

Literary Elements and Devices

The Three Little Pigs

- 1 I lost my job today as alpha male. This stupid young guy who's been showing off lately beat me to the hunt, and, I guess, I was a little too tired to care that much. Now rent is due and I'm hungry. And my piece-of-junk car broke down on the way home to my tiny little den in the crappiest part of the woods. And my mother called to nag me about coming to visit more often and having grand children and a load of other stuff. She's always nagging. I wish she'd get off my tale.
- 2 It's hard being a wolf.
- 3 I walked in my den and noticed the dishes in the sink, a pile of laundry and a stack of bills on the table and I decided I needed some air. I went for walk down to the pig town—there's this little shop that has some of the best veggie wraps in area. Yeah, I know, but they're good. I might as well spend my last few dollars on something tasty. I thought maybe I could also visit this cool little pig that installed the sweet sound system in my crappy car. Maybe he'll buy the darn thing back.
- 4 I get to this one part of town—a nice place with working street lights and clean sidewalks—and there are these two little pigs hangin' out not doing much and I walk buy minding my own business when one of them shouts, "Hey, wolfy. What you doin' here?" I tried to ignore them. I didn't like their look and I hated being called "wolfy." Last thing I wanted was to lose my temper over a stupid pig. Besides, I had only two months left on my parole and my parole officer said I'd been one of the best ex-cons he's seen in years. (A previous pig experience, very messy. I don't really want to talk about that.) So I keep walkin'.
- 5 "Hey, wolfy, I'm talking to you." said the shorter pig. "What you doin' here?" I got a bad feeling about him, like that sense of terror when you think you forgot your wallet or left you cell at home.
- 6 "My name isn't 'wolfy,' its Frank. I'm just minding my own business, not eating pigs or anything." I tried not to make eye contact and picked up my pace a little. *Just stay cool Frank, just stay cool.*
- 7 "Not through my neighborhood," said the other pig. "We don't go for wolves around here." I kept walking, a little faster now. "What's a matter, not so tough? Not the big dog anymore."
- 8 I could feel the anger brewing—bubbling like a strong cup of coffee. *Just keep going*, I thought, *Almost passed them.* Then the short pig jumped out in front of me and blocked my way. Stupid pig.
- 9 "Grrrrrrrrrr!" I snapped with a fierce growl, bearing my teeth and raising my arms menacingly, a tiger ready to pounce. Yeah, I still got it. The pig's eyes bulged and he darted down the street. The other pig came at me with a knife and took a swipe. He nicked my arm a little, slicing my leather coat. I swung and knocked the knife out of his hand and he ducked into the straw hut at the corner. This pig was even dumber that the short one.
- 10 "Come on out now, or I'll blow your house down," I shouted after him, hoping he wouldn't call my bluff. Did her believe I could actually blow a house down?
- 11 "Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin," he called from inside.

12 “Huh?” I said a little confused. I shrugged it off. “NOW.”

13 He didn’t come out. I could hear a series of deadbolts on the door being latched. “You’ll never get me!” He yelled. Did he know his house was made out of straw?

14 Shoot. Well, he did call my bluff. Now I have to blow the darn thing down. I took a step back, inhaled deeply, and let loose a big breath of air.

15 Holy crap! The house fell. Guess straw wasn’t a great idea for a house. The pig stood there flabbergasted and paralyzed by fear. I walked up to him and devoured him in seconds. Never make a wolf mad. Especially not Frank T. O’Reilly.

16 Now, for the other stupid pig. I’ll teach him. My alpha-wolf sense kicked in and I followed the pig’s scent to another house. This one looked a little stronger and sturdier and even nicer. I was a little envious. It would be a pleasure to knock this one down. And since it worked the first time, I’d stick with what worked.

17 “Come out now, pork rind, or I’ll blow your house down.”

18 “Uh, yeah, good luck with that,” said the obnoxious pig, not believing me. I wouldn’t believe me either, but it won’t do him much good. I’ll get him either way. In my crazier youth, I learned a few things about breaking and entering, but I’ll go with the blow your house down thing again. Why not?

19 I took a deep breath and let loose. The occasional day I spent at the gym must of paid off ‘cause the thing came crashing down in a clatter. The pig stood there quaking in fear and disbelief, but a little less shocked than first pig.

20 “How in the heck did you do that?,” he said. He didn’t bother waiting for a response. He took off running. I instinctually blasted off after him and I could hear sirens in the background.

21 “Shoot, the pigs are after me,” I said out load, but it didn’t matter anymore. These ignorant pigs set lose a rage I’ve been battling since I was a pup.

22 I chased him until he ran into this really fancy house. This thing was huge and rather solid looking, like a castle. It was late evening and the house glowed orange a little from the approaching sunset. The roof and chimney were silhouetted black against the sky. It had a winding sidewalk leading the front porch and it was lined with softly glowing lights. This pig had some dough. The house was made of red, rough-textured brick and stood two stories tall. The white fence out front stood in contrast to the dark green grass and deep read brick. The yard was well kept with flowers and bushes and things. Do you like me description? It would be a shame to destroy this one. Almost.

23 “Come out now, bacon breath, and I’ll let your house stand,” I shouted, encouraged by my previous successes. “Otherwise, I’ll blow your house down.”

24 “Whatever,” came a voice I didn’t recognize. Cocky little porker. Now I wanted the house to come down. I took deep breath and released. Nothing. I tried again, blowing out until my eyes bulged and I felt a little light headed. Nothing. Crap.

25 “Uh...do you mind coming out, nice little pig.” Nothing. I knew that would never work, but I had to try. Then I tried the door knob. He’s a pig, maybe he forgot to lock it. Nope. I tried the windows. Nothing. “Little tasty, ur, nice pig, you still in there,” I called hoping to distract him

- while I tried another plan. "I don't want to hurt or eat you. I just want to talk."
- 26 I grabbed a ladder that just happened to be sitting there, for the convenience making this story a little shorter, and I climbed up on the roof. I peered down the chimney and thought, "What the hell? I'm going back to jail anyways." I started to climb down. I got about three feet down when I started to smell something. After ruling out B.O. and gas, I realized the pig was trying to roast a wolf. Crap. My arm was wedged next to my body and I couldn't quite move. The smell got stronger and I could now taste the acrid smoke as it rose by me. Then the heat came. Crap. Is this how it ends for the "big bad wolf?" Roasted in a pig's chimney? I couldn't give up. I squirmed little by little towards the top of the chimney. I could feel the hair on my feet burning and my pads were getting super hot. Finally, I reached the top and climbed out.
- 27 I scrambled across the roof towards the ladder but it was gone! I could see the pigs surrounding me and I was in a panic. Now that it came to it, I didn't want to get captured. I enjoyed my life, even if I couldn't be the alpha male. Plus, the pigs were tasty and there are no pigs in the joint. I looked around for a way out. My only option was to jump and make a run for it. Tricky, but I am after all a wolf. I've got some skills.
- 28 I leaped from the roof onto all fours and darted away. Free! Crap. The stupid pig has a fence and I was trapped? The police had me surrounded and I surrendered. They cuffed me and hauled me towards the pig car.
- 29 "Serves you right, wolfy," said the owner of the brick house. "You ate my brother."
- 30 "Sorry about that. Really, I am. But his house was made out of straw. Not very smart," I said, feeling a little bad.
- 31 "True. He wasn't quite right in the head. But he was still my brother."
- 32 I made the six o'clock news, had a quick trial and was given 10 years for pig-a-cide. I'm a wolf, what do you expect?

Questions on “Three Little Pigs”

Name: _____

1. Underline one simile and one metaphor. Write the paragraph numbers below
2. Paragraph 22 illustrates what literary device?
3. What POV is the story written in?
4. What is the conflict?
5. Write the paragraph number or numbers to illustrate the following plot parts?
Exposition:
Rising action:
Climax:
Falling action:
Resolution:
6. What is the theme of the story?
7. Do you think the wolf is flat or round? Why?
8. Do you think the wolf is static or dynamic? Why?
9. What is the setting?
10. What is ironic in paragraph 3? What type of irony is it?