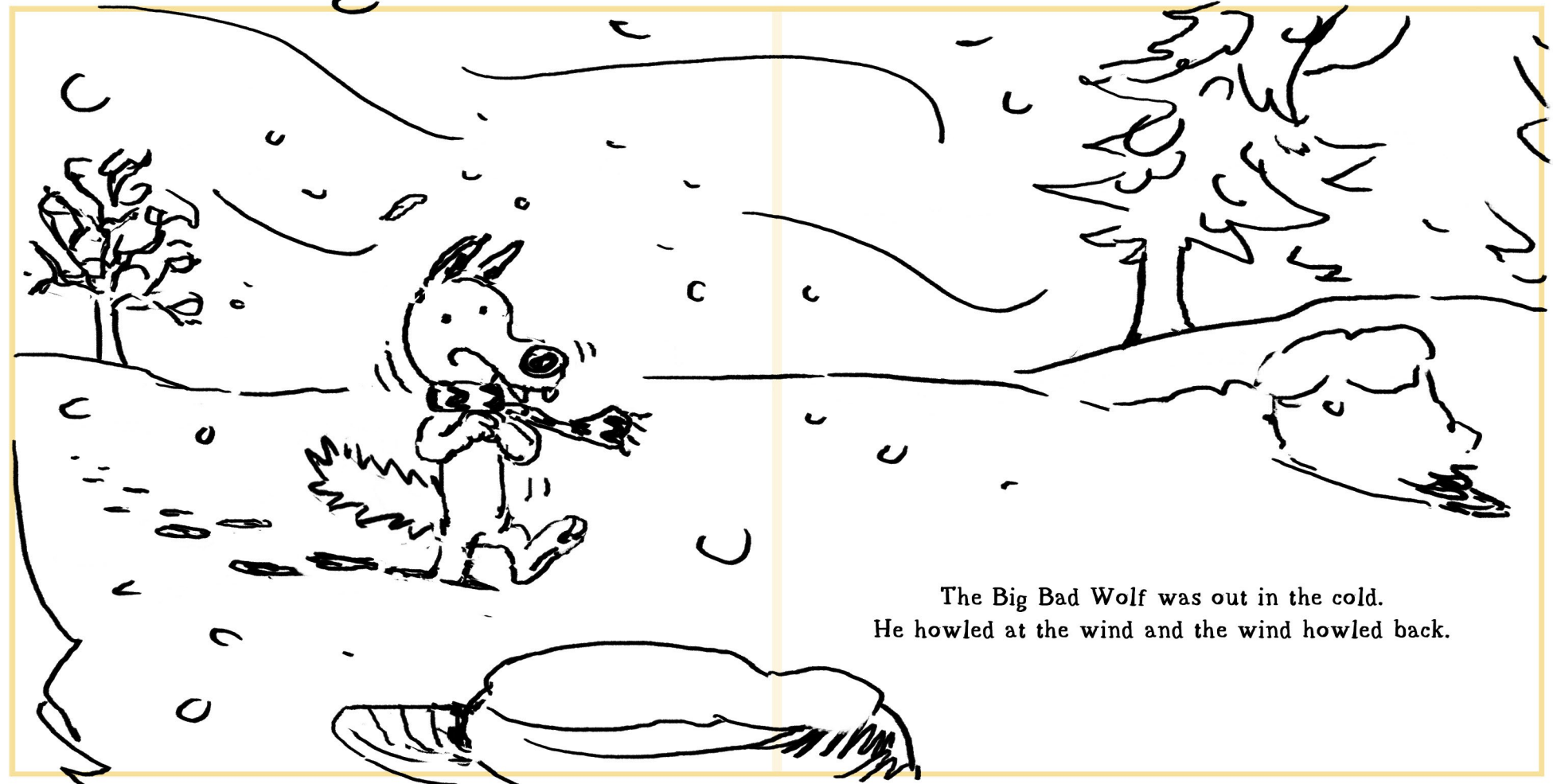


The **BIG BAD WOLF**  
has the Sniffles



by **Louis Decrevel**  
(and his kids)

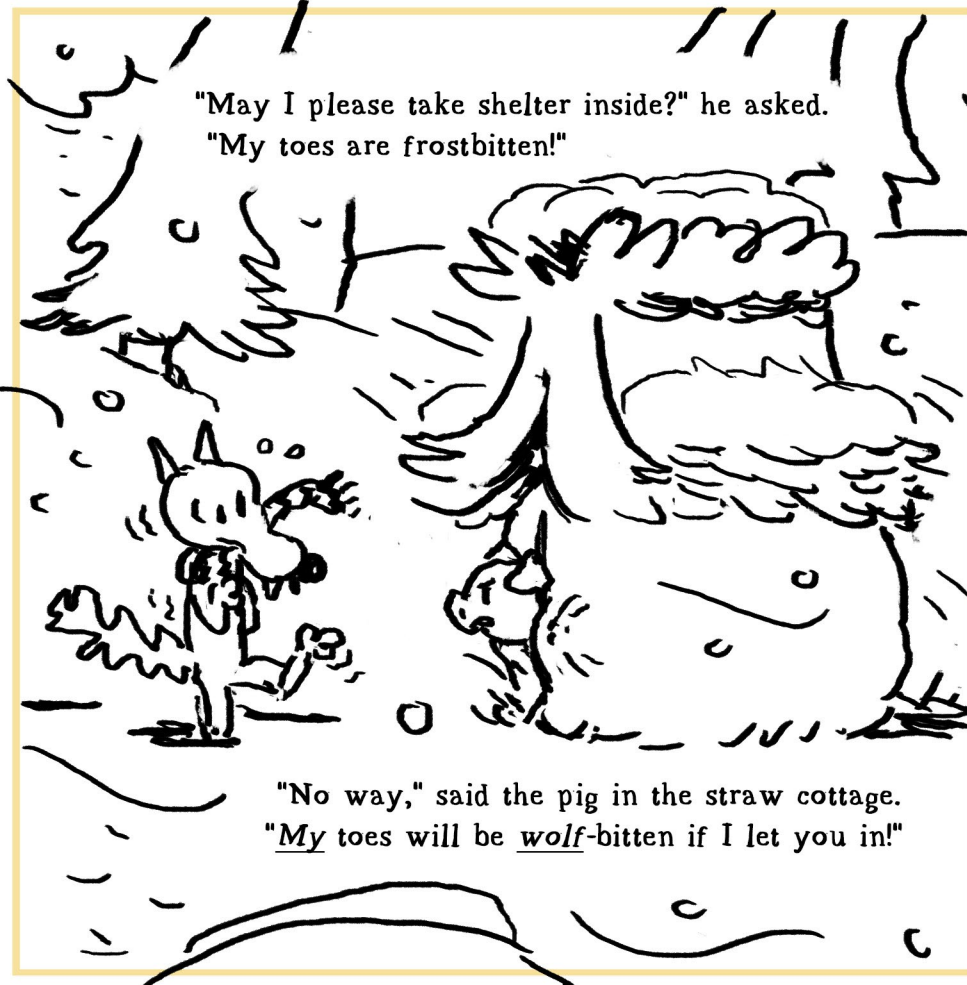


The Big Bad Wolf was out in the cold.  
He howled at the wind and the wind howled back.

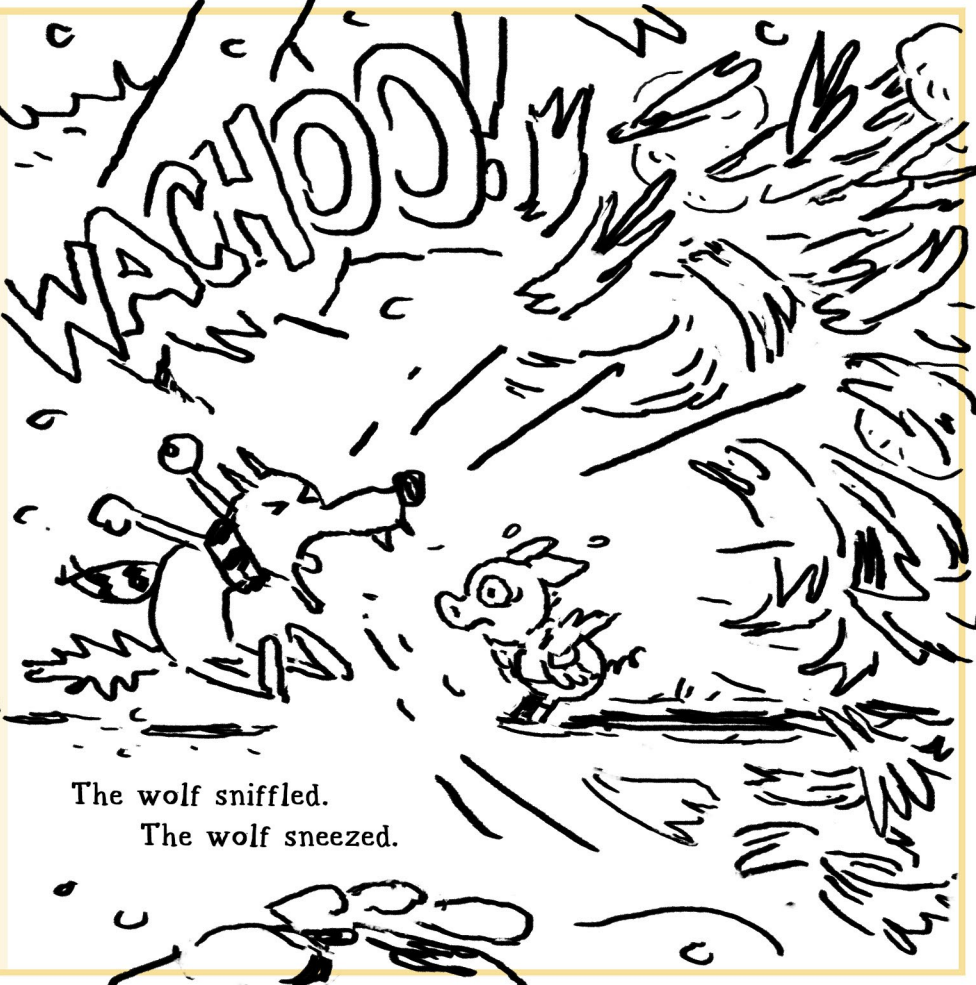
He spotted a cosy straw cottage  
and knocked on the cosy straw door.



"May I please take shelter inside?" he asked.  
"My toes are frostbitten!"



"No way," said the pig in the straw cottage.  
"My toes will be wolf-bitten if I let you in!"



The wolf sniffled.  
The wolf sneezed.



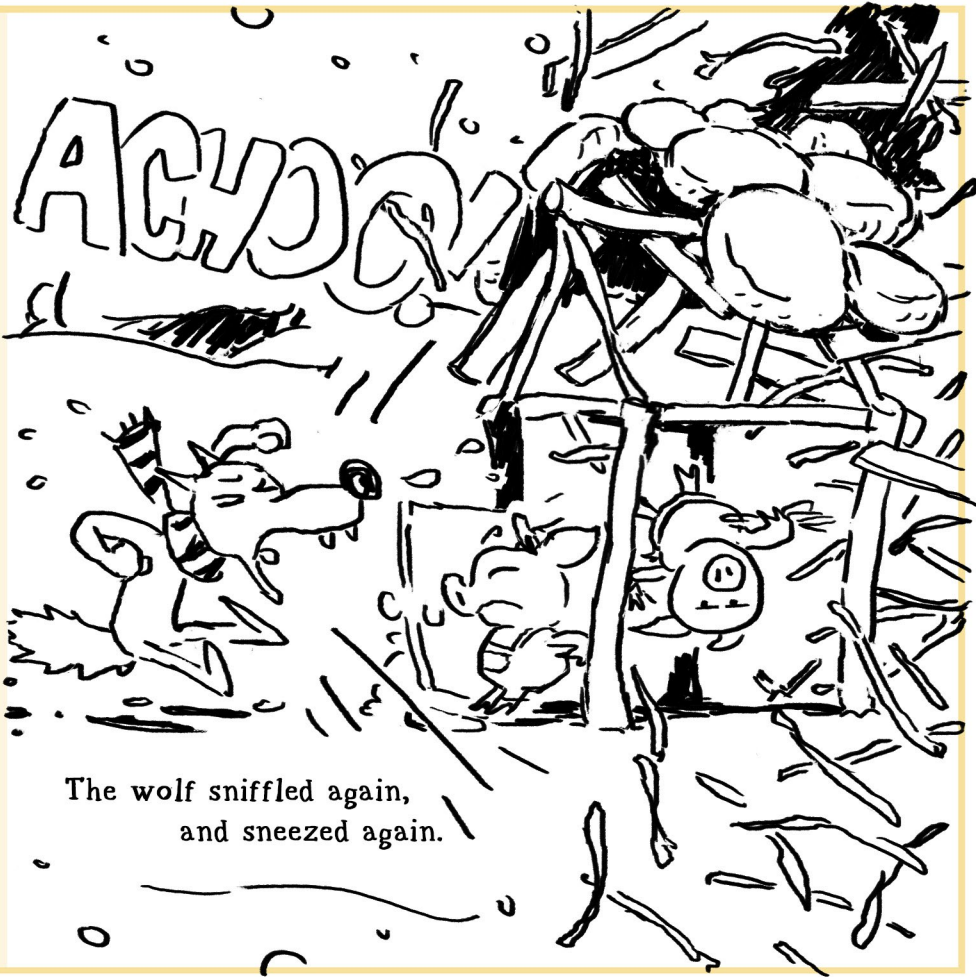
The pig ran to his brother's sturdy stick cabin,  
to take shelter from the wind and the wolf.



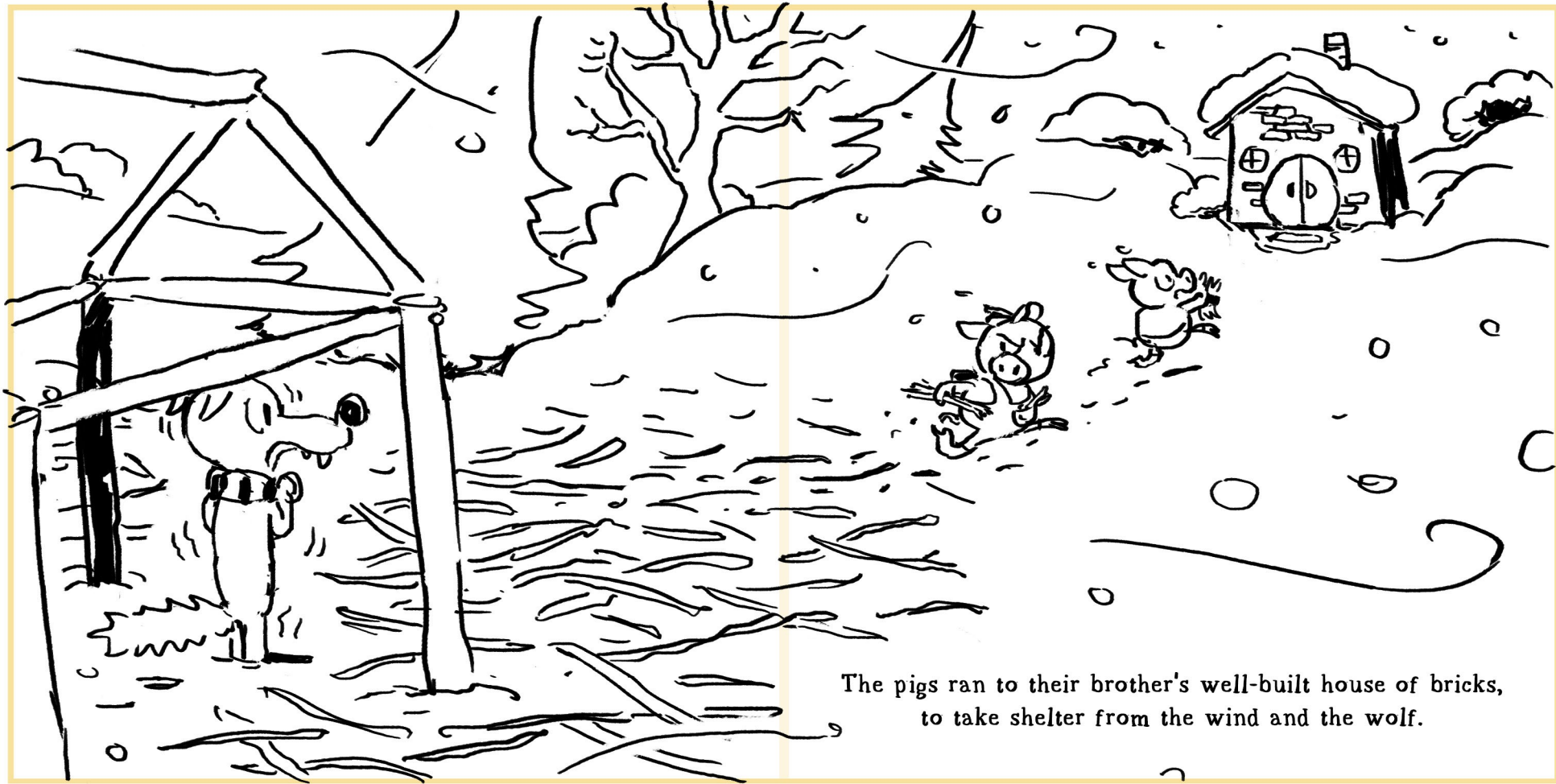
"It's bitterly cold, and my nose is dripping,"  
chattered the wolf. "Please let me in."



"No chance," said the pigs in the stick cabin.  
"You'll roast us in dripping if we let you in."



The wolf sniffled again,  
and sneezed again.



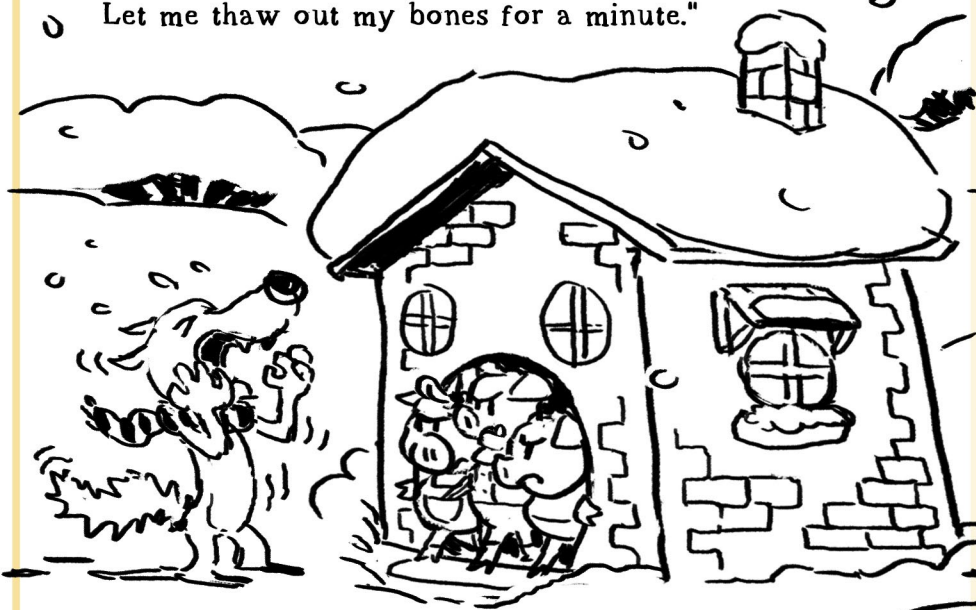
The pigs ran to their brother's well-built house of bricks,  
to take shelter from the wind and the wolf.



"Pleeease let me in, I'm ever so cold!" wailed the wolf.

"My ribs are like ice, and I can't feel my tail!

Let me thaw out my bones for a minute."



"You'll gnaw on our bones if we let you in.  
You should've prepared for the winter."



The wolf sniffled and sneezed again,  
but the house of bricks didn't even budge.



The pigs shivered inside their brother's house of bricks.

"I'd light a fire," he said, "but I don't have any kindling."

"I've got some straw  
we can use for kindling,"  
said the first pig,  
"if only we had some wood."



"Well these sticks  
will burn nicely,"  
said the second pig,  
"but how can we start it?"

"Perhaps I can make a spark  
with these flinty bricks,"  
said the third pig.

They got a fire going and soon  
the house was toasty.





"Please,

please,

pleeease,

let me warm my tummy by the fire!"  
howled the wolf.

"Look at him," said the first pig. "He really is cold out there,  
and here we are, hogging all the heat."

"I suppose you're right," said the second pig. "Maybe we  
should let him in—until he's warmed up."

"Okay Wolf," said the third, opening the door.  
"We'll have you for supper."





But ...  
the Big Bad Wolf  
had the pigs for supper.



The pigs felt around their woeful house of wolf.  
"It's so dark!" one said. "If only we could see."

"Well, this is the last straw,"  
said the first pig,  
pulling the last straw from his pocket.



"I get your drift,"  
said the second,  
brandishing  
some sticks.

"Aha," said the third, taking a  
broken brick from his sack.

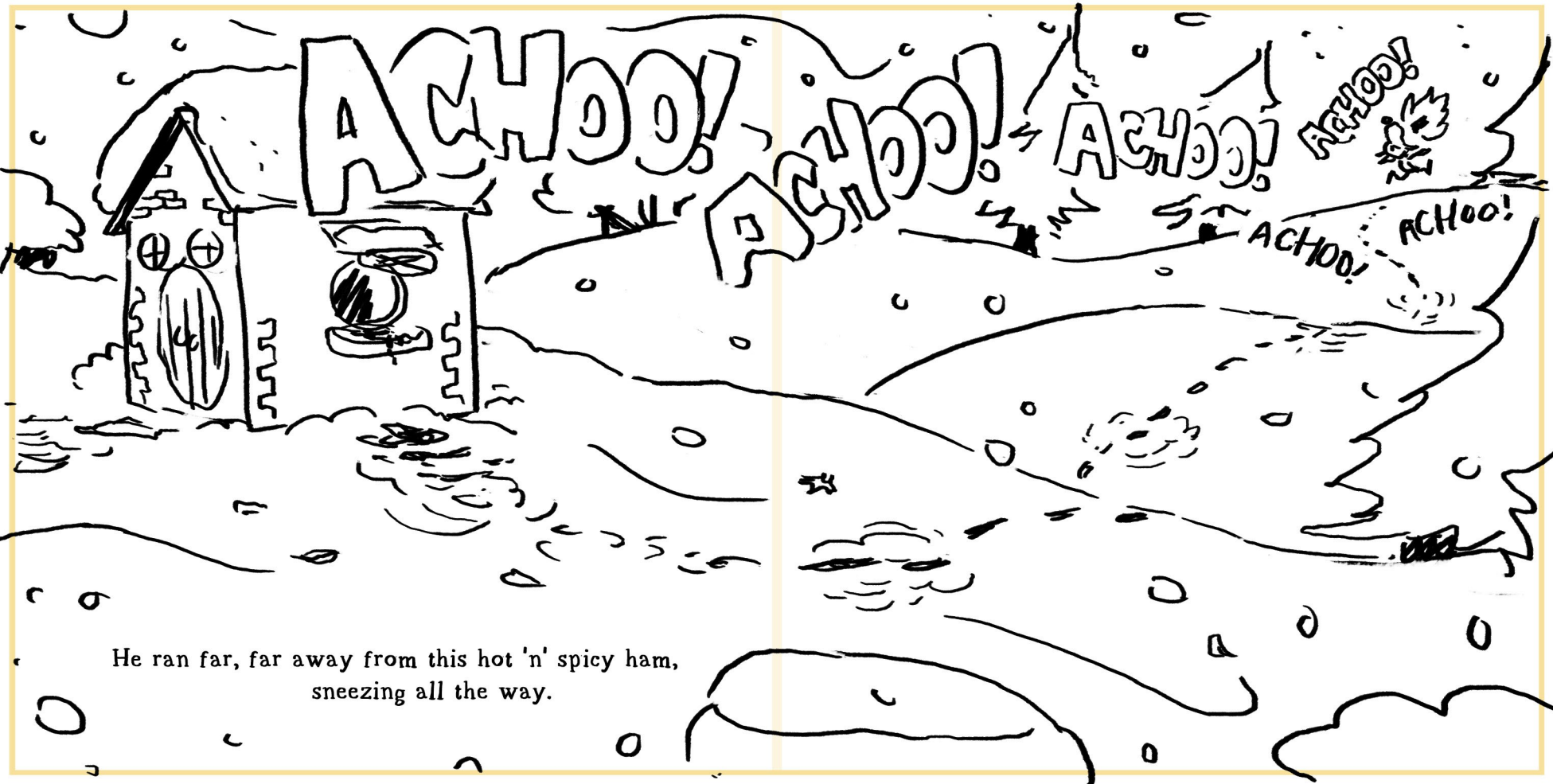


A roaring blaze soon warmed the wolf's tummy  
and smoke poured from his nostrils. He sniffled ...





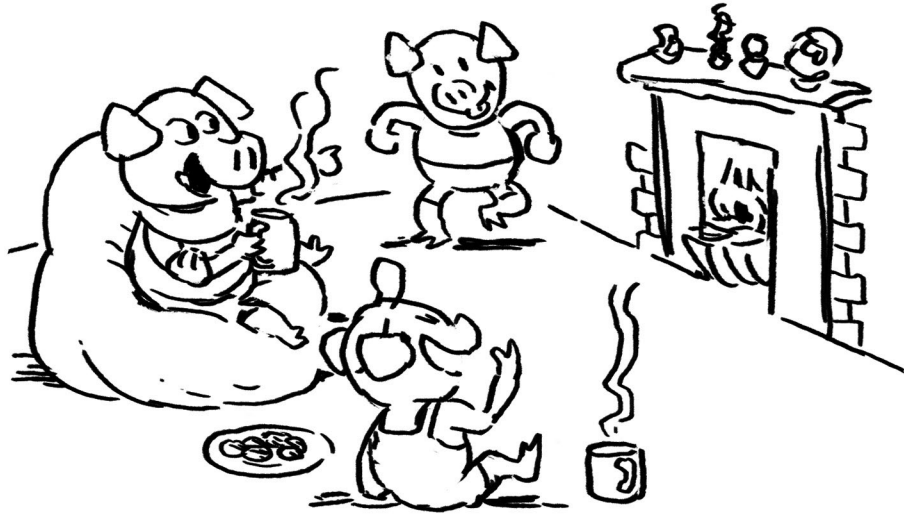
... and sneezed.



He ran far, far away from this hot 'n' spicy ham,  
sneezing all the way.

Back inside their well-built house of bricks,  
the three brothers locked the door tight.

And warming their wee little trotters by the fire,  
they had hot cocoa and roasted chestnuts,  
and hunkered down for the winter.



*The End.*