Once upon a time there were three little pigs and the time came for them to leave home and seek their fortunes.

Before they left, their mother told them “Whatever you do, do it the best that you can because that’s the way to get along in the world.

The first little pig built his house out of straw because it was the easiest thing to do.

The second little pig built his house out of sticks. This was a little bit stronger than a straw house.

The third little pig built his house out of bricks.

One night the big bad wolf, who dearly loved to eat fat little piggies, came along and saw the first little pig in his house of straw. He said “Let me in, let me in, little pig or I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house in!”

“Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin”, said the little pig.

But of course the wolf did blow the house in and ate the first little pig.

The wolf then came to the house of sticks.

“Let me in, let me in little pig or I’ll huff and I’ll puff and I’ll blow your house in” “Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin”, said the little pig. But the wolf blew that house in too, and ate the second little pig.

The wolf then came to the house of bricks.

“Let me in, let me in” cried the wolf

“Or I’ll huff and I’ll puff till I blow your house in”

“Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin” said the pigs.

Well, the wolf huffed and puffed but he could not blow down that brick house.

But the wolf was a sly old wolf and he climbed up on the roof to look for a way into the brick house.

The little pig saw the wolf climb up on the roof and lit a roaring fire in the fireplace and placed on it a large kettle of water.

When the wolf finally found the hole in the chimney he crawled down and KERSPLASH right into that kettle of water and that was the end of his troubles with the big bad wolf.

And he just lived happily ever after!

Adapted from http://www.shol.com/agita/pigs.htm
Everybody knows the story of the Three Little Pigs. Or at least they think they do. But I’ll let you in on a little secret. Nobody knows the real story, because nobody has ever heard my side of the story. I’m 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.

THIS IS THE REAL STORY.

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 snuffled. And I sneezed a great sneeze.

And you know what? The 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 cheeseburger just lying there. 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 has 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 shinny chin chin.”

I had just grabbed the doorknob when I felt another sneeze coming on. I huffed. And I snuffled.
And I tried to cover my mouth, but I sneezed a great sneeze.

And you are not going to believe this, but the 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 Pig's 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?

Sources:
THE TRUE STORY OF THE THREE LITTLE PIGS! AS TOLD TO JON SCIESZKA ILLUSTRATED BY LANE SMITH, Published by: VIKING, 375 Hudson Street New York NY 10014, 1989
http://www.ricks-bricks.com/wolfside.htm
Storytelling, the News, and the Media: Fact or Opinion?

I. Title of Story One: *Three Little Pigs* (traditional)
   a. What is this story about?
   b. Who is telling this story?
   c. Who is/are the bad guy(s) in this story? How do we know (i.e. evidence)?
   d. Who is/are the good guy(s) in this story? How do we know (i.e. evidence)?
   e. What bias(es) can you detect in this version of the story?

II. Title of Story Two: *The True Story of the 3 Little Pigs*, by Jon Scieszka
   a. What is this story about?
   b. Who is telling this story?
   c. Who are the good and bad guys in this version of the story?
   d. Describe how this version is different from the traditional version.
   e. Whose story are we more like to believe – the pigs or the wolf? Why?
   f. What bias(es) can you detect in this version of the story?