



I was feeling a little better. But I still didn't have my cup of sugar.
So I went to the next neighbor's house.
This neighbor was the First Little Pig's brother.
He was a little smarter, but not much.
He had built his house of sticks.

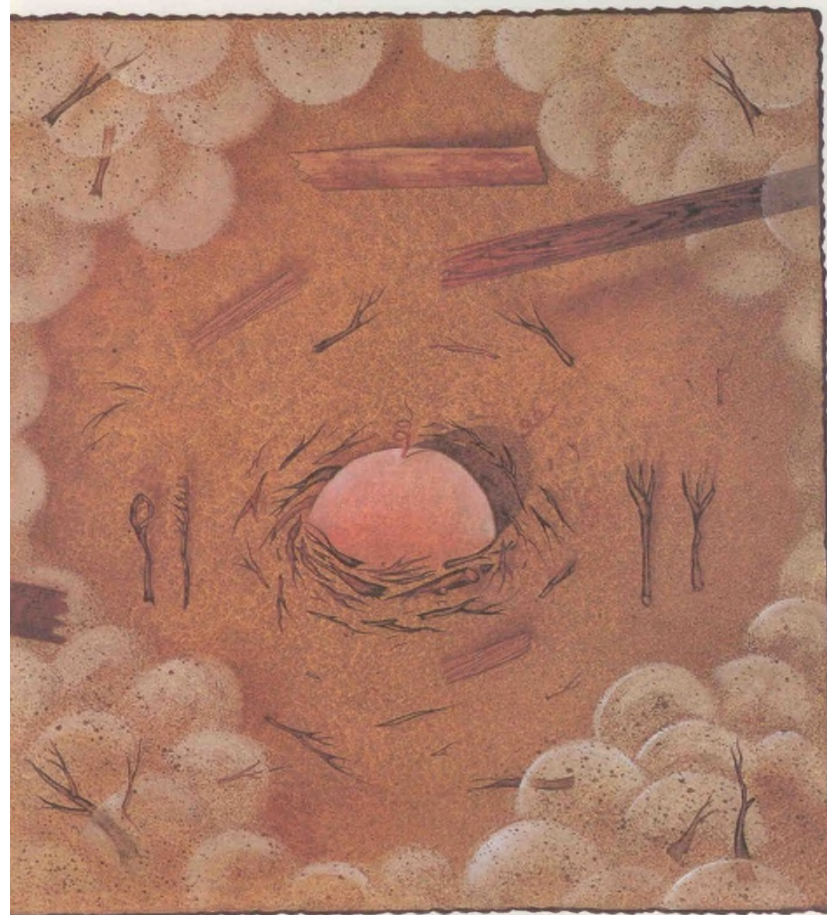


I rang the bell on the stick house.
Nobody answered.
I called, "Mr. Pig, Mr. Pig, are you in?"
He yelled back, "Go away wolf. You can't come in. I'm shaving the
hairs on my chinny chin chin."



I had just grabbed the doorknob when I felt another sneeze coming on.

I huffed. And I snuffed. And I tried to cover my mouth, but I sneezed a great sneeze.



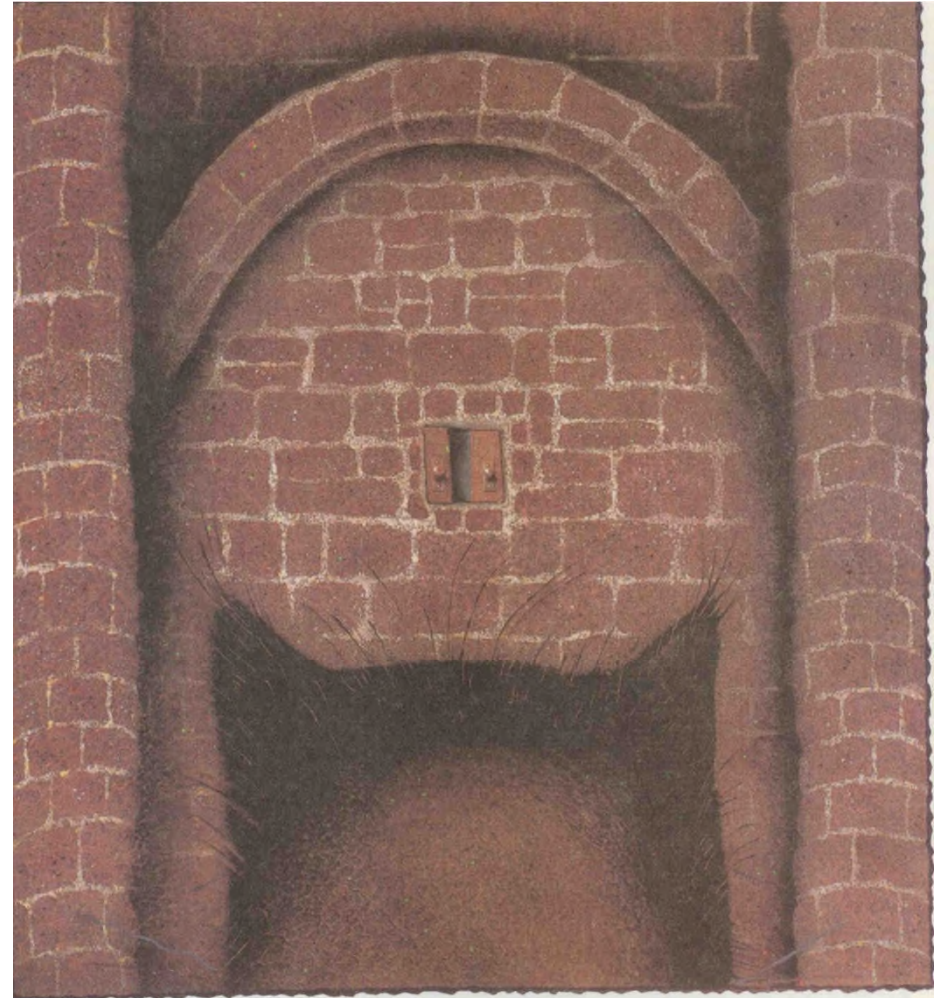
And you're not going to believe it, but this guy's house fell down just like his brother's.

When the dust cleared, there was the Second Little Pig—dead as a doornail. Wolf's honor.



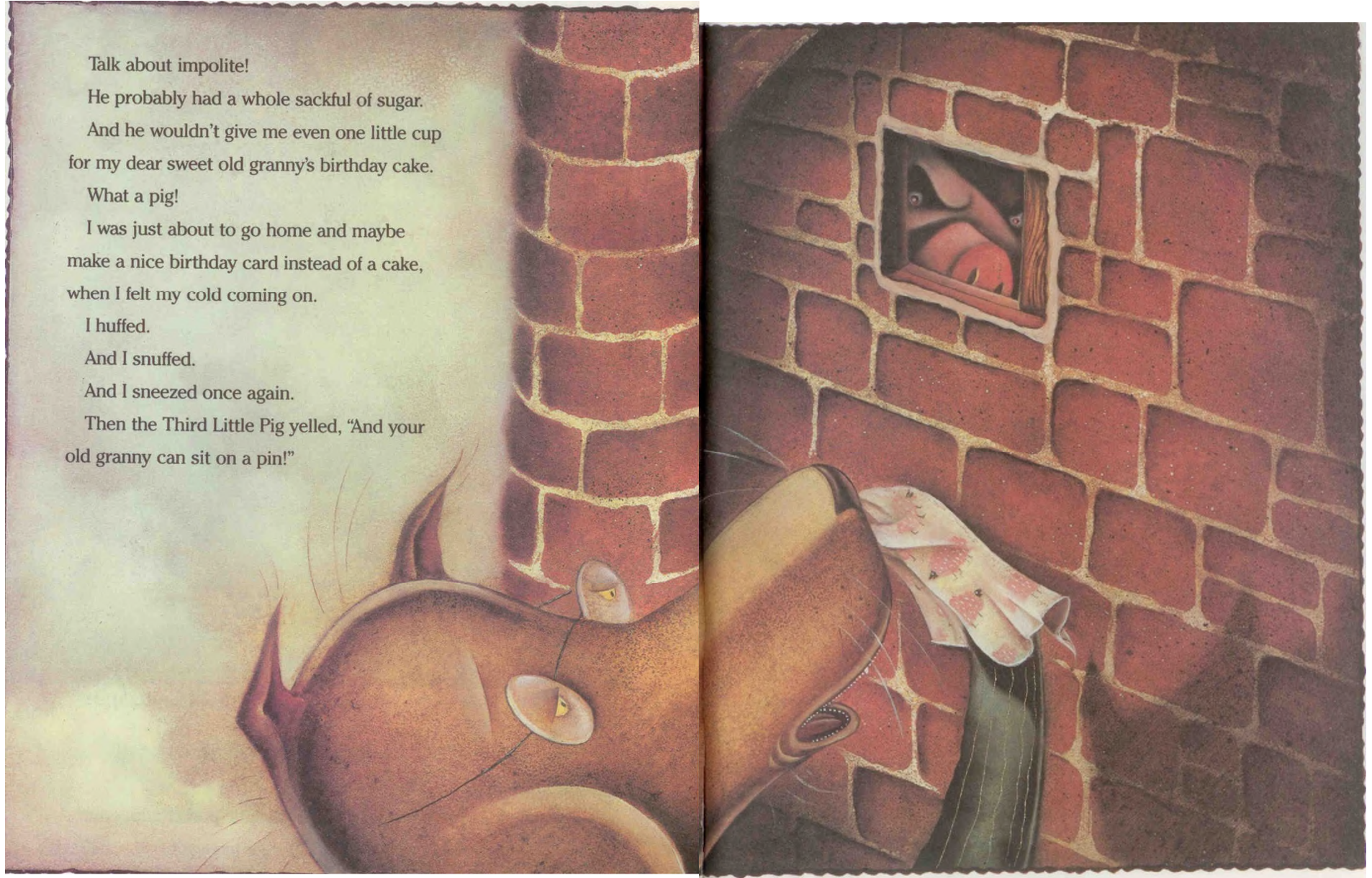


Now you know food will spoil
if you just leave it out in the open.
So I did the only thing there was to do.
I had dinner again.
Think of it as a second helping.
I was getting awfully full.
But my cold was feeling a little better.
And I still didn't have that
cup of sugar for my dear old
granny's birthday cake.
So I went to the next house.
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.



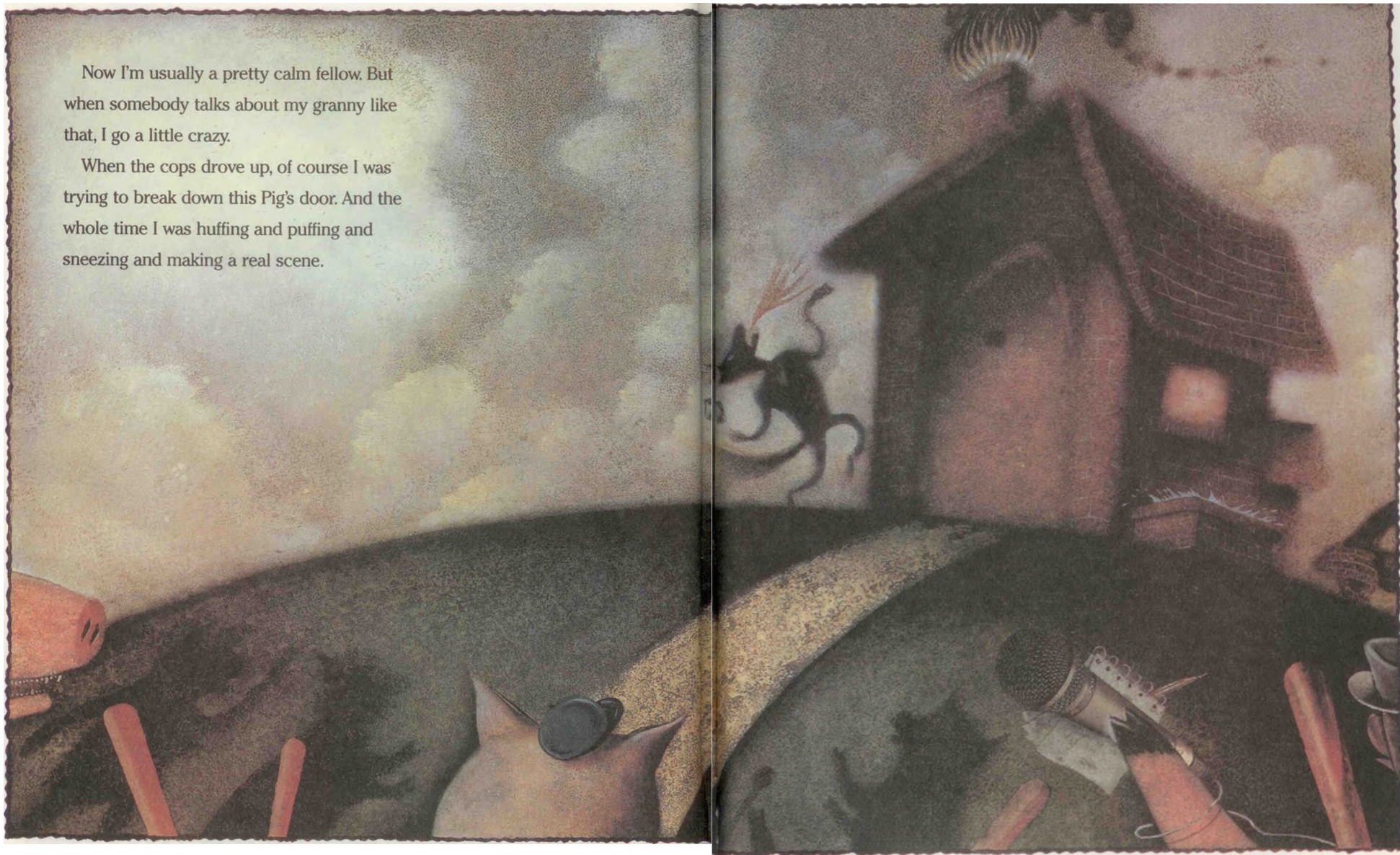
I knocked on the brick house. No answer.
I called, "Mr. Pig, Mr. Pig, are you in?"
And do you know what that rude little porker answered?
"Get out of here, Wolf. Don't bother me again."

Talk about impolite!
He probably had a whole sackful of sugar.
And he wouldn't give me even one little cup
for my dear sweet old granny's birthday cake.
What a pig!
I was just about to go home and maybe
make a nice birthday card instead of a cake,
when I felt my cold coming on.
I huffed.
And I snuffed.
And I sneezed once again.
Then the Third Little Pig yelled, "And your
old granny can sit on a pin!"



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

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





The rest, as they say, is history.



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.



But maybe you could loan me a cup of sugar.



