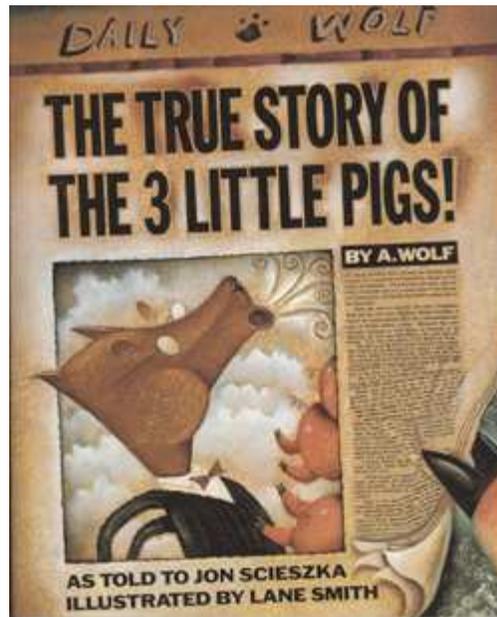


The True Story of the Three Little Pigs



Summary

Alexander T. Wolf was framed! All he wanted to do was borrow a cup of sugar to make a cake for his granny. Unfortunately, a bad cold and some unfriendly neighbours land Al in a heap of trouble. Now in jail, Al recounts what really happened to the Three Little Pigs.

"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 neighbour for a cup of sugar. Now this neighbour was a pig. And he wasn't 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 neighbour's house. This neighbour 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 honour. 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 granny's 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 sackful 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. 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.

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 it The real story. I was framed. "

Questions for Philosophical Discussion

By Sara Rowley

Determining the Nature of Events

*The story Al presents is very different from the traditional version of *The Three Little Pigs*.*



1. How are the two versions of the story alike? How are they different? (Consider creating a Venn diagram to illustrate this)
2. Which version of the story do you like better? Why?
3. Which version of the story do you think is true? Why?
4. How can you figure out which version is the correct one?
5. Is it possible to determine if one is the truth? Why or why not?
6. Have you ever disagreed with somebody about something that happened? Did you figure out what really happened?
7. What can we do when we have two versions of an event? How can we figure out which one, if either, is true?

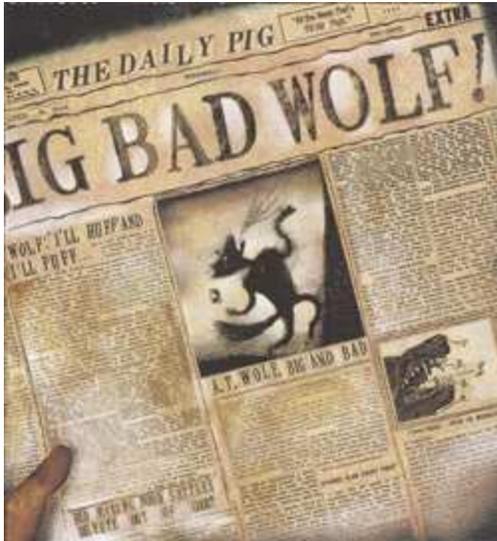
The Role of Intent in Crime

Al claims to have knocked down the pigs' houses by accident.

1. Should Al be in trouble for something that was an accident? Why or why not?
2. Does the fact that it was an accident change what happened? Explain.
3. Have you ever been punished for something that happened by accident? Was it fair that you got punished?
4. Can an act be a crime if the person didn't mean for it to happen? Explain.

The Penal System

Al is sent to jail for his crimes.



1. Why is Al in jail?
2. Does it make sense to punish Al by putting him in jail?
3. How would you punish Al?
4. Is jail the only way to punish somebody?
5. What are some things we can do instead of sending people to jail?

Bias and the Judicial System

Al is the only wolf in a society of pigs. All of the reporters and police are pigs.

1. Is Al treated differently because he's a wolf? How so?
2. Do you think that the police and reporters were fair to Al? Do they have a reason to be unfair? Explain.
3. If Al were a pig, do you think anybody would have believed his story? Why or why not? What do you think would have happened?
4. Imagine that you are a pig in this society. How would you feel when you heard about what happened to the Three Little Pigs?
5. Do you think Al would have received a fair trial? Why or why not? How could we make Al's trial fair?
6. Is it important that a trial be fair? Why or why not? What makes a trial fair?