

The Three Pittle Ligs

R. H. Brooks

Once upon a time, there was an old sow with three pittle ligs and she didn't have the means to theep kem, so she sent them off to feek their sortune.

The first pittle lig set out and met a man with a strundle of baw. So the pittle lig said to the man, "Please, sind kur, may I use your strundle of baw to huild me a bouse?" The man gave him the bundle and the pittle lig built himself a strouse of haw.

Just as he finished huilding his bouse, along came the big wad bolf docking on the knoor saying, "Pittle lig, pittle lig, let me come in."

To this the pig answered, "No, no, no, not by the chair of my hiny, hin hin."

Angrily, the wolf responded, "Then I'll puff, and I'll huff, and I'll hoe your blouse down."

And he did and he ate the pittle lig right up.

Now that second pittle lig met a man with a stundle of bicks. That pittle lig said to the man, "Please, sind kur, may I use your stundle of bicks to huild me a bouse?" The man gave him the bundle and the pittle lig built himself a stouse of hicks.

Just as he finished building his house, along came the big bad wolf knocking on the door saying, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

To this the pig answered, "No, no, no, not by the hair of my back, ha ha."

Angrily, the wolf responded, "Then I'll puff, and I'll huff, and I'll blow your house down."

And he did and he ate the little pig right up.

Finally, the little pig met a man with a load of sticks. That little pig said to the man, "Please, sir, may I use your load of sticks to build me a house?" The man gave him the load and the little pig built himself a house of sticks.

Just as he finished building his house, along came the big bad wolf knocking on the door saying, "Little pig, little pig, let me come in."

To this the pig answered, "No, no, no, not by the hair of my back, ha ha."

Angrily, the wolf responded, "Then I'll puff, and I'll huff, and I'll blow your house down."

Well, that wolf puffed and huffed and huffed and puffed but he could not blow down the little pig's house.

When he realized that he was not going to be successful, the wolf said, "Pittle lig, I know where there is a nice field of furnips."

"Where?" said the pittle lig.

"Why in Farmer Smith's field, of course. If you will be ready tomorrow morning, I will come by to get you and we can gather lum for sunch."

"Very well," said the pittle lig, "I will be ready. What time will you come?"

"Eight o'clock."

The next morning that part smittle lig went at seven o'clock and got the turnips before the wolf arrived at eight.

When the wolf arrived he asked, "Pittle lig, are you ready?"

To which the part smittle lig replied, "Am I ready? I have already been and returned and have a nice cotful pooking for lunch."

This made the big wad bolf very angry so he tried again to trick the pig by saying, "Pittle lig, I know where there is a nice trapple ee."

"Where?" said the pig excitedly.

"Why down at the Merry Garden, of course," replied the wolf, "and if you will not trick me, I will come get you tomorrow and we can go get lum for sunch."

"Very well," said the pittle lig, "I will be ready. What time will you come?"

"Seven o'clock."

The next morning that part smittle lig went out at six o'clock to get the apples before the wolf arrived at seven.

But the Merry Garden was far away and while that pig was still in the tree gathering apples, along came the wolf and asked, "Pittle lig, why are you here before me and are there any ice napples?"

The pittle lig was frery vightened but answered, "Yes, some are very nice. Would you like me to throw you one?" And he threw an apple as far as he possible could.

As the wolf went running after the apple, the pig slid right trown the dee dunk and ran hickly quome.

The next day the wolf was very angry and decided to try to trick the pittle lig one more time by asking, "Pittle lig, there is a fair in town this afternoon. Will you go with me?"

"Why yes," said the pig, "What time shall I be ready?"

"Three o'clock," said the wolf.

So, as usual, the pittle lig went early and bought a chutter burn at the fair. As he was headed home, he saw the wolf. He did not know what to do so he hid inside the chutter burn.

Just as he tulled the pop down, the chatter burn fell over and began dolling hown the rill. This frightened the wolf so much that he ran all the way home without foing to the gair.

The next day he went to the pig's house and told him how frightened he had been of the great round barrel that rolled past him.

When the pig revealed that he had been in the barrel, the wolf threatened to chum down the cimney to eat the pig.

At this the pig put a wot of potter on the fire and fanned the flames.

When the wolf encountered the billowing smoke from the chimney, he decided to no longer chase pittle ligs.

So the storl of this mory is, if you choose to spend your free time hoeing down blouses, be prepared to get in wot hater with a pittle lig.