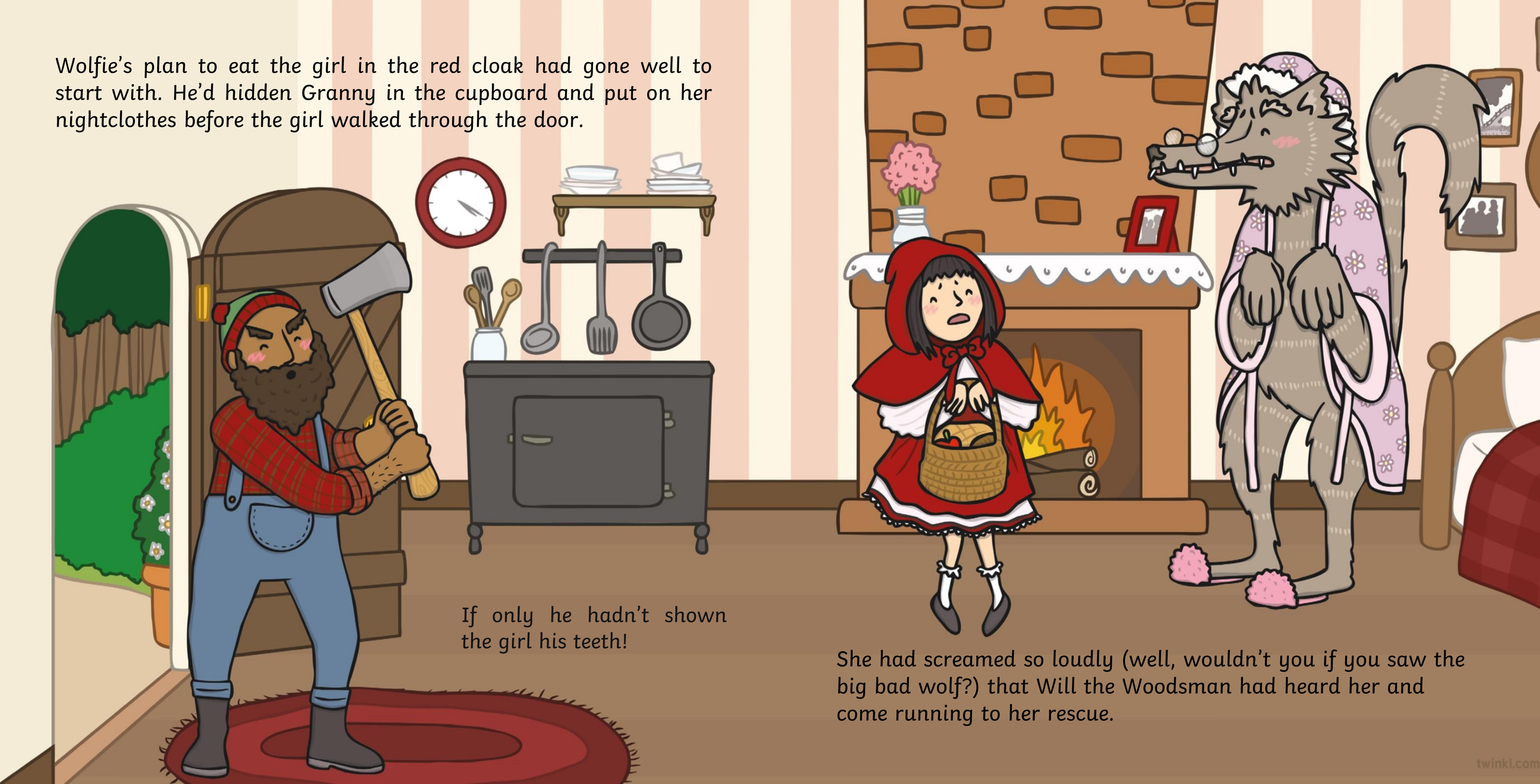
twinkl
A Twinkl Original
Fee!
Fi!
Fo!
Fum!

Wolfie's plan to eat the girl in the red cloak had gone well to start with. He'd hidden Granny in the cupboard and put on her nightclothes before the girl walked through the door.



If only he hadn't shown the girl his teeth!

She had screamed so loudly (well, wouldn't you if you saw the big bad wolf?) that Will the Woodsman had heard her and come running to her rescue.

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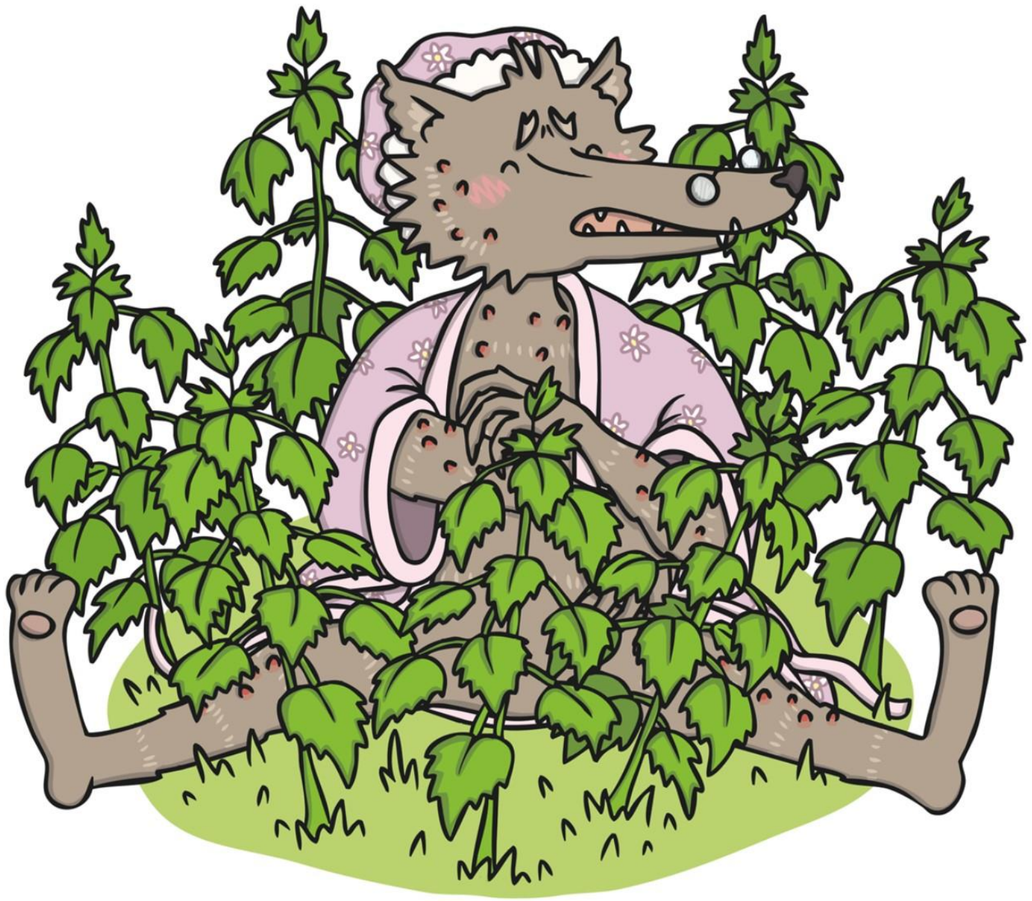
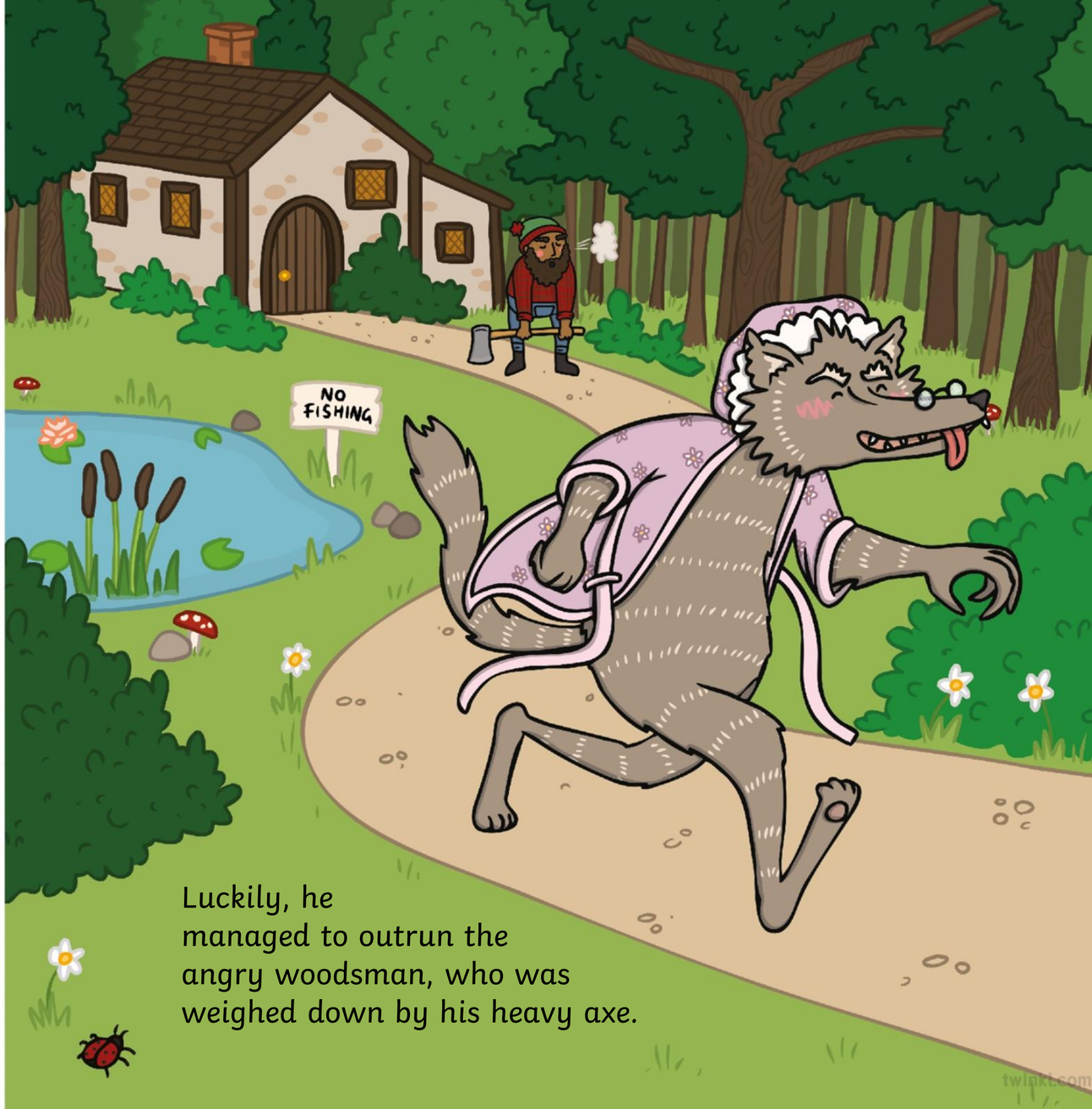
In a panic, Wolfie dived out of the nearest window and landed with a yelp in an enormous patch of stinging nettles. Could his day get any worse?





Luckily, he
managed to outrun the
angry woodsman, who was
weighed down by his heavy axe.

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Not taking any chances, Wolfie kept running, forgetting that he was still wearing his Granny disguise. Just as he thought he was safe, the nightie slipped down around his ankles, making him trip and fall into a thorny bush.

Once his head had stopped spinning, he saw that he had landed outside a little cottage.

Inside, he could hear an angry woman shouting, “Oh Jack, what on earth are we meant to do with these silly beans?”

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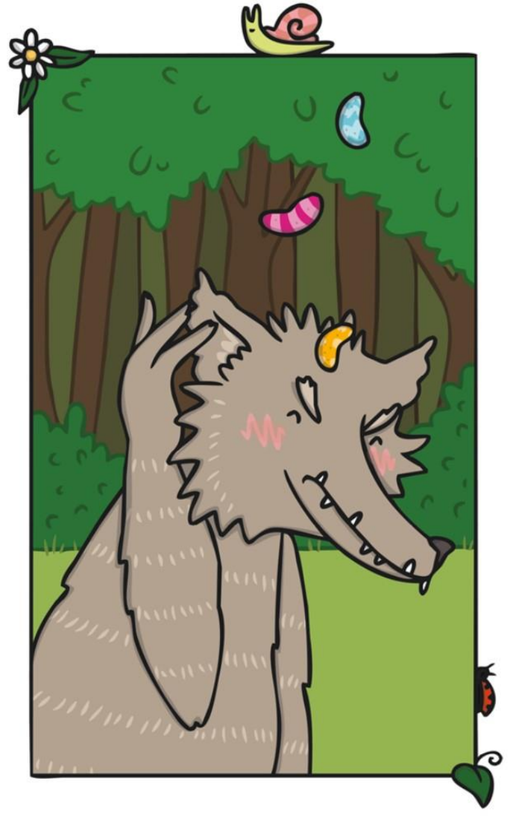
Before Wolfie could move, the beans came sailing out of the open window and rained down on his head. “Ow,” he said, “I’ve had enough of this!”



It was starting to get dark. Wolfie was exhausted, so he settled down to sleep. As he lay dreaming, a beanstalk began to grow from one of the beans.

It stretched higher and higher into the sky and by the time Wolfie woke up, it was disappearing into the clouds.

He heard the sound of rustling leaves from above and caught a whiff of smelly socks. “A boy!” he exclaimed hungrily.

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"No more red-cloaked girls or little pigs for me," he said to himself. "I'm heading after that boy. Soon it will be lunchtime!"

Wolfie climbed as quickly as he could, using his claws to grip the stalk as he clambered higher and higher.

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When he finally reached the top, he gasped in amazement as he stared up at a gigantic castle. It was so huge that it looked like it belonged to a giant!

In the door was an enormous cat flap, through which he just saw a boy's legs disappearing.

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Wolfie struggled as he waded through the soft, fluffy clouds but, eventually, he reached the flap and clambered inside. He tried to follow the scent of boy but was distracted by another smell that crept inside his hairy nostrils...

Someone who smelt even worse than the boy was nearby!

Wolfie crept quietly through the empty halls until he reached the kitchen. There, on top of a huge table, stood the boy – with a goose under one arm and a harp under the other. Without making a sound, Wolfie tiptoed towards him.

But the silence was suddenly shattered as the harp played a noisy tune.

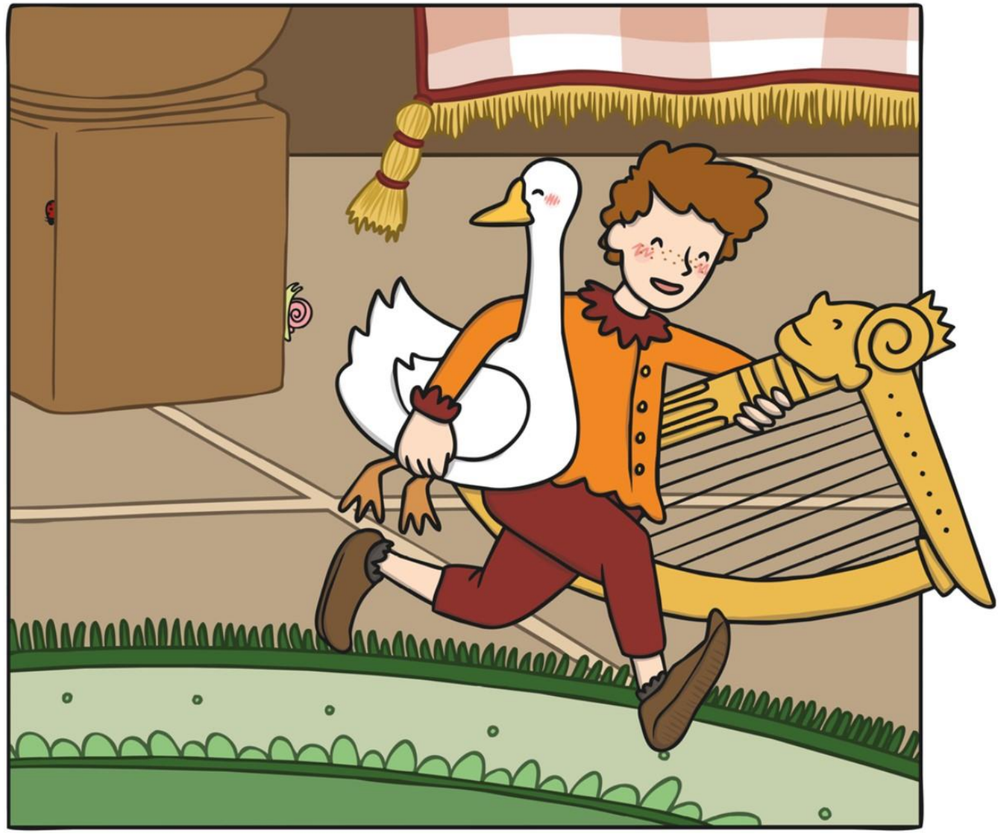
"Uh oh," said the boy, as the ground began to rumble.

A terrifying voice boomed, "**Fee! Fi! Fo! Fum!**"

"Fee! Fi! Fo! Foff!" muttered Wolfie to himself. "I think it's best if I head off!"

But at that moment, the boy jumped down from the table and landed on Wolfie, pinning him to the floor!

"Sorry!" said the boy, grinning, as he ran towards the door, "And thank you for the soft landing!"



Wolfie struggled to his feet and raced after the boy, with the **thud, thud** of the giant's footsteps close behind him.

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The boy hurried through the cat flap and raced ahead but poor Wolfie was too slow. The giant yanked open the door and sent him flying through the air with a colossal kick. Wolfie landed in a painful heap next to the beanstalk.

Determined to catch the boy, the persistent wolf scrambled down the beanstalk with the giant in hot pursuit.

In his haste, Wolfie slipped and tumbled, overtaking the boy and bouncing from branch to branch, before meeting the ground with a bone-shuddering thump.

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Now, you might think this is where Wolfie's problems would end. But, unfortunately for him, there was one last horrible surprise waiting...

There, in the garden, stood Will the Woodsman with his sharp, shiny axe!

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“Not you again!” Will yelled. He chased after Wolfie, accidentally hacking at the beanstalk with every swing of his axe.

Soon, a creaking sound filled the air and the beanstalk began to topple. The giant and the beanstalk came crashing to the ground.

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As the boy headed back to his cottage, Wolfie stalked away, furious after a disastrous day of bumps and bruises - and no dinner! ‘Maybe I’ll go and visit those little pigs again,’ he thought. ‘Third time lucky, after all!’
Some wolves never learn!
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