



NARRATOR 2: And you know what? That 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.

NARRATOR 3: He had been home the whole time.

NARRATOR 4: It seemed like a shame to leave a perfectly good ham dinner lying there in the straw. So the wolf ate it up.

NARRATOR 5: Think of it as a big cheeseburger just lying there.

NARRATOR 6: He was feeling a little better. But he still didn't have his cup of sugar.

NARRATOR 1: So he went to the next neighbor's house.

NARRATOR 2: This neighbor was the First Little Pig's brother. He was a little smarter, but not much. He had built his house of sticks.

NARRATOR 3: He rang the bell on the stick house.

NARRATOR 4: Nobody answered.

NARRATOR 5: He called:

WOLF: Mr. Pig, ... Mr. Pig, are you in?

NARRATOR 6: He yelled back:

2ND PIG: Go away wolf. You can't come in. I'm shaving the hairs on my chinny chin chin.

NARRATOR 1: He had grabbed the doorknob when he felt another sneeze coming on.

NARRATORS 1-2-3-4-5-6: He huffed. And he snuffed.

NARRATOR 2: And he tried to cover his mouth, but he sneezed a great sneeze.

NARRATOR 3: And you're not going to believe it, but this guy's house fell down just like his brother's.

NARRATOR 4: When the dust cleared, there was the second Little Pig -- dead as a doornail.

WOLF: Wolf's honor!

NARRATOR 5: Now you know food will spoil if you leave it out in the open.

NARRATOR 6: So the wolf did the only thing there was to do. He had dinner again.

NARRATOR 1: Think of it as a second helping.

NARRATOR 2: He was getting awfully full. But his cold was feeling a little better.

NARRATOR 3: And he still didn't have that cup of sugar for his dear old granny's birthday cake.

NARRATOR 4: So the wolf went to the next house. This guy was the First and Second Little Pigs' brother.

NARRATOR 5: He must have been the brains of the family. He had built his house of bricks.

NARRATOR 6: The wolf knocked on the brick house. No answer.

WOLF: Mr. Pig, . . . Mr. Pig, are you in?

NARRATOR 1: And do you know what that rude little porker answered?

3RD PIG: Get out of here, Wolf. Don't bother me again.

NARRATOR 2: Talk about impolite!

NARRATOR 3: He probably had a whole sackful of sugar.

NARRATOR 4: And he wouldn't give the wolf even one little cup for his dear, sweet old granny's birthday cake.

NARRATOR 5: What a pig!

NARRATOR 6: The wolf was just about to go home and maybe make a nice birthday card instead of a cake, when he felt his cold coming on.

NARRATORS 1-2-3-4-5-6: He huffed. And he snuffed. And he sneezed once again.

NARRATOR 1: Then the Third Little Pig yelled:

3RD PIG: And your old granny can sit on a pin!

NARRATOR 2: The wolf was usually a pretty calm fellow. But when he heard somebody talk about his dear, sweet old granny like that, he went a little crazy.

NARRATOR 3: When the cops drove up, of course he was trying to break down this Pig's door. And the whole time the wolf was huffing and puffing and sneezing and making a real scene.

NARRATOR 4: The rest, as they say, is history.

NARRATOR 5: The news reporters found out about the two pigs he had for dinner.

NARRATOR 6: They figured a sick guy going to borrow a cup of sugar didn't sound very exciting.

NARRATOR 3: So they jazzed up the story with all that "huff and puff" and "blow your house down" stuff.

NARRATOR 4: And they made him the Big Bad Wolf.

NARRATOR 5: That's it.

NARRATOR 6: The real story.

WOLF: I WAS FRAMED!

NARRATORS 1-2-3-4-5-6: But maybe you could loan him a cup of sugar.