

NARRATIVE VOICE IN 'THE THREE LITTLE PIGS'

EXTRACT 1

There's a huffing and a puffing, a huffing and a puffing just outside my door. I put the extra bolt on, check all the windows, sit by the fire and wait. I'm wondering what's happened to my two dear brothers, in their quaint little houses of straw and sticks. Just half an hour ago the wind stirred up and a ball of straw came tumbling ominously past my window. 'Not a good sign,' I thought.

EXTRACT 2

The first little pig, being a very lazy little pig, decided to make his house of straw. He collected a bale or two from the farm at the end of the lane and set to work. Within no time his house was finished. He opened the little door and stepped inside to admire his new home. 'How lovely,' he thought. 'This straw house will suit me fine.'

But that very evening, the crafty old wolf came creeping down the lane. When he saw the straw house, he chuckled to himself. 'Silly little pig,' he said. 'I'll have you for my dinner!'

EXTRACT 3

The first little pig sat down in the big armchair next to the fire, stretched his legs and admired his handiwork. He'd been so very clever in insisting on the straw, rather than the bricks that the salesman had annoyingly tried to foist on him. He'd managed to finish off his house in two seconds flat and at a fraction of the price of the other materials, so now here was a chance for a nice little spot of me time, in his brand new bachelor pad.

EXTRACT 4

The straw or the sticks or the bricks? He walked down the dirt road towards the hardware store. Straw in the hayloft, the colour of blond hair. A light airy coolness. The smell of sweet grass and long summers, with sunlight streaking in. Or sticks, with their nutty brown skins, woven basket-like into rounded shapes. To live in a basket, all snug, like a fresh egg, just laid. A warm egg, in a basket on the arm of a plump farmer's wife. Or perhaps a chick not an egg, a newly hatched chick, brought indoors by the farmer's wife to be marvelled at by the children. It would be a new life for him, in his basket house. They would all marvel at him, so cosy and snug. Yes. Maybe he would have an egg for his tea. Poached perhaps. Yes, poached.

You might be expecting a tale of three pigs and a wolf. Well, what if I told you that it wasn't that at all? What would you think if I told you that it was three wolves and a pig, and a very clever pig at that. For pigs have brains you know as this story shows only too well. This pig, Humphrey by name, having been told many stories at his mother's knee, decided that the fate of a fairy-tale character was definitely not for him. He saw himself as the hero of quite a different type of story, if you get my drift.