

The Story of The 3rd Little Piggy

By Parthiv Modulla

Hey! It's me, the 3rd little piggy, as you guys call me. But my real name is Leo. I have just heard the rumors people have been spreading. About how the wolf fell down a chimney "accidentally". But that wasn't true, and I can only imagine how much more fake news is being spread about our story. So here is the real story of what happened in the story of The Three Little Pigs.

It was the dreadful day that mother had told us that we had to go out into the world by ourselves. She told us about how to be aware of a big-bad wolf, how we need to support each other, and all that kind of stuff. But she told us that the most important part of life was that we needed to do our taxes properly, or we'll be receiving a call from the IRS.

A couple of minutes later, we were gently shoved out of the house. My two impatient brothers made their houses out of straw and sticks. Bobby made his house out of thin and frail sticks. He

didn't even bother to cut down some trees to get logs. He just walked around fastening sticks together he found off the ground. Then Evan, the oldest one, decided that finding sticks would take too long so he made his house out of straw. STRAW!! I tried suggesting they use different materials like pre engineered hardwood or fiber reinforced concrete, both are exceptional materials. But my words just went in one ear and out the other. So I stood there shaking my head. They really should take my advice, because even I could huff-puff and blow those houses down. There would be no need for a big-bad wolf to do it.

Being the youngest pig, I was also the smartest and mom's favorite. I decided to go to the Pigville University for Young Pigs. Here I would rigorously study for five years to end with a PhD in structural architecture. I also helped in designing small things such as playgrounds and parking lots. It helped me get my PhD faster and would give me a good background for my own business I was planning to start. After five years of education, I was finally ready to build my abode.

I rented an excavator and started to dig out my underground home. I took my time to make it as lavish as possible. You might be wondering how I afforded this. Well by this time I had already started my business I was talking to you about earlier. I designed wonderful houses and buildings, everyone was delighted with my designs.

But the day had come, I was taking my morning jog and in the distance I could hear a cackling wolf and screaming pigs. I knew that the wolf must have found my brothers. I ran over and their houses which were completely demolished, I called for them to come to me. But they were too slow. I told them that they should exercise with me, but they obviously never listened.

The wolf was catching up to them, they were running for their lives toward me. I pressed a button on my iPhone and a hatch arose out of the Earth. I ran in and clambered down the ladder. My brothers **fortunately** made it in time, they were climbing down the rope ladder. **Unfortunately** the wolf caught the hatch just as it was about to close, and yanked it open.

I could see the smirk on the wolf's face as he came down, but that face was soon going to be filled with fear. The wolf was at the base of the ladder, he could smell triumph just an inch away, but I had another trick up my sleeve. I took my iPhone and pressed another button, and the floor underneath the wolf slid into a wall. The wolf was now free falling into a chasm, at the bottom was a soft mattress that would keep him alive. Once he got to the bottom he would soon realize he was trapped in a cage. It was only time until the police came to put this wolf behind bars. I hope this teaches a valuable lesson to all who are reading to never mess with a smart pig.

-Leo | The 3rd Little Piggy
and smartest