

Story 1: Wacky Wednesday (Dr. Suess)

It all began with that shoe on the wall. A shoe on the wall...? Shouldn't be there at all!

I looked out the window. And I said, "GEE!" More things were wacky! And I saw three.

I went down the hall and I said, "HEY!" Three more things were wacky today!

In the bathroom, MORE! In the bathroom, FOUR!

I began to dress. Then I said, "WOW!"

Four MORE things were wacky now!

I looked in the kitchen. I said, "By cracky! Five more things are very wacky!"

I was late for school. I started along. And I saw that six more things were wrong. And then seven more!

And the Sutherland sisters! They looked wacky, too! They said, "Nothing is wacky around here but you!"

I ran into school. I yelled to Miss Bass..... "Look! Nine things are wacky right here in your class!"

I went out the school door. Things were worse than before. I couldn't believe it. Ten wacky things more! Then I counted eleven!

Then... twelve WORSE things! I got scares. And I ran. I ran and knocked over Patrolman McGann. "I'm sorry, Patrolman." That's all I can say. "Don't be sorry," he smiled. "It's that kind of day. But be glad! Wacky Wednesday will soon go away!" "Only twenty things more will be wacky," he said. "Just find them and then you can go back to bed."

Wacky Wednesday was gone when I counted them all. And I even got rid of that shoe on the wall.

Story 2: The Three Little Pigs

Once upon a time, there were three little pigs who wanted to build houses. The first pig was lazy and built his house from straw. The second pig was a bit better and used sticks. But the third pig was wise and built his house from strong bricks.

One day, a big, bad wolf came along. He wanted to eat the pigs. He went to the first pig's straw house and huffed and puffed, "Little pig, little pig, let me in!"

The first pig said, "Not by the hair on my chinny-chin-chin!"

The wolf huffed and puffed again, and the house fell down. The first pig ran to the second pig's stick house. The wolf followed and huffed and puffed, "Little pigs, little pigs, let me in!"

The second pig said, "Not by the hair on our chinny-chin-chin!"

Again, the wolf huffed and puffed, and the stick house fell too.

Both pigs ran to the third pig's brick house. The wolf tried to huff and puff, but he couldn't break the strong house. The pigs were safe inside. The wolf was angry and tried to trick the pigs.

He said, "Come out and let me in!" But the pigs didn't listen. The wolf climbed onto the roof and tried to come down the chimney. But the third pig put a big pot of boiling water there, and the wolf burned his tail!

The wolf ran away, and the pigs were happy and safe in their strong brick house. They learned that hard work and smart choices make a difference. And they lived happily ever after.

Story 3: Little Red Riding Hood

Once upon a time, there was a little girl named Little Red Riding Hood. She loved to wear a red riding hood that her grandmother had made for her. One day, her mother asked her to take some treats to her sick grandmother who lived in the woods.

Little Red Riding Hood happily agreed and set off with a basket of goodies. Her mother warned her, "Stay on the path and don't talk to strangers."

As Little Red Riding Hood walked through the woods, a wolf spotted her. The wolf was hungry and had a plan. He asked her, "Where are you going, little girl?"

"I'm going to my grandmother's house to bring her some treats," she replied.

The wolf thought of a way to get to the grandmother's house first. He took a shortcut and reached the house before Little Red Riding Hood. The wolf knocked on the door, pretending to be Little Red Riding Hood.

"Come in," called the grandmother from inside.

The wolf went in, gobbled up the grandmother, and put on her clothes and glasses. When Little Red Riding Hood finally arrived, she was surprised to see her grandmother looking different.

"Grandmother, what big eyes you have!" she said.

"All the better to see you with, my dear," the wolf replied.

"Grandmother, what big ears you have!" she said.

"All the better to hear you with, my dear," the wolf replied again.

"Grandmother, what big teeth you have!" she said.

"All the better to eat you with!" roared the wolf, and he jumped out of the bed.

Terrified, Little Red Riding Hood screamed and ran. Just then, a woodcutter passing by heard her cries. He rushed into the house and saved Little Red Riding Hood and her grandmother. The woodcutter chased the wolf away, and they all learned a valuable lesson about talking to strangers.

From that day on, Little Red Riding Hood always listened to her mother's advice and never talked to strangers. And whenever she went to visit her grandmother, she made sure to stay safe and stick to the path.

And so, Little Red Riding Hood's adventure taught her to be cautious and aware, especially when she was in the woods.

Story 4: The Three Billy Goats Gruff

Once upon a time, in a sunny meadow, there were three billy goats named Gruff: the Little, Middle-sized, and Big Billy Goat Gruff. These goats loved eating green grass, but there was a problem. To reach the best grass on the other side of the meadow, they had to cross a shaky bridge, and a mean troll lived there.

One day, the Little Billy Goat Gruff decided he wanted the yummy grass on the other side. He was crossing the bridge when, suddenly, a deep, scary voice came from below, "Who's that walking on my bridge?"

"It's just me, the Little Billy Goat Gruff," said the small goat quietly. "I'm going to the other side where the grass is better."

The troll, looking mean, said, "No, you can't!" and tried to grab the little goat. But the Little Billy Goat Gruff was fast. He jumped past the troll and ran away, leaving the troll very grumpy and hungry.

Later, the Middle-sized Billy Goat Gruff chose to cross the bridge. He wasn't scared of the troll. When he walked across the bridge, the troll spoke again, "Who's that walking on my bridge?"

"It's me, the Middle-sized Billy Goat Gruff," said the goat bravely. "I'm going to the other side where the grass is better."

The troll said, "No, you can't!" and tried to catch the Middle-sized goat. But this goat was clever. He used his horns and bumped, the troll into the water below, where he splashed.

Now, it was the Big Billy Goat Gruff's turn. He was the biggest and bravest of them all. As he walked across the bridge, the troll's said again, "Who's that walking on my bridge?"

"It's me, the Big Billy Goat Gruff!" shouted the goat. "I'm going to the other side where the grass is better."

The troll was very scared, said, "No, you can't!" and tried to stop the way. But the Big Billy Goat Gruff was strong. He ran at the troll and splashed into the water.

From that day on, the Three Billy Goats Gruff crossed the bridge without worries. They enjoyed the delicious grass on the other side, and the troll was never seen again.