

THE WOLF'S SIDE OF THE STORY

Once upon a time, I was making a birthday cake for my dear old granny. I had a terrible sneezing cold. I ran out of sugar, so I walked down the street to ask my neighbor for a cup of sugar. Now, this neighbor just happened to be a pig, and he wasn't too bright either. He had built his whole house out of straw. Can you believe it? I mean, who in his right mind would build a house of straw? So of course the minute I knocked on the door, it fell right in. I didn't want to just walk into someone else's house so I called, "Little pig, little pig, are you in?" No answer. I was just about to go home without the cup of sugar for my dear old granny's birthday cake. That's when my nose started to itch. I felt a sneeze coming on. Well I huffed, and I snuffed, and I sneezed a great sneeze. And now they blame me for BLOWING his house over! It's not my fault that the house was poorly made. And right in the middle of the pile of straw was the First Little Pig — dead as a doornail. He had been home the whole time. It seemed like a shame to leave a perfectly good ham dinner lying there in the straw, so I ate it up. Think of it as a cheeseburger just lying there.

I was feeling a little better, but I still didn't have my cup of sugar so I went to the next neighbor's house. This neighbor was the First Little Pig's brother. He was a little smarter but not much. He had built his house of sticks. I rang the bell on the stick house. Nobody answered. I called, "Mr. Pig, Mr. Pig, are you in?"

He yelled back, "Go away, Wolf. You can't come in. I'm shaving the hairs on my chinny chin-chin!"

I had just grabbed the doorknob when I felt another sneeze coming on. I huffed, and I snuffed, and I tried to cover my mouth, because I am polite, but I sneezed a great sneeze. And you are not going to believe this, but the guy's house fell down just like his brother's. When the dust cleared, there was the Second Little Pig — dead as a doornail. I hadn't touched him! Now, you know, food will spoil if you just leave it out in the open, so I did the only thing there was to do. I had dinner again. Think of it as a second helping. I was getting awfully full, but my cold was feeling a little better.

I still didn't have that cup of sugar for my dear old granny's birthday cake, so I went to the next house. This guy was the First and Second Little Pig's brother. He must have been the brains of the family. He had built his house of bricks. I knocked on the brick house. No answer. I called, "Mr. Pig, Mr. Pig, are you in?" And do you know what that rude little porker answered?

"Get out of here, Wolf. Don't bother me again." Talk about impolite! He probably had a whole sack full of sugar, and he wouldn't give me even one little cup for my dear sweet old granny's birthday cake. What a pig! I was just about to go home and maybe make a nice birthday card instead of a cake, when I felt my cold coming on. I huffed and I snuffed, and I sneezed once

again. Then the Third Little Pig yelled, "And your old granny can sit on a pin!" Now I'm usually a pretty calm fellow, but when somebody talks about my granny like that, I go a little crazy. When the cops drove up, of course, I was trying to break down this Pig's door, and the whole time I was huffing and puffing and sneezing and making a real scene.

And now to make the story flashier, they started saying that I climbed up on the roof and fell in the chimney. That obviously is not the case because I am still alive today. I was framed and have been labeled the Big Bad Wolf ever since.

Scieszka, J., & Smith, L. (2014). The true story of the 3 little pigs. Viking Children's Books.