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## ***The Real Story of the Three Little Pigs***

We have all heard the story of the three little pigs and the big bad wolf. It's all a lie. In all actuality, the big bad wolf was the runt of his litter and is quite nice indeed. In fact, the whole story got so twisted around that it leads you to believe that the (oh, and there were only two of them) are innocent and very sweet. Now I think it's time to hear the truth. If you actually care about the wolf then you should read on.

Mr. Canis (the big bad wolf) was driving to work like any other day, when his car broke down. Being a courteous wolf, he didn't curse under his breath or do anything of the sort. He simply popped the hood, checked the engine, and to his delight, discovered he was simply out of gas. Since he had driven this road every day for 17 years, he knew that there were two houses that weren't but a mile up the road.

"Maybe they have some spare gas I can borrow!", Mr. Canis exclaimed in an eccentric manner.

When Mr. Canis was within sight of the houses, he thought things looked odd. Only upon closer inspection did he realize that one of the houses was made of something other than the usual building materials.

"Is that.....cardboard?", Mr. Canis inquired of no one in particular.

A mysterious figure appeared out of the shadows and answered, "yes. Yes it is." He continued with resentment, "it would be like my brother's house, made of fancy bricks and a fancy chimney, but HE got the WHOLE inheritance. Me? I got SQUAT!"

The wolf then stifled a sneeze, not wanting this seemingly innocent pig to know that his allergies were acting up. Despite his efforts, the wolf couldn't hold it anymore.

"Ah... Ahh.... Ahh-CHOO!" the wolf exploded with great force. The sneeze attack continued, "I.... Ahhh.... Ahhh.... I can't STOP! Aaahh- CHOO! I forgot to tell you that I.... Ahhh-CHOO.... am allergic to.... Ahhh-CHOO.... pig dander!"

"I can tell," the pig said in a mysterious tone of voice. You could almost see the wheels churning in his head. The calculating little stinker had a mischievous idea forming in that pink little head of his. What would happen, he wondered to himself, if this gullible wolf "accidentally" ahhh-CHOO-d down my humble abode? The insurance claim would build me a PALACE! Skid Row to a BEACH FRONT ESTATE! I will finally get the chance to out do my right brother! This is the answer to my prayers!

“Mr. Canis, why don’t you stand over here, closer to the house, and get out of that wretched sun?” The pig deliberately grabbed his arm, forcing him toward his house.

“I really shouldn’t be this close to you I... I... CHOO!



Crash was the only sound Mr. Canis could hear as the house plummeted to the ground. In utter disbelief, Mr. Canis could not contain his grief for what he had just done. The shock rid him of his allergies, at least for the moment. “oh, I am so very sorry, Mr. Pig! Look at what remains of your house!” he stammered with sorrow. “I have no money to replace what is lost, but I will work to help you rebuild your home.”

The pig screamed at the innocent wolf, “Why, you dastardly, big, bad wolf! You knew this would happen! You knew that your forceful sneezing would destroy my lovely home! Oh, yes... you will PAY for what you have done!” The plotting porker hastily whipped out his cell phone and dialed the police, “Emergency! I need your best people at 673 Bacon Boulevard! I caught the big, bad wolf red handed as he blew down my house!”

In a jiffy, the police car was on the scene. “Officer Hound here. Upholding the law is not only my duty, but my passion. Exactly what happened here?”

That sleazy swine crafted the fairy tale that we have all come to know as The Three Little Pigs. The pig accused, “Well, the wolf huffed, and he puffed, and he BLEW my house down! You need to slap some cuffs on him and throw him in jail, before he continues on his rampage!”

Shaking his head in disbelief, he muttered, “It was a sneeze... just a sneeze”

Officer Hound proudly took the cuffs out of his back pocket and declared, “Sorry, Mister, but looks like you are going to have to come with me.” In an instant, the wolf was in the back of the cruiser and on his way to jail.

No one would believe his story that it was just a sneezing attack gone wrong. To this day, he is still behind bars. The good news is, with all that free time he has had, he has spent a great deal of time studying to become a lawyer, first to get himself released, then to help other creatures wrongly accused.

The pig, on the other hand, is sitting pretty in his piggy palace that he built with the \$3,000,000 insurance claim money. What he doesn’t know is that this is all about to change. In the not too distant future, he will wake up one morning to hear Officer Hound’s police siren squawking in his driveway to bring him to justice. He will go from hog heaven to piggy prison. Now that’s a fairy tale!