



# One Handy Wolf



(an adaption of The Three Little Pigs)

By: Andrew D.

This whole “big bad wolf” thing is all a lie, and so is that “huff and puff and blow your house down” thing too. I can’t even blow a feather off a table if I tried! It was spring again, and that meant two things, first: allergy season and second: the three little pigs new houses. Every year the pigs destroy their old houses and get a new one - this one’s a laugh, a straw house, a stick house and a brick house. I got to work on knocking the first pig’s house down, pulling back the wrecking ball, letting go of the wrecking ball, and just as it hit the house, I heard a high-pitched squeal. Uh-oh, I think that was my contractor. I walked onto the wreckage and saw the first pig, dead as a doornail.



I looked left, no one. I looked right, no one. So I ate him right up, it’s better to just be a carnivore than a murderer. I still went through with building the house, but I made it a lot more carelessly than I would have if he was still alive. “Very nice job, here’s your payment, and have a nice day.”

I imitated what the first pig sounded like, then walked out, feeling a bit down but I didn't show it the least bit when I felt my nose tickle, ah ah **choo!** Now most of my houses are steady, but not this one. It fell over with a big crash! I looked left, no one. I looked right, no one, just me and the forest.

“He just killed the first pig, he just killed the first pig, he just killed the first pig.” the woods whispered. I started walking away. The whispering grew louder. I tried running. It grew so loud that it was more like yelling. I left the forest in my dust, and then there was silence. I soon came upon the second house, hoping this job would turn out better.

“Here's the blueprint, don't make any changes to it”, the second pig said to me. I looked at the paper. It was a fantastic design, but it was the least stable house I had ever seen. “I should tell him that.” I said to myself, but not aloud- we didn't want a repeat of last year. I got to work, this time checking to make sure that no one was inside before knocking it down.



Three days later...

Done! It took three days and a lot of hard work to finish, and it looks better than my house. "Here's your pay, don't spend it all in one day." the second pig said to me. I looked down. Ten crisp \$100 bills lay perfectly in his plump little hand. I grabbed the money and then gingerly watched him jog away. I then ran home and just as I got home, a huge windstorm took place at both my and the second pig's houses alike. The very next day I arrived at the scene of the crime, and before everyone else, I think. The air smelled of guts and everything horrible. Just incase that you don't know what that means, I shall tell you. It meant I had to get started on the final pig's house before he found out.



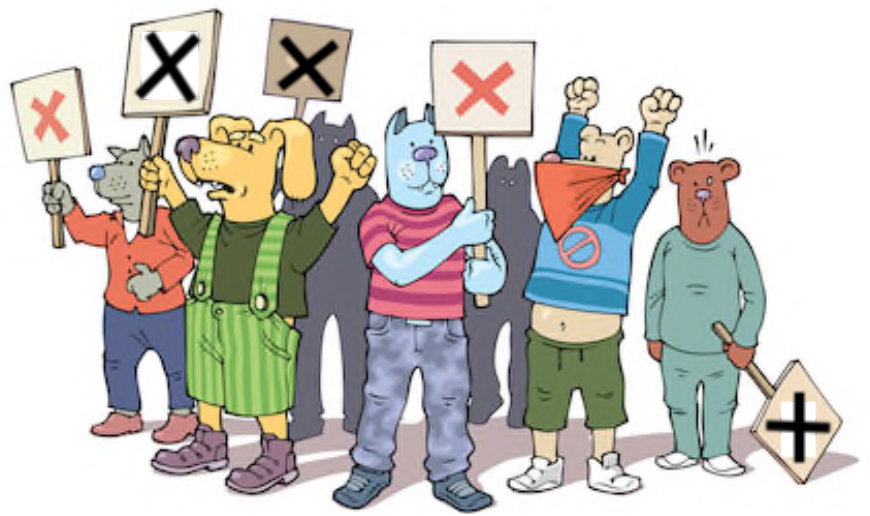


“Okay you know the deal, as steady as possible.”

the third pig was a smart fellow, he just didn't have the manpower to build a house. But what he did have was a lot of money. Come to papa, my money! Like every other house I build for them, I got the wrecking ball ready and rushed off to the market to get all the materials that I would need: lumber, bricks, chewing gum...



Just when I was halfway done, the worst possible thing that could happen occurred. He got the news. It went a bit like this. I was just working happily when a squirrel ran up to me. “MURDER!!!” He yelled at the top of his lungs. That startled me, and I was working on the door at that point in time, which I dropped on him, flattening him. I then realized that there was a



humongous crowd, right at my doorstep. I ran, faster than I have ever ran before, stopping every so often to sneeze. “Ahhhhh!! Achoo! Ahhhhh!! Achoo!” I finally lost them in the forest, still as full as ever. When I get hungry again, I hear that there is a little fairly dim girl in the next town over, known as Little Red Riding Hood...

## THE END?...

