Note to readers: This story of The Three Little Pigs may not be what it seems at first. One of the characters in this story has a different tale to tell. Read on to find out what really happened when the wolf and the three little pigs met.

Glossary

delirious (adj.) having confused thoughts and speech, usually as a result of a high fever (p. 12)
desperate (adj.) having lost hope; suffering extreme need (p. 10)
frostbitten (adj.) injured from exposure to freezing cold (p. 7)
inherited (v.) received upon the death of someone (p. 3)
modern (adj.) with characteristics of the current time (p. 4)
ordeal (n.) a hard or difficult experience (p. 14)
quaint (adj.) looking old-fashioned (p. 8)
sapped (v.) slowly weakened (p. 12)
sturdy (adj.) firmly built; strong (p. 5)
unconscious (adj.) not aware; not mentally awake (p. 12)
vegetarian (n.) someone who eats only plant products and no meat (p. 6)

Three Little Pigs: The Wolf’s Story

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The wolf didn’t blame them for misunderstanding. To make up for blowing down the two houses, the wolf helped the little pigs rebuild.

Then all of the villagers joined together to build the wolf a new house. The wolf’s new neighbors also helped him plant a garden full of fresh vegetables.

From that day on, the old wolf was never cold or hungry again, and he never sneezed another sneeze.
The weasel finally managed to load up the wolf and tugged the sled to his house at the edge of the village. He helped the sick creature into bed, where he nursed the wolf back to health with vegetable broth.

When spring came, the healthy wolf explained his terrible ordeal to the three pig brothers. The pigs were ashamed that they hadn’t realized what was happening.

Once upon a time in a quiet country village, there lived three little pigs. They were the luckiest swine in the country. They had just inherited enough money from their grandfather to build three new houses.
The first little pig wanted a warm and cozy house that would help him to relax. He built his house out of straw, the warmest and most familiar material he knew.

The second little pig loved to shock the neighbors. He picked sticks for materials and built a modern house like Frank Lloyd Wright.

The weasel, being kind and concerned, struggled to pull the old wolf onto his sled.

When spring came, the healthy wolf explained his terrible ordeal to the three pig brothers. The pigs were ashamed that they hadn’t realized what was happening.
The wolf again came begging for food and shelter. He was **delirious**. The weather and the illness had **sapped** his strength.

One last time, the wolf began to sneeze and sneeze. The brick house stood strong, but the wolf teetered until a final sneeze made him collapse in the drifting snow.

The wolf lay there **unconscious**. After much time passed, a weasel pulling a sled found the wolf nearly frozen.

The third little pig, who planned for any imagined disaster, built a **sturdy** house of bricks and mortar.
Not far off in the cold, damp forest lived a poor old wolf. He lived in a rotten, hollow log and searched the forest for whatever food he could find. He had no money—not a single cent—to build a house or plant a garden. Unlike most wolves, he was a vegetarian.

When winter arrived, it was extremely bitter and harsh. The wolf ate so little that he became weak and caught a terrible cold. Soon he was constantly sniffling and sneezing. He sneezed so hard that he blew dried leaves off the forest’s trees.

His sneezing shook the house of sticks. Three more sneezes and the house fell down. The two panicked pigs ran off over the hill to their brother’s house of bricks.

Their brother was sure the wolf couldn’t destroy his house. To be on the safe side, the pigs locked the doors and windows and hid in the safest room.

When the two brothers had calmed down a bit, the three pigs sat down to a game of cards.
The wolf followed the pig to the stick house, **desperate** after destroying his first chance at food and shelter.

“Please, oh please, give me something to eat and a warm place to rest,” he pleaded.

The two pigs remained hidden under the bed, fearing for their lives. Once again the old wolf began to sneeze and sneeze.

*Achoo! Achoo!*

The sickly wolf left the forest in search of food and shelter. He sniffled and sneezed as he traveled down the road.

*Achoo! Achoo!*

With each sneeze, the snow whirled into a white cloud around his **frostbitten** ears.
After walking for several hours, the old wolf came upon the quaint village where the three pigs lived. Being so very cold and so very hungry, he hurried to the nearest house as fast as his stiff body could carry him.

He knocked on the straw door. He hoped that whoever lived there would take pity on him and let him come inside.

Before the timid little pig could reach the door, the wolf began to sneeze and sneeze.

Achoo! Achoo!

To the wolf’s surprise, he sneezed so hard that he blew the straw house apart. The frightened little pig thought the wolf wanted to eat him, so he scurried off to his brother’s house.

In a trembling voice, the pig warned his brother about the wolf who had blown down his house. They quickly locked the door and hid under a bed.