

# The Three Little Pigs

A Reading A-Z Level I Leveled Book

Word Count: 346



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LEVELED BOOK • I

# The Three Little Pigs



**Multi  
level  
F•I•M**

Retold by Alyse Sweeney  
Illustrated by Roberta Collier-Morales

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Level I Leveled Book  
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Retold by Alyse Sweeney  
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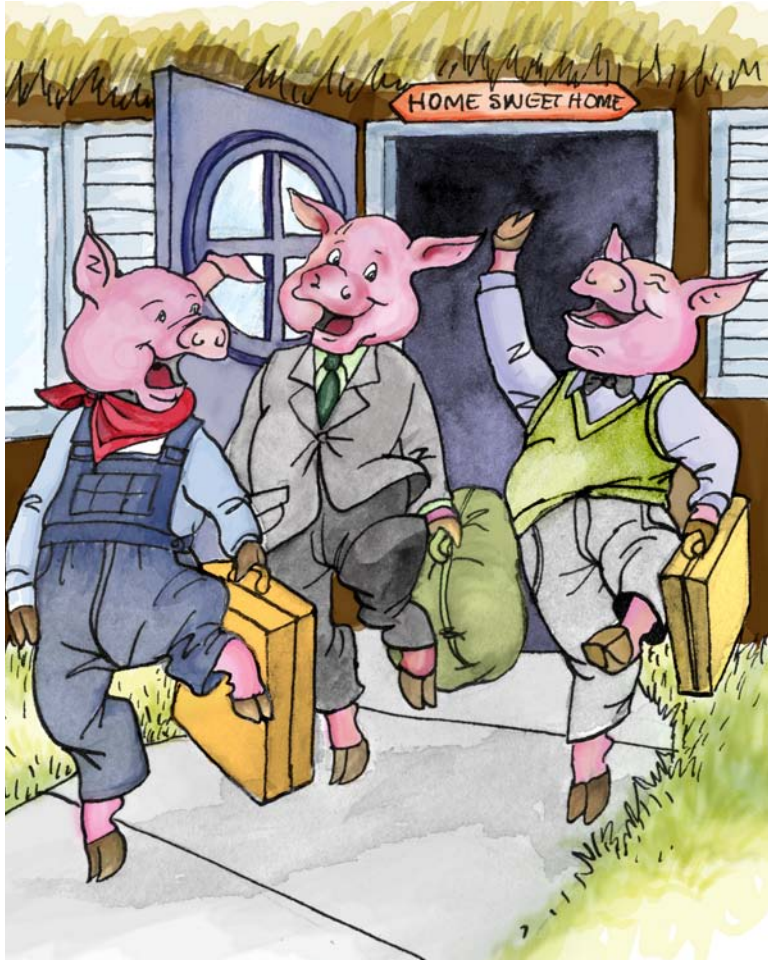
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## Correlation

### LEVEL I

Fountas & Pinnell	I
Reading Recovery	15-16
DRA	16





Once upon a time, there lived three little pigs.

One day the pigs left home.

It was time for them to build homes of their own.



The first little pig built a straw house.

When he was done, he sat down to eat lunch.

He happily slurped and chewed until . . .





Suddenly, he heard a knock on  
the door.  
It was a wolf!



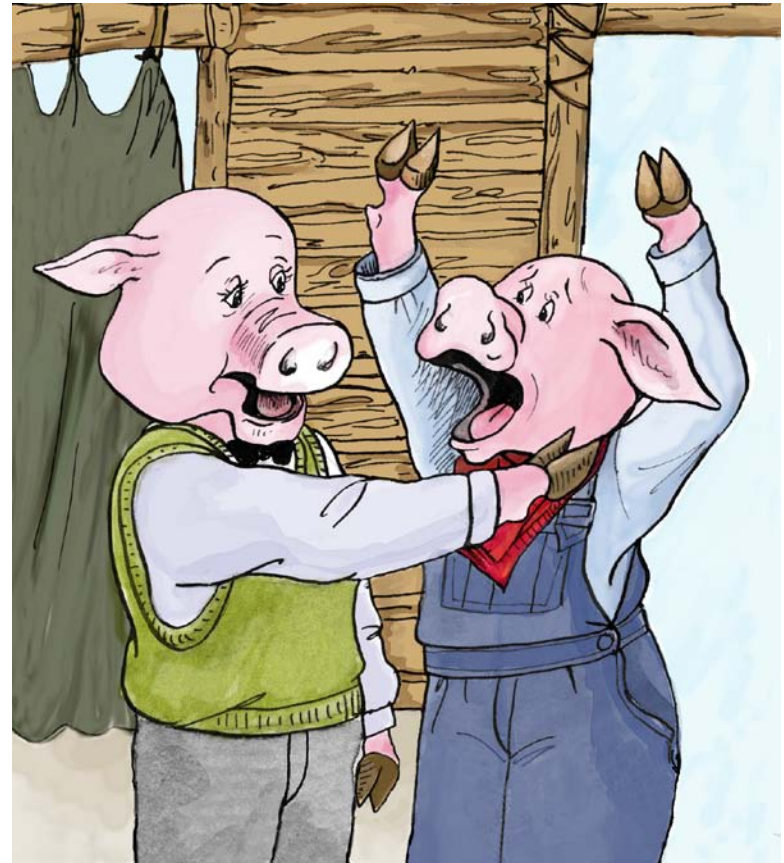
"Little pig, little pig, let me come in,"  
said the wolf.  
"Not by the hair of my chinny, chin,  
chin!" said the little pig.  
"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and  
I'll blow your house in," growled  
the wolf.



The wolf huffed and puffed and puffed and huffed and blew the house in.

*Whoosh!*

The house became a haystack.  
The little pig ran to his brother's house.

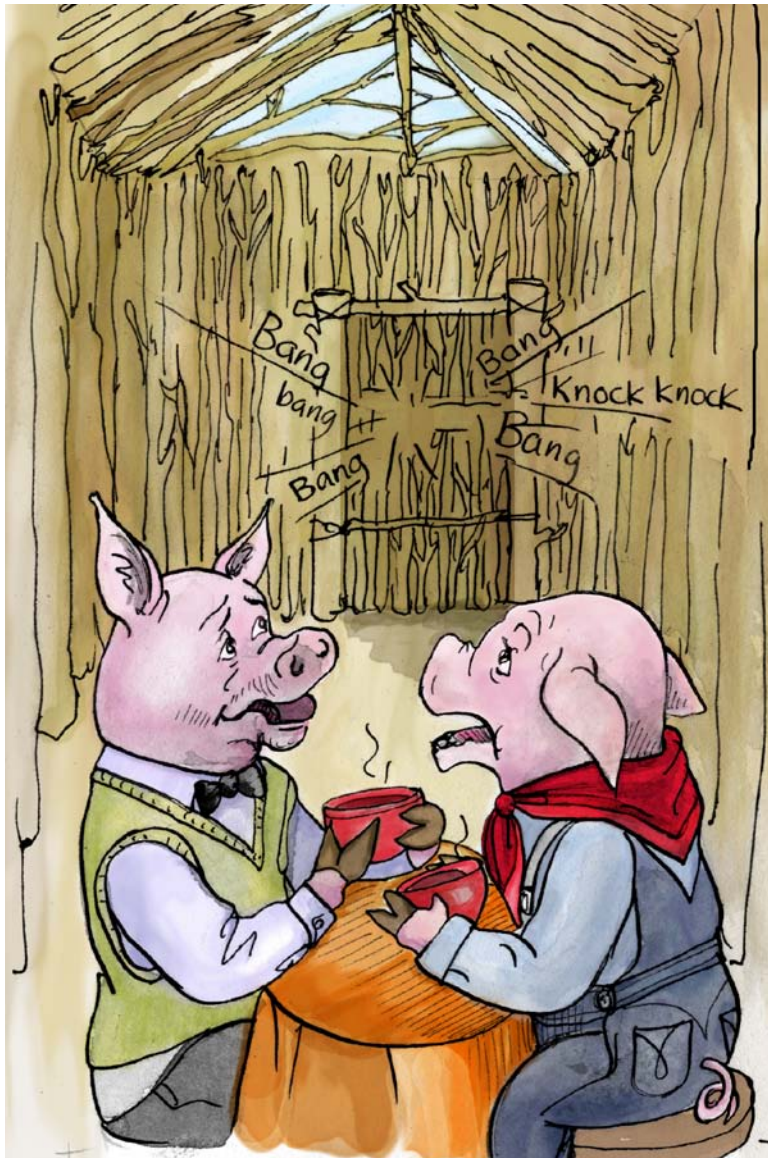


The second little pig built his house out of sticks.

The first little pig told his brother about the wolf.

“Sticks are stronger than straw,”  
said the second little pig, unafraid.





That's when they heard a knock on the door.



"Little pigs, little pigs, let me come in," said the wolf.

"Not by the hairs of our chinny, chin, chins!" answered the little pigs.

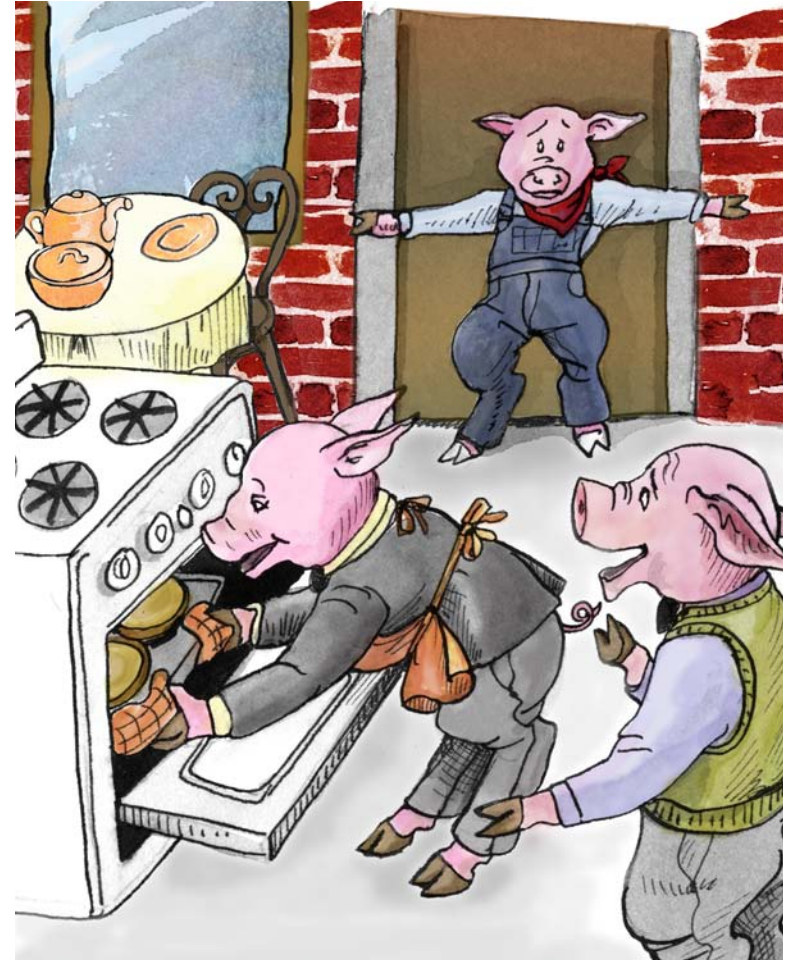
"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house in," growled the wolf.





The wolf huffed and puffed and puffed and huffed and blew the house in.

The little pigs ran all the way to their brother's house.



The third little pig built a brick house. He was baking pies when his brothers burst in, crying about the wolf.

“Let’s see the wolf blow down *this* house,” boasted the third little pig.



*Knock. Knock. Knock.*  
The three little pigs looked  
at the door.



"Little pigs, little pigs, let me come in,"  
yelled the wolf.  
"Not by the hairs of our chinny, chin,  
chins!" shouted the little pigs.  
"Then I'll huff, and I'll puff, and  
I'll blow your house in," growled  
the wolf.





The wolf huffed and puffed and  
puffed and huffed and—



—fell over.

The wolf lay on the ground, out  
of breath.

The three little pigs lived happily  
ever after—baking pies in the strong  
brick house.