

DAILY  WOLF

THE TRUE STORY OF THE 3 LITTLE PIGS!

BY A. WOLF



AS TOLD TO JON SCIESZKA
ILLUSTRATED BY LANE SMITH

and placing smoothly down latitude, the American naval
engineer NC-4 completed her transatlantic journey at 2:54
o'clock this afternoon. She gracefully and easily, amid the
cheers of hundreds that had a green slopes of the flow and
the Citadel glaciers, and landed the British warplane here at
the Cattlewater.

There she came to rest, quiet, and Lieut. Commander
Boad and his crew went off States flagship Rochester to
receive the congratulations sheet and a distinguished com-
pany of British military suites. Afterward they were
officially welcomed to First Mayor of Plymouth at the
Barbican, the very spot was Father's 100 years ago, em-
barked. Then they were ordered of the British air force.

The last lap of the NC-4 flimsier than her first stretch,
the descent at the Montserrat by merely a small leak in
the water jacket of an magnificently region, and she was
the trip from Ferret to Plymouth that she was able to make
a detour in under a fog ship come down to within fifty
feet of the water, but the wilderness.

Her entry into Plymouth, and nothing could surpass
her high, steady state, for I had no signs of the boat
in did more very gentle drifts, the way, neither out, and at
Winds were favorable all the way, neither out, and at
we were very favorable all the way, neither out, and at

We said in Newfoundland we would do the trip
in two hours, but we never thought we should. An hour and
ten hours, but we never thought we should. An hour and
before we saw land we had no certain idea where we were.

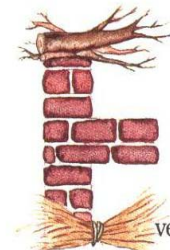
It was not her ex-
cess of speed on down was twenty false alarms, but her
was a question of time, not a matter of fact, but her
as with her, then came on.

At 10:30, the delight
gathering. The ship and the ship, gathered on the floor,
station, Admiral's report. The ship and the ship, gathered on the floor,
Lane, Mayor Dr. The ship and the ship, gathered on the floor,
Admiral Finkler's name accounted. The ship and the ship, gathered on the floor,
of chairs was placed next to the ship and the ship, gathered on the floor,
stationed and ships and ships. The ship and the ship, gathered on the floor,
superstructure the scene. The ship and the ship, gathered on the floor,
water with easy grace. The ship and the ship, gathered on the floor,

President Wilson has air. The ship and the ship, gathered on the floor,
minal Boston, Naval Chief. The ship and the ship, gathered on the floor,
Commander Boad. The ship and the ship, gathered on the floor,

"Please accept my heartiest and
flight and accept for your great and
deep admiration. We are about to be
deserved the distinction of carrying you
country.

Early in the days there were in air
Universal satisfaction we were in air
for a Sunday, when the ship, gathered on the floor,
The broad waters of the ship, gathered on the floor,
slopes of Mount Edgar, gathered on the floor,
completion of the longest journey, gathered on the floor,
Rochester was the U. S. S. A. ship, gathered on the floor,
to catch the first glimpse of the ship, gathered on the floor,



verybody knows the
story of the Three Little Pigs.

Or at least they think they do.

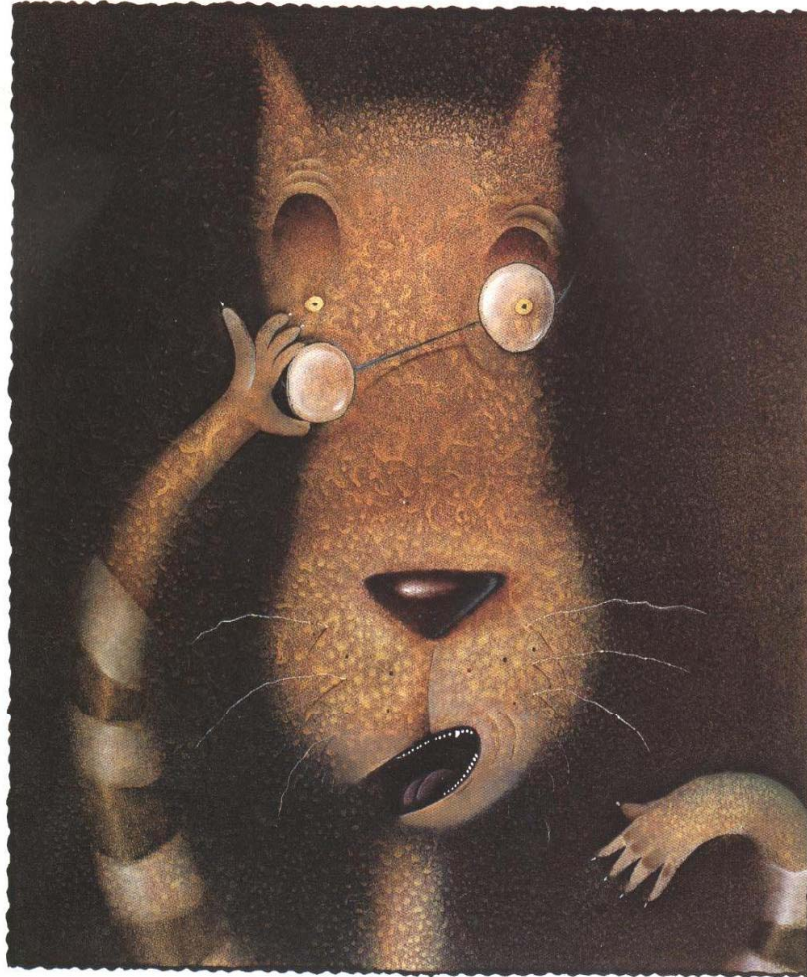
But I'll let you in on a little secret.

Nobody knows the real story,

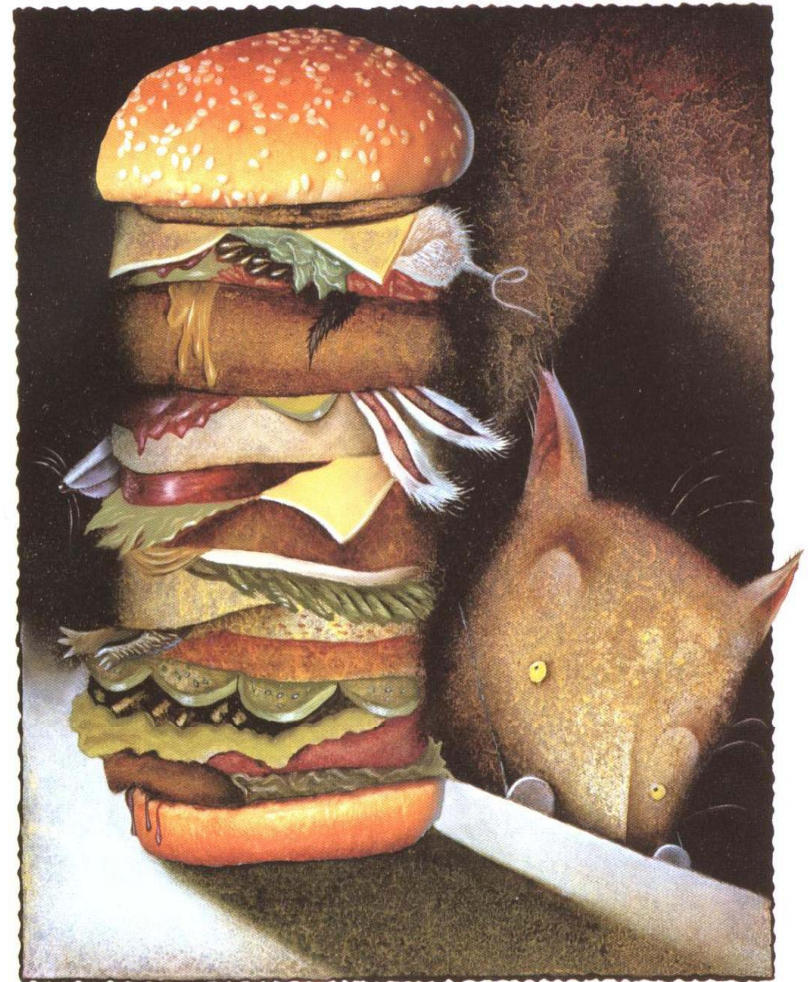
because nobody has ever heard

my side of the story.

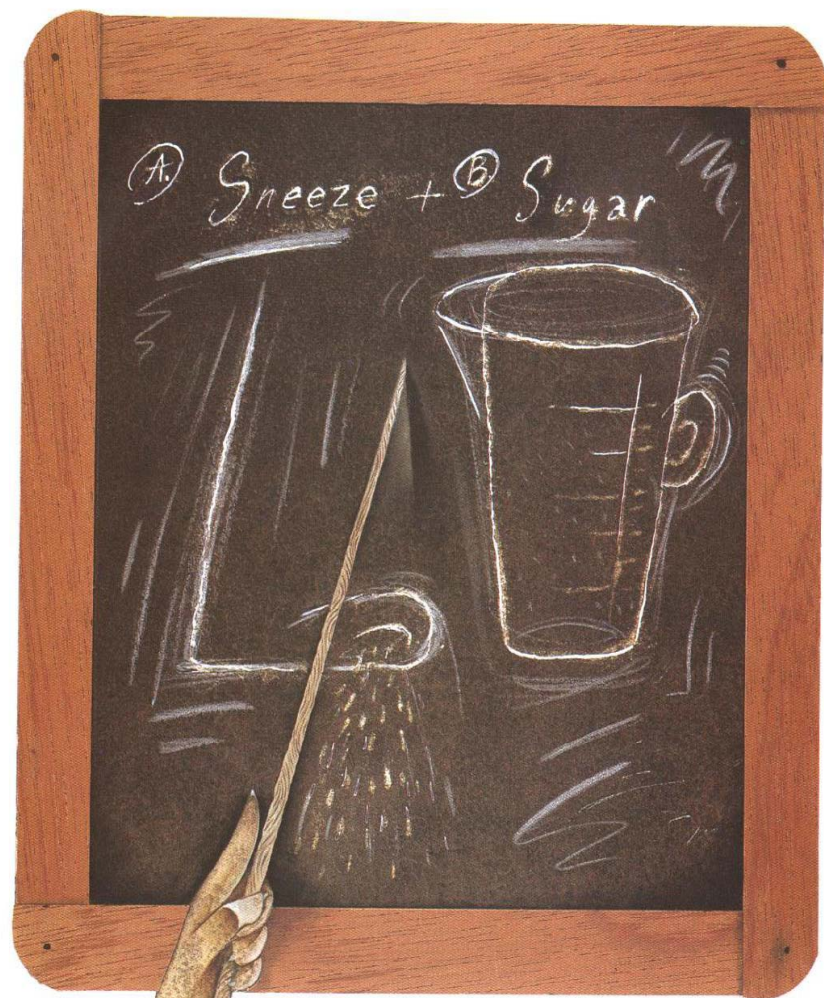




I'm the wolf. Alexander T. Wolf.
 You can call me Al.
 I don't know how this whole Big Bad Wolf thing got started,
 but it's all wrong.



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.

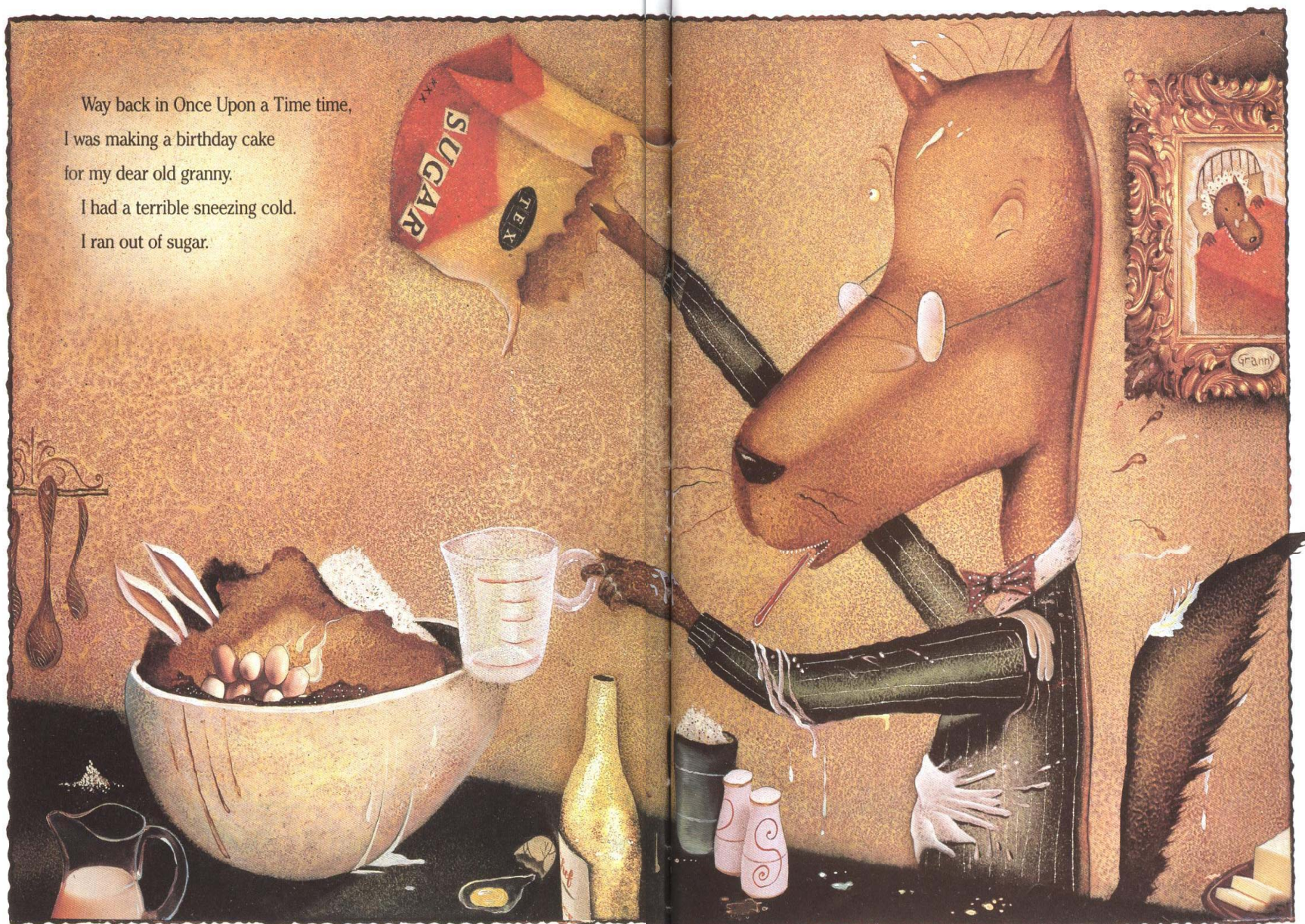


But like I was saying,
the whole Big Bad Wolf thing is all wrong.
The real story is about a sneeze and a cup of sugar.

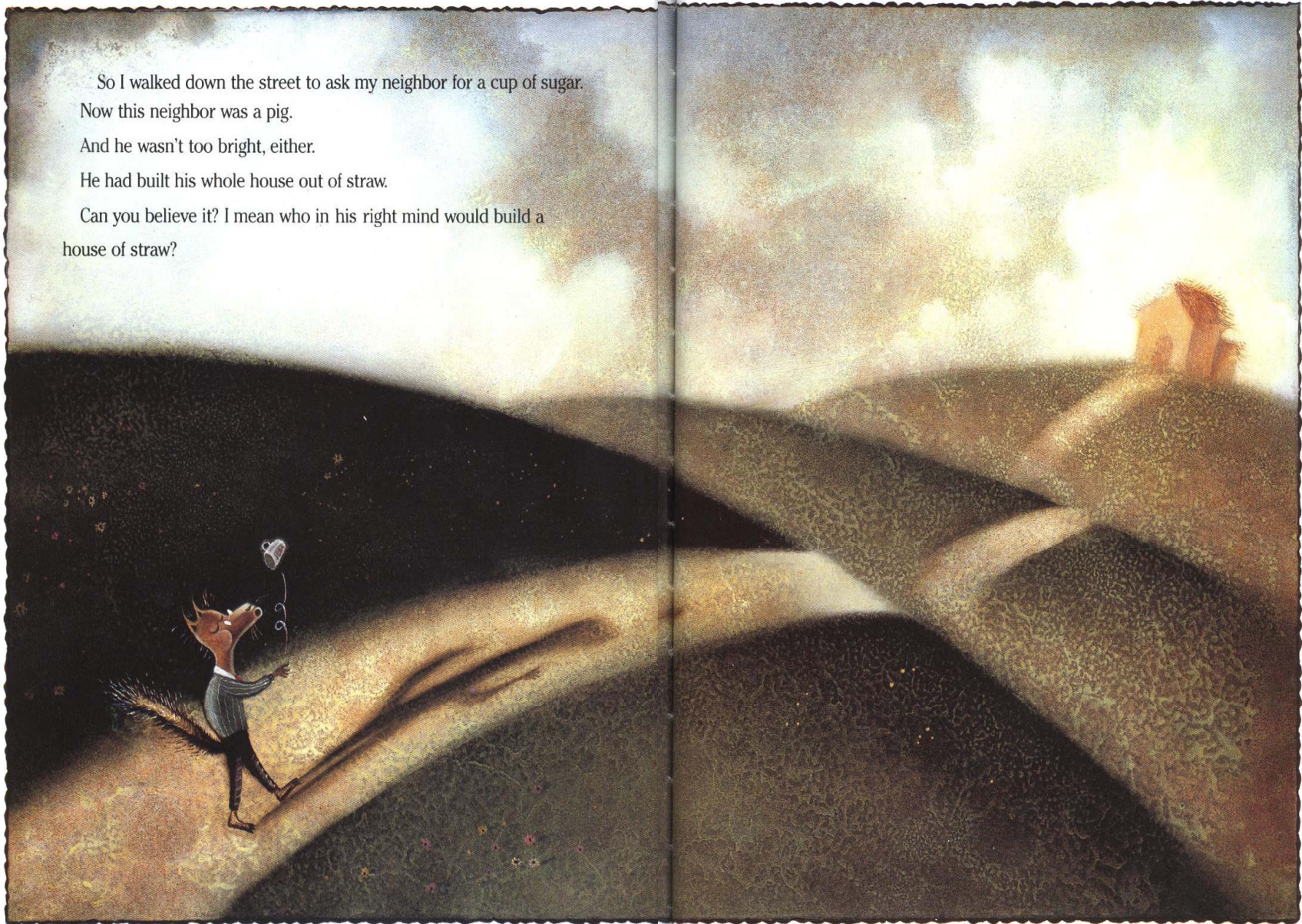
THIS
IS
THE
REAL
STORY

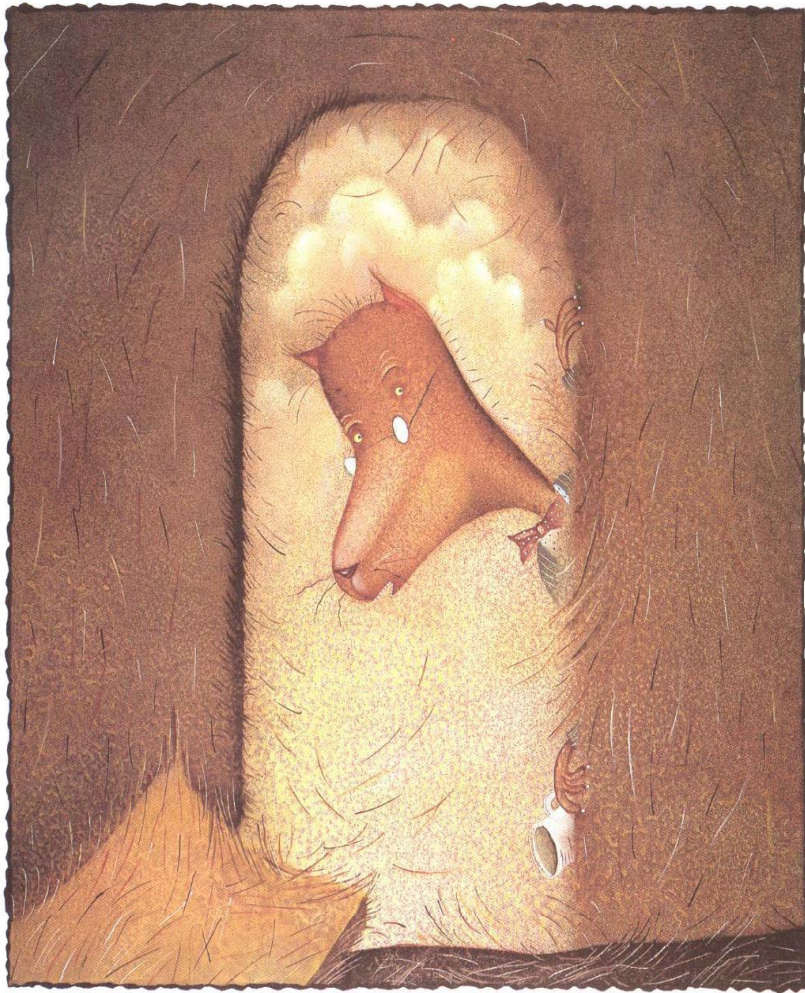


Way back in Once Upon a Time time,
I was making a birthday cake
for my dear old granny.
I had a terrible sneezing cold.
I ran out of sugar.



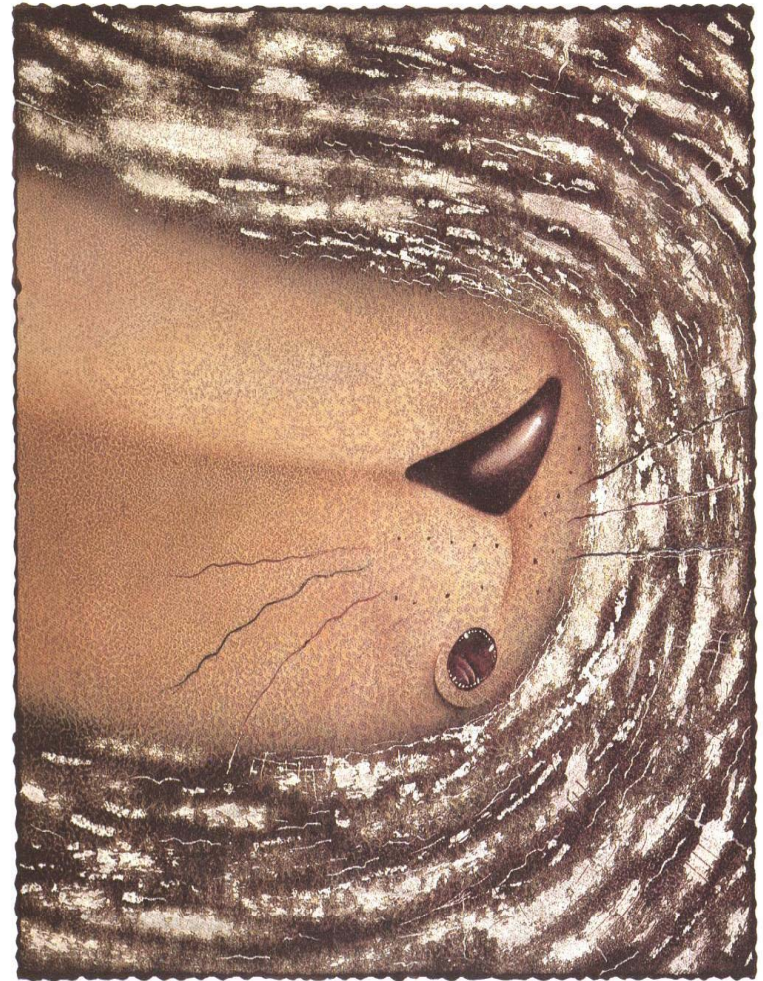
So I walked down the street to ask my neighbor for a cup of sugar.
Now this neighbor was a pig.
And he wasn't too bright, either.
He had built his whole house out of straw.
Can you believe it? I mean who in his right mind would build a
house of straw?



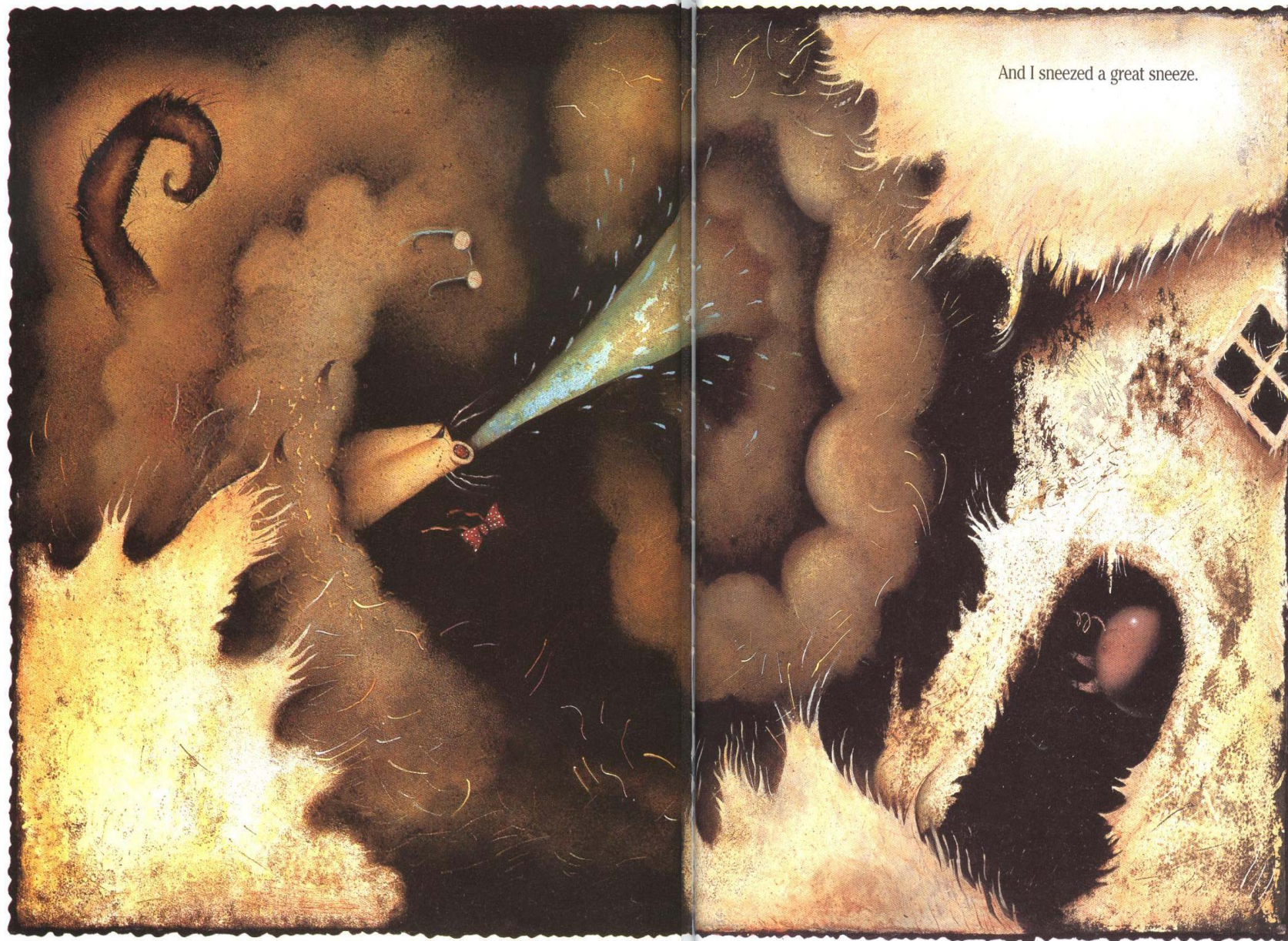


So of course the minute I knocked on the door, it fell right in. I didn't want to just walk into someone else's house. So I called, "Little Pig, Little Pig, are you in?" No answer.

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.

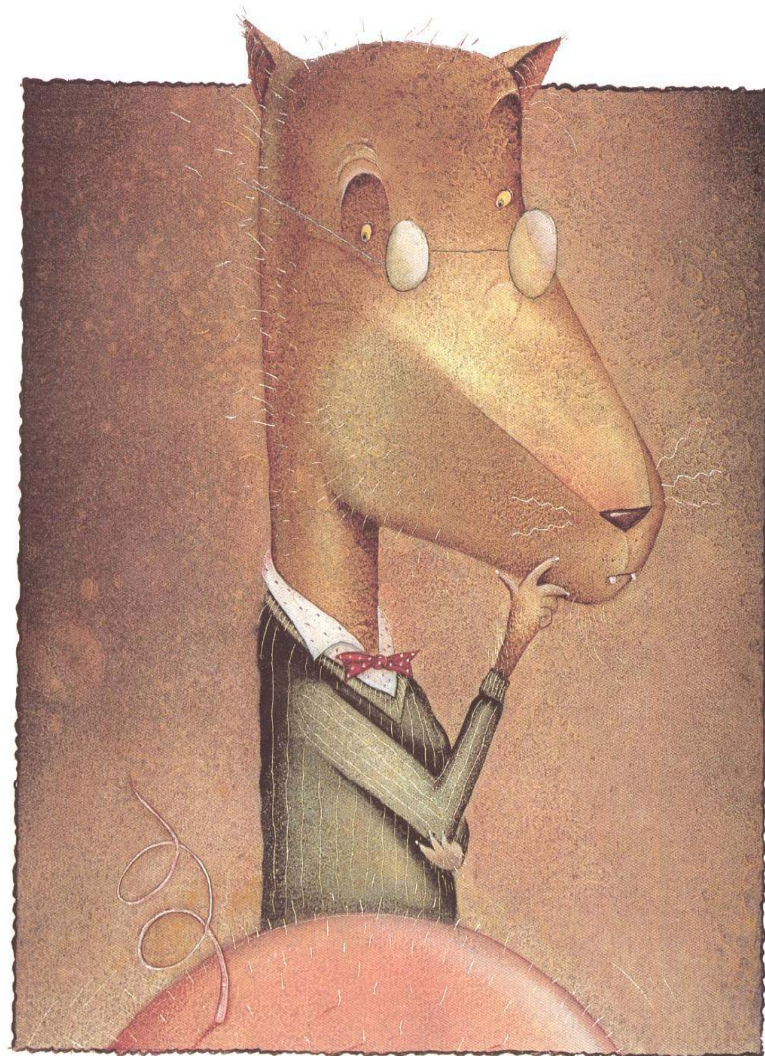


And I sneezed a great sneeze.



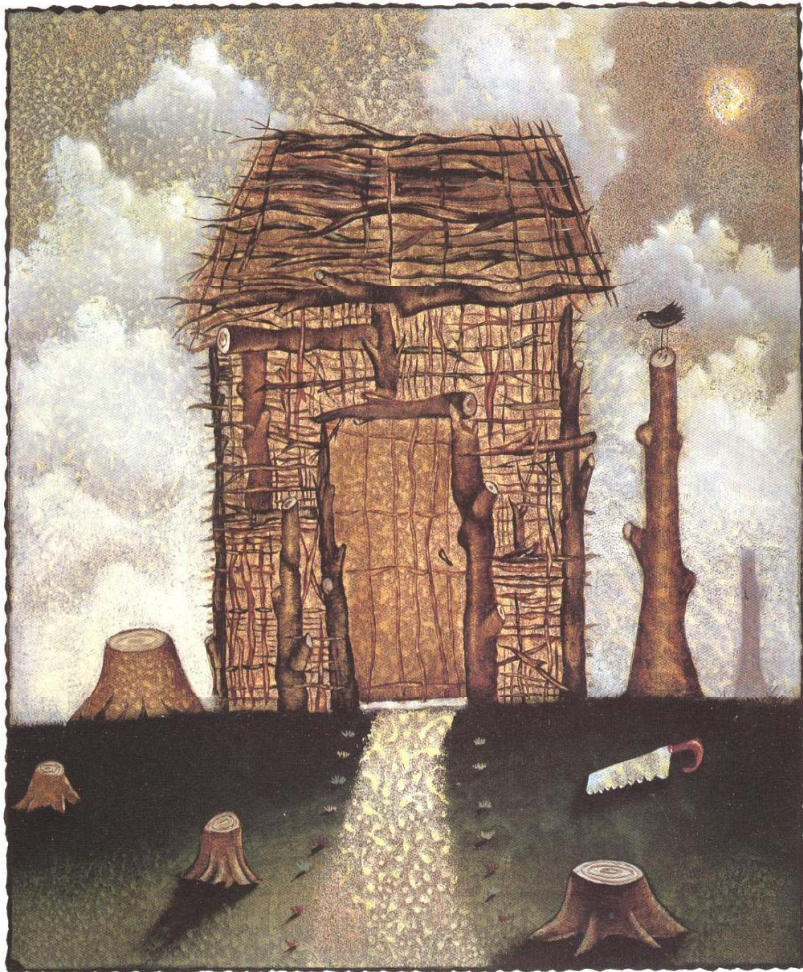
And you know what? That whole darn straw house fell down. And right in the middle of the pile of straw was the First Little Pig—dead as a doornail.

He had been home the whole time.

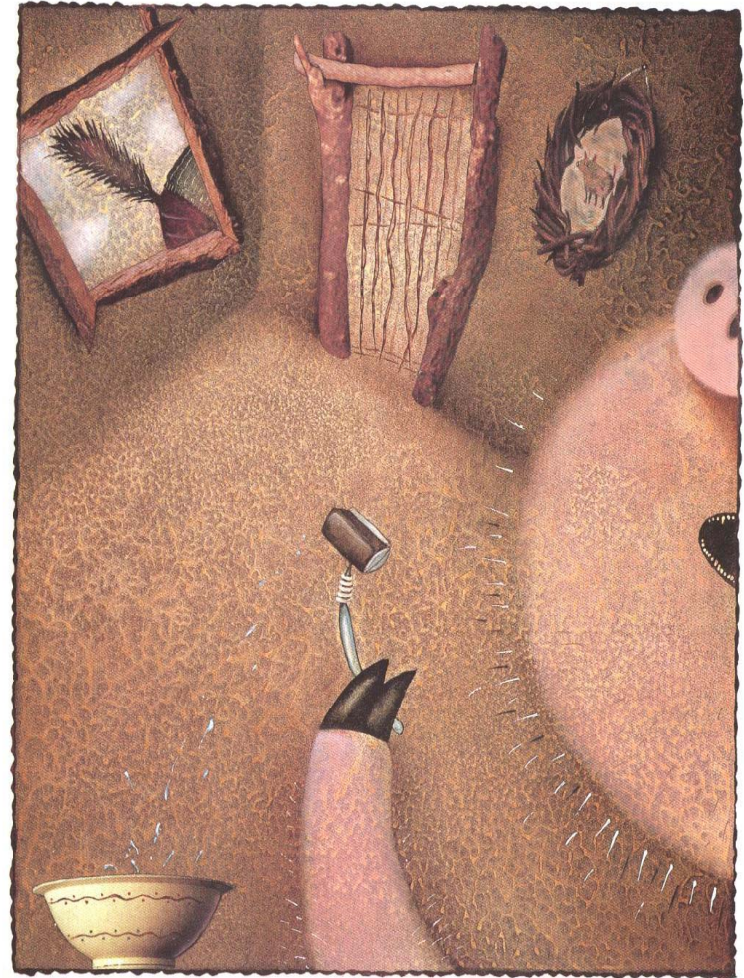


It seemed like a shame to leave a perfectly good ham dinner lying there in the straw. So I ate it up.

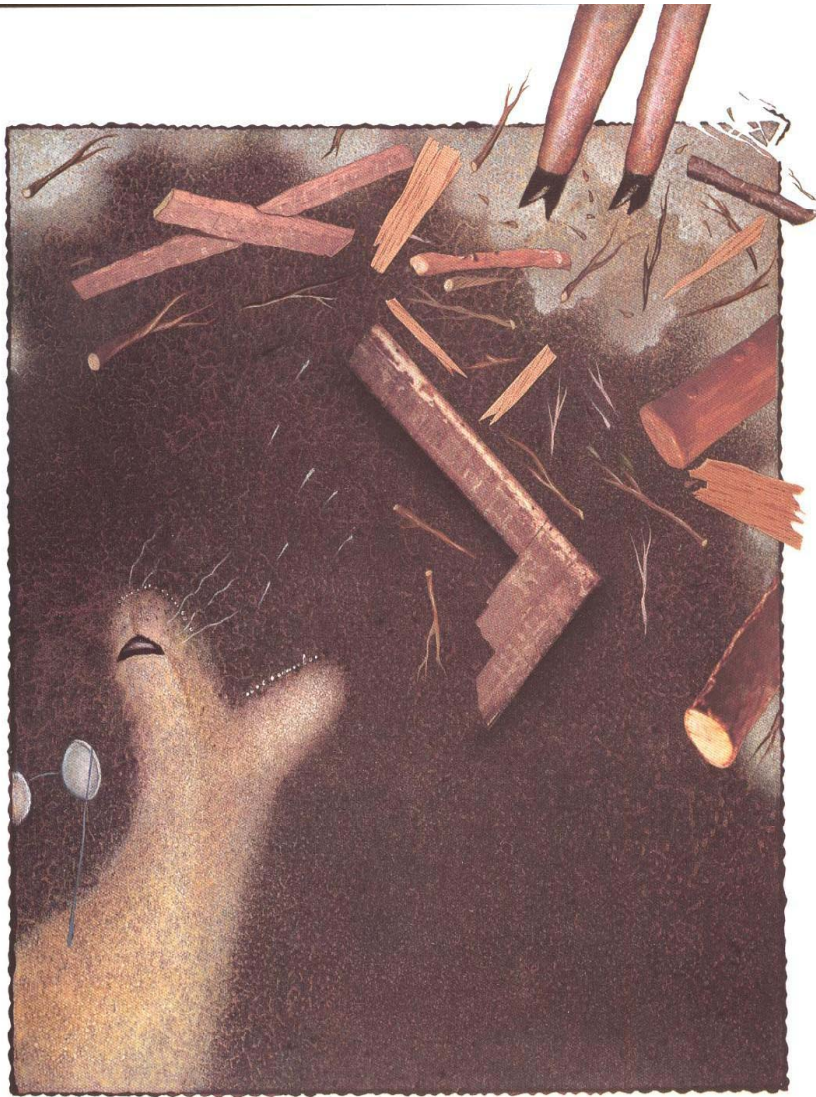
Think of it as a big cheeseburger just lying there.



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 had built his house of sticks.

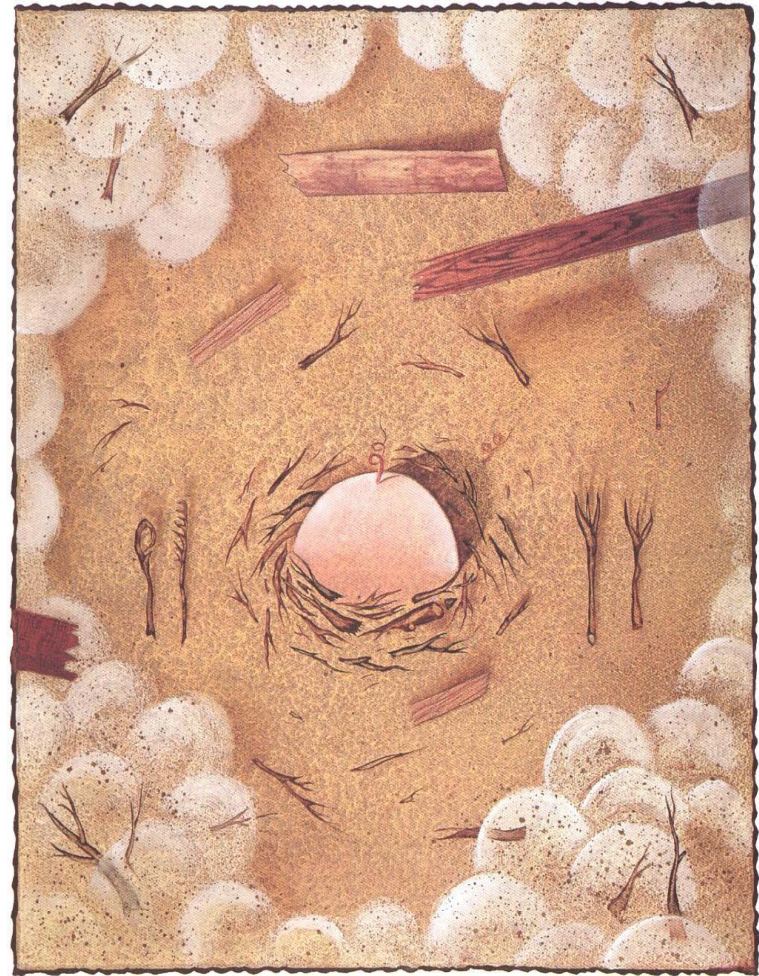


I rang the bell on the stick house.
Nobody answered.
I called, "Mr. Pig, Mr. Pig, are you in?"
He yelled back, "Go away wolf. You can't come in. I'm shaving the
hairs on my chinny chin chin."



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

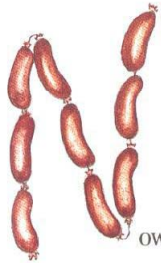
I huffed. And I snuffed. And I tried to cover my mouth, but I sneezed a great sneeze.



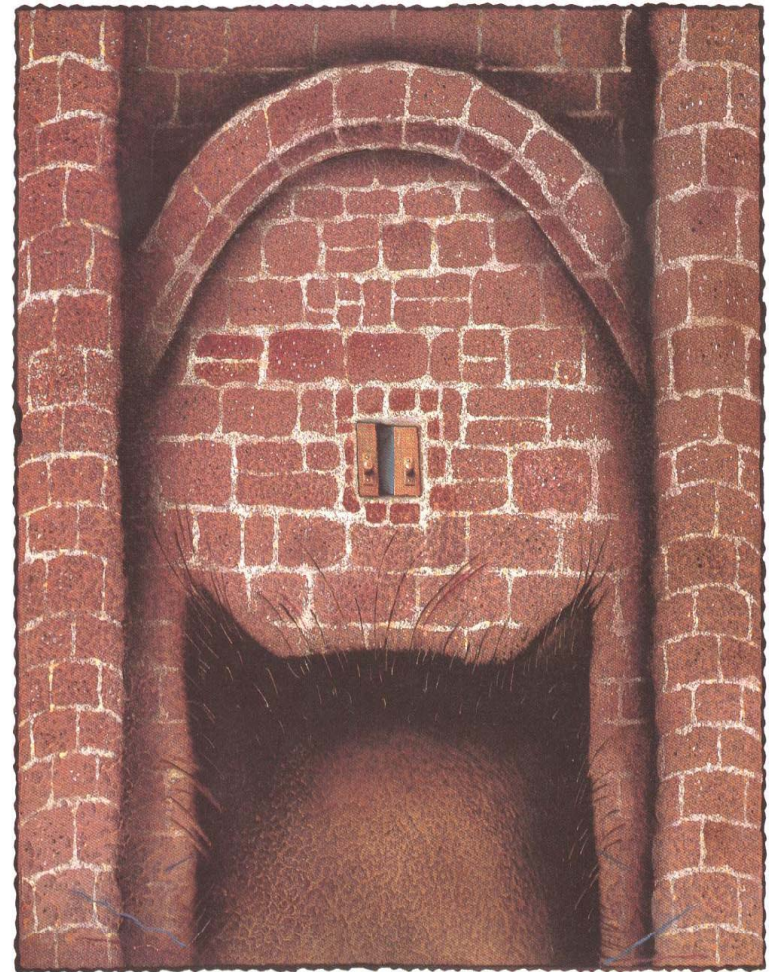
And you're not going to believe it, but this guy's house fell down just like his brother's.

When the dust cleared, there was the Second Little Pig—dead as a doornail. Wolf's honor.



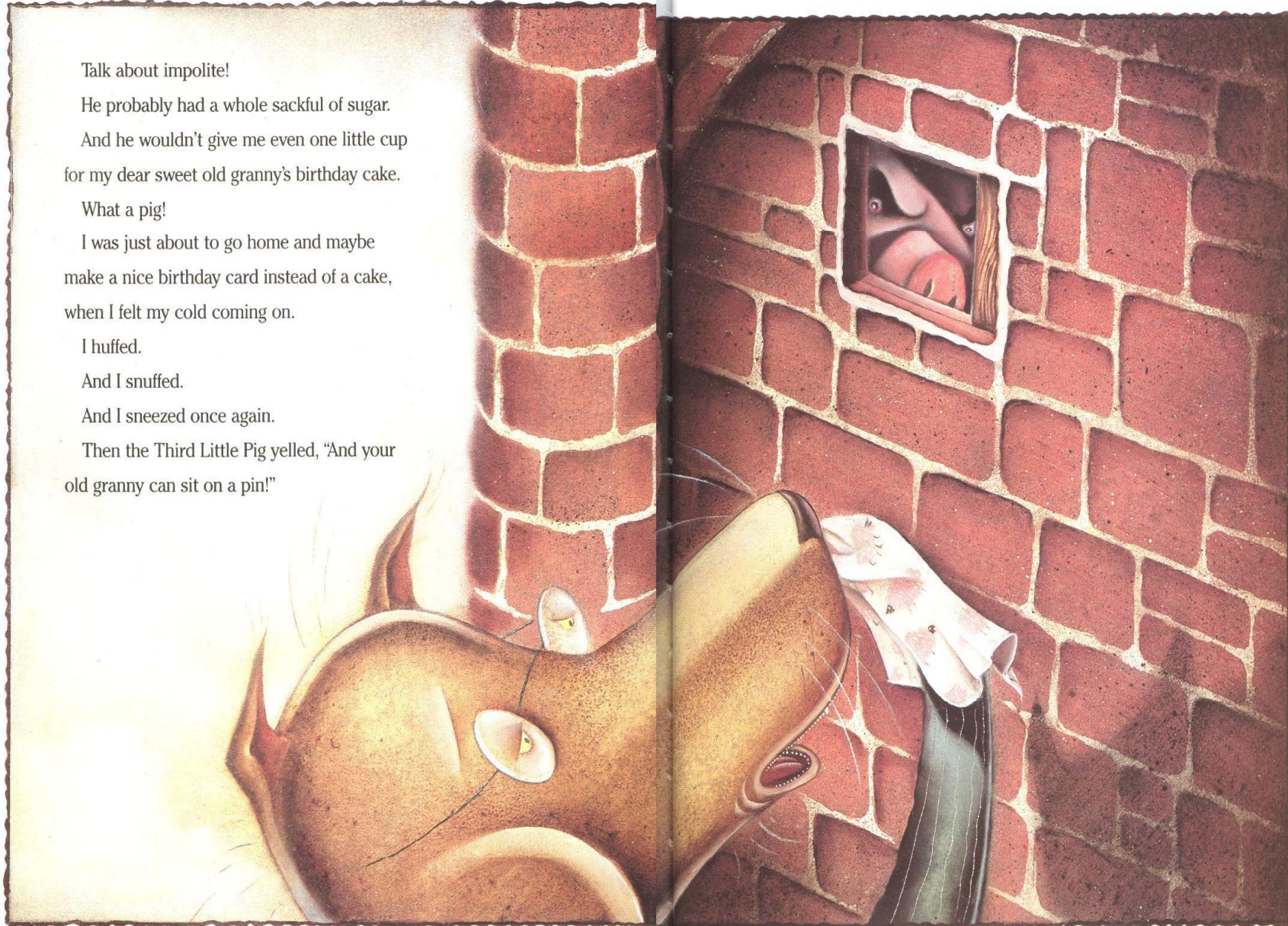


Now you know food will spoil
if you just leave it out in the open.
So I did the only thing there was to do.
I had dinner again.
Think of it as a second helping.
I was getting awfully full.
But my cold was feeling a little better.
And I still didn't have that
cup of sugar for my dear old
granny's birthday cake.
So I went to the next house.
This guy was the
First and Second Little
Pigs' brother.
He must have been
the brains of the family.
He had built his house of bricks.



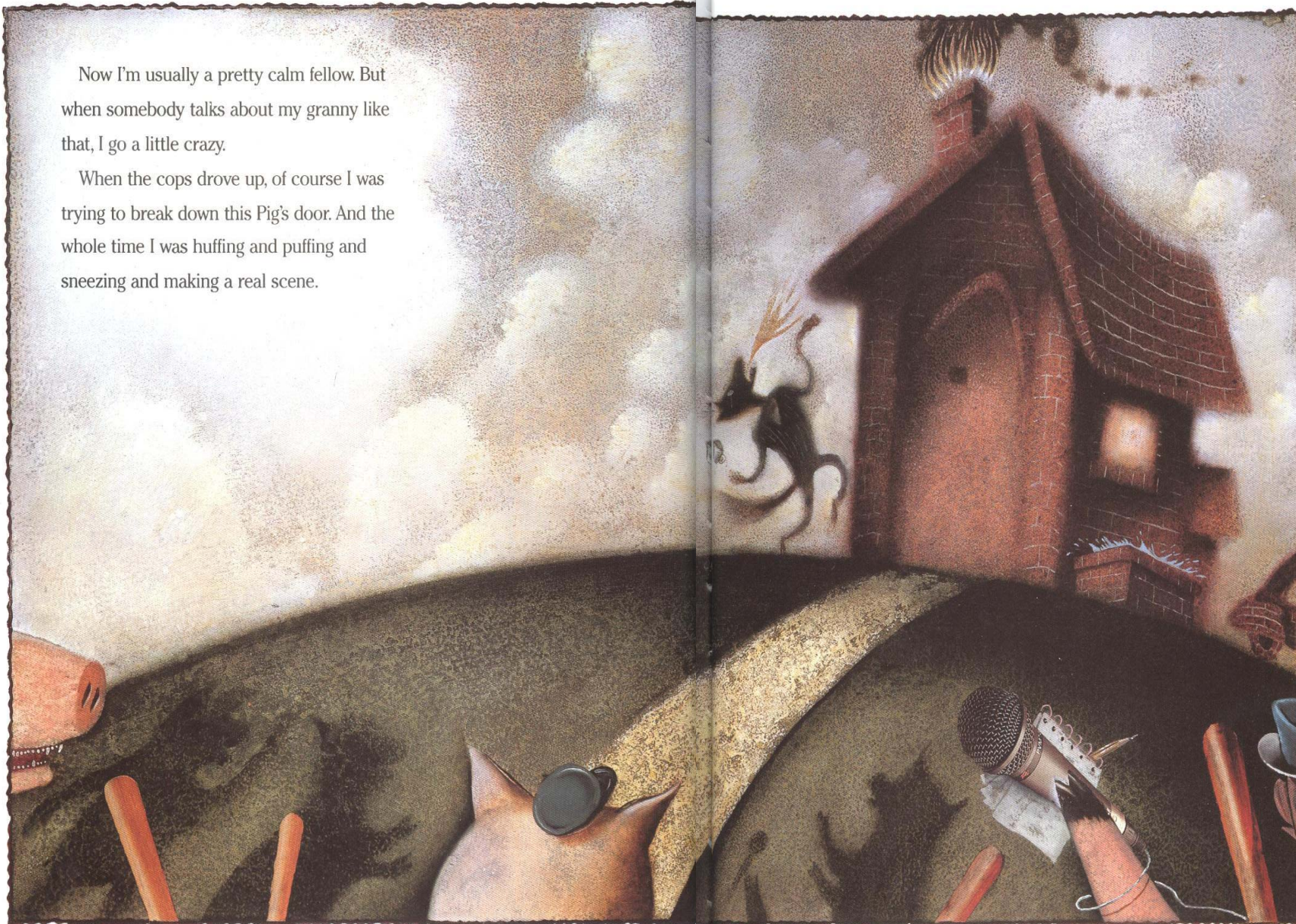
I knocked on the brick house. No answer.
I called, "Mr. Pig, Mr. Pig, are you in?"
And do you know what that rude little porker answered?
"Get out of here, Wolf. Don't bother me again."

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!"



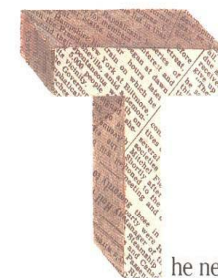
Now I'm usually a pretty calm fellow. But when somebody talks about my granny like that, I go a little crazy.

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.



he 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.

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