

Friday 5th March 2021

Dear Diary,

What a day! It has been just awful! I can't believe how close I came to losing my life at the hands of the Three Little Pigs. Those vile, greedy, selfish creatures! To think I thought they were my friends.

I arrived at the elder Pigs house at 2pm sharp, as instructed on the invite they sent me last week for afternoon tea. It had started off perfectly. I was thoroughly enjoying the Victoria Sponge cake and had just paused to take a sip of tea when one of the Little Pigs called me into the kitchen. Well, that is when it all went terribly wrong.

The other two pigs followed me into the kitchen and slammed the door behind them. Circling me, they trapped me in the corner of the kitchen near a roaring hot fire with a pot of boiling hot water bubbling away. Without any warning, the eldest pig than launched at me with a knife! I only just managed to swerve out of the way of the razor sharp blade and had to think fast on my feet.

I remember throwing the kitchen table chairs at the Pig with the knife, before using the table cloth to trap the other two. It was a terrifying situation and I had to fight and claw my way out down the hall and through the front door as the Three Little Pigs tried desperately to stop me. I don't think I stopped running until I got to the Police station, where I am now. I only hope they believe my version of events!

Until tomorrow Diary,

Wolf