

The three little pigs

Once upon a time, there were three little pigs. They were all brothers who lived with their mother in a little cottage in the countryside. One day they all decided that they would leave and make their own houses. Saying their goodbyes, they set off into the distance.

The first little pig was walking on a track when he saw a man selling straw. 'I could make my house out of straw,' the little pig thought. He trotted up to the salesman and ~~buy~~ bought all the straw, and set to work building his house. One clump of straw, two clumps of straw, ~~last~~ last one... done! Opening his straw door, the first little pig flumped down on his straw seat in his straw living room.

The second the first little pig started reaching for his straw remote control, there was a knock on the door. A booming voice reached out for the little pig as he shook madly.

"I know you're in there little piggy, I know you're in there." It cried out.

"And what, if you were in here, would you do? boil me up and put me in a stew?" the pig replied.

"No little pig, something much worse, though can we stop talking in verse?" he shouted.

"No I say, and I won't accept my doom, as I am in the living room!" the pig cried back triumphantly.

"We'll see about that," as the door flew open. A dark, fluffy creature ran into the room and at that moment, that petrifying time, the ~~man~~^{ham} man realised it was... a wolf!

He leaped out of his chair, turning round only to find the wolf with a knife and fork, licking his lips ~~as he did so~~. The little pig ran out of the back door, the wolf nipping at his curly tail. The little pig decided, in the heat of the moment, ~~chose~~ to go to his older brother, Mo (Mo. Key. Bacon).

Mo was, at the time, having an acorn shower in his stick house. A huge tremor shook the house as the front door slammed, knocking the showerhead down, hitting Mo on the head. "Ow!" Mo cursed as he opened his birch shower door, drying himself down with his nettle

covered towel.

"What is going on here?" Mo asked after getting dressed.

"A wolf wants me for BREAKFAST!!" the first little pig ~~sat~~ replied.

"What?! Why didn't you say?" Mo asked in distress.

"Because he watching..." the first lil' pig whispered.

"Yes, I am, and I am suffering from a cold so I can't blow y'all house down," the wolf shouted from outside. "But I do have a Lt 3000+ Sidelift™ Forklift that will capsizе your building in approximately 0.829 minutes. Good luck."

"It'll be fine. We can escape from the back door," the first lil' piggy muttered.

"And don't think you can escape from the back door as I have everything blocked," the wolf said chirpily.

"Oh no, but wait, I remember now!" Mo shrieked.

"What, what!?" the first lil' pig enquired.

Moving away his leaf covered carpet, Mo ~~quiet~~ revealed a giant torchlit bunker.

"Why, Mo, you are so clever," the first lil' pig said.

"Yes Yes ok. but you better get in the hole," Mo whimpered.