

The three little pigs and the big bad wind



Once upon a time in a faraway land where the animals could talk, dance, and sing, there were three little pigs who lived with their mother and father in a small village.

For some time, they had been dreaming of leaving home to travel the world and make their fortune so the day finally arrived and they said goodbye to their family and friends and set off in search of adventure.

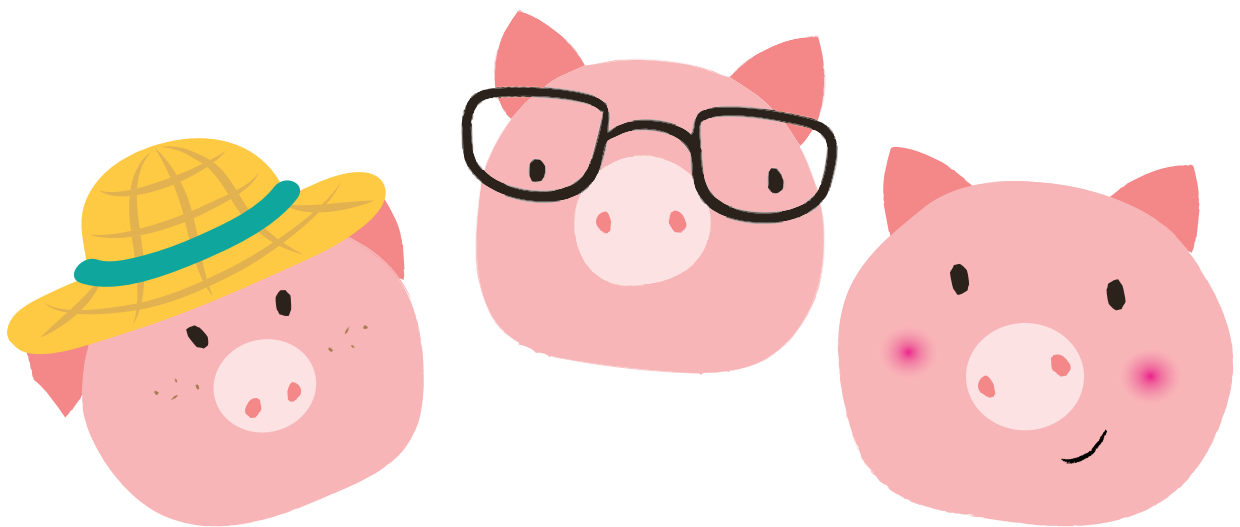
Before they left, their mother, who was an ambulance driver and knew all about dangerous situations and emergencies, warned them:

‘Remember the rainy season is approaching and we’re expecting a big storm called ‘Wolf’ in the next few days so find shelter and stay safe.’

‘Who’s afraid of the big, bad wind?’ asked the eldest brother.

‘Who’s afraid of the big, bad wind?’ sang the other two in chorus.

And the three little pigs went off singing happily because they weren’t afraid of the wind or the storm.



After a long day's walk they found a spot they liked so they decided to stay there. It was close to the river, near a forest, and a meadow of flowers.

'I think we should do what mother said and find a way to protect ourselves from the storm. Shall we build a house? I know how to make strong and resistant buildings because I studied architecture,' said the eldest brother.

'I think it's a great idea,' said the second little pig, 'but I don't want to carry all those heavy bricks. There are lots of trees around here so I think I'll make myself a log cabin like the ones we made at summer camp.'

'Fine,' said the youngest little pig, 'but cutting down trees is boring. I think I'll make my house out of straw, I saw a video about it on the internet, and there's lots of grass in the meadow. It's be soft and comfortable and it'll smell of flowers. What's more, I'll be finished before you two and I'll be able to go out and play.'

'I still think it'd be better if you built a stronger house, but I respect your decision. Let me know if you need any help,' offered the eldest little pig.

So the three little pigs set to work: the eldest made a drawing of his house which was small but strong and had a chimney. Then he went off to get the materials he needed and set to work, slowly but surely.

The second little pig went into the forest to collect branches and logs which he arranged carefully according to size, and hammered securely together so they wouldn't fall apart.

When the house was finished, it looked so beautiful that his two brothers gasped in admiration.

Meanwhile, the youngest little pig collected all the dry straw he could find in the meadow. In fact, there was so much straw that he was able to make himself an enormous house which was both soft and comfortable. He decorated it with flowers and, because he was the first to finish, he went off to the river to play. Seeing him leave when they had still more work to do, the brothers sighed because they wanted to go and play too.

When the eldest little pig was putting the finishing touches to his house, a light breeze started blowing. 'Brothers, you'd better go into your houses because I think the 'Wolf' tornado is coming.'

'Who's afraid of the big, bad wind?' they joked, laughing. But a few minutes later the breeze became so strong and they couldn't play anymore so they ran back to their houses for shelter.



The wind was coming from the north where it had crossed over deserted plains of ice where there was nothing to play with so by the time it reached the three little pigs, the wind was desperate to create trouble and was looking for animals to scare and things to pick up and throw around wildly. It was a ferocious, freezing wind in search of destruction.

‘Shhhhhhhh,’ whispered the wind as it approached the house of straw. It blew quietly because it didn’t think it needed much strength to blow the house down.

‘Who’s afraid of the big, bad wind?’ sang the youngest little pig from his comfortable straw bed.

‘Ssssssst,’ repeated the wind as it blew gently against the house of straw. One twirling swish of the wind was enough for the entire house, with all the flowers and the straw, to fly up into the air, leaving the little pig trembling with cold and fear, with nothing to protect him.

‘Quick! Run over to my house’, the second little pig called out to his brother.

Soon the two little pigs were safe in the second little pig’s house sitting in a couple of rocking chairs which he had made with some leftover wood. He truly was an excellent handyman.



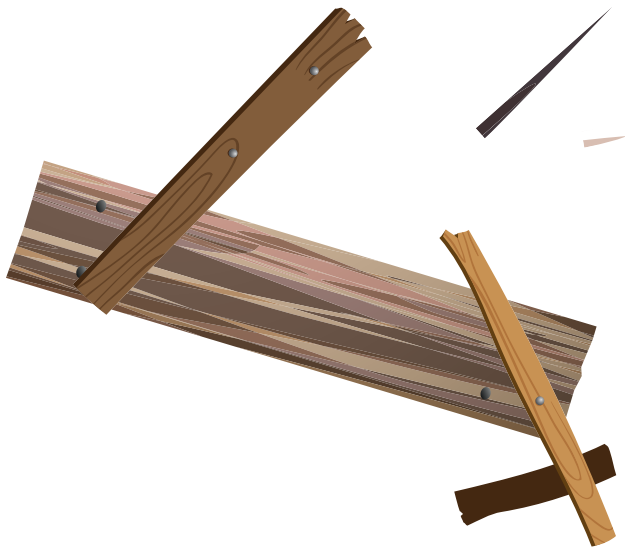
‘Whoooooosh!’ the wind started up again. This time a little louder, the wind loved a bit of drama when it was blowing houses down.

‘Who’s afraid of the big, bad wind, the big, bad wind?’ sang the two little pigs.

‘You will be!’ the wind said to himself, getting crosser by the minute. ‘Whoooooooooooooooooooooosh!’ it screamed angrily, twirling around and sneaking in through a window. Once the wind got inside, it knocked all the walls down, reducing the house to a pile of wood chips and splinters.

The two brothers sobbed miserably: why did such a nasty, fierce, cold wind have to come their way? They ran quickly to the eldest little pig’s house where he was waiting.

‘Hurry! Nail these boards to the windows so the wind can’t get in and put these sandbags against the door. That’ll stop it.’ Then, to cheer his brothers up, he started singing ‘Who’s afraid of the big, bad wind?’ as he heated some hot chocolate on the fire to warm them up.



The wind stopped for a moment in front of the house of bricks. It was preparing to blow the house up into the air and far, far away, giving the three little pigs a really big fright.

‘WHOOOOOOOOOSH!’ it howled, swirling round and round the house. ‘OOOOOOOOUUUUUUUU!’ it screamed angrily, banging over and over again against the walls, which stood firm.

‘WHOOOOOOOO!’ it went against the windows, but they didn’t budge.

‘ARRRRRRRRRGHHHHHH!’ it roared against the door, to no avail.

‘WHOOOOOOOOOOOO!’ it continued to moan and groan, desperately trying to blow the house down.

When the three little pigs saw that the wind couldn’t blow the house down, they started to cheer up and were soon laughing and singing:

‘Who’s afraid of the big, bad wind, the big, bad wind, the big, bad wind?’

‘ARGHHHHHH!’ went the wind as it made one last attempt, this time blowing down the chimney.

iAAAAUUU!

As soon as the wind, which was tired by now from so much huffing and puffing, reached the bottom of the chimney, it was met by the pot of hot chocolate turning it into a cloud of steam which flew back up the chimney and out, escaping towards the south, no longer a strong 'Wolf' tornado but a warm and gentle 'Wolf cub' puff instead.

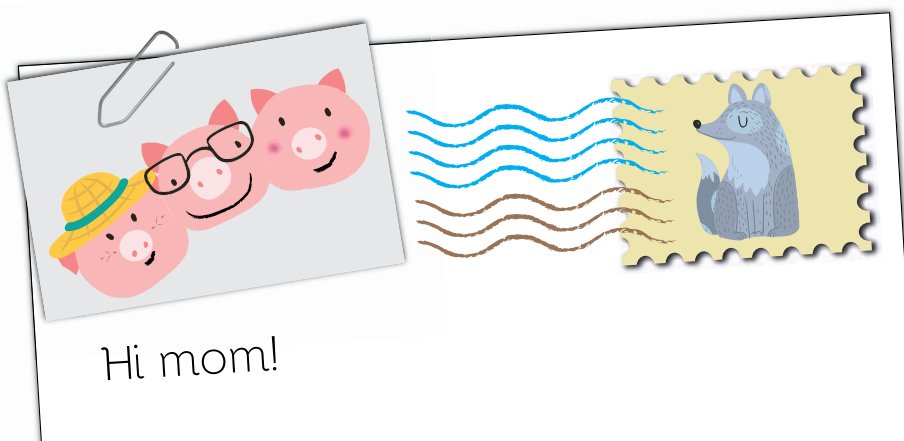
'Has the wind gone?' asked the youngest little pig.

'It's gone' replied the second little pig merrily.

And the three little pigs started laughing and singing all at once 'Who's afraid of the big, bad wind?'

From that moment on the three little pigs made sure they knew how to stay safe from danger on their travels around the world in case they encountered another fierce wind, torrential rain, wildfire, or very rough seas. They now realised that they needed to be aware of certain dangers and to be prepared. Adventures are one thing, but emergencies are a different thing altogether.

And from that moment on, wherever they went, they always wrote a postcard home to their mother to let her know they were safe.





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