

## The Three Little Pigs Witness Statements

### Witness Statement: Red Riding Hood

Age: 16

Background: Documented Gang Member, Woodside Red Riders

My name is Red Riding Hood (Everybody calls me Red) and this is my statement.

Yeah, I know the pigs and I know this wolf guy. I've seen them around the neighborhood. I know everybody.

What I can tell you is what I saw.

I was cutting class one day and I was walking through the forest on my way to my grandma's. I had a basket of stuff. Okay, I'm not going to lie to you, the basket had some individually wrapped packages containing some white powdery substance, but it's not what you think. My grandma was baking cookies and I was bringing her the ingredients. Ever since her parole officer put the bracelet on her, she doesn't get out much.

So here I am walking in the forest and I see the pig. The little one with the squirrely tail, Crispy is his name. He's fixing up his straw house. I mean, what a dump. It's about time he did something with that place. I think they were going to condemn it. There's always straw everywhere, little pieces of straw are always falling off. The place is a real mess. It looks like a good stiff wind could blow the place right over. Crispy is known around town for being kind of lazy. He dances and plays all day and he's got a little flute that he plays when he panhandles for money. So, he's working on the house and the wolf comes along. I heard them arguing. Crispy ran inside and slammed the door. The wolf started knocking and the whole house shook. I heard the wolf say, "C'mon dude, let me in." And Crispy said something about his chinny chin chin. I remember that because, honestly, who talks like that? The wolf got kind of upset and started to blow on the house. Then, I couldn't believe it. There was straw everywhere and over it went. I could barely see anything. All I know was that wolf was wearing a goofy looking hat and he had a bandage on his foot. I thought he was coughing a little bit after this happened but things were really crazy. Crispy was crying and saying he could've been killed. I was going to call 911 but I felt compelled to bring the ingredients to my poor ailing grandmother.

I watched them for a while because that's the kind of concerned citizen I am. I know Crispy went to his brother Cordon Bleu's house. Not much better over there. Cordy's house is made of sticks. I mean, hire a contractor already! Cordy doesn't give three figs about his house. He danced jigs all day. I heard something happen over there with the wolf, but I didn't see anything else. Who could see with all the debris? The next day, I did see the insurance adjuster over at Cordy's house. It was really just a pile of sticks by then.

Eventually, I heard from someone who knows G. (that's the third big sibling) that wolf went looking for all three of them over at his place. G. lives in a brick mansion on the other side of town. That place is liked an armed fortress. Nobody's messing with G. I heard they set a trap for that wolf. Something about a pot in the chimney. Well, I guess they caught him or the cops showed up.

They showed me a photo lineup. I picked out the only wolf that I saw. It sure looked like him. He was even wearing the goofy blue hat.

I'm not really happy about testifying. I don't like the pigs very much. I think they're lazy and sloppy, but you can't just blow people's houses down and get away with it. It hurts the property values for everyone. You don't have to be a space rocket brain engineer to know that. Besides, the wolf has it coming. He committed burglary on my grandma a few years back and he dissed my boyfriend, Pete. He lost his job watching the sheep because of this wolf. I think he's a bad seed.

## **Witness Statement: Handy Poindexter, Building inspector**

### *Curriculum Vitae*

Bachelor of Engineering, Masstasheofits Institute of Technology 1971

Master in Quantum Physics, Erudite University 1975

PhD in Material Dynamics, Erudite University 1977

County Building Inspector, Woodside County 1979 to present

### Publications:

“How Not to Build a House”- Popular Mechanics, Aril 1989

“Being Really Smart Gets the Girls”- GQ Magazine March 1990

### **Statement:**

I served as building inspector at the sites mentioned in the police report in this case. I inspected the residence of Crispy Pig, Cordon Bleu Pig and G. Canadian Pig. The post-damage analysis is as follows:

1). Crispy Pig Residence: This straw house incurred massive damage due to high sustained winds. I estimate the winds or air pressure exerted to be equal to a microburst. The wind speed was approximately 90 miles per hour in a short burst. The force of the air caused the house to disintegrate. The component materials of straw were blown and scattered over a several block radius. The personal effects of crispy pig sustained damage. Some items of personal value were destroyed. It should be noted that this resident was not up to code and the owner had been cited in the past for shoddy workmanship and improper maintenance. The building materials used (that being straw) may have been appropriate for a thatched cottage, the type of which was selected by many 18th century European storybook characters (particularly Hansel and Gretel) but it is not deemed appropriate for today's modern construction. It could not be expected to withstand the forces it incurred.

2). Cordon Bleu Residence: This stick home incurred massive damage due to high sustained winds. I estimate the winds or air pressure exerted to be equal to a microburst. The wind speed was approximately 90 miles per hour in a short burst. I do not believe that the force of air alone caused the damage to the house, however. The origination of the damage appears to have come from the inside. Just prior to the external forces being applied, an occupant dislodged one of the interior support beams. The structure was then weakened such that when the external force was applied, the house caved in like a pile of sticks. It is questionable as to whether the building materials were appropriate for the designed use, however, a stick house does appear to be completely sufficient for beavers and otters and many stick houses are actually quite strong. However, the damage to the house may have been caused by a design flaw in the placement of the support beam or the unfortunate dislodging of said beam. Certainly, the outside gust of air was a contributing factor to the house falling over.

3). G. Canadian Pig Residence: This house was not damaged. It was structurally sound. It does not appear that anyone inside the house would have been harmed if sheltered inside during high gusts of wind such as destroyed houses 1 and 2.

### **Witness Statement: Officer Sentry**

At 13:00 hours, I received a call of a neighborhood disturbance in the Woodside area. I responded to the residence of G. Canadian Pig. The first thing I noticed when I arrived at the brick residence was smoke coming from the chimney. After the arrival of marked backup units, I made entry and contacted the owner, Mr. G.

When I entered the residence, I noticed a modest and yet tastefully decorated home that was obviously well kept and cared for. The home was decorated in the American Arts and Crafts period and the furniture was undisturbed. I noticed that two other pigs, later known to me as Crispy and Cordon Bleu were huddled in the corner, under a delightful end table. Crispy was crying and appeared to be clutching the remnants of a flute. Cordon Bleu was visibly upset as well. He was shaking and muttering something about picking up sticks.

I then noticed that in the burning fireplace, in a big black pot was a wolf, who was yelling that his pants were on fire. I extinguished the fire and my partner took the wolf (later Identified as AP1 Lupus Canine) outside for questioning.

V1 Crispy reported that AP1 went to his house and threatened entry, demanding that he be let in. Crispy thought that this was a door-to-door salesman at first and was not interested. Then the wolf threatened to huff and puff and do further damage. Crispy resisted and found his house reduced to rubble. He was terrified of being killed.

Crispy then ran to his brother Cordon Bleu's house. V2 Bleu was dancing when his brother ran in and hid under the bed. Bleu then heard a knock on the door. Knowing that his house was made of sticks, Bleu grabbed a big stick to protect himself. (This stick was later found to be a support beam). Bleu reported that he looked outside, saw the wolf and tried to make polite conversation so he'd go away. The wolf then threatened to huff and puff. Bleu tried to hold his ground. He was adamant that he would not let the wolf in "by the hair of his chinny chin chin" (Bleu was sporting a goatee). The next thing Bleu knew was that there seemed to be a ruckus coming from outside. He thought there was a microburst until he actually saw the wolf huffing and puffing. A hail of sticks fell around him and he had to search to find Crispy in the rubble. It was all Bleu could do to get his hysterical brother to their eldest sibling's house across town.

In fear of being followed, Bleu stated that he took the long route. He and Crispy went into G. Canadian's home by the back door and warned him.

According to W3 G., he felt that his brick house was impenetrable and decided to set a trap for the wolf. He filled an expensive pot with bottled water and lit a fire in the chimney. The wolf threatened to blow the house down. He then huffed and puffed but nothing happened. Knowing that story book villains typically went down chimneys as a last resort, G. waited there. He apprehended the wolf and held him at bay with a kabob stick until we arrived.

AP 1 was read his rights per Miranda and invoked.

When he was booked into jail, he appeared to be having trouble breathing. The nurse cleared him for booking and he was fingerprinted and booked.

I showed a photo lineup to a witness, Red Riding Hood, who I know from the hood as "Reds". She positively identified the wolf in custody as the one she saw threatening Crispy Pig and destroying his house.

We attempted to lift latent prints from the rubble at V1 and V2's home to compare them to the suspect but were unsuccessful.

## **Witness Statement: Alexander T. Wolf aka BB Wolf**

My name is Alexander T. Wolf and you can call me Al. Some people call me Lupus but I don't like that so much. I don't know how this whole Big Bad Wolf thing got started but it is all wrong. Maybe it's because of our diet. It's not my fault wolves eat cute little animals like bunnies and sheep and yes, sometimes the occasional pig. That is just the way we are. If cheeseburgers were cute, folks would probably think you were big and bad too.

I reside in Woodside in a nice little den by the river. It has redwood paneling and a nice little stereo. On the morning of the misunderstanding August 1, 2005, I was getting ready to bake a cake for my dear sweet old grandmother when I noticed I was out of sugar. I was very distressed since it was her birthday so I decided to take a stroll and see if I could borrow a cup from one of my neighbors, Crispy Pig. I walked down to his house, which was made of straw (not too bight if you ask me) and knocked on the door. The door just fell right in! I did not want to walk into anyone's house, so I called, "little pig, little pig, are you in?" No answer. I was just about to leave without a cup of sugar for my dear old grandmother's birthday cake when I felt a coughing fit coming on. Well, I huffed and I puffed, and I began wheezing and coughing. And do you know what? That whole darn straw house fell down. And Crispy Pig was in there all along. He took one look at me and ran out before I could talk to him. That's when I looked up and saw Little Red watching me. She does not like Wolves. I know she is prejudiced.

I was still needing a cup of sugar so I went to the next neighbor's house. This neighbor was the first Little Pig's brother, Cordon Bleu. He was a bit smarter but not by much, he had built his house out of sticks. I rang the bell on the stick house. Nobody answered. I called out, "Mr. Pig, Mr. Pig, are you in?" He yelled back, "Go away Wolf. You can't come in. I'm shaving the hairs on my chinny, chin chin." I had just grabbed the doorknob when I felt another coughing fit coming on. I huffed and I snuffed, I tried to cover my mouth but I began to cough. And you are not going to believe this, but this guy's house fell down just like his brother's.

I then went to my friend G. Canadian Pig's house. The brother of the other two. Now this guy is the smart one. He built his house out of bricks. He was my last chance for sugar so I knocked but there was no answer. I knocked again and waited by the door for him to return. It started to get late so I decided G was most likely at the store. Then it occurred to me, G was probably sleeping. He is quite the sound sleeper. Running out of time, I decided to climb down the chimney and wake him up, ask for sugar, and go home and bake. When I got almost all the way down, suddenly someone took a lid off a cauldron of boiling water and I fell into the pot burning my fur. It was G and his two brothers and they were laughing and talking about making Wolf stew. They are no friends of mine!

## **Witness Statement: G. Canadian Pig**

My name is G. Canadian Pig and I live at 283 Sty. Lane in Woodside. It is a nice area except since the Wolves moved in, there have been several pig disappearances. I have two brothers, Crispy and Cordon Bleu Pig. Our parents were eaten by wolves in sheep's clothing when I was younger. Since then, I have learned not to trust wolves. I would never have a wolf as a friend- that would be too tempting- you know they eat my kind. BB wolf seems all innocent but it's an act. I have seen him look at me with a glint in his eyes and a trickle of drool coming from his mouth. As a matter of fact, on several occasions he has tried to lure me outside with strange stories and promises.

The day in question is not my only run in with this wolf. Two weeks earlier he stopped by and was calling, "Little Pig, Little Pig let me in!" I did not because I knew it was a trick and told him not by the hair of my chinny chin chin. Do you know what he said after that? He said, "Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I will blow your house in!" I then heard him huffing and puffing outside for a good half hour. I laughed at him because I knew my house was pretty strong but then he threatened to pay my brothers a visit.

That was not the last I heard of him. The next week he came back and wanted me to join him for dinner. I bet I was the dinner he intended. He told me some story about a fair and he wanted me to go with him. I said I was busy and he pulled that whole huffing and puffing bit again. After a few minutes he left and told me I would be sorry.

On the day of August 1<sup>st</sup>, I was home preparing to make a pot of stew for my brothers and myself when in through the door runs my brother Crispy. Crispy is all upset squealing about a wolf, his house, rubble everywhere. I got him a cup of tea and he was about to tell me his story when I hear knocking at the door. I open it and in runs Cordon Bleu also squealing about a mad wolf, fallen house, almost dinner. I then realize this wolf is making good on his promise to get my brothers. I quickly lock the door and we all waited in the kitchen in terror.

About 15 minutes after I hear the Wolf outside the door calling for me. He has some story about a cup of sugar, well I am not buying it. He waits on the porch for a few minutes and then I hear something climbing up the side of the house, right to the chimney. I gotta think fast so I take the lid of my pot of boiling water, carrots, turnips, and onions and in plops the Wolf. By this time one of my brothers calls 911 and Sentry arrives and arrests the Wolf.

I honestly do not know how the cookbook was on the page for Wolf stew, it must have been the wind.

**Dr. Horonimous Shill, M.D.**

Curriculum Vitae

Board Certified in Podiatry

Bachelor of Science, Hog's Pointe College 1962

Doctor of Medicine, University of the Beach, Guam 1982

Residency: Foot, Toe, and Cuticle Hospital; Chicago, Illinois

Professional Organizations:

American Association of Podiatry

Association of Feet (Past President)

International Association of Cruise Ship Physicians (Board of Visitors)

Publications

"Toe Jam and You"- American Association of Podiatry Annual Newsletter, 1984

"Dance floor injuries and how they can be avoided"- American Cruise Director Monthly, 1990

"Cruisin' for a Bruisin'- Protecting Yourself from Vacation Injuries"- American Cruise Director Monthly, 1995

**Statement:**

I have been treating Lupus for the last 2 years. He first came to me when he got a thorn in his paw. Since then, I have treated him for various ailments, including predator's foot and ingrown claw. On one occasion, Lupus sprained his paw while training for a long-distance sled race. He was very happy that I could help him get back into shape so quickly

I am aware that Lupus suffers from asthma. He is a real inspiration to everyone the way he handles this illness while continuing to live his life on his own terms. He gets so caught up in what he's doing that he sometimes even forgets to renew the prescription for his inhaler, or he might lose it somewhere and go weeks without even mentioning it to me. He is just that kind of guy that always wants to keep going and trying new things.

I guess you'd call him a loner wolf. His people skills sometimes aren't that great. He's never lost his temper with me, but I know he hates to wait for his appointments. He sometimes gets a little upset with my receptionist, but it's really just exaggerated.

The purpose of my testimony is to discuss Lupus' medical condition. It is my professional opinion that the allegations against Lupus are preposterous lies made up by pigs in a blanket. They are all in it together just to get money or fame. Lupus is the innocent victim here. I never much cared for pork; in fact, I've given it up since college. In my opinion, whatever happen to the pigs' houses was caused by Lupus' asthma. If he had an attack, I'm sure it was brought on by the environmental conditions (such as over exposure to hay) or stress.