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Adapted from the original text, *The True Story of the Three Little Pigs*, by Jon Scieszka.
Everybody knows the story of the Three Little Pigs.

Or they think they do.

But nobody knows the real story.

I'm the Wolf, my name is Al.

I don't know how Big Bad Wolf got started. It is wrong.
Maybe it is because of what I eat such as bunnies.

Sheep and pigs. If cheeseburgers were cute, you would be big and bad, too.

Adapted from the original text, *The True Story of the Three Little Pigs*, by Jon Scieszka.
The story is all wrong. The real story is about a sneeze and a cup of sugar. This is the real story.

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In Once Upon a Time time, I was making a cake.

I had a cold. I ran out of sugar.
I went to my neighbor's house to ask for sugar. My neighbor was a pig. His house was made of straw.

Adapted from the original text, *The True Story of the Three Little Pigs*, by Jon Scieszka.
When I knocked on the door, the door fell down.
I called for the little pig and he did not answer.
I felt my nose itch, I huffed, and I snuffled.

&

And I sneezed a great sneeze.

Adapted from the original text, *The True Story of the Three Little Pigs*, by Jon Scieszka.
The whole house fell down. The little pig was dead in the middle of the straw pile.

I did not want to leave a good ham dinner lying there so I ate it. Think of a cheeseburger just lying there.

Adapted from the original text, *The True Story of the Three Little Pigs*, by Jon Scieszka.
I was feeling better but didn't have sugar. I went to the next neighbor's house.

It was a pig with a house made of sticks.

I rang the doorbell but nobody answered.

I called out and he told me to go away.

Adapted from the original text, *The True Story of the Three Little Pigs*, by Jon Scieszka.
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I grabbed the doorknob and felt a sneeze. I huffed, and I snuffled and sneezed.

The house fell down and the pig was dead in the pile of sticks.

I ate a second dinner and still had no sugar.
I went to the next house. It was a pig with a house of bricks.

I knocked on the door. The pig said "get out of here".
I was leaving when I sneezed again. The pig yelled at the wolf. The wolf went crazy. When the police came he was acting crazy.
Adapted from the original text, *The True Story of the Three Little Pigs*, by Jon Scieszka.

The rest is history. The newspaper made up a story instead of saying he was a sick wolf looking for sugar.
Maybe you could loan me a cup of sugar.