

The True Story of the Three Little Pigs

By
JON SCIESZKA

CHARACTERS: (9) Narrator 1 Narrator 2 Narrator 3 Narrator 4
 Narrator 5 Narrator 6 Pig 2 Pig 3 Wolf

Wolf: Everybody knows the story of the Three Little Pigs. Or at least they think they do. But I'll let you in on a little secret. Nobody knows the real story, because nobody has ever heard my side of the story. I'm the Wolf. Alexander T. Wolf. You can call me A 1.

Narrator 1: No one knows just how this whole Big Bad Wolf thing got started, but it's all wrong.

Narrator 2: Maybe it's because wolves eat cute little animals like bunnies and sheep and pigs. That's just the way they are. If cheeseburgers were cute, folks would probably think people were Big and Bad, too.

Narrator 1: But the whole Big Bad thing is all wrong.

Narrator 2: The real story is about a sneeze and a cup of sugar.

Narrator 3: Way back in Once Upon a Time time, our friend, the wolf, was making a birthday cake for his dear granny.

Narrator 4: He had a terrible sneezing cold.

Narrator 5: He had ran out of sugar.

Narrator 6: So he walked down the street to ask his neighbor for a cup of sugar.

Narrator 1: Now this neighbor was a pig.

Narrator 2: And he wasn't too bright, either.

Narrator 3: He had built his whole house out of straw.

Narrator 4: Can you believe it? Who in his right mind would build a house of straw?

Narrator 5: So of course the minute the wolf knocked on the door, it fell right in and he didn't want to just walk into someone else's house.

Narrator 6: So he called.

Wolf: Little Pig, ...Little Pig, are you in?

Narrator 1: No answer .

Narrator 2: He was just about to go home without the cup of sugar for his dear old granny's birthday cake.

Narrator 3: That's when his nose started to itch.

Narrator 4: He felt a sneeze coming on.

Narrators: 1-2-3-4-5-6 (TOGETHER) Well, he huffed. And he snuffed.

Narrator 1: And he sneezed a great sneeze.

Narrator 2: And you know what? That whole darn straw house fell down. And right in the middle of the pile of straw was the First Little Pig-dead as a doornail.

Narrator 3: He had been home the whole time.

Narrator 4: It seemed like a shame to leave a perfectly good ham dinner lying there in the straw. So the wolf ate it up.

Narrator 5: Think of it as a big cheeseburger just lying there.

Narrator 6: He was feeling a little better. But he still didn't have his cup of sugar.

Narrator 1: So he went to the next neighbor's house.

Narrator 2: This neighbor was the First Little Pig's brother. He was a little smarter, but not much. He had built his house of sticks.

Narrator 3: He rang the bell on the stick house.

Narrator 4: Nobody answered.

Narrator 5: He called...

Wolf: Mr. Pig, ...Mr. Pig, are you in?

Narrator 6: He yelled back:

2ND Pig: Go away wolf. You can't come in. I'm shaving the hairs on my chinny chin chin.

Narrator 1: He had grabbed the doorknob when he felt another sneeze coming on.

Narrators: 1-2-3-4-5-6: He huffed. And he snuffed.

Narrator 2: And he tried to cover his mouth, but he sneezed a great sneeze.

Narrator 3: And you're not going to believe it, but this guy's house fell down just like his brother's.

Narrator 4: When the dust cleared, there was the second Little Pig -- dead as a doornail.

Wolfs honor!

Narrator 5: Now you know food will spoil if you leave it out in the open.

Narrator 6: So the wolf did the only thing there was to do. He had dinner again.

Narrator 1: Think of it as a second helping.

Narrator 2: He was getting awfully full. But his cold was feeling a little better.

Narrator 3: And he still didn't have that cup of sugar for his dear old granny's birthday cake.

Narrator 4: So the wolf went to the next house. This guy was the First and Second Little Pigs' brother.

Narrator 5: He must have been the brains of the family. He had built his house of bricks.

Narrator 6: The wolf knocked on the brick house. No answer.

Wolf: Mr. Pig.. ..Mr. Pig, are you in?

Narrator 1: And do you know what that rude little porker answered?

3RD Pig: Get out of here, Wolf. Don't bother me again. Talk about impolite!

Narrator 3: He probably had a whole sack full of sugar.

Narrator 4: And he wouldn't give the wolf even one little cup for his dear, sweet old granny's birthday cake.

Narrator 5: What a pig!

Narrator 6: The wolf was just about to go home and maybe make a nice birthday card instead of a cake, when he felt his cold coming on.

Narrators: 1-2-3-4-5-6: He huffed. And he snuffed. And he sneezed once again.

Narrator 1: Then the Third Little Pig yelled:

3RD Pig: And your old granny can sit on a pin!

Narrator 2: The wolf was usually a pretty calm fellow. But when he heard somebody talk about his dear, sweet old granny like that, he went a little crazy.

Narrator 3: When the cops drove up, of course he was trying to break down this Pig's door. And the whole time the wolf was huffing and puffing and sneezing and making a real scene.

Narrator 4: The rest, as they say, is history .

Narrator 5: The news reporters found out about the two pigs he had for dinner.

Narrator 6: They figured a sick guy going to borrow a cup of sugar didn't sound very exciting.

Narrator 3: So they jazzed up the story with all that "huff and puff" and "blow your house down" stuff.

Narrator 4: And they made him the Big Bad Wolf.

Narrator 5: That's it.

Narrator 6: The real story .

Wolf: I WAS FRAMED!

Narrators: 1-2-3-4-5-6: But maybe you could loan him a cup of sugar.