

My Version Of The Three Little Pigs By: Mrs. Rabbit
(Adaptation of the Three Little Pigs By: Courtney H.)

So, we all know and love the tale of the three little pigs, right? Except, you don't know the WHOLE story. But I do...because I saw the whole thing happen. You see, I am Mrs. Rabbit.



I live next to the wolf, and he is nice. I was outside, hanging laundry to dry one day, when Mr. Wolf came by.

"Good morning, Mrs. Rabbit, I am making a cake for my granny. Do you have any sugar?" he asked.

"I'm sorry Mr. Wolf, I do not. I have to go to the store," I replied.

Since I felt bad, I gave him sprinkles for the cake. And on he walked. By then I had to go to the

market, which is by the third little pig's house, so I followed Mr. Wolf.



When I reached the first little pig's house, I stopped, and my mouth fell open. The first little pig's house was wrecked. And there was Pete the pig, sitting in a bathtub full of hay. He ran away screaming about how he had heard the wolf huffing and puffing outside, and next thing he knew, the house had fallen on top of him while he was taking a bath.



I thought it was a little weird, but I still had to go to the market, so on I walked. When I came to the second little pig's house, I stopped again. The second little pig's house was not wrecked, but I saw that Mr. Wolf was getting ready to sneeze. Mr. Wolf had a very powerful sneeze, and since we were in the middle of a terrible pollen season, and he was about to sneeze, I dove in to some bushes for cover. I then heard a big crash! I crawled out of the bushes and the second little pig's house was blown to smithereens! And there, lying in the sticks, was the second little pig, Percival. And then, he got up and ran away screaming about how the Wolf was huffing and puffing, and the next thing he knew, his house had fallen on top of him as he was getting comfy to watch his favorite show, "Porks and Rec."



By now I was getting tired of this, because I knew Mr. Wolf was not trying to be mean – he only wanted some sugar for his Granny's birthday cake, but I still had to go to the market, so on I walked.



Once I got to the market, I grabbed a shopping cart, and went in to do my shopping. As I was leaving, I saw Mr. Wolf knocking on the third little pig's door. I saw the third little pig, Preston, in the window, looking terrified, his phone in his hand. As I was walking up the small hill, I heard someone sneezing like crazy. I turned around, and there was Mr. Wolf. Sneezing. But I also heard sirens. Just then, FIVE cop cars pulled up. I watched as Mr. Wolf was placed into a cop car. As they drove away, he yelled,

"Watch my house please, Mrs. Rabbit! And tell my wife I'm sorry!"

Then he disappeared from view. As I walked home, I started feeling sorry for the guy. After all, he only wanted sugar for his granny's birthday cake. I formed a plan. The next day, I ran down to the market, bought some sugar, and ran to his house. I gathered up all the cake's ingredients (including the sprinkles), and put them in to a box. Then, I sent it to the jail for Mr. Wolf. I thought, now Mr. Wolf can bake his granny a birthday cake.

One year later...

Mr. Wolf and his family, my family, and Pete, Percival, and Preston, all gathered at my house for a surprise party for Mr. Wolf's Granny. After that day with the police, Mr. Wolf visited an allergist, and began taking pills to control his hay fever. Pete, Percival, and Preston apologized for overreacting, and Mr. Wolf even helped them to rebuild their houses. This time, ALL of them were brick.

