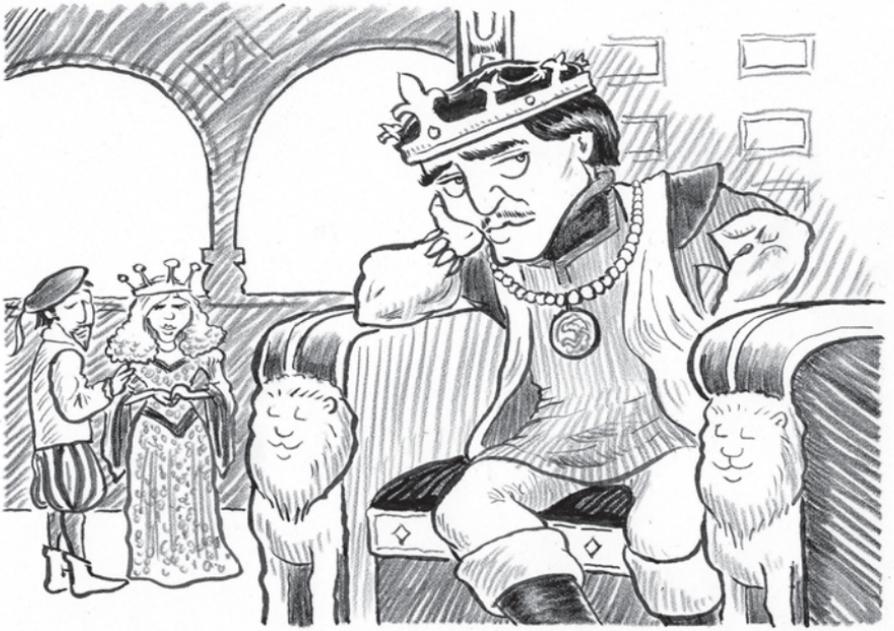




“Maybe because that path also leads to *my* house,” Wolfgang said.

“Don’t let him trick you, Highness,” said Captain Kreplach, commander of the guards. “Wolves is mighty tricky, they is.”

With an effort, Wolfgang controlled his temper. “Did you find any evidence *inside* the pigs’ homes?” he asked.



The prince looked at the captain. The captain looked at the wolf.

“Well, no,” said Captain Kreplach. “But that’s ’cause you’re so tricky.”

Wolfgang rolled his eyes.

“That’s him, Your Excellency,” a grunty voice declared. “He’s the one.”

The wolf turned to see the Three Little Pigs

pushing aside the tapestries and emerging from a side room. Dieter, the biggest pig, was pointing directly at him.

A word about the Three Little Pigs. Full-grown, well-fed porkers, they were anything *but* little. Dieter, Martin, and Hans ran PorkerBuilt, a successful construction company, which put enough food on the table to make them the Three Ginormous Pigs.

But nicknames in Fairylandia, once given, tend to stick.

“He wrecked our homes and stole our food,” said Martin, the second-biggest pig.

Wolfgang snarled. Martin jumped back, bumping into Hans.

“I didn’t trash your silly houses,” said the wolf. “In fact, I want nothing to do with you.”

*Except in the form of pork chops*, thought Wolfgang. He'd been dragged away from breakfast, after all, and his stomach was grumbling. Plus, these bothersome pigs were always accusing him of one thing or another, and he'd had just about enough of it.

"Oh yeah?" said Dieter, feeling brave with the guards in the room.

"Yeah," the wolf growled.

Dieter jumped back, bumping into Martin. All three pigs went down like chubby bowling pins.

Hans spoke up from the floor. "If you want nothing to do with us, how come you're always pounding on our door at night?"

"Because your music's too loud," said Wolfgang. "I can't stand that racket."