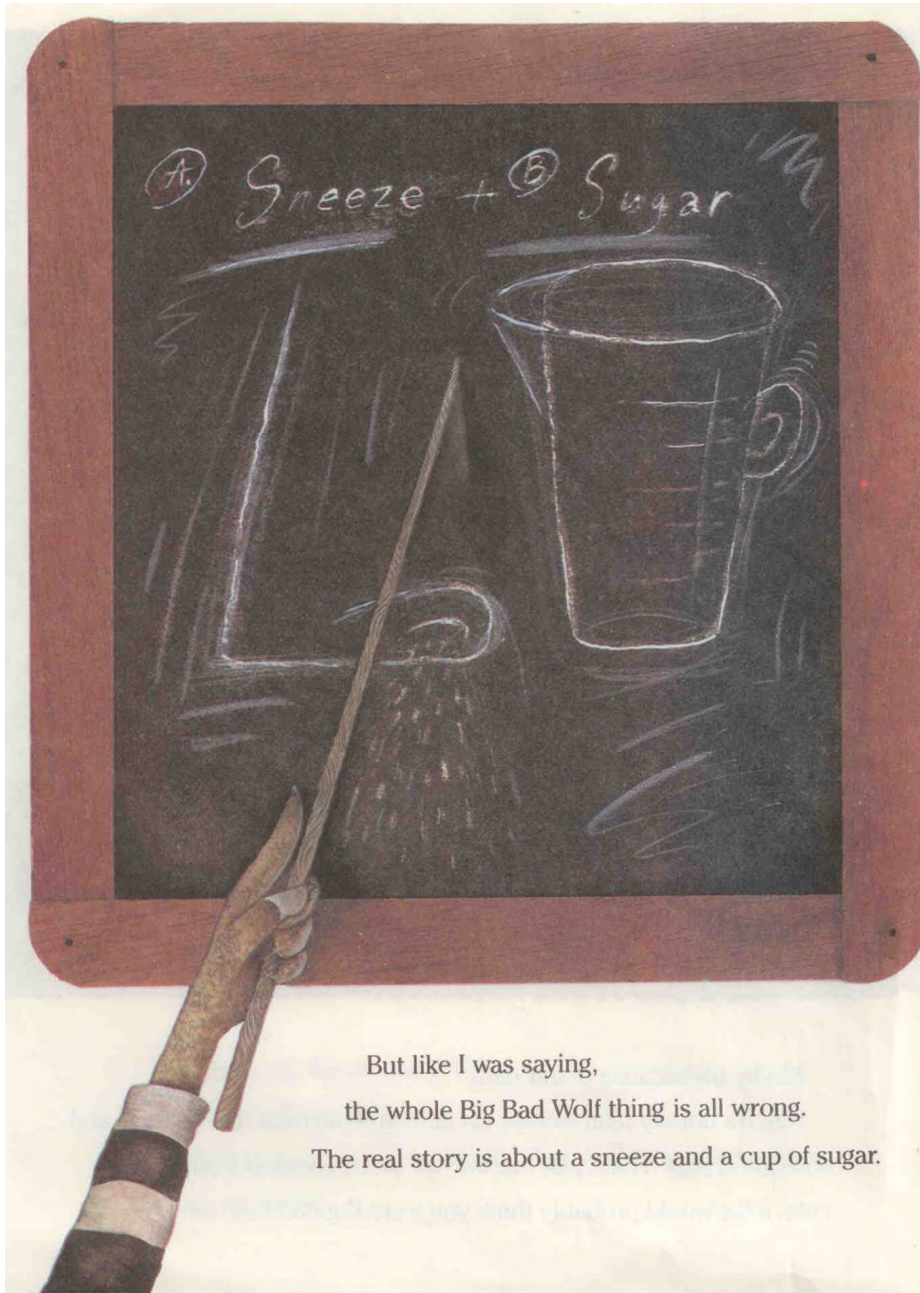




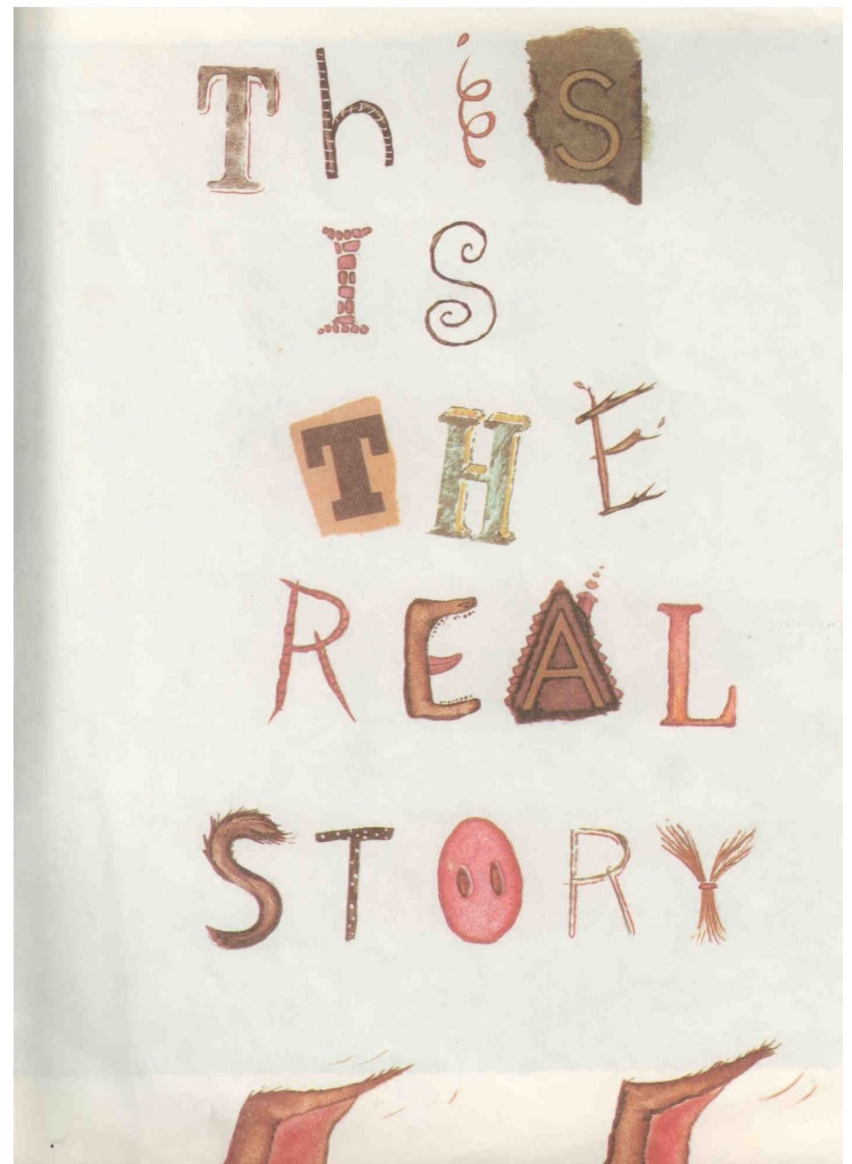
I'm the wolf. Alexander T. Wolf.
You can call me Al.
I don't know how this whole Big Bad Wolf thing got started,
but it's all wrong.



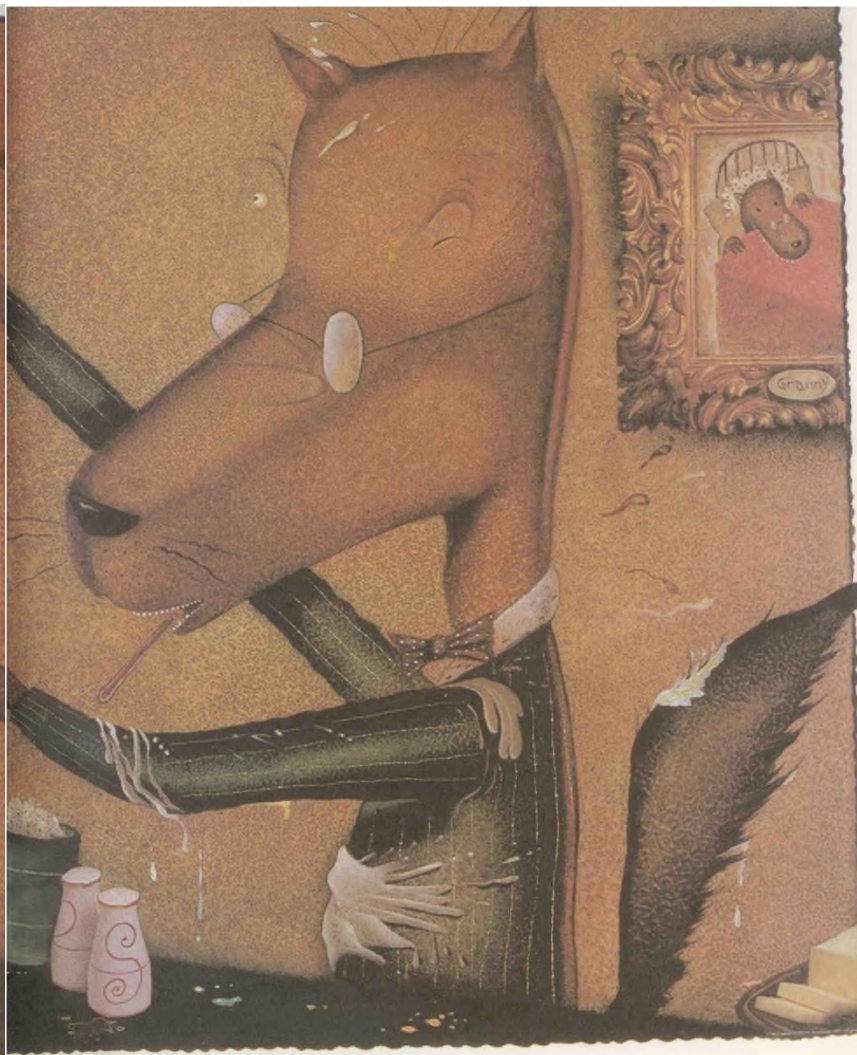
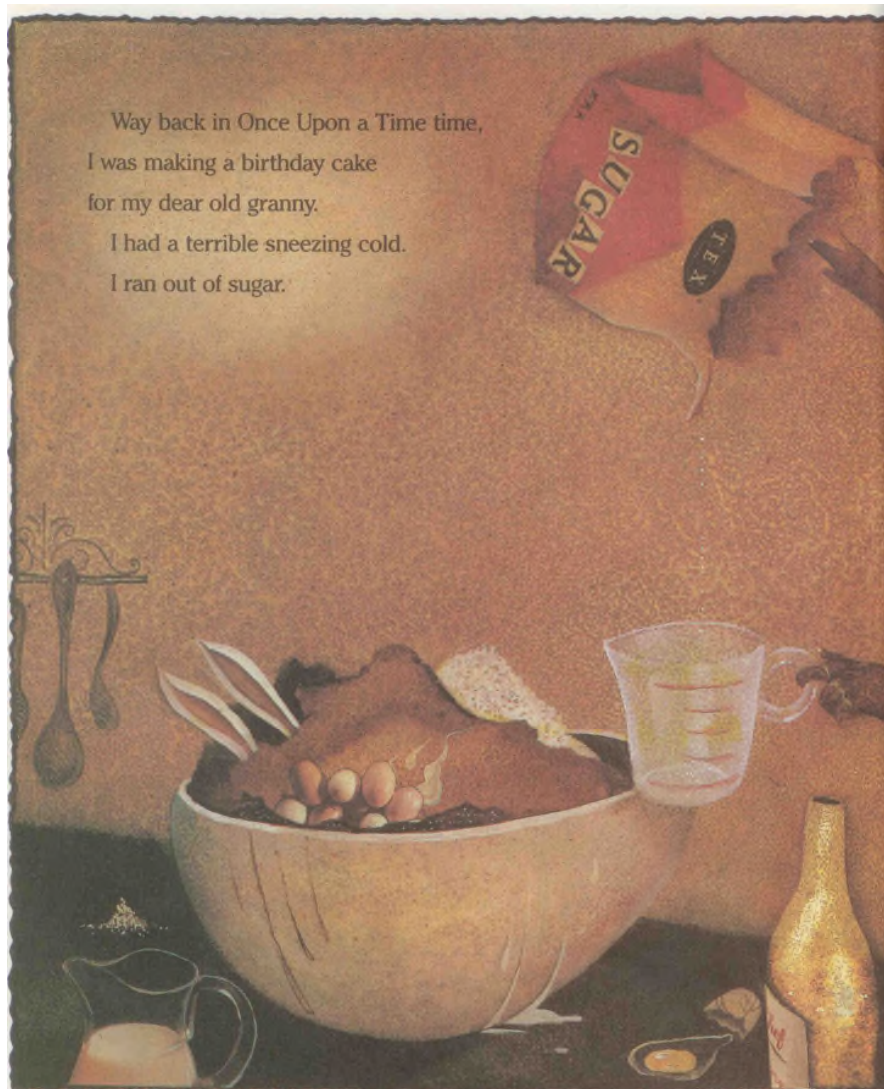
Maybe it's because of our diet.
Hey, it's not my fault wolves eat cute little animals like bunnies and
sheep and pigs. That's just the way we are. If cheeseburgers were
cute, folks would probably think you were Big and Bad, too.



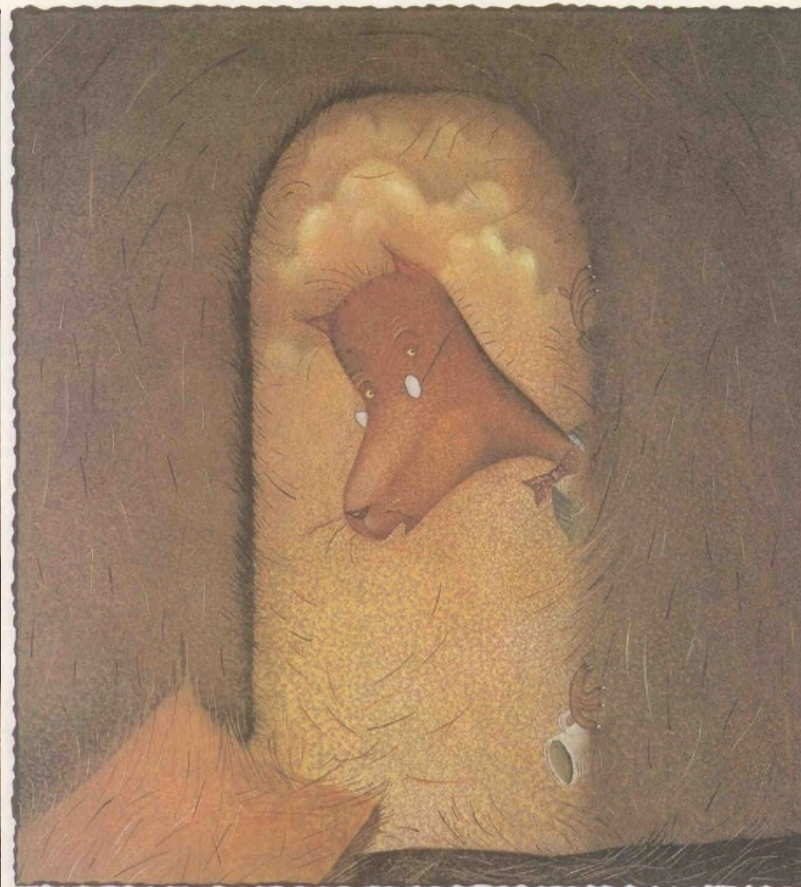
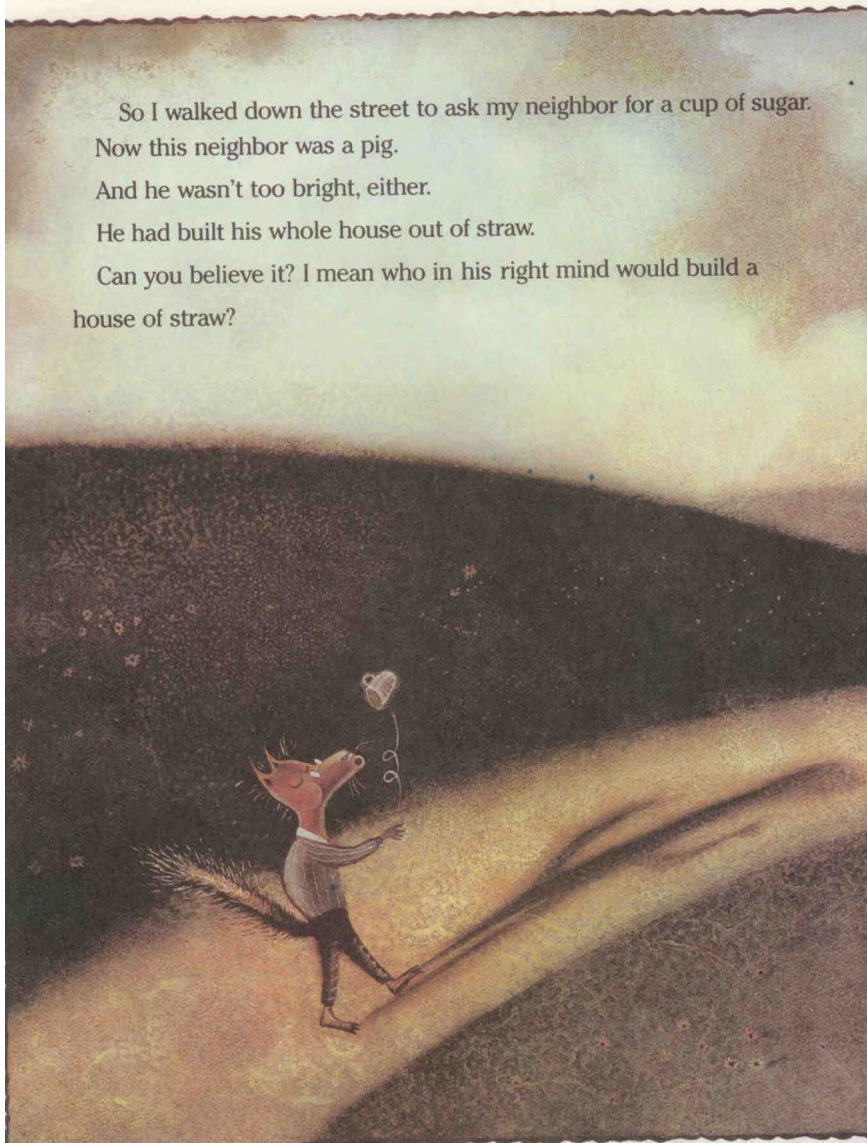
But like I was saying,
the whole Big Bad Wolf thing is all wrong.
The real story is about a sneeze and a cup of sugar.



Way back in Once Upon a Time time,
I was making a birthday cake
for my dear old granny.
I had a terrible sneezing cold.
I ran out of sugar.

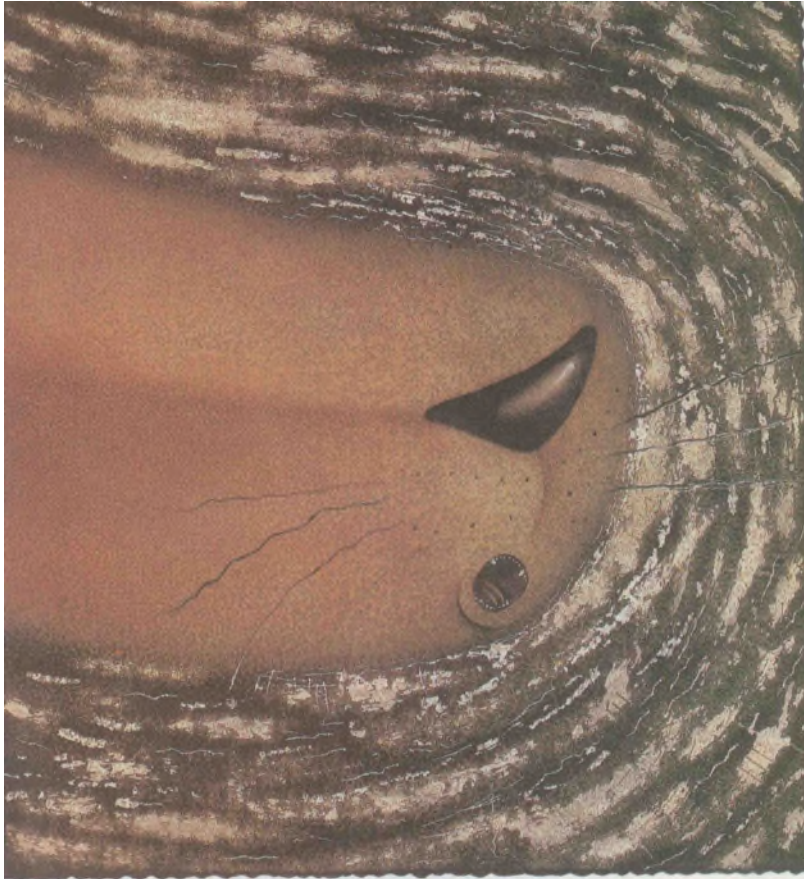


So I walked down the street to ask my neighbor for a cup of sugar.
Now this neighbor was a pig.
And he wasn't too bright, either.
He had built his whole house out of straw.
Can you believe it? I mean who in his right mind would build a
house of straw?

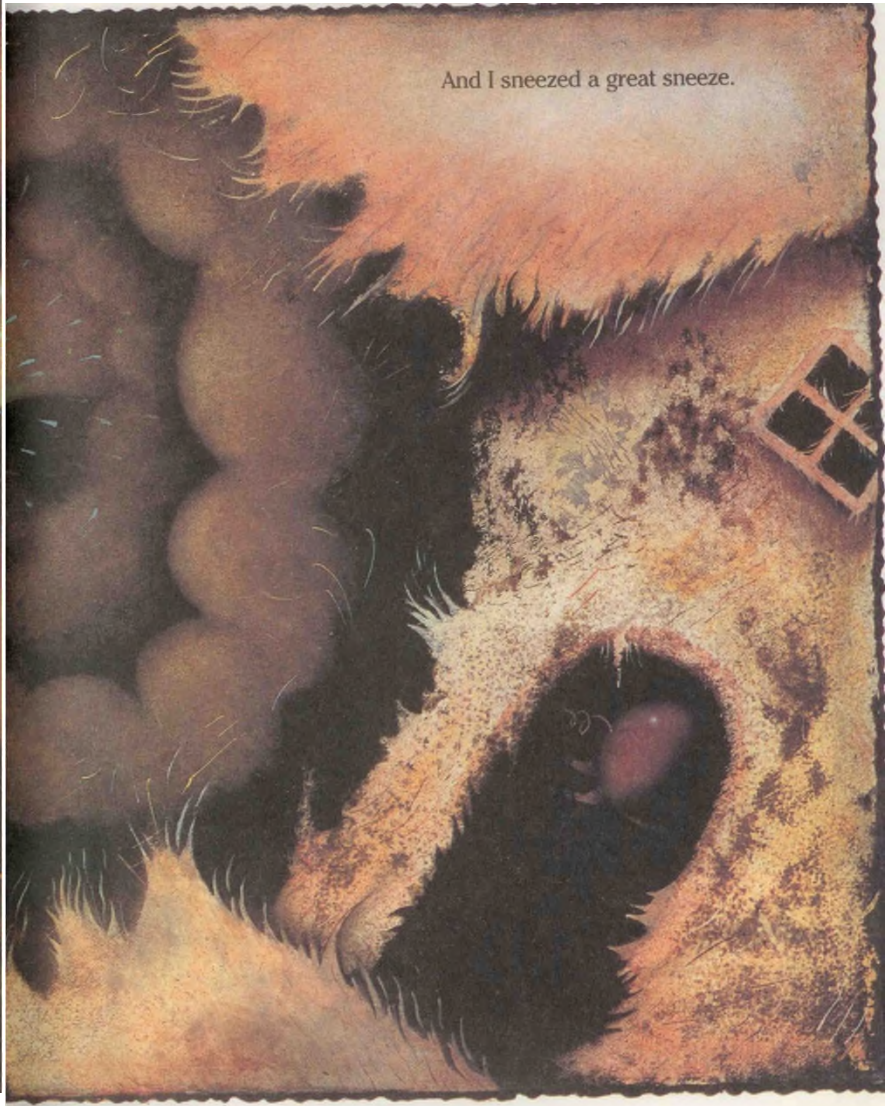


So of course the minute I knocked on the door, it fell right in. I didn't want to just walk into someone else's house. So I called, "Little Pig, Little Pig, are you in?" No answer.

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 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.

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 big cheeseburger just lying there.