

## THE STORY OF THE THREE LITTLE PIGS.

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and come back again, and got a nice pot-full for dinner." The wolf felt very angry at this, but thought that he would be up to the little pig somehow or other, so he said, "Little pig, I know where there is a nice apple-tree." "Where?" said the pig. "Down at Merry-garden," replied the wolf, "and if you will not deceive me I will come for you, at five o'clock to-morrow, and we will go together and get some apples." Well, the little pig bustled up the next morning at four o'clock, and went off for the apples, hoping to get back before the wolf came; but he had further to go, and had to climb the tree, so that just as he was coming down from it, he saw the wolf coming, which, as you may suppose, frightened him very much. When the wolf came up he said, "Little pig, what! are you here before me? Are they nice apples?" "Yes, very," said the little pig. "I will throw you down one;" and he threw it so far, that, while the wolf was gone to pick it up, the little pig jumped down and ran home. The next day the wolf came again, and said to the little pig, "Little pig, there is a fair at Shanklin this afternoon, will you go?" "Oh yes," said the pig, "I will go: what time shall you be ready?" "At three," said the wolf. So the little pig went off before the time as usual, and got to the fair, and bought a butter-churn, which he was going home with, when he saw the wolf coming. Then he could not tell what to do. So he got into the churn to hide, and