



WEEK 31

ASSIGNMENT PACKET

This week we'll look at criminal and civil law.

- Criminal law deals with crimes, which are defined as offenses against society. If you ever noticed in TV shows and movies, it's always the State of Ohio (or New York or whatever) versus the defendant, instead of the victim suing the defendant. Crimes can be serious ones, called felonies, such as murder or kidnapping, or less serious ones, called misdemeanors.
- Civil law deals with people suing each other. Sometimes, people can be convicted of a crime (like murder) and then be sued by the victim's family in civil court. You typically sue people for money to compensate the victims for the offense. In criminal law, people are taken to court for crimes. In civil law, people are taken to court for something called torts.

There are special protections for people accused of crimes (think of when people are read their rights ... being provided a lawyer, not being able to be forced into answering questions, etc.). You also cannot be tried for the same crime twice (double jeopardy). However, you CAN be tried for the same offense in both criminal and civil court. A full explanation of crimes (criminal law) and torts (civil law) can be found in the BLAW 1 text on the class website.

The project for this week is attached. You will select a fairy tale and prepare a Google Slides presentation responding to the questions about the crimes and torts you find in the story (the fairy tales are provided at the end of the packet). Have some fun with this ... you've probably never thought about these stories from a legal perspective and may have even sided with the criminal (like Goldilocks)!

Please reach out to me with questions!

Once Upon a Crime



Fairy tales can teach us a lot about criminal and civil law. Really ... just think about it for a minute. These stories are FULL of crimes and torts! And the characters in these fairy tales are waiting for their day in court. This is their day, my friends. This is their day.

You should choose a fairy tale – Goldilocks, Hansel & Gretel, Jack and the Bean Stalk, Little Red Riding Hood, Pinocchio, Rapunzel, Rumpelstiltskin, Snow White, The Gingerbread Man, or The Three Little Pigs. Read over the fairy tale to make sure you remember the details (it's probably been a while since you've heard the story).

Then prepare a detailed presentation in Google Slides with your responses to the following questions:

CRIMINAL LAW

Determine what crimes were allegedly committed in the fairy tale.

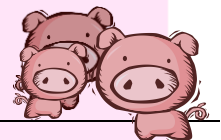
1. List ALL of the crimes and who committed them;
2. Indicate what type of crime each one is (crime against a person, realty, etc.);
3. Show that the 3 elements of a crime are present in each crime;
4. Provide a possible defense for each crime. Also, tell what the possible punishment is.
5. WHAT'S YOUR VERDICT?



CIVIL LAW

Determine what torts were allegedly committed in the fairy tale.

1. List the torts (what could someone sue for) and who the parties would be in the law suit;
2. Indicate what type of tort each one is (intentional, negligence, strict liability);
3. Show that the 4 elements of a tort are present in each tort;
4. Provide a possible defense for each tort. Also, tell what the character could sue for.
5. WHAT'S YOUR VERDICT?



REFERENCE GUIDE

TYPES OF CRIMES

ELEMENTS: DUTY, BREACH, CRIMINAL INTENT

CRIMES AGAINST A PERSON

Assault, Battery, Kidnapping, Rape, Murder 123, Voluntary/Involuntary Manslaughter

CRIMES AGAINST PROPERTY

Larceny/Theft, Robbery, Embezzlement, False Pretenses, Extortion/Blackmail, Bribery, Forgery/Bad Checks, Receiving Stolen Property

CRIMES AGAINST GOVERNMENT & COURTS

Treason, Tax Evasion, Perjury

CRIMES AGAINST PUBLIC PEACE & ORDER

Rioting, Disorderly Conduct, Illegal Speeding

CRIMES AGAINST REALTY

Burglary, Arson, Criminal Trespass

CRIMES AGAINST DECENCY

Obscenity, Bigamy, Prostitution



TYPES OF TORTS

ELEMENTS: DUTY, BREACH, INJURY, CAUSATION

COMMON INTENTIONAL TORTS

Assault & Battery
False Imprisonment
Defamation
Invasion of Privacy
Trespass to Land
Conversion
Interference with Contractual Relations
Fraud

TORTS OF NEGLIGENCE

Negligence

STRICT LIABILITY TORTS

Strict Liability



The Story of Goldilocks and the Three Bears

Once upon a time, there was a little girl named Goldilocks. She went for a walk in the forest. Pretty soon, she came upon a house. She knocked and, when no one answered, she walked right in.

At the table in the kitchen, there were three bowls of porridge. Goldilocks was hungry. She tasted the porridge from the first bowl.

"This porridge is too hot!" she exclaimed.

So, she tasted the porridge from the second bowl.

"This porridge is too cold," she said

So, she tasted the last bowl of porridge.

"Ahhh, this porridge is just right," she said happily and she ate it all up.

After she'd eaten the three bears' breakfasts she decided she was feeling a little tired. So, she walked into the living room where she saw three chairs. Goldilocks sat in the first chair to rest her feet.

"This chair is too big!" she exclaimed.

So she sat in the second chair.

"This chair is too big, too!" she whined.

So she tried the last and smallest chair.

"Ahhh, this chair is just right," she sighed. But just as she settled down into the chair to rest, it broke into pieces!

Goldilocks was very tired by this time, so she went upstairs to the bedroom. She lay down in the first bed, but it was too hard. Then she lay in the second bed, but it was too soft. Then she lay down in the third bed and it was just right. Goldilocks fell asleep.

As she was sleeping, the three bears came home.

"Someone's been eating my porridge," growled the Papa bear.

"Someone's been eating my porridge," said the Mama bear.

"Someone's been eating my porridge and they ate it all up!" cried the Baby bear.

"Someone's been sitting in my chair," growled the Papa bear.

"Someone's been sitting in my chair," said the Mama bear.

"Someone's been sitting in my chair and they've broken it all to pieces," cried the Baby bear.

They decided to look around some more and when they got upstairs to the bedroom, Papa bear growled, "Someone's been sleeping in my bed,"

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed, too" said the Mama bear

"Someone's been sleeping in my bed and she's still there!" exclaimed Baby bear.

Just then, Goldilocks woke up and saw the three bears. She screamed, "Help!" And she jumped up and ran out of the room. Goldilocks ran down the stairs, opened the door, and ran away into the forest. And she never returned to the home of the three bears.

Hansel and Gretel

Once upon a time, on the edge of a great forest, there lived a very poor woodcutter with his wife and his two children, Hansel and Gretel. His second wife often ill-treated the children and was forever nagging the woodcutter. The family had little enough to eat, and once there was a great famine in the land the man could no longer even get them their daily bread. "There is not enough food in the house for us all. There are too many mouths to feed! We must get rid of the two brats," she declared. And she kept on trying to persuade her husband to abandon his children in the forest.

"Take them miles from home, so far that they can never find their way back! Maybe someone will find them and give them a home." The downcast woodcutter didn't know what to do. Hansel who, one evening, had overheard his parents' conversation, comforted Gretel.

"Don't worry! If they do leave us in the forest, we'll find the way home," he said. And slipping out of the house he filled his pockets with little white pebbles, then went back to bed. All night long, the woodcutter's wife harped on and on at her husband till, at dawn, he led Hansel and Gretel away into the forest. But as they went into the depths of the trees, Hansel dropped a little white pebble here and there on the mossy green ground. At a certain point, the two children found they really were alone: the woodcutter had plucked up enough courage to desert them, had mumbled an excuse and was gone. Night fell but the woodcutter did not return. Gretel began to sob bitterly. Hansel too felt scared but he tried to hide his feelings and comfort his sister.

"Don't cry, trust me! I swear I'll take you home even if Father doesn't come back for us!" Luckily the moon was full that night and Hansel waited till its cold light filtered through the trees. The moon was shining bright as day, and the white pebbles glittered like new silver coins.

"Now give me your hand!" he said. "We'll get home safely, you'll see!" The tiny white pebbles gleaming in the moonlight showed the children their way home. They crept through a half-open window, without wakening their parents. Cold, tired but thankful to be home again, they slipped into bed.

Next day, when their stepmother discovered that Hansel and Gretel had returned, she went into a rage. Stifling her anger in front of the children, she locked her bedroom door, reproaching her husband for failing to carry out her orders. The weak woodcutter protested, torn as he was between shame and fear of disobeying his cruel wife. The wicked stepmother kept Hansel and Gretel under lock and key all day with nothing for supper but a sip of water and some hard bread. All night, husband and wife quarreled, and when dawn came, the woodcutter led the children out into the forest. Hansel,

however, had not eaten his bread, and as he walked through the trees, he left a trail of crumbs behind him to mark the way. But the little boy had forgotten about the hungry birds that lived in the forest. When they saw him, they flew along behind and in no time at all, had eaten all the crumbs. Again, with a lame excuse, the woodcutter left his two children by themselves.

"I've left a trail, like last time!" Hansel whispered to Gretel, consolingly. But when night fell, they saw to their horror, that all the crumbs had gone. "I'm frightened!" wept Gretel bitterly. "I'm cold and hungry and I want to go home!"

"Don't be afraid. I'm here to look after you!" Hansel tried to encourage his sister, but he too shivered when he glimpsed frightening shadows and evil eyes around them in the darkness. All night the two children huddled together for warmth at the foot of a large tree. When dawn broke, they started to wander about the forest, seeking a path, but all hope soon faded. They were well and truly lost. On they walked and walked, till suddenly they came upon a strange cottage in the middle of a glade.

"This is chocolate!" gasped Hansel as he broke a lump of plaster from the wall.

"And this is icing!" exclaimed Gretel, putting another piece of wall in her mouth. Starving but delighted, the children began to eat pieces of candy broken off the cottage.

"Isn't this delicious?" said Gretel, with her mouth full. She had never tasted anything so nice.

"We'll stay here," Hansel declared, munching a bit of nougat. They were just about to try a piece of the biscuit door when it quietly swung open.

"Well, well!" said an old woman, peering out with a crafty look. "And haven't you children a sweet tooth?"

"Come in! Come in, you've nothing to fear!" went on the old woman. Unluckily for Hansel and Gretel, however, the sugar candy cottage belonged to an old witch, her trap for catching unwary victims. The two children had come to a really nasty place

"We'll get to work on that," said Hansel, "and have a real feast. I'll eat a piece of the roof. Gretel, you can eat some of the window--that will taste real sweet."

Hansel reached up and broke off a little of the roof., to see how it tasted, and Gretel went up to the windowpane and nibbled on it. Then a shrill voice called out from inside the house: "Nibble, nibble, little mouse, Who is nibbling at my house?"

The children answered: "It is not I; it is not I--It is the wind, the child of the sky."

And they went on eating without stopping. The roof tasted awfully good to Hansel, so he tore off a great big piece of it, and Gretel pushed out a whole round windowpane, and sat down and really enjoyed it.

All at once the door opened, and a woman as old as the hills, leaning on crutches, came creeping out. Hansel and Gretel were so frightened that they dropped what they had in their hands. But the old woman just nodded her head and said: "My, my dear children, who has brought you here? Come right in and stay with me. No harm will befall you."

But the old woman had only pretended to be so friendly, really she was a wicked witch who lay in wait for children, and had built the house of bread and sugar just to lure them inside. Witches have red eyes and can't see far, but they have a keen sense of smell, like animals, so that they can tell whenever human beings are near. When a child came into her power she would kill it, cook it, and eat it. She took both of them by the hand and led them into her little house. Then she set nice food before them--milk and pancakes with sugar, apples, and nuts. After that she made up two beautiful white beds for them, and Hansel and Gretel lay down in them and thought they were in heaven. It would be a real feast for her.

Early in the morning, before the children were awake, she was already up, and when she saw both of them fast asleep and looking so darling, with their rosy fat cheeks, she muttered to herself: "That will be a nice bite!" Then she seized Hansel with her shriveled hands and shut him up in a little cage with a grating in the lid, and locked it; and scream as he would, it didn't help him any. Then she went to Gretel, shook her till she woke up, and cried, "Get up, you lazy creature, fetch some water and cook your brother something good. He has to stay in the cage and get fat. As soon as he's fat I'll eat him." Gretel began to cry as if her heart would break, but it was all no use. She had to do what the wicked witch told her to do.

Now the finest food was cooked for poor Hansel, but Gretel got nothing but crab shells. Every morning the old woman would creep out to the cage and cry, "Hansel put your finger out so I can feel whether you are getting fat." But Hansel would put out a bone, and the old woman's eyes were so bad that she couldn't tell that, but thought it was Hansel's finger, and she just couldn't understand why he didn't get fat.

When four weeks had gone by and Hansel still was as thin as ever, she completely lost patience, and was willing to wait no longer. "Come on Gretel, hurry up and get some water! Whether he's fat or thin, tomorrow I'll kill Hansel and cook him."

Oh, how the poor little sister did grieve as she had to get the water, and how the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Light the oven," she told Gretel. "We're going to have a tasty roasted boy today!" A little later, hungry and impatient, she went on: "Run and see if the oven is hot enough. First we'll bake," said the old woman. "I've already heated the oven and kneaded the dough." She pushed poor Gretel up to the oven, out of which the flames were already shooting up fiercely. "Crawl in," said the witch, "and see whether it's got hot enough for us to put the bread in. And when Gretel was in, she'd close the oven and Gretel would be baked, and then she'd eat her too. But Gretel saw what she was up to, and said: "I don't know how to. How do I get inside?"

"Goose, Goose!" cried the witch angrily, "the oven is big enough--why, look, I can even get in myself," and she scrambled up and stuck her head in the oven. Then Gretel gave her a tremendous push, so that she fell right in, and Gretel shut the door and fastened the bolt. Oh, then she began to howl in the most dreadful way imaginable, but Gretel ran away, and the wicked witch burned to death miserably.

Gretel ran to set her brother free as fast as she could, opened the cage, and cried, "Hansel, we are saved!" The old witch is dead!" Hansel sprang out like a bird from its cage when the door is opened. How they did rejoice, and throw their arms around each other's necks, and dance around and kiss each other! Since there wasn't anything to fear, they went inside the witch's house. They ate some more of the house, until they discovered amongst the witch's belongings, a huge chocolate egg. Inside lay a casket of gold coins and precious stones. "These are better than pebbles" said Hansel, and stuck as many in his pocket as he could. "The witch is now burnt to a cinder," said Hansel, "so we'll take this treasure with us."

They filled a large basket with food, stuffed the precious stones and coins in their pockets, and set off into the forest to search for the way home. This time, luck was with them. A little white duck came to their aid as they tried to cross a wide lake. The little white duck carried them, one by one, safely, to the other side. Pretty soon they came to a wood that kept looking more and more familiar, and at last in the distance they saw their father's house. Then they started to run, burst into the living room, and threw themselves on their father's neck. Since he had left the children in the forest, he had not had a single happy hour. Their father said, weeping, "Your stepmother is dead. You are with me now, my dear children!" The two children hugged the woodcutter. Gretel shook out her apron, and pearls and precious stones rolled all over the room, and Hansel threw down out of his pocket one handful after another.

"Look, Father! We're rich now . . . You'll never have to chop wood again and we'll never be hungry again." And they all lived happily together ever after.

Jack and the Beanstalk

Once upon a time there was a poor widow who lived with her son Jack in a little house. Their wealth consisted solely of a milking cow. When the cow had grown too old, the mother sent Jack to sell it. On his way to the market, the boy met a stranger.

"I will give you five magic beans for your cow," the stranger offered. Jack was unsure and hesitated for a while but then, enticed by the idea of such an extraordinary deal, he decided to accept. When he returned home, his mother was furious and reprimanded him sternly:

"You fool! What have you done? We needed the money to buy a calf. Now we don't have anything and we are even poorer." Jack felt guilty and sad.

"Only a fool would exchange a cow for five beans," his mother fumed.

Then, at the height of her exasperation, she threw the five beans out of the window and sent Jack to bed with no dinner.

The morning after, when he stepped outside, Jack saw an amazing sight. A gigantic beanstalk, reaching far into the clouds, had grown overnight.

"The beans must have really been magic," Jack thought happily. Being very curious, the boy climbed the plant and once he reached the top of the stalk he found himself over the clouds.

While looking around in amazement, Jack saw a huge castle of grey stone.

"I wonder who lives there," he thought. Jack was very surprised to see a path leading to the castle. He cautiously stepped on the clouds and, when he saw that they held him up, he walked to the castle. As he stood in front of the huge gate, his curiosity increased. He knocked several times on the gigantic door, but no one came to open it. Jack noticed that the door wasn't locked. With great effort, he was able to push it until it creaked open.

"What are you doing here?" a thundering voice asked. The biggest woman he had ever seen was scowling at him. Jack could only mutter:

"I am lost. May I have something to eat? I am very hungry." The woman, who did not have children, looked at him a little more kindly: "Come in, quick. I will give you a bowl of milk. But be careful because my husband, the ogre, eats children. If you hear him coming, hide at once."

Jack was shaking with fear but, nonetheless, he went inside. The milk the woman gave him was very good and Jack had almost finished drinking it when they heard a tremendous noise. The ogre was home.

"Fee fi fo fum! I smell the blood of an Englishman!" the ogre shouted.

"Hide, quick!" the woman whispered, pushing Jack into the oven.

"Do I smell a child in this room?" the ogre asked suspiciously, sniffing and looking all around.

"A child?" the woman repeated. "You see and hear children everywhere. That's all you ever think about. Sit down and I'll make your dinner." The ogre, still grumbling, filled a jug of wine and drank it all with his dinner.

After having counted again and again all the gold pieces of his treasure, the ogre fell asleep with his feet propped up on the table. After a little while, his thundering snoring echoed throughout the castle. The ogre's wife went to prepare the ogre's bed and Jack, who had sneaked out of the oven, saw the gold pieces on the table and filled a little bag full of them.

"I hope he won't see me, otherwise he'll eat me whole, Jack thought while shivering with fear. Jack's heart was beating faster, not just faster because he feared the ogre but because he was very excited. Thanks to all the gold coins, he and his mother would be rich. Jack ran down the path over the clouds.

Jack arrived at the top of the giant beanstalk and began to descend as quickly as possible, hanging on the leaves and the branches. When he finally reached the ground, he found his mother waiting for him. The poor woman had been worried sick since his disappearance.

She had been frightened by the giant beanstalk. When she saw Jack come down and then triumphantly hold up the bag full of gold, she burst out crying:

"Where have you been, my son? Do you want me to die worrying? What kind of plant is this? What . . ." Jack cheerfully interrupted her, emptying the contents of the bag before her.

"You see, I did the right thing exchanging that cow for the magic beans. Now I'll tell you the whole story."

And Jack told his mother everything that had happened in detail. In the days that followed, the widow's humble house was made into a comfortable home. The gold pieces were spent to buy a lot of things Jack and his mother never had before. Mother and son were very happy. But as time went by, so did the money. When the last gold piece had been spent, Jack decided to go back to the castle above the clouds. This time the boy went inside through the kitchen and hid once again in the oven. Shortly after, the ogre came in and began to sniff about.

"I smell children," he said to his wife. But since she had seen no one come in, she didn't pay any attention to him.

Jack and the Beanstalk

After dinner, the ogre placed a hen on the table. The hen laid golden eggs. Jack saw the miraculous hen from a crack in the oven door. He waited for the ogre to fall asleep, jumped out of the oven, snatched the hen and ran out of the castle. The hen's squawking, however, woke up the ogre.

"Thief! Thief!" he shouted. But Jack was already far away. Once again, he found his mother anxiously waiting for him at the foot of the beanstalk.

"Is that all you stole? A hen?" she asked Jack, disappointed. But Jack ran, happy, to the courtyard.

"Just wait," he said to his mother. As a matter of fact, a little while later the hen laid a golden egg and continued to lay such an egg every single day after that.

By now, Jack and his mother were very wealthy. Their house was completely rebuilt. Teams of carpenters replaced the roof, added new rooms and elegant marble columns. Then they bought paintings, tapestries, Persian rugs, mirrors and many other beautiful furnishings. Their miserable shack was transformed into a luxurious home.

Jack and his mother had not forgotten their previous years of poverty and deprivation. So they chose to welcome any traveler who needed food or shelter. But wealth doesn't always bring happiness. Jack's mother suddenly fell ill or so it seemed. But not one of the many doctors who visited her could discover what her illness was. The woman was sad, ate less and less and showed no interest in life. She rarely smiled, and then only when Jack was near to her. Her son tried to cheer her up, but nothing could save the mother from her slow but inevitable decline. Even a circus's famous clown, who had been invited especially for her entertainment, received only a sad greeting.

Jack was desperate and didn't know what to do. All the hen's gold was not enough to make his mother well again. So he had another idea.

"What if I went back to the ogre's castle? Maybe there I could find the answer," he thought. He shivered with fear thinking about the giant's huge hands and mouth, but the hope of helping his mother encouraged him to face the danger again. One evening he gathered all his courage and climbed once more the giant beanstalk. This time he entered the castle through an open window. He sneaked in the darkness to the kitchen and hid inside a huge pot until the following day. After dinner the ogre went to get his magic harp, an instrument that sang and played marvelous music. While listening to the harp's sweet melody, the ogre fell asleep. In his hiding place, Jack was captivated by the harp's song as well. When he finally heard the ogre snore loudly, he

lifted the pot's lid and saw the extraordinary instrument: a golden harp.

He quickly climbed on the table and ran away with the harp in his hands. The instrument woke up the ogre screaming:

"Master, master! Wake up! A thief is taking me away!" The ogre woke up suddenly, was disorientated for a couple of seconds but then realized what was happening and began chasing Jack. The boy ran as fast as he could and the harp kept calling out.

"Shut up! Shut up! If you'll play for me, you'll be happier," Jack kept telling it breathlessly. He finally arrived to where the leafy top of the beanstalk poked through the clouds. Jack crept along the ground and slipped down the stalk quietly. The harp did not make a sound and the ogre didn't see Jack go down the plant. When Jack got down to earth he called to his mother,

"Look what I've brought you!" The harp began to play an enchanting melody and his mother smiled happily.

But up there in the clouds someone else had heard the harp's beautiful song and Jack soon realized with terror that the thick beanstalk was shaking under a very heavy weight. The ogre was coming down to earth!

"Hide the harp and bring me an axe! I must chop down the plant before the ogre gets here," Jack said to his mother. They could already see the ogre's huge boots when the plant and the ogre finally crashed to the ground. The ogre fell down a cliff nearby. The ogre's wife never found out what had happened to her husband and as time passed Jack no longer felt in danger.

The magical sound of the harp cured his mother's sadness and she was once again happy and cheerful. The hen kept on laying golden eggs. Jack's life had gone through a lot of changes since he had accepted the magic beans. But without his courage and his wit, he and his mother could never have found happiness.

Little Red Riding Hood

Once upon a time there lived in a certain village a little country girl, the prettiest creature who was ever seen. Her mother was excessively fond of her; and her grandmother doted on her still more. This good woman had a little red riding hood made for her. It suited the girl so extremely well that everybody called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother, having made some cakes, said to her, "Go, my dear, and see how your grandmother is doing, for I hear she has been very ill. Take her a cake, and this little pot of butter."

Little Red Riding Hood set out immediately to go to her grandmother, who lived in another village.

As she was going through the wood, she met with a wolf, who had a very great mind to eat her up, but he dared not, because of some woodcutters working nearby in the forest. He asked her where she was going. The poor child, who did not know that it was dangerous to stay and talk to a wolf, said to him, "I am going to see my grandmother and carry her a cake and a little pot of butter from my mother."

"Does she live far off?" said the wolf

"Oh I say," answered Little Red Riding Hood; "it is beyond that mill you see there, at the first house in the village."

"Well," said the wolf, "and I'll go and see her too. I'll go this way and go you that, and we shall see who will be there first."

The wolf ran as fast as he could, taking the shortest path, and the little girl took a roundabout way, entertaining herself by gathering nuts, running after butterflies, and gathering bouquets of little flowers. It was not long before the wolf arrived at the old woman's house. He knocked at the door: tap, tap.

"Who's there?"

"Your grandchild, Little Red Riding Hood," replied the wolf, counterfeiting her voice; "who has brought you a cake and a little pot of butter sent you by mother."

The good grandmother, who was in bed, because she was somewhat ill, cried out, "Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up."

The wolf pulled the bobbin, and the door opened, and then he immediately fell upon the good woman and ate her up in a moment, for it been more than three days since he had eaten. He then shut the door and got into the grandmother's bed, expecting Little Red Riding Hood, who came some time afterwards and knocked at the door: tap, tap.

"Who's there?"

Little Red Riding Hood, hearing the big voice of the wolf, was at first afraid; but believing her grandmother had a cold and was hoarse, answered, "It is your grandchild Little Red Riding Hood, who has brought you a cake and a little pot of butter mother sends you."

The wolf cried out to her, softening his voice as much as he could, "Pull the bobbin, and the latch will go up."

Little Red Riding Hood pulled the bobbin, and the door opened.

The wolf, seeing her come in, said to her, hiding himself under the bedclothes, "Put the cake and the little pot of butter upon the stool, and come get into bed with me."

Little Red Riding Hood took off her clothes and got into bed. She was greatly amazed to see how her grandmother looked in her nightclothes, and said to her, "Grandmother, what big arms you have!"

"All the better to hug you with, my dear."

"Grandmother, what big legs you have!"

"All the better to run with, my child."

"Grandmother, what big ears you have!"

"All the better to hear with, my child."

"Grandmother, what big eyes you have!"

"All the better to see with, my child."

"Grandmother, what big teeth you have got!"

"All the better to eat you up with."

And, saying these words, this wicked wolf fell upon Little Red Riding Hood, and ate her all up.

Pinocchio

Geppetto, a poor old wood carver, was making a puppet from a tree branch. "You shall be my little boy," he said to the puppet, "and I shall call you - Pinocchio." He worked for hours, carefully carving each detail. When he reached the mouth, the puppet started making faces at Geppetto. "Stop that, you naughty boy," Geppetto scolded, "Stop that at once!"

"I won't stop!" cried Pinocchio.

"You can talk!" exclaimed Geppetto.

"Of course I can, silly," said the puppet. "You've given me a mouth to talk with." Pinocchio rose to his feet and danced on the table top. "Look what I can do!" he squealed.

"Pinocchio, this is not the time to dance," Geppetto explained. "You must get a good night's rest. Tomorrow you will start going to school with the real boys. You will learn many things, including how to behave."

On his way to school the next morning, Pinocchio stopped to see a puppet show.

"I can dance and sing better than those puppets and I don't need strings," boasted Pinocchio. He climbed onto the stage.

"Get off my stage," roared the Puppet Master. Then he noticed how much the crowd liked Pinocchio. He did not say anything and let Pinocchio stay. "Here, you've earned five copper coins," the Puppet Master told Pinocchio.

"Take these coins and go straight home," said the Puppet Master. Pinocchio put the coins into his sack.

He did not go very far before he met a lame Fox and a blind Cat. Knowing that Pinocchio had money, they pretended to be his friends. "Come with us. We'll teach you how to turn those copper pieces into gold," coaxed the sneaky Cat.

"We want to help you get rich. Plant your coins under this magic tree. In a few hours they'll turn to gold," said the Fox.

"Show me where," said Pinocchio excitedly. The Cat and Fox pointed to a patch of loose dirt. Pinocchio dug a hole and put the sack in it, marking the spot with a stone.

"Splendid!" exclaimed the Cat. "Now let's go to the inn for supper." After supper, the Fox and Cat, who weren't really lame or blind, quickly snuck away and disguised themselves as thieves. They hid by the

tree waiting for Pinocchio to come back and dig up the money. After Pinocchio dug up the coins they pounced on him.

"Give us your money!" they ordered. But Pinocchio held the sack between his teeth and resisted to give the sack to them. Again they demanded, "Give us your money!"

Pinocchio's Guardian Fairy, who was dressed all in blue and had blue hair, sent her dog, Rufus, to chase the Fox and Cat away. She ordered Rufus to bring Pinocchio back to her castle. "Please sit down," she told Pinocchio. Rufus kept one eye open to watch what was going on.

"Why didn't you go to school today?" she asked Pinocchio in a sweet voice.

"I did," answered Pinocchio. Just then, his nose shot out like a tree branch. "What's happening to my nose?" he cried.

"Every time you tell a lie, your nose will grow. When you tell the truth, it will shrink," said the Blue Fairy. "Pinocchio, you can only become a real boy if you learn how to be brave, honest and generous."

The Blue Fairy told Pinocchio to go home and not to stop for any reason. Pinocchio tried to remember what the Blue Fairy told him.

On the way to home he met some boys. "Come with us," said the boys. "We know a wonderful place filled with games, giant cakes, pretty candies, and circuses." The boys didn't know that if you were bad, you were turned into donkeys and trained for the circus.

It was not very long before the boys began changing into donkeys. "That's what happens to bad boys," snarled the Circus Master as he made Pinocchio jump through a hoop.

Pinocchio could only grow a donkey's ears, feet, and tail, because he was made of wood. The Circus Master couldn't sell him to any circus. He threw Pinocchio into the sea. The instant Pinocchio hit the water, the donkey tail fell off and his own ears and feet came back. He swam for a very long time. Just when he couldn't swim any longer, he was swallowed by a great whale. "It's dark here," scared Pinocchio said.

Pinocchio kept floating deep into the whale's stomach. "Who's there by the light?" called Pinocchio, his voice echoing.

Pinocchio

"Pinocchio, is that you?" asked a tired voice.

"Father, you're alive!" Pinocchio shouted with joy. He wasn't scared anymore. Pinocchio helped Geppetto build a big raft that would hold both of them. When the raft was finished, Pinocchio tickled the whale. "Hold tight, Father. When he sneezes, he'll blow us out of here!" cried Pinocchio.

Home at last, Geppetto tucked Pinocchio into his bed. "Pinocchio, today you were brave, honest and

generous," Geppetto said. "You are my son and I love you."

Pinocchio remembered what the Blue Fairy told him. "Father, now that I've proven myself, I'm waiting for something to happen," he whispered as he drifted off to sleep.

The next morning Pinocchio came running down the steps, jumping and waving his arms. I He ran to Geppetto shouting, "Look Father, I'm a real boy!".

Rapunzel

A long time ago, a husband and wife lived happily in a cottage at the edge of a wood. But one day the wife fell ill. She could eat nothing and grew thinner and thinner. The only thing that could cure her, she believed, was a strange herb that grew in the beautiful garden next to their cottage. She begged her husband to find a way into the garden and steal some of this herb, which was called rapunzel.

Now this garden belonged to a wicked witch, who used it to grow herbs for her spells.

One day, she caught the husband creeping into her garden. When he told her what he had come for, the witch gave him some rapunzel, but she made him promise to give her their first-born child in return. The husband agreed, thinking that the witch would soon forget the promise. He took the rapunzel back to his wife, who felt better as soon as she had eaten it.

A year later, a baby girl was born and the witch did come and take her away. She told the couple they would be able to see their daughter in the garden behind their house. Over the years they were able to watch her grow up into a beautiful child, with long fair hair. The witch called her Rapunzel after the plant her father had come to take.

When she was twelve years old, the witch decided to lock Rapunzel up in a high tower in case she tried to run away. The tower had no door or staircase, but Rapunzel was quite happy up there as she could sit at the window watching the life of the forest and talking to the birds. Yet sometimes she would sigh, for she longed to be back in the beautiful garden where she could run and skip in the sunshine. Then she would sing to cheer herself up.

Each day, the witch came to see her, bringing fresh food. She would stand at the bottom of the tower and call out,

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your long hair."

Rapunzel, whose long golden hair was plaited, would twist it round one of the bars and drop it out of the window, and the witch would climb up it. When she left, Rapunzel would let down her golden hair again, and the witch would slide nimbly down to the ground. One day, the king's son was riding through the forest when he heard Rapunzel singing. Mystified, he rode to the tower, but could see no door, so could not understand how anyone could be there. He decided to stay and watch the tower and listen to the singing. After a while the witch came along and the prince watched her carefully. ° his amazement, as she called out,

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your long hair," a long golden plait of hair fell almost to the ground.

The prince saw the witch climb up the hair and disappear through the window, and he made up his

mind he would wait until she had gone and see if he could do the same.

So after the witch had gone, he stood where the witch had been and called,

"Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your long hair."

When the golden plait came tumbling down,

he climbed up as the witch had done and found to his astonishment the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. They talked for a long time and then the prince left, promising to come again. Rapunzel looked forward to his visits, for she had been lonely. He told her all about the world outside her tower, and they fell deeply in love.

One day Rapunzel said to the witch, "Why is it when you climb up my hair you are so heavy? The handsome prince who comes is much lighter than you." At this, the witch flew into a rage and took Rapunzel out of the tower and led her into the forest to a lonely spot and told her she must stay there without food or shelter. The witch cut off Rapunzel's hair and then hurried back to the tower with the long plait of golden hair.

That evening when the prince came by, he called out as usual, "Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let down your long hair."

The witch, who had secured the plait of golden hair inside the window, threw it down. The prince climbed up eagerly, only to be confronted with the wicked witch. "Aha," she cackled, "so you are the visitor who has been coming to see my little Rapunzel. I will make sure you won't see her again," and she tried to scratch out his eyes.

The prince jumped out of the high window, but was not killed for he landed in a clump of thorny bushes. His face, however, was badly scratched and his eyes hurt so that he could not see, and he stumbled off blindly into the forest.

After several days of wandering and suffering, he heard a voice singing. Following the sound, he drew closer and realized he had found Rapunzel, who was singing as she worked to make a home for herself in the forest. He ran towards her, calling her name, and she came and kissed him. As she did so, his eyes were healed and he could see again.

The prince took Rapunzel to his father's palace, where he told his story. Rapunzel was reunited with her parents who were overjoyed to see their daughter again. and a proclamation was made banning the witch from the kingdom. Then a grand wedding took place. Rapunzel married the prince and lived with him for many years. As for the witch, she was never seen again.

Rumplestiltskin

Once a poor miller, who had a very beautiful daughter, was sent for by the king. The miller, who had never in his life been at court, did not feel at all at ease. So, instead of saying something sensible, or keeping quiet, he said to the king, "I have a daughter who can spin gold out of straw." Then the miller thought he had spoken words that would make the king think him an important person.

"Your daughter is indeed clever if she can do as you say," answered the king. "Bring her to my castle tomorrow and we shall see."

So the next day the miller's daughter, dressed in a satin skirt and a velvet bodice, was brought to court. She was at once led to a room which was full of straw. Nothing else was in the room but a spinning wheel. "Now set to work," said the king, "and if between tonight and tomorrow at dawn you have not spun this straw into gold, you must die." Then he went out, carefully locking the door behind him.

So there sat the poor miller's beautiful daughter, knowing not what to do, for she had no idea in the world how to spin straw into gold. She could only hide her face in her hands and weep. Suddenly the locked door sprang open, and in stepped the queerest-looking little man imaginable. His coat and loose trousers were made of white cotton, with large red dots. On his head he wore a red and white hat with a cock's feather. In his right hand he held a wand.

"Good evening, Mistress Miller. But wherefore do you weep?"

"Alas!" answered the maiden. "I have to spin gold out of straw and I know not how to do it."

"But I do," said the little man. "What will you give me if I spin it for you?" "My necklace," said the miller's daughter.

The little man took the necklace and sat down before the spinning wheel. He spun, and he spun, and he spun, until all the straw had disappeared and all the spindles were filled with gold. Then with a low bow he vanished.

At sunrise the king came, and was astonished to see so much gold. But it only made him want still more. So he took the miller's daughter to a larger room, full of straw, and again he said, "Now set to work, and if, between tonight and tomorrow at dawn, you have not spun this straw into gold, you must die."

When the maiden was left alone she again began to weep in despair. But in a moment the door flew open and again the curious little man stood before her.

"What will you give me if I spin this straw into gold?"

"My ring," said the miller's daughter.

The little man took the ring, and sat down before the spinning wheel. He spun, and he spun, and he spun, until all the straw had disappeared and all the spindles were filled with gold. Then with a low bow the little man again disappeared.

When, in the early morning, the king came, he was delighted to see the shining gold, but he was not yet satisfied. So he led the miller's daughter to a still larger room, full of straw, and this time he said, "Spin this into gold and you shall be my queen. I shall come again at sunrise." Then he left her.

Before long the curious little man again appeared and he once more found the maiden weeping.

"What will you give me if I spin this straw into gold?"

"Alas, I have nothing more that I can give!" said the miller's daughter. "Then promise me your first child if you become queen," said the little man.

I may never have a little child, thought the girl, and so she promised.

Then the little man sat down before the spindle, and he spun, and he spun, and he spun, until all the straw had disappeared and all the spindles were filled with gold. Then with his usual low bow the strange little man vanished.

When the king came in the morning, he was not sorry to marry the miller's daughter. For even if she be of humble birth, he thought, I could not find a lovelier woman in the world. So the wedding took place that same day.

About a year afterward, the king and queen had a beautiful child.

The queen had quite forgotten her promise to the little man and was very happy, when suddenly he entered her room and demanded the baby. The poor queen held her little one tight and said she would part with all the riches of her kingdom if only she might keep the child.

"No," he said, "a human child is dearer to me than all the kingdoms in the world."

Rumplestiltskin

Then the poor mother wept as if her heart would break. Finally, the little man took pity on her, and said, "I will give you three days and if in that time you can find out my name, you shall keep your child."

The queen lay awake all night, thinking of all the odd names she had ever heard. The next day the little man came again, and the queen repeated all the names she could remember beginning with Timothy, Benjamin, and Jeremiah. But the little man said, "No, I am not called by any of these."

The next morning the queen sent a messenger all through the kingdom collecting all the names he could find. When the little man came the second time, she tried all sorts of strange names, like Brownbones, Dickybird, and Spindleshanks. But he only shook his head and kept repeating, "No, that's not my name."

On the third day the messenger came back late. "I have not been able to find any new names," said he, "but as I came round the corner of a wood, at the foot of a high mountain, this is what I saw and heard. Close by, there was a little house. In front of it was a fire burning, and round the fire a ridiculous little man was hopping on one leg and singing 'Although today I brew and bake, Tomorrow the Queen's own child I take. So nobody tell, for goodness' sake, That my name is Rumplestiltskin.' "

Oh, how joyful the queen was when she heard this!

Soon the little man came in, made a low bow, and said, "Your Majesty, what is my name?"

The queen was now merry enough to be mischievous, so, instead of saying his real name at once, she asked, "Is it Fred?"

"No."

"Is it Arnold?"

"No."

"Is it Harry?"

"No."

"Is it Henry?"

"No."

"Then it is Rumplestiltskin," cried the queen.

When the little man heard this, he flew into a terrible rage and stamped his foot on the ground so violently that it sank deep into the ground.

Then, wild with fury, he seized his left leg with both hands and pulled and pulled. He pulled with such force that his right leg came off. Then Rumplestiltskin hopped away and was never heard of again..

The Story of Snow White and the Seven Dwarves

Once upon a time, long, long ago a king and queen ruled over a distant land. The queen was kind and lovely and all the people of the realm adored her. The only sadness in the queen's life was that she wished for a child but did not have one.

One winter day, the queen was doing needle work while gazing out her ebony window at the new fallen snow. A bird flew by the window startling the queen and she pricked her finger. A single drop of blood fell on the snow outside her window. As she looked at the blood on the snow she said to herself, "Oh, how I wish that I had a daughter that had skin as white as snow, lips as red as blood, and hair as black as ebony."

Soon after that, the kind queen got her wish when she gave birth to a baby girl who had skin white as snow, lips red as blood, and hair black as ebony. They named the baby princess Snow White, but sadly, the queen died after giving birth to Snow White.

Soon after, the king married a new woman who was beautiful, but as well proud and cruel. She had studied dark magic and owned a magic mirror, of which she would daily ask,

Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?.

Each time this question was asked, the mirror would give the same answer, "Thou, O Queen, art the fairest of all." This pleased the queen greatly as she knew that her magical mirror could speak nothing but the truth.

One morning when the queen asked, "Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all?" she was shocked when it answered:

You, my queen, are fair; it is true.
But Snow White is even fairer than you.

The Queen flew into a jealous rage and ordered her huntsman to take Snow White into the woods to be killed. She demanded that the huntsman return with Snow White's heart as proof.

The poor huntsman took Snow White into the forest, but found himself unable to kill the girl. Instead, he let her go, and brought the queen the heart of a wild boar.

Snow White was now all alone in the great forest, and she did not know what to do. The trees seemed to whisper to each other, scaring Snow White who began to run. She ran over sharp stones and through thorns. She ran as far as her feet could carry her, and just as evening was about to fall she saw a little house and went inside in order to rest.

Inside the house everything was small but tidy. There was a little table with a tidy, white tablecloth and seven little plates. Against the wall there were seven little beds, all in a row and covered with quilts.

Because she was so hungry Snow White ate a few vegetables and a little bread from each little plate and from each cup she drank a bit of milk. Afterward, because she was so tired, she lay down on one of the little beds and fell fast asleep.

After dark, the owners of the house returned home. They were the seven dwarves who mined for gold in the mountains. As soon as they arrived home, they saw that someone had been there -- for not everything was in the same order as they had left it.

The first one said, "Who has been sitting in my chair?"

The second one, "Who has been eating from my plate?"

The third one, "Who has been eating my bread?"

The fourth one, "Who has been eating my vegetables?"

The fifth one, "Who has been eating with my fork?"

The sixth one, "Who has been drinking from my cup?"

But the seventh one, looking at his bed, found Snow White lying there asleep. The seven dwarves all came running up, and they cried out with amazement. They fetched their seven candles and shone the light on Snow White.

"Oh good heaven! " they cried. "This child is beautiful!"

They were so happy that they did not wake her up, but let her continue to sleep in the bed. The next morning Snow White woke up, and when she saw the seven dwarves she was frightened. But they were friendly and asked, "What is your name?"

"My name is Snow White," she answered.

"How did you find your way to our house?" the dwarves asked further.

Then she told them that her stepmother had tried to kill her, that the huntsman had spared her life, and that she had run the entire day through the forest, finally stumbling upon their house.

The dwarves spoke with each other for awhile and then said, "If you will keep house for us, and cook, make beds, wash, sew, and knit, and keep everything clean and orderly, then you can stay with us, and you shall have everything that you want."

"Yes," said Snow White, "with all my heart." For Snow White greatly enjoyed keeping a tidy home.

So Snow White lived happily with the dwarves. Every morning they went into the mountains looking for gold, and in the evening when they came back home Snow White had their meal ready and their house tidy. During the day the girl was alone, except for the small animals of the forest that she often played with.

The Story of Snow White and the Seven Dwarves

Now the queen, believing that she had eaten Snow White's heart, could only think that she was again the first and the most beautiful woman of all. She stepped before her mirror and said:

Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Who in this land is fairest of all?

It answered: You, my queen, are fair; it is true.
But Snow White, beyond the mountains
With the seven dwarves,
Is still a thousand times fairer than you.

This startled the queen, for she knew that the mirror did not lie, and she realized that the huntsman had deceived her and that Snow White was still alive. Then she thought, and thought again, how she could rid herself of Snow White – for as long as long as she was not the most beautiful woman in the entire land her jealousy would give her no rest.

At last she thought of something. She went into her most secret room – no one else was allowed inside – and she made a poisoned apple. From the outside it was beautiful, and anyone who saw it would want it. But anyone who might eat a little piece of it would die. Coloring her face, she disguised herself as an old peddler woman, so that no one would recognize her, traveled to the dwarves house and knocked on the door.

Snow White put her head out of the window, and said, "I must not let anyone in; the seven dwarves have forbidden me to do so."

"That is all right with me," answered the peddler woman. "I'll easily get rid of my apples. Here, I'll give you one of them."

"No," said Snow White, "I cannot accept anything from strangers."

"Are you afraid of poison?" asked the old woman. "Look, I'll cut the apple in two. You eat half and I shall eat half."

Now the apple had been so artfully made that only the one half was poisoned. Snow White longed for the beautiful apple, and when she saw that the peddler woman was eating part of it she could no longer resist, and she stuck her hand out and took the poisoned half. She barely had a bite in her mouth when she fell to the ground dead.

The queen looked at her with an evil stare, laughed loudly, and said, "White as snow, red as blood, black as ebony wood! The dwarves shall never awaken you."

Back at home she asked her mirror:

Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Who in this land is fairest of all?

It finally answered: You, my queen, are fairest of all.

Then her cruel and jealous heart was at rest, as well as a cruel and jealous heart can be at rest.

When the dwarves came home that evening they found Snow White lying on the ground. She was not breathing at all. She was dead. They lifted her up and looked at her longingly. They talked to her, shook her and wept over her. But nothing helped. The dear child was dead, and she remained dead. They laid her on a bed of straw, and all seven sat next to her and mourned for her and cried for three days. They were going to bury her, but she still looked as fresh as a living person, and still had her beautiful red cheeks.

They said, "We cannot bury her in the black earth," and they had a transparent glass coffin made, so she could be seen from all sides. They laid her inside, and with golden letters wrote on it her name, and that she was a princess. Then they put the coffin outside on a mountain, and one of them always stayed with it and watched over her. The animals too came and mourned for Snow White, first an owl, then a raven, and finally a dove.

Now it came to pass that a prince entered these woods and happened onto the dwarves' house, where he sought shelter for the night. He saw the coffin on the mountain with beautiful Snow White in it, and he read what was written on it with golden letters.

Then he said to the dwarves, "Let me have the coffin. I will give you anything you want for it."

But the dwarves answered, "We will not sell it for all the gold in the world."

Then he said, "Then give it to me, for I cannot live without being able to see Snow White. I will honor her and respect her as my most cherished one."

As he thus spoke, the good dwarves felt pity for him and gave him the coffin. The prince had his servants carry it away on their shoulders. But then it happened that one of them stumbled on some brush, and this dislodged from Snow White's throat the piece of poisoned apple that she had bitten off. Not long afterward she opened her eyes, lifted the lid from her coffin, sat up, and was alive again.

"Good heavens, where am I?" she cried out.

The prince said joyfully, "You are with me." He told her what had happened, and then said, "I love you more than anything else in the world. Come with me to my father's castle. You shall become my wife." Snow White loved him, and she went with him. And the prince and Snow White lived happily ever after.

The Gingerbread Man

Once upon a time, an old woman and her husband lived alone in a little old house. The couple had no children, and being lonely, the woman decided to make a boy of gingerbread. She carefully mixed the batter, rolled out the dough, and cut out a very nice gingerbread man. She added sugar icing for his hair, mouth, and clothes, and she used candy chips for buttons and eyes. What a fine looking gingerbread man he was! The old woman put him in the oven to bake. After he was fully done, she slowly opened the oven door. Up jumped the gingerbread man, and he ran out the door saying,

"Run, run, as fast as you can! You can't catch me! I'm the Gingerbread Man!"

The old woman and the old man ran after him, but they could not catch him.

And so the Gingerbread Man ran and ran. While he running, he met a cow.

"Moo," said the cow. "You look very fine! Fine enough to eat!" And the cow started to chase the little man.

But the Gingerbread Man ran faster, saying,

"I ran away from an old woman. I ran away from an old man, and I can run away from you! I can!"

And he laughed.

"Run, run, as fast as you can! You can't catch me! I'm the Gingerbread Man!"

The cow ran after the Gingerbread Man, but she could not catch him.

The Gingerbread Man kept running, and soon he met a horse.

"N..e..i..g..h...Neigh," said the horse. "You look might tasty! I think that I would like to eat you."

"But you can't!" said the Gingerbread Man.

"I ran away from an old woman. I ran away from an old man. I ran away from a cow, and I can run away from you! I can!"

And so he ran singing,

"Run, run, as fast as you can! You can't catch me! I'm the Gingerbread Man!"

The horse ran after the Gingerbread Man, but he could not catch him.

The Gingerbread Man ran and ran, laughing and singing. While he ran, he met a chicken.

"Cackle, cackle!" said the chicken. "You look fine enough to peck for dinner. I'm going to eat you, Mr. Gingerbread Man!"

But the Gingerbread Man just laughed.

"I ran away from an old woman. I ran away from an old man. I ran away from a cow. I ran away from a horse, and I can run away from you! I can!"

And so he ran singing,

"Run, run, as fast as you can! You can't catch me! I'm the Gingerbread Man!"

The chicken ran after the Gingerbread Man, but she could not catch him.

The Gingerbread Man was proud that he could run so fast. "Nobody can catch me," he thought. So he kept on running until he met a fox. He just had to tell the fox how he ran faster than all the others.

"Mr. Fox," he said, "As tasty as I appear to be. I cannot let you catch and eat me. I ran away from an old woman. I ran away from an old man. I ran away from a cow. I ran away from a horse. I ran away from a chicken, and I can run away from you! I can!"

But Mr. Fox did not seem to care.

"Why would I want to bother you?" asked Mr. Fox. "You don't even look that tasty. No, young man, I don't want to eat you at all."

The Gingerbread Man was so relieved.

"Well, indeed, Mr. Fox," said the Gingerbread Man. "If you don't mind, I think I'll take a little rest here."

So the Gingerbread Man stopped running and stood still. And right when he stood still...SNAP! went Mr. Fox's jaws right into the Gingerbread Man until he was gone.

"He was very tasty after all," thought the fox.

The Three Little Pigs

Once upon a time there were three little pigs and the time came for them to leave home and seek their fortunes.

Before they left, their mother told them " Whatever you do, do it the best that you can because that's the way to get along in the world.

The first little pig built his house out of straw because it was the easiest thing to do.

The second little pig built his house out of sticks. This was a little bit stronger than a straw house.

The third little pig built his house out of bricks.

One night the big bad wolf, who dearly loved to eat fat little piggies, came along and saw the first little pig in his house of straw. He said "Let me in, Let me in, little pig or I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!"

"Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin", said the little pig.

But of course the wolf did blow the house in and ate the first little pig.

The wolf then came to the house of sticks.

"Let me in, Let me in little pig or I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!" "Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin", said the little pig. But the wolf blew that house in too, and ate the second little pig.

The wolf then came to the house of bricks.

" Let me in , let me in" cried the wolf

"Or I'll huff and I'll puff till I blow your house in!"

"Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin" said the pig.

Well, the wolf huffed and puffed but he could not blow down that brick house.

But the wolf was a sly old wolf and he climbed up on the roof to look for a way into the brick house.

The little pig saw the wolf climb up on the roof and lit a roaring fire in the fireplace and placed on it a large kettle of water.

When the wolf finally found the hole in the chimney he crawled down and KERSPLASH right into that kettle of water and that was the end of his troubles with the big bad wolf.

The next day the little pig invited his mother over . She said "You see it is just as I told you. The way to get along in the world is to do things as well as you can." Fortunately for that little pig, he learned that lesson. And he just lived happily ever after!