

PRIMER CICLO: TERCER AÑO
PROPUESTAS DE INTENSIFICACIÓN DE LA ENSEÑANZA

The Three Little Pigs



DIRECCIÓN PROVINCIAL DE EDUCACIÓN PRIMARIA

DIRECCIÓN GENERAL DE
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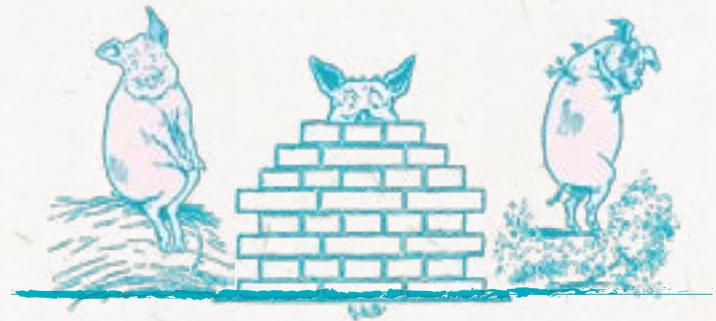


GOBIERNO DE LA PROVINCIA DE
BUENOS AIRES

¡Bienvenidas y bienvenidos!

Las y los invitamos a disfrutar
de la lectura en inglés de un
cuento muy conocido:

Los tres Chanchitos



This is Mommy Pig and the three little pigs.

One day, Mommy Pig said:

“My little pigs, it’s time for you to go. Build your own houses. And watch out for the BIG BAD WOLF! He likes to eat little pigs. Good-bye!”

The three little pigs said:

“Yay! It’s time to go! Bye-bye, Mommy!”

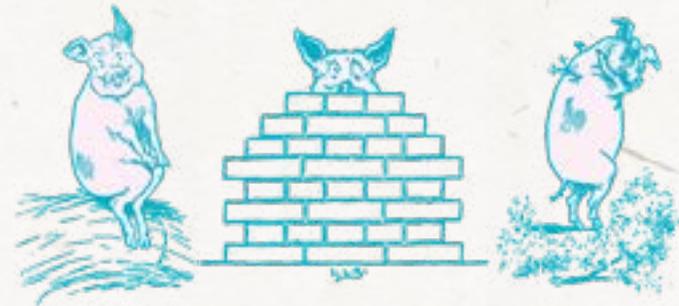


In the forest, the three little pigs started to build their houses.

The first little pig built his house of straw.

One, two, three... the house was done!

“Now, I can play!” he said. And he did.



The second little pig built his house of sticks.

One, two, three... the house was done!

“Now, I can dance!” he said. And he did.

The third little pig built his house of bricks. Brick by brick, brick by brick... the house was done. It was a good house. And it was strong.

“Now, I can rest!” he said. And he did.

But in the forest, someone was watching...

It was the BIG BAD WOLF!

And he said:

“I like little pigs! Yummy!”

So the next day, he showed up.

He went to the house of straw.



Knock, knock, knock!

“Little pig, Little pig, let me come in,” called the wolf.

“No, no no! Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin,” said the little pig.

“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house down,” said the wolf.

He huffed and he puffed. And he blew the house of straw down.

The first little pig ran to his brother’s house, the house of sticks.

“Help! Help!” he cried. “The BIG BAD WOLF is coming!” The wolf went to the house of sticks.



Knock, knock, knock!

“Little pigs, Little pigs, let me come in,” he called.

“No, no no! Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin,” said the little pigs.

“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house down,” said the wolf.

He huffed and he puffed. He puffed and he huffed. And he blew the house of sticks down.

The two little pigs ran to their brother’s house, the house of bricks.

“Help! Help!” they cried.

“The BIG BAD WOLF is coming!”

The wolf went to the house of bricks.

Knock, knock, knock!

“Little pigs, Little pigs, let me come in,” he called.

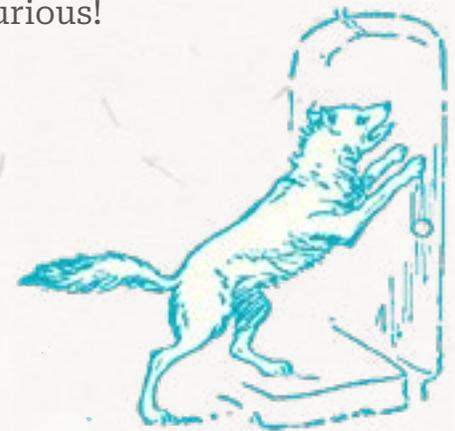
“No, no no! Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin,” said the little pigs.

“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house down,” said the wolf.

He huffed and he puffed. And he huffed and he puffed. Huffed and puffed. Huffed and puffed.

BUT he could not blow the house of bricks down.

Now, the wolf was furious!



Brick by brick, the wolf got to the chimney on top of the house.

He went down the chimney and... PLOP!
Right into a pot of hot water!

“Help! Help!” he cried.



And he ran and ran and ran... And he never came back.

The three little pigs lived happily ever after.

THE END

Ilustraciones:

• Páginas 3, 4, 5, 6, 10 y 11:

Brooke, Leslie L. *The Story of the Three Little Pigs* (1904).

• Páginas 7, 8 y 9:

Hartley, Dick; Kirby-Parrish L. *All About The Three Little Pigs* (1914).



This is the story of the
three little pigs and...
one BIG BAD WOLF!