped away and each returned to his cabin at nightfall.

A few days passed and they enjoyed their carefree life while visiting Naf Naf to have fun at his expense, inventing mocking songs that made him repeat:

"He who laughs last will laugh!" All the while he continued his work.

A few days later, Naf Naf had hardly laid the last brick of the chimney of his house, when a horrible and enormous big bad wolf came out of the forest.

He was black and gray, and his yellow eyes were fierce, his teeth huge and his belly hollow, revealing his protruding ribs.

He immediately smelled the tantalizing scent of the three little pigs nearby and his mouth began to salivate until it formed a thick white foam.

"Here at last is the feast I've been waiting for for weeks. I'm only going to take one bite!" He said to himself.

Then he heard the music of the two little pigs coming back from their big brother's house and started running after them, grunting.

Nif Nif and Nouf Nouf heard him just in time, and started to run with all their strength towards their homes, splitting halfway.

The wolf had followed Nouf Nouf and he had barely closed his door when he heard a knock:

"Boom boom boom! Little pig, said the wolf, open your door or I'll blow, and your house will fly away!

"No, never in your life" said Naf Naf trembling.

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

"Pfffffffffff Hoooo Pfffffffffff!"

In a few seconds, all the straw in the fragile house was gone, and the little piggy found himself quite surprised to be so quickly destitute.

He began to run with all his might toward his brother Nif Nif's hut.



"Nif Nif! Nif Nif!" He shouted as he approached. "Open up quickly! The big bad wolf is after me!" Nif Nif, who couldn't believe his corkscrew ears, opened the door and closed it just as the wolf came, crashing his snout on the wooden board.

Nif Nif said to Nouf Nouf trembling, "You are safe now, my wooden house will stand!"

But 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 it's like that, I will blow, blow, 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 shack began to shake as it resisted a little.

Then the big bad wolf took another breath and blew even harder.

"Pffffffffffffffff Hoooooooooooo Pffffffffffff!"

This time, the boards flew off with a bang, and the two little pigs were left with only the door in their hands.

Nif Nif threw the door to the wolf and they started to run, run, run, towards their brother Naf Naf's brick house.

Naf Naf heard them coming and looked out the window to see what was going on. He saw the big bad wolf behind his two brothers who were running madly in his direction.

He had time to close the shutters and open the door to save them in extremis.

"What did I tell you, you brainless little pigs!" He shouted to his two brothers, trembling with fear and the fact that they had never run so fast in their lives.

"You're sure glad you have a real home to protect you now!"

"Forgive us Naf Naf!" they said, crying.

At that moment, loud knocks sounded at the door. It was the wolf.

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

Naf Naf said to her in a firm tone:

"Blow if you want, wolf. My house is too strong for you!"

The big bad wolf, furious to hear this, took a deep breath:

"Huuuuuuuuuuu"

And 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”

He had to face the fact that this time his powerful breath would not be enough.

So he began to prowl around the house, looking for another idea to reach his longed-for feast.

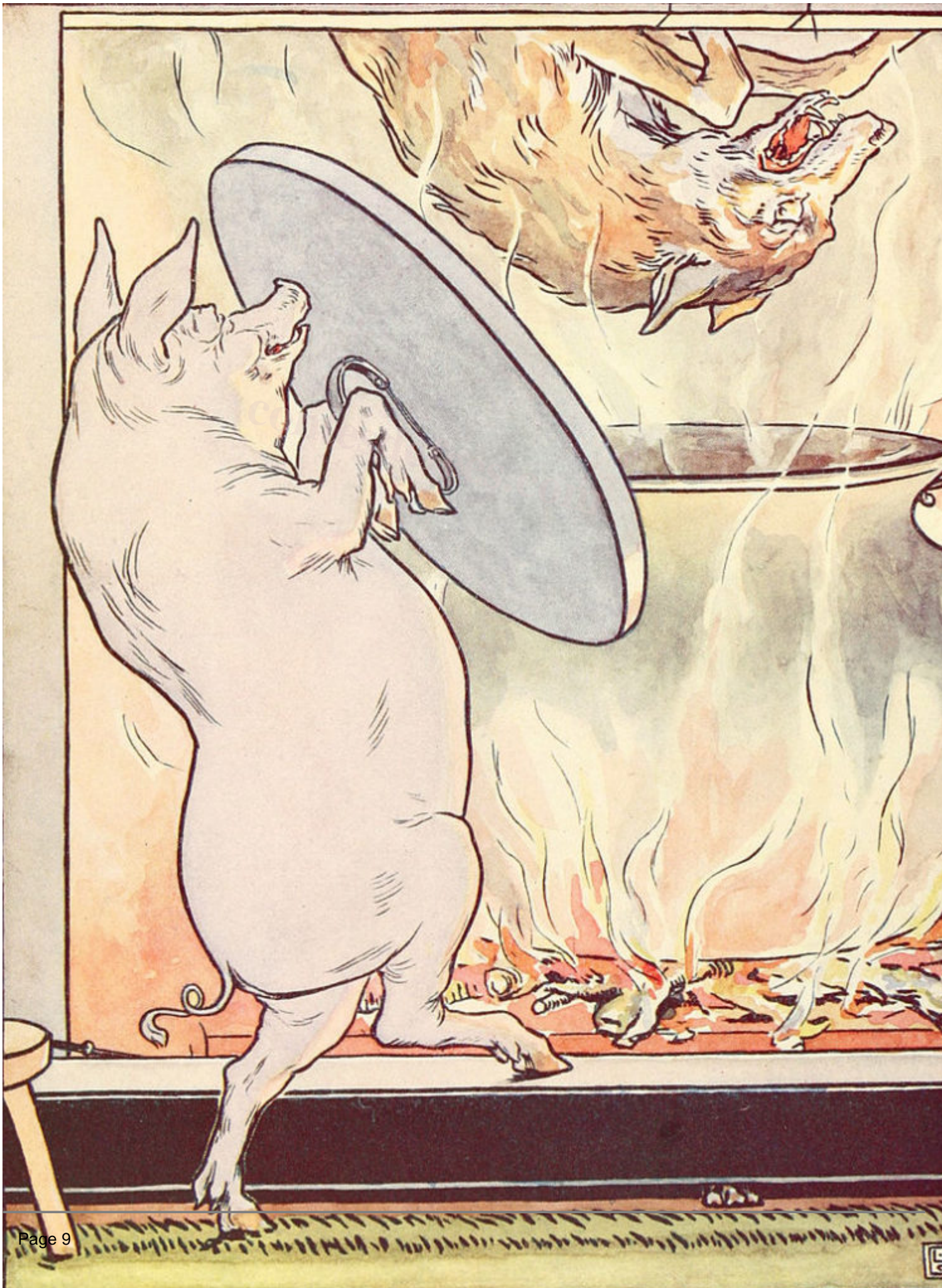
Meanwhile, the three little pigs were rejoicing, kissing and dancing:

“We are saved!” said the two youngest.

But Naf Naf, suspicious, said: “Wait, we are not out of trouble yet, as long as the big bad wolf is around.

He didn’t think so, because the wolf had had an idea while examining the whole brick house. He had spotted the chimney on the roof, and had started climbing the wall to get to it and down to get his meal. Fortunately, Naf Naf, who was on the lookout, had heard the wolf’s footsteps on the roof, and he had 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 back up the chimney.



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 began 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 as he cheerfully accompanied 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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