

# The 2nd Side of the 3 Little Pigs and the Big Bad wolf

By Kyrav

Hello, do you want to read the true story of the Three Little pigs and "The Big Bad wolf". I'm here to tell how I became the "Big Bad wolf". It all started one morning while I was on the way back from an intense game of kickball. I was very hungry so I started to search for a nearby restaurant. First, I went to Big Red's sports bar and grill. I guess they were furious because of what my cousin did to the little red riding hood. As soon as they saw me, they grabbed their pitchforks and started bolting in my direction. I didn't want any trouble. I just wanted some lunch, so I ran to the closest neighborhood I could find. When I stopped running, I found three houses side by side. The first one was composed of straw. The second was fashioned out of sticks and the last one consisted of strong, sturdy bricks. I knocked on the door of the straw house while I was panting, wheezing, trying to catch my breath. I saw a pig inside, "please pig please open the door all I want is a little bit of food," I whined and begged relentlessly.

The pig answered "Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin".

Now I was not only hungry but also thirsty and tired. I started to feel my nose tingling, itching. Uh oh! I was about to sneeze. I tried to hold it in but I could barely take it anymore ... AHHH AHH CHOO! I saw straw fly everywhere. I observed the pig run to the stick house, so I chased him. I only wanted to apologize about what happened. I felt terrible, but oh boy, pigs are fast for their short, stout size. I was huffing and puffing a lot harder when I got to the second house. When I approached the door, the house fell down. Man, quality these days! Inflation is really taking a toll on housing materials I thought while I ran. My heavy breathing may have contributed to the reason for the house falling down, but definitely wasn't the whole reason.

Probably...maybe... Anyway, I saw the two pigs run to the third house. I sauntered to the third house with my head facing up, Mama wolf taught me to have confidence when I was atoning for my misgivings. She would always preach \*insert high pitched voice\*, "hold your head up, but keep your chin down". So I did. I felt terrible for those

poor little pigs, the housing industry (and me, maybe a tiny little tad bit), led their lovely little homes to tumble down. I knocked on the door and said "Please open the door, I just wanted to apologize for what I've done". I heard them giggling with glee so I assumed it meant something good. A new voice squeaked "My door is stuck, so if you want to apologize you will have to squeeze down the chimney,".

"Ok, I will see you soon," I replied. I climbed to his roof and started shimmying down the chimney. When I got to the bottom, I felt pain worse than I've ever felt in my life. It felt like a shark was trying to bite its way out of my butt!

"EEEEEEEE". They had turned on the fireplace! I shot out of there like a rocket powered by Elon Musk! I never saw those rude, cruel pigs again, but they started a rumor that I was a big, bad wolf. Nobody wanted to be friends with me! My reputation was tarnished and tainted. In fact, if I was walking on one side of the road, people would run to the other side and hide, shaking in their boots. I would even smile at them, showing them my gleaming teeth, as a sign of good faith, to ease their fears. I wasn't even THAT scary, I mean, if you saw a handsome wolf strutting down the street, showing off his pearly whites in a friendly manner, you would definitely want to be my buddy. Eventually and unfortunately, I did grow big and bad because I had no friends. No one to look out for me, but me. I think there are always two sides to every story, now you at least know my side. It goes to show, behind every big bad wolf, is a hungry tired cub with a sorrowful backstory.