

## Chapter One You're Too Small



Deep inside the forest there was  
a tumbledown house.

Inside the house the Small Bad Wolf  
was creeping into the kitchen.

The Big Bad Wolf was having a nap  
on the sofa.

Mother Wolf was peeling potatoes.  
When she twitched her tail, the  
Small Bad Wolf pounced  
and bit it.



“YOWWWW!” yelped Mother Wolf.



The Big Bad Wolf opened his eyes.

“That’s my boy!” he said, twitching his big, cheesy feet. “He’s going to grow up bad to the bone, just like his father!”



“He won’t unless you teach him how,” huffed Mother Wolf.



“I thought growing up a big bad wolf was going to be full of nippy, zippy adventures like it is in the stories,” complained the Small Bad Wolf.

“You’re still too small for nippy, zippy adventures,” said the Big Bad Wolf.

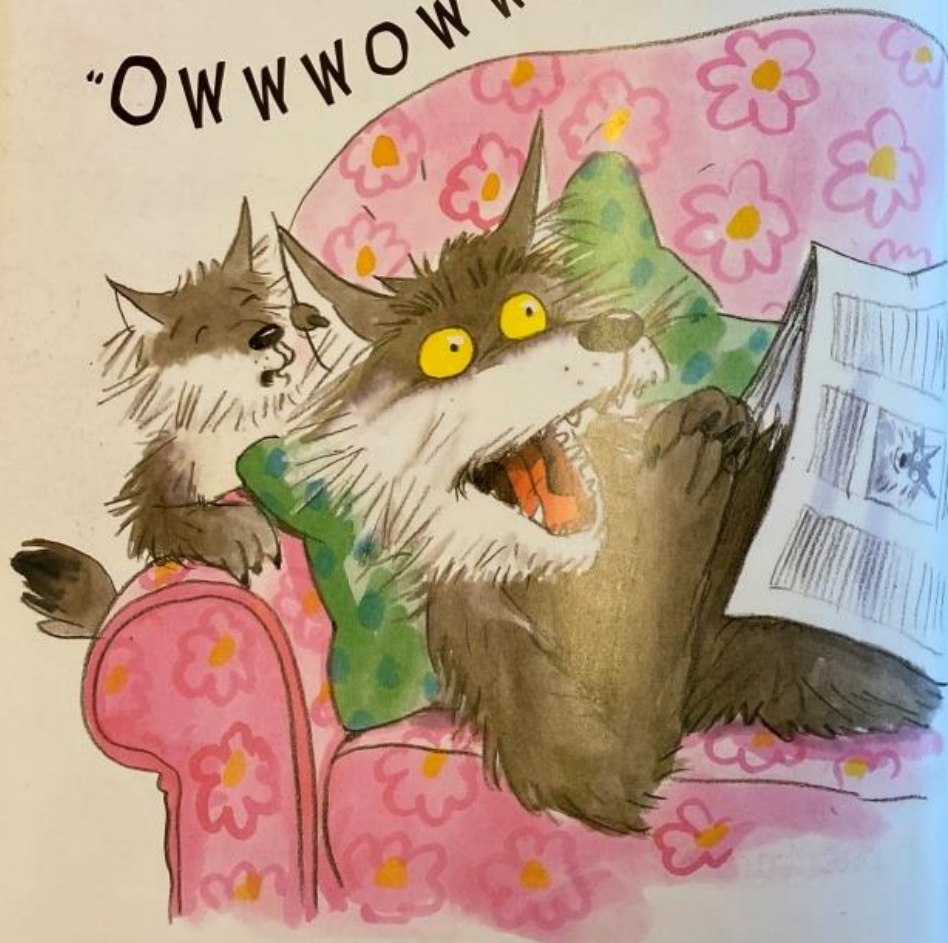


“I’m good at chasing after things and pouncing,” said the Small Bad Wolf.

“Being a Big Bad Wolf takes more than that,” said his father, closing his eyes.

The Small Bad Wolf pounced on the sofa and howled in his dad’s ear.

“OWWWOWWWOWWW!”



“WILL YOU STOP THAT?” growled the Big Bad Wolf.



“See!” said Mother Wolf with a chuckle.  
“Why don’t you take him out? You can  
get us something decent for Sunday  
lunch. All we eat is mashed potatoes.  
It’s embarrassing – we’re wolves!”

“All right, all right,” said the Big Bad  
Wolf, picking up his old brown sack.  
“Come on then . . .”

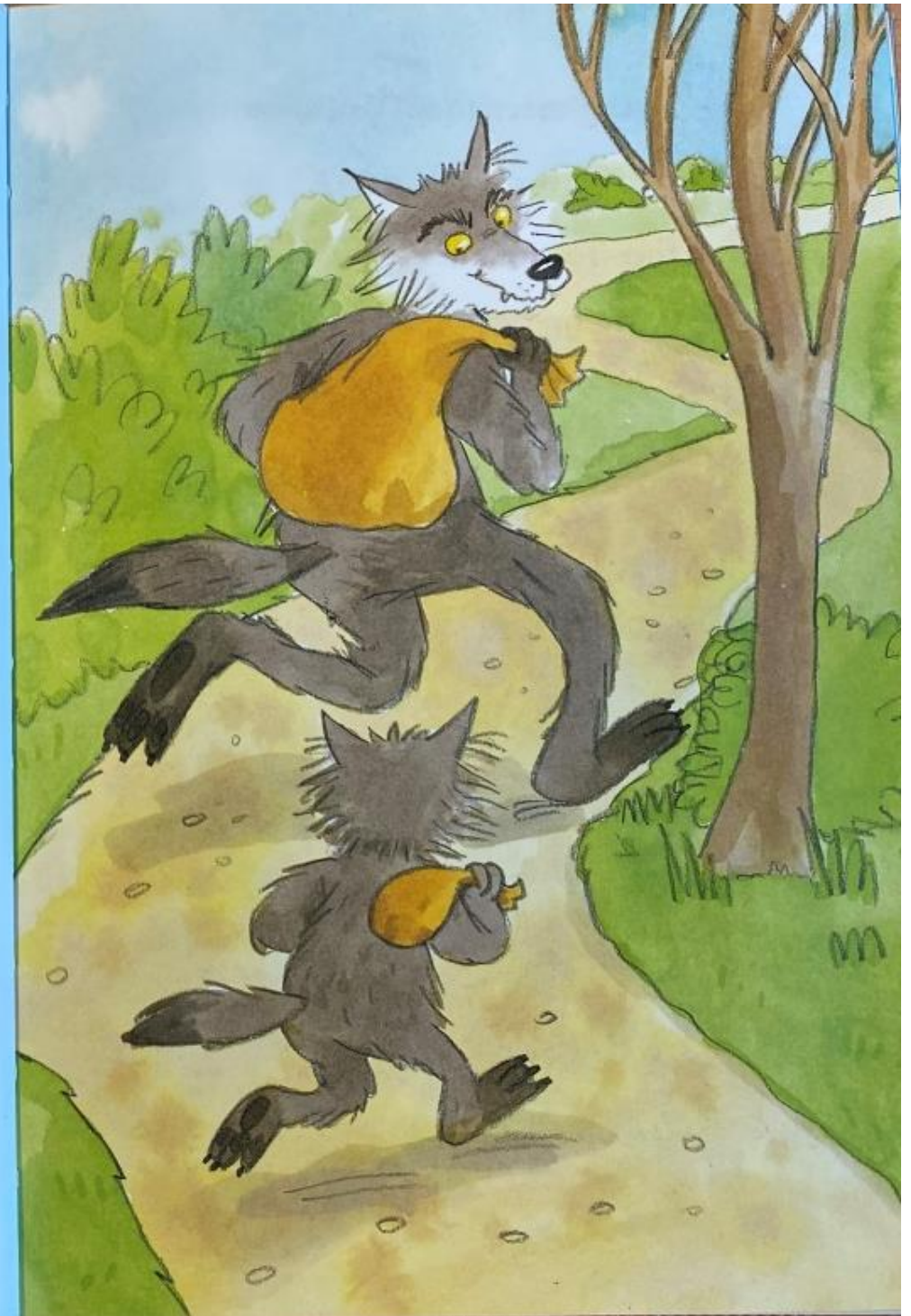


## Chapter Two Chick Chicks



“Where are we going?” asked the Small Bad Wolf, trying to walk just the way his dad did.

“Mmm . . .” said the Big Bad Wolf, “let’s head for the old widow’s cottage. We’ll catch us some COOCHIE-WOOCHIE CHICK CHICKS WITH THEIR WINKING, BLINKING EYES!”



“Can I chase after them and pounce on them?”

“Leave that to me,” said the Big Bad Wolf. “You can watch the back door and shout if the widow comes out.”

“Watch the back door?” said the Small Bad Wolf. “That’s the boring bit.”

“It’s the best bit,” said his father.

“Why?”

“Because I say so.”



Before long they had slipped through  
a gap in the old widow's fence.

The Small Bad Wolf waited by the  
back door.



The Big Bad Wolf went up to the  
chicken coop and growled,  
“BUTTON YOUR BEAKS!  
IT'S THE BIG BAD WOLF!”

But the old widow's  
window was open and  
she smelled the Big  
Bad Wolf's cheesy feet.  
She grabbed a frying  
pan, ran outside, saw the Small Bad  
Wolf by the door and hit him on  
the head with the pan.



"YOWWWW!"

howled the Small Bad Wolf.

He would have bitten the old widow's tail, but she didn't have one.

Also, as she went striding towards the chicken coop, all he could hear was a loud giggling sound coming from inside.



"Dad," he yelped, "the widow's coming!"



The laughing stopped.

The Big Bad Wolf peeped out.

"Oh me, oh my!" he said, jumping out and sprinting for the fence.



“Wait for me!” called the Small Bad Wolf, dodging a last swipe of the frying pan and scampering after his father.



“Why didn’t you stop her, you wet lettuce?” snapped the Big Bad Wolf.

“She hit me on the head with a frying pan!” said the Small Bad Wolf. “Why didn’t you get a chicken?”

“I DID!” squeaked his father.

“But I put it under my arm and it tickled! I couldn’t bear it!”

“Well what are we going to do now?” asked the Small Bad Wolf.



## Chapter Three Piggy Wiggies



“Mmm . . .” said the Big Bad Wolf, scratching the fur on the side of his face.

“Let’s head for Farmer Jolly’s yard and catch us some JUICY LITTLE PIGGY WIGGIES WITH THEIR CURLY-WURLY TAILS!”

“Can I chase after them and pounce on them?” asked the Small Bad Wolf.



“Leave that to me,” said his father.

“You can jump in the pigsty and frighten the piggies.”

“Jump in the pigsty?” said the Small Bad Wolf.

“It’ll stink.”



“Big Bad Wolves have to get used to unpleasant smells,” said his father.

“Now stop complaining. You sound like a squeaking door.”

Before long they had squeezed under the gate into Farmer Jolly’s yard.



The Big Bad Wolf gave a signal and the Small Bad Wolf jumped into the pigsty.



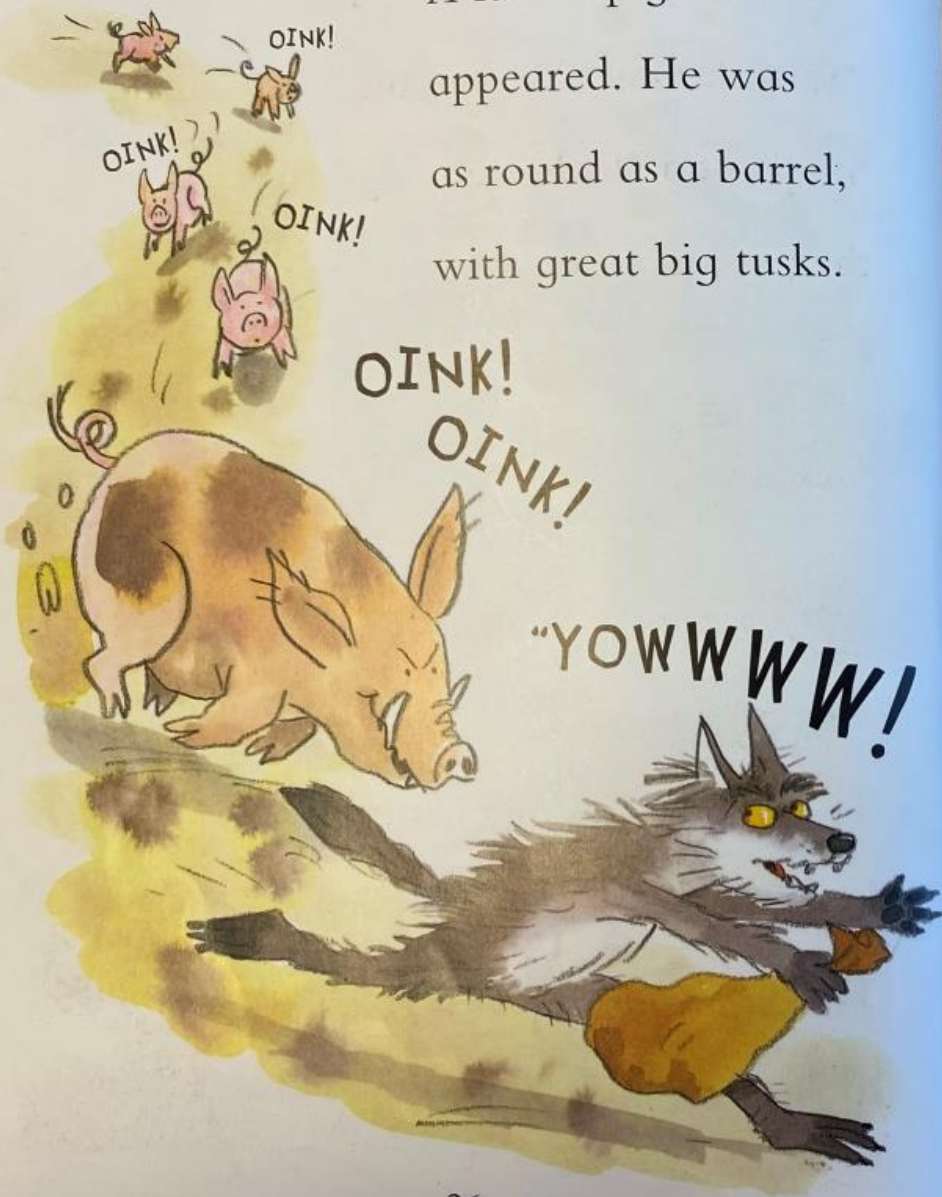
PWAAAHH! It smelled even worse than his dad’s feet.

The mother pig and her piglets took one look at him and ran squealing into the yard.

The Small Bad Wolf followed, expecting to find his dad chasing the pigs.

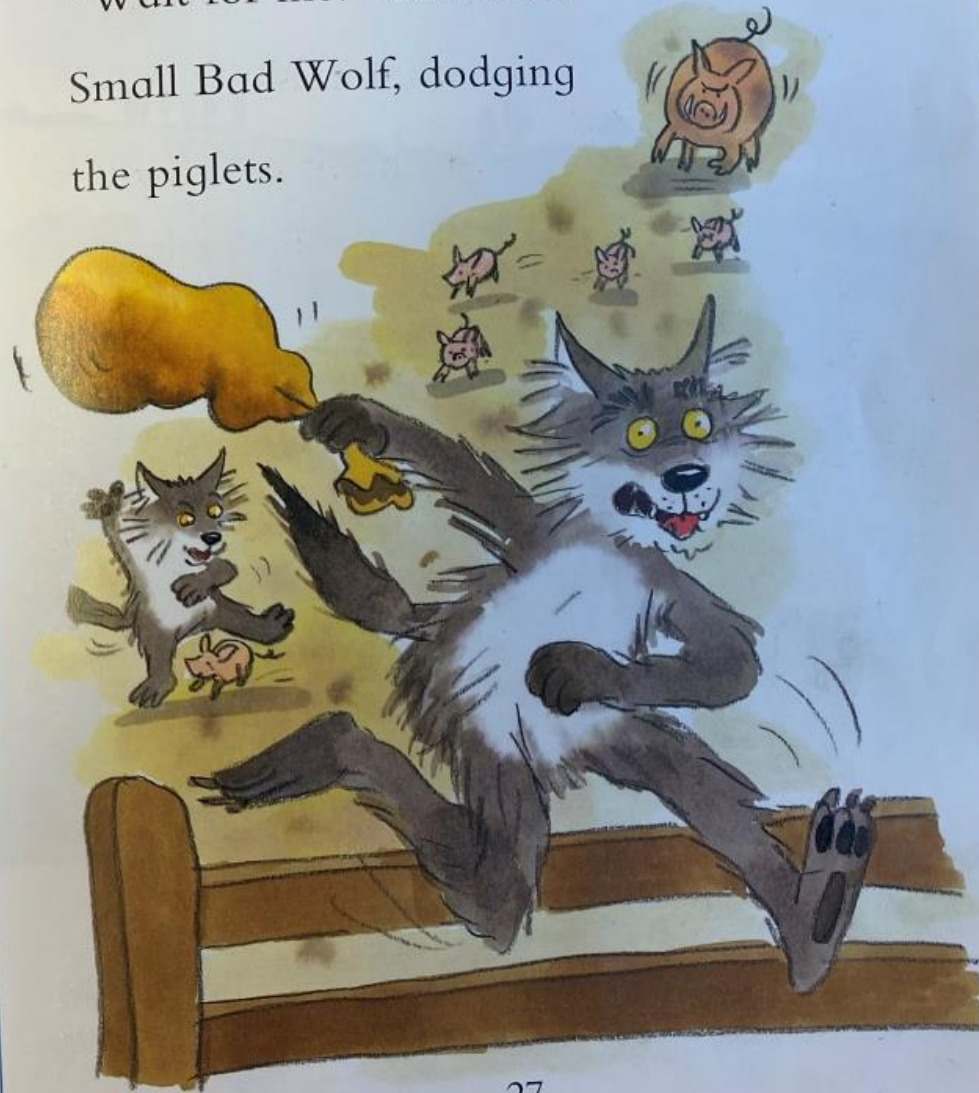
Instead he found the pigs chasing his dad.

A father pig had appeared. He was as round as a barrel, with great big tusks.

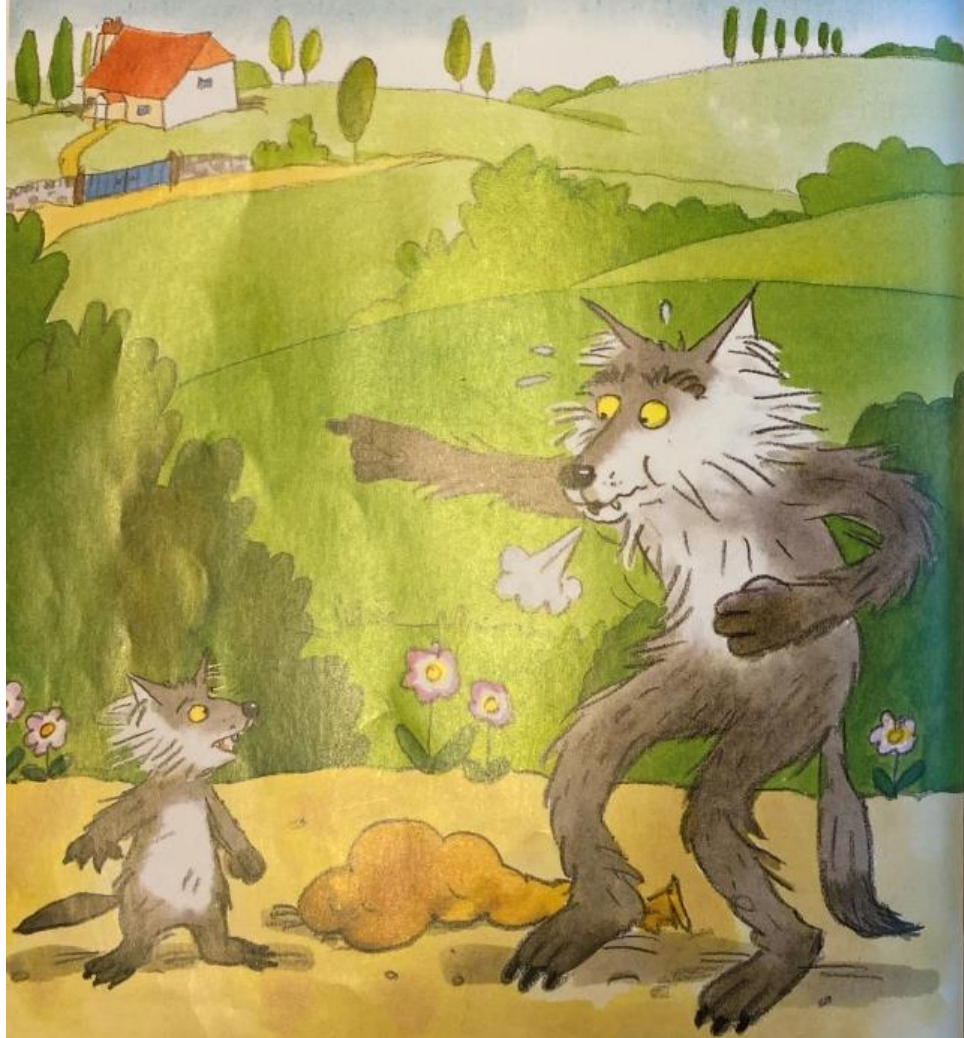


"Oh me, oh my!" yelled the Big Bad Wolf, leaping over the gate.

"Wait for me!" called the Small Bad Wolf, dodging the piglets.



“WHY DIDN’T YOU TELL ME THAT BIG PIG WAS AROUND, CHEESE BRAIN?” wheezed the Big Bad Wolf.



“How was I supposed to see him?” panted the Small Bad Wolf. “And why didn’t you show him you’re a big bad wolf?”

“I would have done . . .” replied the Big Bad Wolf, “but he was a terrible boar.”

“Ha, ha,” said the Small Bad Wolf.

“Now what?”



## Chapter Four Kiddiwinks



“Mmm . . .” said the Big Bad Wolf.

“Looks like we’ll have to go to the park and catch us some ITTY-BITTY KIDDIWINKS WITH THEIR CUTIE-WUTIE SHOES!”

“Can I chase after them and . . .”

“No,” said the Big Bad Wolf, reaching into his sack. “You put on this disguise.”



“It’s a dress,” said the Small Bad Wolf.

“And a wig. I’m not wearing that!”

“Yes, you are,” said his father. “You’ll never become a big bad wolf if you don’t know how to dress up as an old lady. Now take these knitting needles and stop complaining.”



In the park, there were lots of boys and girls playing football. The Small Bad Wolf thought it looked great fun. It was the nippiest, zippiest game he’d ever seen.

All that pouncing and chasing made him feel bubbly inside.

