The Big Bad Wolf
Three Pigs

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Special thanks to my friends and family who have helped me complete this book.
Deep inside a mysterious cave hidden in a forest, a small fire lit the room. Water droplets fell from the stalactites and a frigid breeze swept throughout the cave. Flickering and fighting to stay alive, the fire was slowly dying and only the shadow of a beast was visible across the cave walls. The lone inhabitant lay dormant this winter, biding his time. The face of a wolf appeared; full of vengeance, rage, and ambition; his eyes reflected a troubled past. The demons hidden within had awakened and a flame of anger scorched his entire body. His resolve was about to begin.
Chapter 1: The New Year

A small group of pigs could be seen gathering outside of an old woman’s house. “The first of spring has finally arrived!” Vincent, Stan, and Franklin cheered as they met at their mother’s house. The three brothers had recently graduated and built their own homes, signifying the beginning of their new adult lives. As their mother went to get more drinks for her sons, the three began reminiscing on their past with excitement for their future.
“Whatever happened to Tacyeon? He was such a cry baby; do you think he still lives around here?” The mother entered the room with fresh lemonade and answered her son’s question. “That poor boy, you three teased him to no end. Last I heard, he ran away after graduation because of your little stunt at the ceremony.” The three brothers squealed hysterically, “Oh yeah, I completely forgot about that.” “It’s not our fault he stood underneath a large bucket of water.” “He needed it, mom. His wolf hair stunk up the whole area. Filthy animal, probably didn’t even know what a shower was.” The mother was not pleased, and looked at her children sternly. The three boys still had a lot of growing up to do.

As the three young pigs continued talking about how they teased Tacyeon, they also bragged about the new homes they had built. “Franklin, your house is too big; doesn’t it get scary sleeping at night? Our homes were built for one!” “I feel like a strong wind would blow your house down and then you’ll crawl and beg to stay at my brick house.” “Okay boys, enough banter. I will have to come visit all of your houses soon,” mother said. She was pleased with how responsible her children were at building their own places to live and moving on with their lives. She felt accomplished at how she had raised such great sons, and how they get to start their own adventures of adulthood.
It seemed their stay was much shorter than it really was, but it became dark and the three pigs had to return to their homes. Tears of joy ran down the mother’s face as she waved good bye to her three sons. The three pigs, still filled with excitement and pride, split paths and went back to their respective homes to move on with their lives.
Chapter 2: The Trigger

Tossing and turning, Tacyeon was having his re-occurring nightmare of the turning point in his life. When the three pigs were about to graduate, their mother rewarded them by kicking them out of her house and wanting them to build their own homes to live in. Displeased, the three pigs realized they had to move on and begin acting like adults and accepted their mother’s request. However, they decided to do one more final act of childish behavior.

For years, the three pigs teased and ridiculed Tacyeon, a fellow classmate who was a loner and shy wolf with no parents. During graduation, they set up a grand prank. Tacyeon was about to received his diploma, but a bucket of water would spill over and drench him. The prank went better than they had planned. When the water fell, Tacyeon yelped from shock and knocked over their teacher. Then, the bucket fell and hit Tacyeon on the head, making him fall off the stage onto the crowd. It was the most epic prank the three pigs ever pulled off and signified the end of their childish ways. For Tacyeon, it was the most embarrassing moment of his live, one he will never forget.
Dripping wet, Taceyeon whimpered and dashed towards the forest, never to be seen again. All he could remember as he ran was the three pigs laughing maniacally along with a large part of the audience who watched him ruin the graduation ceremony. Fear, humiliation, and self-loathing soon washed away from his body. However, when he found a cave and set up a fire, something changed. As he stood next to the fire to dry off his wet body, he began to brood. Anger filled his heart and the passion of revenge burned brightly in his eyes.

Taceyeon trained diligently all throughout the cold winter with passion burning through his veins. His one goal was simple: **destroy the three little pigs.**
Aspects of agility, strength, stamina, endurance were all enhanced during his training sessions. To improve speed and agility, Tacyeon ran early in the mornings, shedding unnecessary fat and creating a leaner and slimmer body for maximum speed and agility. Dashing through the trees like a ninja at night, Tacyeon had mastered the art of god-like speed. His strength training was more difficult. He gnawed on tree bark to sharpen his fangs and did various jumping exercises to build stronger muscles in his legs and back.

Every evening he would climb the highest mountain and howl at the moon, enlarging his lung capacity. The neighboring wolves knew what his howls meant and how determined he was; the three pigs hearing the sounds of the night had no idea what was going to happen.
For four months, Tacyeon worked on transforming himself from a once shy and timid school boy to a fierce and deadly predator hungry for blood.
Chapter 3: The First Victim

During the fall, the three pigs were effortlessly building their new homes, just like their mother instructed. While in the warm sun, Vincent was gleefully building his house out of straw. “At this rate, I’ll be finished way before my brothers. I wonder what I will do with my free time?” he thought. His house was the least sturdy of the three. Made with thin twigs and straw, it was neither very strong nor protective. Vincent didn’t care though, he was happy he was the first to have a house completed and the first to relax. He would also be the first one Tacyeon attacks.
The spring season is a time of change and new beginnings. This spring, Tacyeon began his vengeance against the three little pigs. His first victim was Vincent. The winter snow covered the ground and the hints of spring hadn’t yet sprouted. The dusk of morning was covered with a light chilly fog, almost predicting an even icier event later that day. The memory of Vincent had of the He will no longer be teasing anyone anymore!” Tacyeon yelled in his cave. The walls vibrated causing some of the cave to crumble, and the plan he had devised was about to start.

Inside the straw house, Vincent could be seen from the window laying on his couch and watching TV. Without a care in the world, Vincent was humble and satisfied with his life. That is, until he heard a loud knock on his front door and the heaving breathing of an angry wolf. “Who’s there?” Vincent moaned, immediately upset he was being forced to leave his comfortable seat to answer the door. As he begrudgingly walked towards the door, fear struck his body and he froze in place when he heard the dark, deep voice. “Little pig little pig, let me come in! Vincent, today is your last day to live!” “Who are you?” Vincent stammered. With an evil grin, Tacyeon replied, “It is your favorite school buddy, Tacyeon! I’ve come for blood.” Vincent was shocked by this turn of events. “Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin,” Vincent squealed, slowly walking away from the door. Tacyeon accepted the challenge and began to huff and puff. In one swift blow, Vincent’s house blew away and all that was left was Vincent cowering in fear behind his couch. His house was still swirling around him from the massive wind when he opened his eyes and saw Tacyeon staring right at him. His reflection shone through the wolf’s determined eyes. The noise of anguish and torture roared through the night, as Tacyeon completed part one of his goal. His next victim was the second pig, Stan.
The next morning, the whole town gasped in fear and dismay as they saw the torn down house and a slain pig. The police searched the area for clues but couldn’t make a clear conclusion as to what happened. Their assessment was the house blew down from a powerful wind and the collapse killed Vincent. Stan and Franklin wept over the loss of their brother and couldn’t believe this disaster. They quickly informed their mother and planned a funeral. “Sons, I hope you see what the lesson here is. Vincent’s house was not very strong and collapsed quite easily. I hope you boys learn from this.” “Mother is right,” Stan replied. He and Franklin were still shocked by their brother’s death. “There wasn’t even a storm last night, it’s so strange that an entire house could just collapse like that,” Franklin thought.

No one knew what had happened as Tacyeon used his stealth to conceal all of the evidence. The day after the funeral, the pigs parted ways again and tried to pick up their lives without Vincent. That night, Tacyeon climbed to the highest mountain again and howled a victorious howl. The whole forest seemed to tremble in fear as the animals’ intuition suggested Tacyeon was the murderer. Franklin awoke suddenly in his bed and got the same chill as the animals in the forest.
The air was getting cold, and the beginning of winter was peeking its head around the corner. While Vincent was quickly building his straw house, another pig could be seen across the field near the woods building a house out of wood. Stan gathered many branches from the woods and began designing his home. “Franklin thinks his house is going to be the strongest. He doesn’t understand the power of wood and the trees, but it would be nice if I had the strength to build my house out of logs,” Stan thought as he was building his wooden house. The twine and rope held the walls sturdy and the house turned out to look quite nice compared to his
younger brother Vincent. The fireplace was built out of rock and helped keep Stan warm during the cold winter nights. At times during the winter, forest animals would visit and treat the wooden house as a second home for it contained warmth and comfort. Stan, confident about his accomplishments enjoyed the company of the wildlife and complacent with his life.

After his brother’s funeral, everything seemed gloomy and Stan became a hermit, never leaving his house. The death of his brother destroyed his morale and he couldn’t recover from the loss. The wild animals brought various fruits and vegetables from nearby to help Stan survive. Franklin and mother even came to visit a couple of times but were very concerned about their family member. Nothing seemed to work and his lackluster lifestyle began to consume him. Eventually, the woodland creatures began to excessively try to get Stan to leave his home and move away to a different country. Every night, they seemed scared to death when they communicated with Stan. Unknowingly, Stan was about to leave his house, for good.

The spring weather was warming up and the starry nights appeared. Stan was sulking next to his fireplace when he heard a loud knock at the door. Unmotivated to move, Stan continued sitting next to the fire and screamed “Go away, I don’t want to talk to anyone!” Silence and the scurrying of all the wood creatures were the only sounds of the night.

Stan was concerned about this sudden change in atmosphere as the mood became darker than the night. He looked outside his window and saw all of the creatures staring at him from the woods in fear. “Stan, little pig little pig. It is I, Tacyeon. Please open your door so we can talk.” Unsure what was going on, Stan yelled back at Tacyeon to leave because he wasn’t up for any games. Tacyeon however chuckled with a low voice and said, “Don’t be stubborn like your brother. We both know what happened to him.” Stan froze, as reality hit him like a crane knocking down a building. “I’m not here to play a game Stan,” Tacyeon continued, “I’m here to end all
games!” Stan turned ghostly white and quickly packed his bags, regretting not listening to woodland creatures and taking their advice to leave. He crept to the back door, trying to escape but as he opened the door, Tacyeon stood in front of him, larger and fiercer than Stan could ever believe.

“Let’s see how you like being laughed at when there is no one to help you!”

Tacyeon grinned and kicked Stan back into his house, barricading the door from the outside.

Swiftly, Tacyeon jumped to the roof and stood over the chimney. “Where’s that bucket of water now?” Tacyeon inhaled deep breaths of air and exhaled over the chimney opening, rekindling the fire and blowing the flames into the wooden house.

Stan, crying and screaming as his house was burning up from the inside, began apologizing and asking for forgiveness but the only noises he could hear apart from the burning wood was the evil laughter that grew louder and louder until the fire engulfed and brought it down in ashes.
Chapter 5: Regrets

Franklin was walking to Stan’s house when he saw a majority of the town surrounding the area. Smoke was still rising up from the debris and everyone was in awe at the sight of the burnt down house. Franklin couldn’t believe his eyes as the thought of both brothers being dead crossed his mind. The police investigated the area and interviewed Franklin and Stan’s neighbors. The woodland creatures observed from the woods, and they couldn’t help but cry a few tears for their fallen friend. The official report stated the house burning down was an accident caused by the fireplace as there were no signs of another person entering the house.

As the crowd of people slowly dispersed and the sun was setting, Franklin stayed by the burnt down house and just couldn’t believe that both of his brothers had died from freak accidents. So many thoughts spiraled through his head and nothing made sense. He dug around the apartment, looking for clues or something that would explain what happened. “Why did we have to build three separate houses? Why didn’t we just live under one roof?” Just then, a howl in the night shook Franklin like a ghost touching his spine. Goosebumps covered his skin and terror filled his body. “That howl...I heard that when Vincent died. Could it be...Tacyeon?”

That night, Franklin couldn’t sleep. He lay awake on his bed, trembling from the idea that Tacyeon was capable of killing his brothers. All the memories of teasing Tacyeon flashed through his head and regret hit like a sledge hammer to his body. The next morning, Franklin rushed to the police and tried explaining his rationale for the deaths of his brothers.
“I don’t know how he did it, but I’m sure it was Tacyeon. He killed my brothers because we teased him a lot in school.” The police were skeptical and knew about the relationship the pigs had with Tacyeon. “Saying the wolf did this is immature and selfish. Unless you have proof, don’t tell lies.”

“Didn’t you hear the story of ‘The Boy Who Cried Wolf? Tacyeon hasn’t been seen in a long time, he’s probably long gone from here.” Franklin, appalled by the police’s inability to protect him knew the story very well. His mother used to read it to him and his brothers when they were young. But now thinking about the story again led Franklin to believe the real moral of the story: the wolf always wins.
Franklin took the longer route when building his new home. As his brothers were building houses based on ease and accessibility, Franklin wanted a sturdy house he could live in for a long time without having to make any major repairs. He bought brick and mortar and created a grand house that had an extra room for his mother. The brightest of the three pigs, Franklin spent a lot of time making sure the house was built correctly and strongly. At times, his patience was tested but he was able to complete his house before the first snow hit in winter. Throughout the winter nights, Franklin had trouble sleeping due to the loud winds from the outside and the spaciousness of his house made him lonely.
During those nights where paranoia crept into Franklin’s mind, a real threat lurked outside. Tacyeon stalked his prey for many nights during his time in the forests. Only the glimmer of his eyes could be seen from the bright moonlight, but his presence could be felt by Franklin during the coldest winter he’d ever experienced. Tacyeon was possessed and made sure he could attack all three of the pigs with ease. He studied the pigs’ weaknesses and planned his attack, observing their life styles and construction of their homes.

Unlike the attacks on Vincent and Stan, Tacyeon decided to attack Franklin during the day. He knew Franklin hadn’t been getting a lot of sleep due to the attacks on his brothers and the day time would be perfect to strike.

Franklin was sitting at his kitchen table eating breakfast when he heard a knock at the door. Without even thinking, he opened the door and was face to face with Tacyeon. “Little pig little pig, let me come in,” Tacyeon said softly. Franklin’s eyes grew at the sight of Tacyeon and the growth he made during the winter. Quickly he slammed the door shut and locked it. “Not by the hair on my chinny chin chin,” Franklin squealed as he began locking his windows and trying to fortify his home. “Strange, that is what your brother Vincent said before I blew down his house.” Franklin imagined what the monster said and could see his brother’s house fall from the violent wind Tacyeon created. “I’m sorry, please spare ME! What my brothers and I did was wrong and I understand that now. Please, let me live,” Franklin yelled as he hid in his room. Scared of Tacyeon, Franklin stayed in his room but soon was horrified by the noises Tacyeon was making from outside of the house. Tacyeon was scraping the bricks outside with his claws. Then, in one quick hit, one of the bricks flew inside creating a small hole in the room.
Tacyeon peered through the brick hole and he saw Franklin rocking back and forth. “Did you give me forgiveness when you ridiculed me in front of everyone during graduation? Do you think I can forgive all the things you did to me in school? Your other brother Stan tried apologizing before he became pork chops and bacon. It is your time now to meet your brothers again!”
“My job is done, I can move on now,” Tacyeon told himself as he was leaving Franklin’s house but as he looked up, he saw the pig’s mother on the top of the hill to visit Franklin. The two locked eyes and everything became clear to the mother. As he entered the woods though, he didn’t feel closure from his actions but a sense of lust for more. “What could be more delicious than pig?” Just then, Tacyeon glanced at a squirrel scurrying to its home carrying a red patch of cloth.
Wow...what a thriller! Where do you think Tacyeon will go next? Who might he run into?

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