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How The Pigs Can See The Wind

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Once upon a time, Mrs. Pig lived in a fine house of her own with her five little pigs. Four of the little pigs were black, but the smallest pig was white and he was as the apple of his mother's eye.

Around the hill from Mrs. Pig's house lived Brother Wolf, and Brother Wolf had a mighty good mouth for pig meat. Every night Mr. Wolf came through the garden gate, and he walked round and round Mrs. Pig's house, sniffing and snuffing, and calling in a soft voice:

"Mrs. Pig, Mrs. Pig, let me come in,
The corn is ripe, and the frosts begin."

But Mrs. Pig always locked her door fast, and Brother Wolf had to go home without any pig meat.

One night Brother Wolf thought of a trick. He put a very high hat on his head. He put shoes on his feet. He tied a necktie around his neck, and he looked just like Mr. Man.

Then he put a bag of corn over his shoulder, and he walked, TRAMP, TRAMP, up the brick walk that led to Mrs. Pig's house, and he rapped loudly on Mrs. Pig's door.

"Mrs. Pig, Mrs. Pig, let me come in,
The corn is ripe, and the frosts begin," he said.

"Who knocks?" asked Mrs. Pig, peeping through the window, the little white pig under her arm.

"Mr. Man, come to put a mark on your little pigs," said Brother Wolf.

Then Mrs. Pig opened the door, and she turned out the four little black pigs. But the little white pig was as the apple of her eye, and she hid him in the cupboard.

So Brother Wolf emptied all the corn out of his bag, and he put in the four little pigs, and he carried them home with him.

By and by, Brother Wolf was hungry for more pig meat, so he dressed himself in his clothes again. He put his bag of corn over his shoulder, and he rapped loudly at Mrs. Pig's door, calling:

“Mrs. Pig, Mrs. Pig, let me come in,
The corn is ripe, and the frosts begin.”

“Who knocks?” asked Mrs. Pig.



“Mr. Man, come to put a mark on your little white pig,” said Brother Wolf.

But Mrs. Pig barred the door, and locked the window, and hid the little white pig in the dresser, for he was as the apple of her eye.

Then Brother Wolf was very angry, and he took off his hat and his shoes and his necktie. He hurried up and down the roads until he met Mr. Wind, who wore a red cloak, and was sweeping the fields.

Brother Wolf told Mr. Wind how he had a mighty good mouth for pig meat. Mr. Wind said he would help Brother Wolf, for he always liked a romp.

So Mr. Wind and Brother Wolf went to Mrs. Pig’s house and they rapped loudly on the door, and Brother Wolf called out:

“Mrs. Pig, Mrs. Pig, let me come in,
The corn is ripe, and the frosts begin.”

But never a word did Mrs. Pig say.

“Who knocks?” asked Mrs. Pig.

“Blow, Mr. Wind,” said Brother Wolf.

Then Mr. Wind began to puff himself out bigger and bigger. He huffed and he puffed and he blew a mighty gale. He blew round the garden, and he pulled up the corn and threw it down on the ground. He slammed the gate and he rattled the window. He shook the door, and he cried, “WHE-EE, WHE-EE,” in the keyhole, did Mr. Wind.

Brother Wolf was so frightened that his hair stood up straight on his back. Out of the garden he ran, and around the hill. He never stopped, nor looked behind him, and no one ever saw him in Mrs. Pig’s garden again.

“WHE-EE, WHE-EE, let me in,” called Mr. Wind.

Mrs. Pig opened her door a crack, and peeped out with the little white pig under her arm, for he was the apple of her eye.

HUFF, PUFF, the door blew open wide. When Mrs. Pig saw Mr. Wind in his red cloak running around the garden, she hurried off to the woods with her little white pig, and she never came home for a day and a night.

And that is how the pigs first came to see the wind. If you do not believe it, just watch them run when Mr. Wind comes huffing and puffing through the garden.

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