

## The True Story Of The Three Little Pigs - By A. Wolf



We have been learning about persuasive writing in Year 5 for the past two weeks. On Tuesday the 27<sup>th</sup> we listened to a story called: The True Story Of The Three Little Pigs - By A. Wolf, We used a Seven Steps graph to organise and sort out the arguments that were in the story. This is our persuasive narrative of, The True Story Of The Three Little Pigs and here it is.

Let's start off by saying it WAS NOT my fault that my dear old, beloved, grandma's birthday was coming up and I was making a cake for the incredibly sweet old lady and I needed something delicious to make it sweeter and that thing is sugar! Which I was low on and I only needed one cup!

But obviously my deep dark voice, and terribly monstrous teeth and my angry immune system had a cold. Sometimes that is a HUGE disadvantage and even worse for me considering I'm a wolf. So of course I proceeded to go to my dear old neighbors, bound to fall apart, house. Which I knew would have sugar somewhere. At least I thought so. Unfortunately things did not go to my alternative plan. I pinky promise on my Grandma's life, I accidentally sneezed on the first little piggy's house and the next house after that. Trust me I did not purposely blow the houses down. But even if I did, who could blame me.

Two out of three houses are awfully unstructured and made out of straws and twigs. Oh and I might have killed the two pigs while I was in the process of sneezing. Ok, ok I was hungry but it was lunch time.

One more house to go and at this moment it was my only hope but the thing was this house was pretty good construction if we're talking technical. This pig must be the smarts of the family. "Hello, hello. Are you in there pig? ' I shouted politely. "Go away! I'm not giving you any sugar. Your granny can sit on a pin " Was the rude reply I got. At that point I was absolutely enraged. No one, absolutely no one talks about my darling granny like that! I tried with all my agro energy to make it my mission to the chimney. Sliding down the dusty hole on the roof was quite calming....for about two seconds.

Of course the coppers had to come and ruin my moment. I tried to explain what happened but they weren't interested in a mission for some sugar. They wanted drama and razzle dazzle headlines for the newspapers so they made me the biggest baddest wolf of them all and I still

haven't gotten my precious sugar.



I think we will just stick to gift vouchers this year.

Oceay and Tess Year 5.