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THE TRUE STORY OF THE THREE LITTLE PIGS! AS TOLD TO JON SCIESZKA.
VIKING

375 Hudson Street
New York NY 10014

DEFENDANT TESTIFIES

ILLUSTRATED BY HAE JIN DOSS

DAILY AMERICAN

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1996

DEFENDANT TESTIFIES

SOMERSET PA
(AP) -- A. Wolf
took the stand
today in his own
defense. This
shocked and
stunned the

media who
predicted that he
would not testify
in the brutal
double murder
trial. A. Wolf is
accused of killing
(and eating) The
First Little Pig,

and The Second
Little Pig. This
criminal trial is
expected to be
followed by
a civil trial to be
brought by the
surviving Third

Little Pig. The
case has been
characterized as a
media circus.



HIS TESTIMONY IS TRANSCRIBED BELOW:

"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 **WASNT 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 **SNUFFED.**
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."

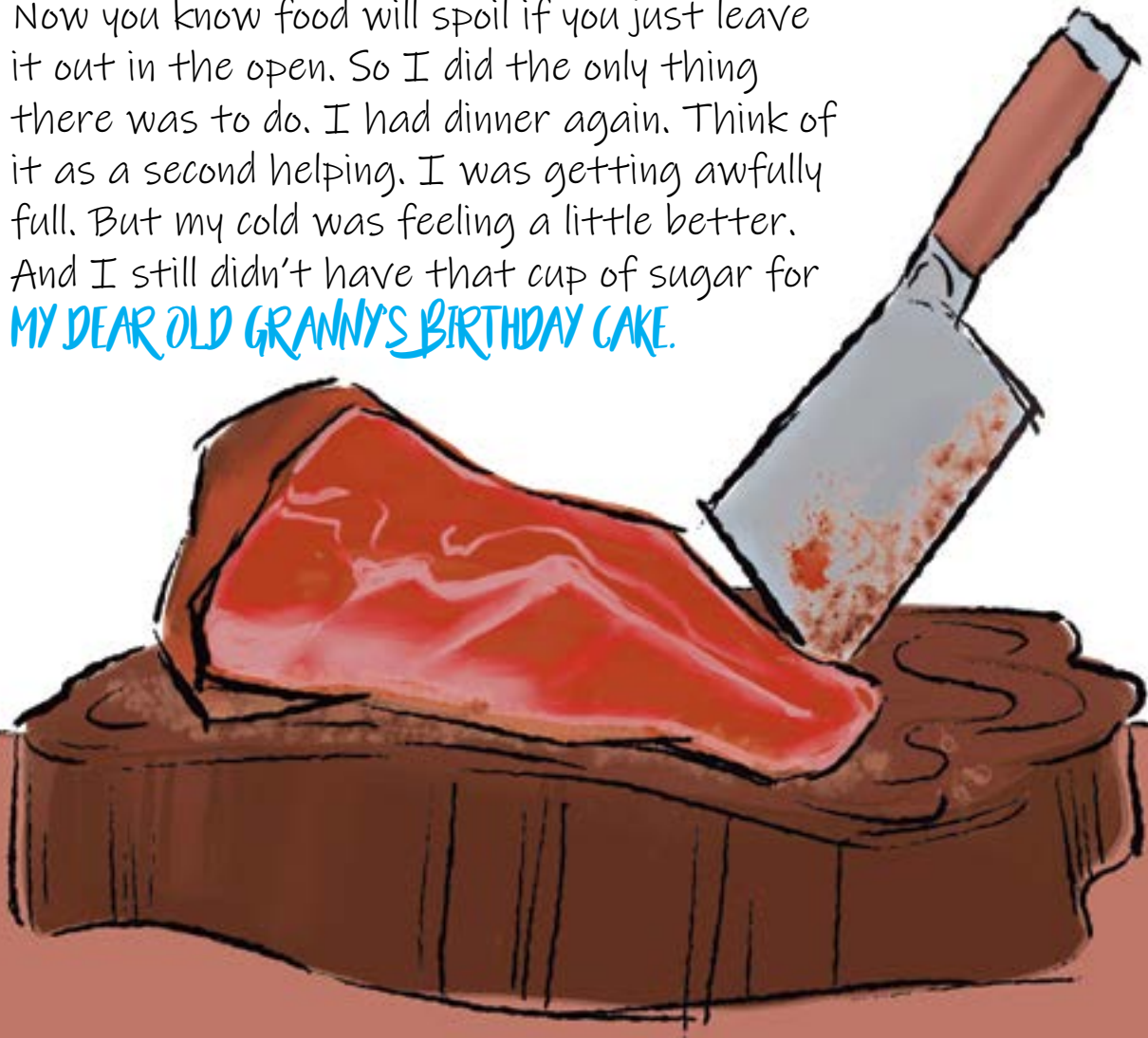


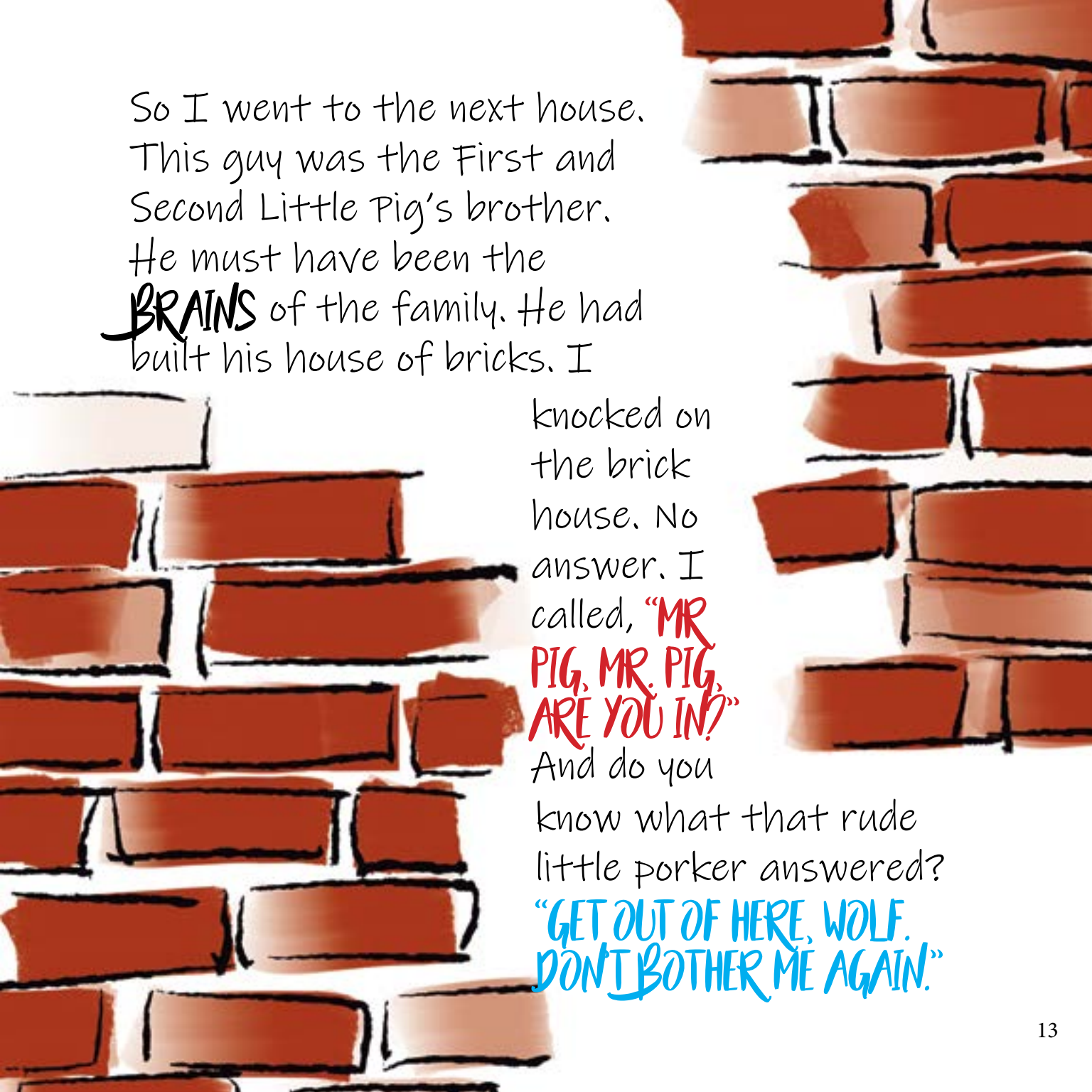
I had just grabbed the doorknob
when I felt another
sneeze coming on.



I **HUFFED**. And I **SNUFFED**. 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 GRANNYS BIRTHDAY CAKE**.





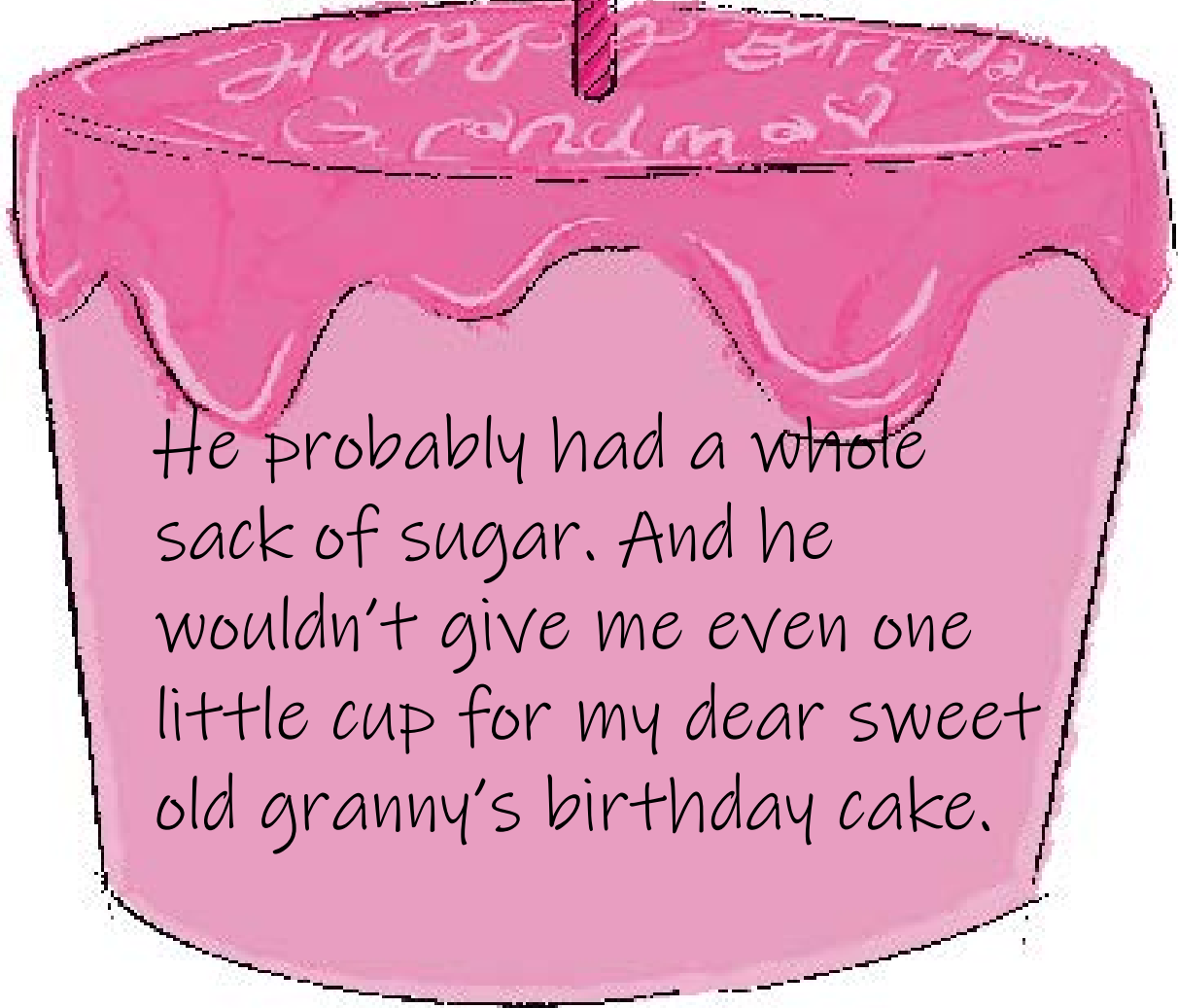
So I went to the next house.
This guy was the First and
Second Little Pig's brother.
He must have been the
BRAINS of the family. He had
built his house of bricks. I

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 sack 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.

Happy
Birthday

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.

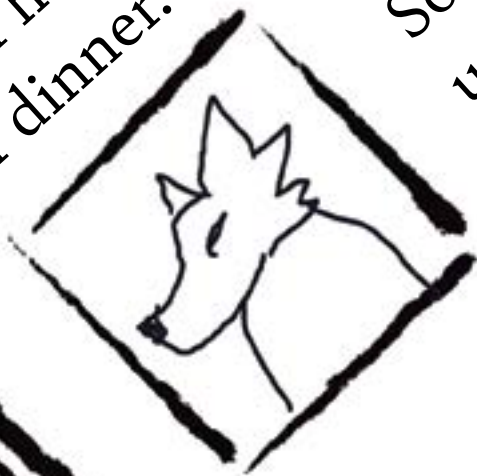
THE REST AS THEY SAY IS HISTORY.

DAILY AMERICAN

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1996

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 the
real story. I
was framed. "

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 the real story. I was **FRAMED**. "



But maybe YOU could loan me a cup of sugar?

THE TRIAL OF THE BIG BAD WOLF

The Wolf: villain or victim? The Three Pigs: innocent or at fault? The Jurors (Miss Muffet, Bo Peep, Cinderella and Humpty-Dumpty, to name a few): solid citizens or characters with a past? And what about Judge Wise O. Al? Is justice on his side-or does he have a secret to hide? Then there's the media-a reporter, newscaster and town crier. Have they come to accurately report the proceedings-or to turn the courtroom into a media circus? And who is that surprise witness at the end? The answers to these profound questions and even more are revealed once and for all in this rollicking, fun-filled, action-packed trial-of-the-century (of course this century's nearly over, so look for a new trial-of-the-century in a couple of years). Just as he did in the widely produced Trial of Goldilocks, Joseph Robinette examines the guilt, or innocence, of the accused from different points of view and comes up with a surprising, yet eminently satisfying, conclusion in which no one escapes unscathed. And, as a bonus, a lesson or two is learned along the way. It all ends happily ever after, of course, with the newly bonded Wolf and Pigs along with the fairy-tale jury and all the others heading for a post-trial party at the castle of Old King Cole.

