

Once upon a time, there were three little wolves. They were all siblings. One was a girl, and two were boys. The youngest wolf, a boy, lived in a chocolate house. His name was Murdoch. The middle wolf, a boy, lived in a marshmallow house. His name was Marlowe. The oldest wolf, a girl, lived in an extra sticky Laffy Taffy house with jokes stuck all over it. Her name was Marcie.

But, to ruin it all, there was one, evil, big, bad, *pig!* The pig gobbled chocolates, and marshmallows most. Those were his favorites. He ate them every day. Unfortunately, he ran out of candies.

The youngest wolf was sitting in his house reading a comic book. Suddenly, someone knocked on the door. “If you don’t let me enter, I will eat you!” boomed a voice. Murdoch knew it was the horrible pig. His only choice was to give up his house, but keep his life.

Murdoch dashed out of a window. “Take whatever you want, just don’t hurt me!” the frightened wolf screamed. He immediately zoomed to his brother’s house of marshmallows.

Inside Marlowe’s house, the brothers continued to read their comic books. Then, somebody knocked on the marshmallow door. “Let me in! Or else you will regret it! I’m in the mood for marshmallows!”

“Aaaaahhhh!” the terrified wolves screeched, and made a mad dash for the back door.

In Marcie’s house, the brothers read “George Washington’s History” because Marcie wouldn’t let them read the comics. As expected, a being knocked on the sticky door. “Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Now that’s funny, right

there!” The big, bad pig was suddenly laughing. He was occupied by the jokes on Marcie’s house.

Marcie peeped out of the tiny sugar window. She gasped. “ The pig’s got a laughing fit! He won’t stop laughing until it’s 12:00! And it’s 11:00! Hey! We’ll get him into his house, and lock him in there! Agreed?” Marcie asked, sounding elated.

“Let’s do it!” Murdoch and Marlowe yelled.

Soon, the wolves had shoved the big, bad pig into his house, and bolted the lock. They also gave him some chocolates and marshmallows, so he wouldn’t come back for more.

At 11:20, the wolves were sipping hot cocoa at Marcie’s house.

“Let’s live here, now,” Marlowe suggested.

“You’ve got to,” Marcie answered. “ It looks like that pig ate your houses.”

“You’re right,” Murdoch agreed.

So, Murdoch and Marlowe lived with Marcie, and everyone lived happily ever after.