



Learn English Through Stories

F Series

F7

**Adapted and modified by
Kulwant Singh Sandhu**

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1. The Three Little Pigs



Once there was a pig who lived with her three children on a large, comfortable, old-fashioned farmyard. Her own pigsty was also large and comfortable apart from when it was a rainy season. She was a very caring and loving mother like any other good Mum. The names of her little ones were Brownny the eldest, Whitey the second one, and the youngest who was very wise and good-looking was called Blacky. All the young ones were different in their **mindset**, habits and manners.

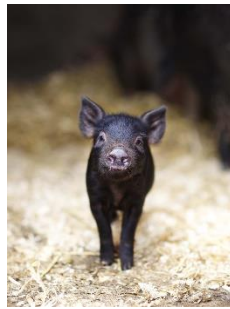
Now Brownny was a very dirty little pig, and I am sorry to say he spent most of his time rolling and **wallowing** about in the mud. He was never as happy as on a wet day when the mud in the farmyard got soft, thick and clayey. Then he would sneak away from his mother's side, and finding the muddiest place in the yard, would roll about in it and thoroughly enjoy himself. His mother often found fault with him for this and would shake her head sadly and say: "Ah, Brownny, someday you will be sorry that you did not obey your old mother." But no words of advice or warning could cure Brownny of his bad habits.



Whitey was quite a clever little pig, but she was greedy – a real greedy pig. She was always thinking of her food, and looking forward to her dinner; and when the farm girl was seen carrying the buckets across the yard, she would rise on her hind legs and dance and jump playfully. As soon as the food was poured into the **trough** she **jostled** Blacky and Brownny out of the way in her eagerness to get the best and biggest bits for herself. Her mother often scolded her for her selfishness and told her that someday she would suffer for being so greedy and selfish. Her Mum would often say to her. "Greed is a curse."



Blacky was a good, nice little pig, neither dirty nor greedy. He had nice **dainty** ways (for a pig), and his skin was always as smooth and shining as black satin. He was much cleverer than Brownny and Whitey, and his mother's heart used to swell with pride when she heard the farmer's friends say to each other that someday the little black fellow would be a prize pig.



Time went on...

The farmer passed away. He was a very generous man. He was also a fox hunter so the pigs were always protected from the foxes. Luckily, he left a lot of wealth for the mother pig. He also gave her three acres of land so all the kid pigs could build their homes, get married and settle...

Now the time came when the mother pig felt old and **feeble** and near her end. One day she called the three little pigs around her and said:

"My children, I feel that I am growing old and weak and that I shall not live long. Before I die I should like to build a house for each of you, as this dear old **sty** in which we have lived so happily will be given to a new family of pigs, and you will have to move out. Now, Brownny, what sort of a house would you like to have?"

"A house of mud," replied Brownny, looking longingly at a wet puddle in the corner of the yard.

"And you, Whitey?" said the mother pig in rather a sad voice, for she was disappointed that Brownny had made so foolish a choice.

“A house of cabbage,” answered Whitey, with a mouth full, and scarcely raising her snout out of the trough in which she was **grubbing** for some potato and carrots.

“Foolish, foolish child!” said the mother pig, looking quite distressed. “And you, Blacky?” turning to her youngest son, “what sort of a house shall I order for you?”

“A house of brick, please Mother, as it will be warm in winter and cool in summer, and safe all year around. You needn’t install any central heating or air con. No need to have any guard either.”

“That is a sensible little pig,” replied his mother, looking fondly at him. “I can see that the three houses are getting ready at once. And now, one last piece of advice. You have heard me talk of our old enemy the fox. We were safe when the farmer was alive as his big dogs would not let come any fox near the farmyard. He was also a fox hunter. Now, I am worried. When the fox hears that I am dead, he will try to get hold of you, to carry you off to his den. He is very **sly** and will no doubt disguise himself and pretend to be a friend, but you must promise me not to let him enter your houses on any **pretext** whatever.”

And the little pigs readily promised, for they had always feared the fox, of whom they had heard many terrible tales. A short time afterwards the old pig died, and the little pigs went to live in their own houses.

Brownny was quite delighted with his soft mud walls and with the clay floor, which soon looked like nothing but a massive pool of mud. But that was what Brownny enjoyed, and he was **as happy as larks**, rolling about all day and making himself in such a mess. One day, as he was lying half asleep in the mud, he heard a soft knock at his door, and a gentle voice said:

“May I come in Master Brownny? I want to see your beautiful new house.”

“Who are you?” said Brownny, starting up in great fright, even though the voice sounded gentle, he felt sure it was a **feigned** voice, and he feared it was the fox.

“I am a friend come to call on you,” answered the voice.

“No, no,” replied Brownny, “I don’t believe, you are a friend. You are the wicked fox, against whom our mother warned us. I won’t let you in.”

“Oh! Is that the way you answer your guests?” said the fox, speaking very roughly in his natural voice. “We shall soon see who is the master here,” and with his paws, he set to work and scraped a large hole in the soft mud walls. A

moment later he had jumped through it, and catching Brownny by the neck, flung him on his shoulders and trotted off with him to his den.

The next day, as Whitey was munching a few leaves of cabbage out of the corner of her house, the fox **stole up** to her door, determined to carry her off to join her brother in his den. He began speaking to her in the same feigned gentle voice in which he had spoken to Brownny, but it frightened her very much when he said:

“I am a friend come to visit you, and to have some of your good cabbage for my dinner.”

“Please don’t touch it,” cried Whitey in great distress. “The cabbages are the walls of my house, and if you eat them you will make a hole, and the wind and rain will come in and give me a cold. Do go away; I am sure you are not a friend, but our wicked enemy the fox.” And poor Whitey began to **whine** and to **whimper**, and to wish that she had not been such a greedy little pig, and had chosen a more solid material than cabbages for her house. But it was too late now, and in another minute the fox had eaten his way through the cabbage walls, and had caught the trembling, shivering Whitey, and carried her off to his den.

The next day, the fox started off to Black’s house because he had decided to get the three little pigs together in his den, then kill them, and invite all his friends to a feast. But when he reached the brick house, he found that the door was bolted and barred, so in his sly manner, he began, “Do let me in, dear Blacky. I have brought you a present of some eggs that I picked up in a farmyard on my way here.”

“No, no, Mister Fox,” replied Blacky, “I am not going to open my door to you. I know your cunning ways. You have carried off poor Brownny and Whitey, but you are not going to get me.”

At this, the fox was so angry that he dashed with all his force against the wall, and tried to knock it down. But it was too strong and well-built, and though the fox scraped and tore at the bricks with his paws he only hurt himself, and at last he had to give it up, and limp away with his fore-paws all bleeding and sore.

“Never mind!” he cried angrily as he went off, “I’ll catch you another day, see if I don’t, and won’t I grind your bones to powder when I have got you in my den!” and he snarled fiercely and showed his teeth.

The next day Blacky had to go into the neighbouring town to do some marketing and to buy a big kettle. As he was walking home with it slung over his shoulder, he heard the sound of steps stealthily creeping after him. For a moment his heart stood still with fear, and then a happy thought came to him. He had just reached the top of a hill and could see his own little house nestling at the foot of it among the trees. In a moment he had snatched the lid off the kettle and had jumped in himself. Coiling himself round he lay quite snug in the bottom of the kettle, while with his foreleg he managed to put the lid on so that he was entirely hidden. With a little kick from the inside, he started the kettle off, and down the hill, it rolled full tilt; and when the fox came up, all that he saw was a large black kettle spinning over the ground at a great pace. Very much disappointed, he was just going to turn away when he saw the kettle stop close to the little brick house, and a moment later Blacky jumped out of it and escaped with the kettle into the house, when he barred and bolted the door, and put the shutter up over the window.

“Oh!” exclaimed the fox to himself, “You think you will escape me that way, do you? We shall soon see about that, my friend,” and very quietly and stealthily he prowled round the house looking for some way to climb onto the roof.

In the meantime, Blacky had filled the kettle with water, and having put it on the fire, sat down quietly waiting for it to boil. Just as the kettle was beginning to sing, and steam to come out of the spout, he heard a sound like a soft, muffled step, patter, patter, patter overhead, and the next moment the fox’s head and fore-paws were seen coming down the chimney. But Blacky very wisely had not put the lid on the kettle, and, with a yelp of pain, the fox fell into the boiling water, and before he could escape, Blacky had put the lid on, and the fox was scalded to death.

Now, Blacky breathed a great sigh of relief after knowing that their deadly enemy was no longer alive. He poured cold water into the kettle and the kettle cooled down. He put the carcass of the fox into a big sac and tied it with a string. He didn’t want to leave the dead body in his house while he would go to the den to fetch his brother and sister. So he put the sac on his shoulder, locked the house, and went to the den.

As he approached the den he heard piteous grunts and squeals from his poor little brother and sister. They had stayed there in constant terror. But when they saw Blacky appear at the entrance to the den their joy knew no bounds. He threw the sac on the floor and quickly found a sharp stone and cut the cords by which they were tied to a pole in the ground. They buried the sac in the ground and put some soil on it.

Then they said their happy farewell to the grave of the fox and left for Black's house. So they reached the house and discussed their achievements and what more to be done. Brownny decided to be clean from then on and Whitey decided to cease her greed. Blacky suggested growing their own vegetables and eating a healthy diet.

Vocabulary

1. **Mindset:** mentality; a set of attitudes or fixed ideas that somebody has and that are often difficult to change.
2. **Wallow:** to lie and roll about in water or mud, to keep cool or for pleasure
3. **Trough:** a long, narrow open container for animals to eat or drink from.



4. **Jostle:** to knock or push roughly against someone in order to move past them
5. **Dainty:** graceful or delicate.
6. **Feeble:** very weak and without energy, strength, or power.
7. **Sty:** a pigsty or pigpen; a place where pigs are kept.
8. **Grubbing:** searching.
9. **Sly:** crafty.
10. **Pretext:** a false reason that you give for doing something.
11. **As happy as larks:** very happy.
12. **Feign:** to pretend.
13. **Steal (stole) up:** to move secretly and quietly so that others do not notice you.
14. **Whine and whimper:** moan and cry.

2. Grammar Page



GRAMMAR STUDY: Some More Rules

1. We usually change affirmative imperatives into negative as follows:

Verb+.....	Shut the door.
Do not + verb+.....	Don't shut the door.
Let + object + verb+.....	Let him sing a song.
Let + object + not + verb+.....	Let him not sing a song.

2. These words change while transforming sentences.

some – any	already – yet	too – either
and so –and neither	several-any	a lot of - much/many

He has bought some books.	He has not bought any books.
He has already danced.	Has he bought any books?
He likes meat, too.	He has not danced yet . Has he danced yet ?
I wrote a letter and so did my sister.	He doesn't like meat, either .
He has written several books.	I didn't write a letter and neither did my sister.
	He has not written any books.

3. Only changing these words, we can change the sentences into negative. We don't need to take the help of 'not'.

always	–	never
either...or...	–	neither..... nor.....
some (beginning)	–	no
some of/any of (beginning)	–	none of

He always wears a red dress.	He never wears a red dress.
Either he or his friend will sing a song.	Neither he nor his friend will sing a song.
Somebody broke the vase.	Nobody broke the vase.
	Did anybody break the vase?
Some of them are in the hall.	None of them are in the hall.

4. The parallel structures in sentences take the same forms of auxiliary verbs.

I play basketball and so do they.	Does he write a poem? Yes, he does.
She likes apples and so does her sister.	He is not a pilot. Neither is his father.
Riya wrote a poem but her brother did not.	Did he write a letter? No, he did not.
I can play basketball but she can't.	I like mushroom pizza but they do not.

5. Common errors:

Incorrect	Correct
He has not slept already.	He has not slept yet.
He does not eat some food.	He does not eat any food.
Does he sings songs?	Does he sing songs?
Have you not wrote a letter?	Have you not written a letter?
They do not never smoke.	They never smoke.
He willn't sing a song.	He won't sing a song.
She liked meat but her friend doesn't.	She liked meat but her friend didn't.