

The True Story of the Three Little Pigs

By
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Narrator 1: Everyone knows the story of the Three Little Pigs.

Narrator 2: Or at least, they think they do.

Narrator 3: But we'll let you in on a little secret.

Narrator 4: Nobody knows the real story,

Wolf: Because nobody has ever heard *my* side of the story. I'm the wolf.

Narrator 5: Alexander T. Wolf.

Wolf: You can call me Al.

Narrator 1: We don't know how this whole Big Bad Wolf thing got started, but it's all wrong.

Narrator 2: Maybe it's because of the diet.

Wolf: Hey, it's not my fault wolves eat cute little animals like bunnies and sheep and pigs. That's just the way we are. If cheeseburgers were cute, folks would probably think you were big and bad, too!

Narrator 3: Like we were saying,

Narrator 4: The whole Big Bad Wolf thing is all wrong.

Narrator 5: The real story is about a sneeze and a cup of sugar.

Wolf: This is the real story.

Narrator 1: Way back in Once Upon a Time time, the wolf was making a birthday cake for his dear old granny.

Narrator 2: He had a terrible sneezing cold.

Narrator 3: He ran out of sugar.

Wolf: So I walked down the street to ask my neighbor for a cup of sugar.

Pig 1: Now, this neighbor was a pig.

Narrator 4: And he wasn't too bright, either.

Narrator 5: He had built his whole house out of straw.

Narrator 1: Can you believe it?

Narrator 2: I mean, who in his right mind would build a house of straw?

Wolf: So of course the minute I knocked on the door, it fell right in!

Narrator 3: He didn't want to just walk into someone else's house. So he called,

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

Pig 1: (*scared whisper*) There was no answer.

Narrator 4: He was just about to go home without the cup of sugar for his dear old granny's birthday cake.

Narrator 5: That's when his nose started to itch.

Narrator 1: He felt a sneeze coming on.

Narrator 2: Well, he huffed.

Narrator 3: And he snuffed.

Narrator 4: And he sneezed a great sneeze!

Wolf: "AAAAAAA-CHOO!"

Narrator 5: And you know what? That whole darn straw house fell down.

Narrator 1: And right in the middle of the pile of straw was the First Little Pig -- dead as a doornail. (*First Little Pig play dead*)

Wolf: He had been home the whole time!

Narrator 2: It seemed a shame to leave a perfectly good ham dinner lying there in the straw. So he ate it up.

Narrator 3: Think of it as a big cheeseburger just lying there.

Wolf: I was feeling a little better. But I still didn't have my cup of sugar.

Narrator 4: So he went to the next neighbor's house.

Pig 2: This neighbor was the first little pig's brother.

Narrator 5: He was a little smarter, but not much.

Narrator 1: He had built his house out of sticks.

Narrator 2: He rang the bell on the stick house.

Narrator 3: Nobody answered.

Wolf: "Mr. Pig! Mr. Pig! Are you in?"

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

Narrator 4: The wolf had just grabbed the doorknob when he felt another sneeze coming on.

Narrator 5: He huffed.

Narrator 1: And he snuffed.

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

Wolf: "AAAAAAAAAAAA-CHOOOO!"

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. (*Pig 2 play dead*)

Wolf: Wolf's honor.

Narrator 5: Now, you know food will spoil if you leave it out in the open. So he did the only thing there was to do.

Narrator 1: He had dinner again.

Wolf: Think of it as a second helping.

Narrator 2: He was getting awfully full.

Narrator 3: But his cold was feeling a little better.

Narrator 4: And he still didn't have that cup of sugar for his dear old granny's birthday cake.

Narrator 5: So he went to the next house.

Narrator 1: This guy was the First and Second Little Pigs' brother. He must have been the brains of the family. He had built his house of bricks.

Narrator 2: The wolf knocked on the brick house.

Narrator 3: No answer.

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

Narrator 4: And do you know what that rude little porker answered?

Pig 3: "Get out of here, Wolf. Don't bother me again."

Narrator 5: Talk about impolite!

Narrator 1: He probably had a whole sackful of sugar.

Wolf: And he wouldn't give me even one little cup for my dear sweet old granny's birthday cake.

Narrator 2: What a pig!

Narrator 3: He was just about to go home and maybe make a nice birthday card instead of a cake, when he felt his cold coming on.

Narrator 4: He huffed.

Narrator 5: And he snuffed.

Narrator 1: And he sneezed once again.

Narrator 2: And the third little pig yelled,

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

Wolf: Now, I’m usually a pretty calm fellow. But when somebody talks about my granny like that, I go a little crazy.

Narrator 3: When the cops drove up, of course he was trying to break down the Pig’s door.

Narrator 4: And the whole time, he was huffing and puffing and sneezing and making a real scene.

Narrator 5: The rest, as they say, is history.

Wolf: The news reporters found out about the two pigs I had for dinner. They figured a sick guy going to borrow a cup of sugar didn’t sound very exciting. So they jazzed up the story with all of that “Huff and puff and blow your house down.” And they made me the Big Bad Wolf. That’s it. The real story. I was framed!

Narrator 1: But maybe you could loan him a cup of sugar.

Wolf: The End!