

Forgotten Fairy Tales

Retold by

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The New Three Little Pigs

Once upon a time, years and years ago, just beyond the rainbow, there lived a mother pig and three of the pinkest, roundest piglets you have ever seen.

One sunny morning when the piglets awoke, they saw their oldest brother, Sam, looking at a map. Pinky and Willie rushed to look at the map. "Where're we going Sam?"

"Brothers, we're all grown up now and must go seek our fortune," Sam said.

"But Mamma won't go. She will soon have more piglets to look after," Pinky answered.

"Don't worry, I'll take care of that." Sam put down the map and searched for his mother. Pinky and Willy followed close behind. They found her snuggled in a bed of straw. When she saw them, she invited them to join her for a nap.

"Mamma, we love you, but we are growing up and must go out into the world and make new lives for ourselves," said Sam.

"Yes, the time has come. I will have new piglets to take care of very soon. Come and kiss me good-bye," said mother pig. "But, be careful; watch out for the wicked old wolf, use common sense in all you do, then you will be successful. To start you off, I will give each of you a gold coin." She dug deep into the straw and brought out three gold coins. She gave each little pig one gold coin. Take good care of your coin, for many people will try to take it from you.

They kissed their mother good-bye, and off went the three little pigs on the journey of their new lives.

Now, Willie, the first little pig, was a wee bit lazy and a mite stingy and soon he met a man with a bundle of straw. "I could make a house of straw very quickly," he said to himself.

"Please kind sir, I am a young man out to seek my fortune. Could you give me some straw to build my house?" asked the first little pig.

"I have too much straw for my wheelbarrow; I will gladly give you as much as you need," said the kind man.

Quick as a wink, the little pig began to build his house of straw and hid his gold coin in his pocket.

The town where the three pigs settled was very small and soon the news spread that the piglets were on their own and that their mother had given them each a gold coin to start them on their way.

When Mr. Wolf heard the news, he started right away on a plan to get the three gold coins for his pocket. So, he started his search to find the Three Little Pigs that very day.

Soon, the wolf found where Willie had built his house. "My, my, my look at this silly little house made of straw." He walked boldly to the front door, knocked three times and said: "Little Pig, Little Pig, let me in or I'll huff and I'll puff and blow your house down,"

"No, no, no, not by the hair of my Chinny, Chin, Chin, will I let you come in, "Go Away!" shouted Willie, the first little pig.

So do you know what happened?

That wolf was so angry that he huffed and puffed and huffed and puffed until the straw flew in all directions and right into the face of that wicked wolf, and he coughed and coughed and rubbed his eyes. It gave the first little pig time to run to his sister's house.

The second little pig whose name was Pinky, loved to play the flute. She took her gold coin, bought a flute and put the rest of the money in her pocket. Then, she went deep into the forest, where things were a bit quieter, and built her house of sticks.

But, before long, the wolf found out where the second little pig lived and started on his way to the little pig's house. The wolf knocked three times on the door, then shouted, "Little Pig, little pig, let me in, or I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down."

"No, no, no" said Pinky. "Not by the hair of my Chinny, chin, chin, will I let you come in, Go Away!"

So, the wolf became so angry he began to huff and puff and huff and puff and the sticks began to fly all around, one stick hit the wolf right in the stomach. Then Pinky and her brother had chance to run to their brother, Sam's house.

Now, the third little pig was very wise. He took his gold coin, bought bricks and built a very strong house, with comfortable furniture, and seeds for a large garden so that he could sell fresh vegetables to the townspeople. What a wise little pig he was.

One day while he was working in his garden, his brother and sister came running up the path, out of breath, shouting to their brother that the big bad wolf was after them.

"Come quickly into my sturdy house, the wolf won't get us here," said Sam.

Before long, the wolf was pounding on the door. “Little pigs, little pigs, let me in or I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house down.”

“No, no, no, not by the hair of my Chinny, Chin, Chin, will I let you in,” said the third little pig. “Go Away!”

“Then I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house down”, said the wicked old wolf.

The wolf took a deep breath, and huffed and puffed and huffed and puffed and huffed and puffed and he even took another deeper breath and he huffed and he puffed, but you know and I know that he could not blow that little sturdy brick house down.

The wolf felt very angry. Then using a very sweet voice, he said, “Can I come in to have some tea with you, I feel faint with so much huffing.”

Now the third little pig was very bright and remembered what his mother had said about using plain common sense. So carefully, he took down the blue teapot, put in boiling water and half a cup of hot red pepper.

“Of course, Mr. Wolf, please come in. Our mother always taught us good manners and to use plain common sense,” Sam said.

Into the house that silly old wolf went. He sat down at the neat little table and lifting his teacup, he said, “Your mother is very wise. You should always follow her advice.” And with one huge gulp, down went the hot, peppery tea, into that silly old wolf.

“Ouw, ouw, ouw”, howled the old wolf and out the door, he ran, howling all the way.

The wise little pigs never saw the gray wolf again. But they lived a long life, very sensibly, of course, and very happily.

The End

The Gingerbread Boy

Once upon a time, somewhere over the rainbow, lived the sweetest little old woman and little old man that you could ever know.

It was well known all over the countryside that these two were wonderful cooks. “What will we make today?” the little old woman asked her husband. “Let’s make something very special to take to our grandchildren.

“Now, let me see – sugar and spice an all things nice, with just a little pinch of ginger.” Round and round the mixture went into a big blue bowl until it formed a nice soft ball of dough. “Just a pinch here and another there,” the little old lady said. And, before long, there was the roundest, brownest gingerbread boy you could imagine. “Now raisins for his eyes – icing for his smile and now my little gingerbread boy into the oven you go!” she said.

With the gingerbread boy cooking nicely in the oven the little old woman began to clean her neat little cottage; and the little old man went outside to work in the garden. Suddenly – “Let me out, let me out!” The old woman was surprised to hear the oven talking to her. She opened the oven door very slowly, peeked in, and out popped the little gingerbread boy. His sturdy little legs began running as fast as they could. “Come back gingerbread boy!” cried the old woman, but faster and faster he ran – out the kitchen window he ran – “you can’t catch me. I’m the gingerbread boy.”

On down the path and into the forest ran the gingerbread boy, on an on until he saw a large brown bear along the side of the road. “Come over here,” said the bear, “Let me see your beautiful raisin eyes.”

“Oh no – I’ll not come,” the gingerbread boy answered.

“Then I’ll catch you!” growled the big brown bear.

“You can’t catch me! I ran away from the little old woman and the little old man and I’ll bet you can’t catch me – I’m the Gingerbread boy.”

Although the big brown bear ran as fast as he could, he could not catch the gingerbread boy.

On and on ran the gingerbread boy until he saw a big fluffy rabbit on the path. “Stop little gingerbread boy!” said the rabbit.

“Oh no, I’ll not stop,” said the gingerbread boy.

“Then I’ll have to catch you”, said the rabbit. Although the rabbit had strong back legs and was very quick, the little gingerbread boy soon out ran him. “You can’t catch me, I’m the gingerbread boy! I ran away from the little old woman and the little old man, a big brown bear and I can run away from you – I can, I can.”

Far behind the rabbit gave up and watched as the little gingerbread boy ran out of sight. How free the little gingerbread boy felt, running so fast, on an on through the woods he ran.

The gingerbread boy suddenly saw a big grey wolf in the distance. He shouted to him, “Hello Mr. Wolf, I’ll bet you can’t catch me – because I am the little gingerbread boy. I can run faster than anyone – even you. I ran away from the little old woman, the little old man, a big brown bear, a fluffy rabbit and I can run away from you – I can, I can!”

“Oh I’m sure you can,” said the wolf. He turned around and began to walk away. The gingerbread boy stopped running. “Don’t you want to catch me?” “No”, said the wolf. “It’s just plain silly to run and run – where are you going?” “I don’t know,” said the gingerbread boy,

remembering the beautiful home he had left, the nice little old woman, and little old man. “I wonder what the grandchildren look like,” he whispered to himself. But, all the while the wolf was getting closer and closer. “Look out little gingerbread boy!” sang two friendly blue jays.

Quick as a wink, the gingerbread boy began to run – back through the forest leaving the wolf, the rabbit and the bear far behind. He ran until he could see the small, neat cottage with the beautiful garden.

“I’m home”, said the little gingerbread boy, “right where I belong.”

How happy the little old woman and the little old man were, their little gingerbread boy was home!

The End

The New Goldilocks
And The Three Bears

Once upon a time, somewhere beyond the rainbow, there were three bears that lived in a cottage in the middle of a great forest. There was a great big father bear, who spoke in a deep, growly voice. A middle-sized mother bear, who spoke in a soft middle-sized voice, and a wee little baby bear that spoke in a wee little squeaky voice.

One bright summer morning, Mother Bear made Baby Bear's favorite breakfast – PORRIDGE! She took down three china bowls and filled them to the brim. Then they all sat down to eat. The steam from the porridge turned Mother Bear's eyeglasses into two white clouds.

“This porridge is much too hot to eat,” said Father Bear. “Let's put on our sneakers and go jogging in the woods. When we get back, our porridge will be just right.”

So, the three bears put on their warm-up suits, tied their sneakers tightly, and out into the forest they went.

Father Bear first, Mother Bear second, and the wee little Baby Bear close behind.

“What was that noise?” asked a little girl collecting flowers for her mother. Goldilocks, looked up and down the forest path, but the three bears had disappeared.

“It must have been the wind,” she said as she continued to pick beautiful wild flowers, until she saw a little cottage surrounded by ruby red morning glories. “Oh, what a lovely house,” she said. “I'll just drop in to say hello.”

Goldilocks walked up to the door and knocked. “Anyone home?” she asked.

Then she smelled the delicious porridge. “Yum, yum – PORRIDGE. I'm sure they wouldn't mind if I took a tiny taste. I'm so hungry.”

But, Goldilocks's eyes were bigger than her stomach, so she decided to eat Father Bear's porridge.

"This porridge is much too hot to eat," she said.

Next, she tried the middle-sized bowl. "Oh, this porridge is much too cold."

Then she tasted the porridge in Baby Bear's bowl . . . and it was just right. So, she ate and ate. "Oh, oh! I've eaten it all up," she giggled.

"I wonder who lives here?" Goldilocks said. She walked into the neat little living room. There she saw three chairs. "I'll just rest for a moment or two, then I'll be on my way," she thought.

Of course, Goldilocks thought she was a very big girl and decided to sit on the biggest chair. But, when she climbed up and sat down, she didn't like it at all.

"This chair is much too high and much too hard for me," she said.

Then she tried Mother Bear's chair. "This chair is much too soft and rolly polly for me. I can hardly get out," she giggled.

Just then, she saw Baby Bear's little red rocking chair. Her eyes began to sparkle as she sat down.

"This chair is just right for me." Goldilocks began to rock. She rocked higher and higher – suddenly, the chair crashed and broke all to pieces.

"I'm sorry, little someone. I've broken your chair," she cried.

When she had wiped away her tears, she saw a stairway.

“I wonder what’s up there?” she said. “I’ll just take the tiniest peek.”

So, up the stairs she went – the broken chair forgotten.

“Oh my! Three beds. A great big bed, a middle-sized bed, and a tiny wee one.”

Goldilocks began to yawn.

“I’ll climb up on this big bed and take a little nap.” Goldilocks yawned again.

But try as she might, she could not fall asleep. “This bed is much too high and much too hard for me,” she said as she hopped off the bed.

Next, Goldilocks climbed into the middle-sized bed. She began to laugh as she bounced to the bottom of the soft roly polly bed. “This bed is much too soft for me,” she said.

Then she saw the wee little bed. “This little bed looks just right for me.” And, after she fluffed the pillow, she put her head down and her eyes closed. She was fast asleep!

Before long, the three bears returned from their jogging.

“Our door is open,” said Baby Bear in his wee little squeaky voice.

“Be careful, some wild animal might have broken into our home,” said Father Bear as he took off his sneakers.

Then all three bears went very quietly into the little cottage. Father Bear first . . .

Mother Bear second . . .

and Baby Bear close behind.

“Someone’s been eating my porridge,” said Father Bear in his great big growly voice.

“Look, someone’s been eating my porridge,” said Mother Bear in her soft middle-sized voice.

“Someone’s been eating my porridge, and ate it all up!” Baby Bear cried in his not so wee little voice.

Then the three bears walked into the living room.

“Someone’s been sitting on my chair,” growled Father Bear in his great big growly voice.

“Someone’s been sitting on my chair,” said Mother Bear in her not so soft middle-sized voice.

“Someone’s been sitting in my chair, and broke it all to pieces,” Baby Bear’s voice was not the wee little voice he had always had because he was crying so loud.

“I’m going upstairs and see who is in our little house,” whispered Father Bear.

So, every so softly, the three bears climbed the stairs.

Father Bear first . . .

Mother Bear second . . .

... and Baby Bear close behind.

“Someone’s been sleeping in my bed,” Father Bear said in his great big growly voice.

“Heavens to Betsy – someone’s been sleeping in MY bed,” said Mother Bear in her soft middle-sized voice.

“Someone’s been sleeping in my bed, and that someone is still there!” squeaked Baby Bear in a VERY LOUD voice.

Goldilocks opened her eyes. When she saw the three bears, she was so frightened that she jumped up out of bed, ran down the stairs, and out the door. . . without even saying ‘Thank You’!

“Come back little someone, I want to play,” called Baby Bear from the window.

But, Goldilocks ran so fast that all you could see was a cloud of dust on the path.

So, if you ever walking in the forest, and you smell porridge cooking, you might go in for just a wee little taste. I’m sure the three bears would be very happy to see . . .

... a little someone like YOU!

The End

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