

THE STORY OF

THE THREE LITTLE PIGS

a short story by
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The sow panted heavily lying upon the only dry patch of ground in the sty. The heavy gasps for air were punctuated by intermittent squeals of pain. One by one, the piglets emerged from her lower body; two, three, four...six...eight...ten, eleven. Eleven piglets. Farmer Bill's dog, Rusty, scratched at the back door of the house and whined until he came out to investigate. "What is it boy? Hmmn?" Farmer Bill followed the dog to the pig sty to discover his prize sow, Petunia, crunching down in her powerful jaws, one of the freshly born piglets.

"Aw, no! Petunia stop! No!" He grabbed a stone and threw it at the sow, but she kept on chewing the piglet down. She seized another with her tusks. Farmer Bill took an iron rod leaning up against the outhouse nearby and unhitched the crude gate to the sty. He began to beat the sow with the iron rod until she stopped and ran to the other end of the sty, squealing; her snout frothed in blood.

Farmer Bill scooped up the remaining piglets that were untouched. Three males. He wrapped them in his shirt and exited the stinking sty. Petunia, lay panting in another corner.

"I should have shot that damn pig the last time."

One of the farm dogs, a bitch with pups, lay on her side beneath the wreck of an old Ford truck. She had given birth a week previous and Farmer Bill had been eyeing her pups with anticipation since she was his best bird dog. Many of the neighbors wanted one ^{of} her pups since birding was the pastime of many of the locals. Farmer Bill approached with the piglets in his shirt.

"Speck! How's my girl? Come on out from there. That's a girl. I got something for ya." He placed the young piglets on the ground next to the dog. She sniffed each of them thoroughly and licked them. Then she lay on her side and slowly the piglets wriggled to her to find a teat. After several minutes, all three were busy suckling on their new foster mother.

"That's a girl Speck!" Farmer Bill waddled off to tend to some other business.

After four weeks, the piglets were scrambling about, and playfully investigating every spot they could sniff, taste, or see. The puppies had grown quite abit too. Farmer Bill tried putting some solid food in front of the three little pigs. He placed a garbage can lid spread out with day-old donuts from the donut shop. Speck sniffed them first, ate one and stepped aside to allow her young charges to try a bite. While the puppies didn't seem interested, the piglets did eat some portions of the stale donuts. They washed it down with Speck's milk. Farmer Bill smacked his lips and walked away.

Now Speck would have conversations with her young puppies and the piglets too whenever Farmer Bill wasn't around. She would hold classes on how to flush out a pheasant from the brush, how to dive into the pond and grab a floating stick and bring it back.

"This is how you would do it if it was a real duck."

She couldn't really teach the piglets to do any fetching, but they were still eager and playful and Speck was growing very attached to them.

One day Speck came back from inside the house with a very serious expression on her face.

"What's wrong, mom," the puppies and piglets questioned her as they circled her and sniffed and played about.

"I have something I have to tell Swiggy, Shiggy and Tiggy and I don't want to let the rest of you hear it."

"But what's wrong? How come you don't want us to hear?"

"Don't argue with me. This is very serious. Just go. I need to talk with just the three little pigs." So the puppies drooped their tails between their legs and slinked off, feeling very dejected. Once the pups were gone, she turned to the young pigs.

"I'm afraid you'll have to run away from home tonight."

"What? Why? We like it here. Why should we go?"

"Because Farmer Bill is gonna cut off your balls tomorrow morning and brand the hole with a hot iron."

"Aw c'mon Mom. Farmer Bill wouldn't do that to us. He likes us. Why would he do that?"

"You don't understand boys. You know that you are different from the puppies." The three little pigs nodded in unison.

"Well, you should know that all piglets are grown by Farmer Bill to be nice and fat and then they cut them into pieces and roast them on the stove- and they eat them."

"No mom! Stop! Your'e scaring us!"

"It's true boys. I've eaten pig myself. Every now and then Farmer Bill gives me some."

"But why would Farmer Bill cut off our balls and then burn the hole? I thought you said he was gonna eat us."

"They do that to the boy pigs so they get really fat in a few short weeks. Then out come the knives."

"No Mom! It's not true! Say it's not true!"

"It's true boys. That's why you have to leave tonight, cause in the morning, if your'e still here, he's gonna cut off your balls."

So they discussed their escape plans with their surrogate mother until nighfall.

The escape plan went very well. The last thing mother dog said to them was to beware of the big bad wolf. But these were playful young piglets and they weren't scared of the big bad wolf. Instead, they made up a little song about it.

"Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?
 The big bad wolf?
 The big bad wolf?
 Who's afraid of the big bad wolf?
 Tra la la la la!"

And they scrambled about the surrounding countryside, searching with their snouts in the ground for roots, and grubs.

Well they came upon a dump site where there was lots of stinking trash and garbage. They were overjoyed! They rummaged happily through the garbage, eating all kinds of treats like rotted eggshells, spoiled hot dogs, melon rinds- it was all there just for the taking!

Well Swiggy found a book with pictures of men practicing kung fu, a fighting art from China. He sat on his haunches and studied the book, flexing his legs in mock kung fu battle.

Then Shiggy found a rusted old sword. He began to wave it around and played mock combat.

Then Tiggy found a bag of cement and he began to drag it off the heap, being careful not to spill too much.

They all met at the edge of the dump and began to chat.

"I say we make our homes right over there. We can have a short walk to this dump anytime we want with plenty of food!"

They all nodded and grunted and squealed in agreement.

So straightaway they began building their houses.

Swiggy began building his house of straw. Tiggy spoke to him.

"You shouldn't build your house of straw because the big bad wolf can huff and puff, and blow your house down!"

Swiggy shot back,

"I ain't ascaresed of no big bad wolf cause now I know Kung fu from this here people book and I will whip that wolf's ass if he comes near me!"

Shiggy began building his house of twigs.

Tiggy scolded him and said,

"If you build your house of twigs, the big bad wolf will come and he will huff, and puff, and blow your house down."

Shiggy laughed at him and replied,

"I got this genuine sword from some people war. I will chop that wolf into pieces if he's fool enough to come near us!"

Tiggy, meanwhile, began building his house of scavenged bricks from the dump. He even built a fireplace and a chimney.

Well, the months went by and the pigs led a blissful life of picking over the garbage at the dump. One day, they saw Farmer Bill! He had come in his truck and he had someone with him. The boys hid while he unloaded the truck. He was wringing his hands and complaining to the other.

"That Petunia should have been shot a long time ago! She kept eating her young, and now this. She got that kidney disease, and who knows how many of the other animals caught it from her. Just look at the size of these kidneys!" Farmer Bill took a shovel and pushed a huge sticky mass of gore from the back of the truck.

"Damn!" said the other man with him. "Each of those kidneys must weigh over a hundred pounds! You sure you gotta throw them out?"

"Can't chance any of these remains infecting the other stock. I'm dumping em here to avoid any of our stock digging em up."

Farmer Bill drove off in his truck with the other man.

The three little pigs tittered amongst themselves.

"Did you hear what he said? He said that Petunia was the owner of those kidneys. Didn't mother dog once say that our real mother was a real pig named Petunia?"

"Yeah, I think I remember that too."

"Yup, I think your'e right."

"Lets go and investigate those guts they dumped."

So the three little pigs sniffed and snorted thier way up the garbage heap until they cam upon the enormously distended kidneys. They tugged at them and began dragging them. It was grueling work.

"Lets just leave them here. Theyr'e too heavy!"

"Hey! This is our mother! I will not hear you talk about family in that fashion!"

So they continued to drag the huge kidneys to a place where they intended to bury them. But the big bad wolf came.

From far off, he just looked like another dog, sniffing the ground, looking about, casually ambling forward.

"Hey guys, thats definitely the big bad wolf! We gotta drop what we're doing and hide in our houses!"

"Aw nuts to you! Swiggy's house is close enough. We can drag the guts into there, and bury them when the wolf goes away." And so, Swiggy, Shiggy and Tiggy dragged the kidneys into the house made of straw. Tiggy ran to his house made of bricks, but the wolf came and Swiggy and Shiggy were stuck inside the house of straw. The big bad wolf sniffed the base of the house.

"I smell a little pig! Come out little pig and I will be merciful. If not, I will huff and puff, and blow your house down and then I'll make your death most horrible."

Swiggy screamed back at him,

"I ain't ascaered o' you big bad wolf! I know Kung fu. I will totally wreck you if you come in here!"

The wolf replied, "Alright then. I warned you! So I will huff and I will puff and I will BLOOOOOOOWWWW your house down!" And the wolf blew away the house of straw.

Instantly the battle was joined. Swiggy kicked the wolf with a Kung fu kick to the groin. But the wolf also knew Kung fu. He wrenched the pig's head loose with a horrible kick. Shiggy hid, cowering behind the pile of his mother's guts on the floor where the house of straw had been. The wolf began to devour the pig. Seeing his chance, Shiggy stole away to his house singing once he got there,

"He got my brother,
 But he didn't get me...
 Because I hid,
 Behind my mother's kidney!"

And so the big bad wolf devoured the first little pig. But these were just little pigs, so the wolf was not entirely full. He ^{began} gan to sniff the base of Shiggy's house made of twigs.

"I smell a little pig! Come out little pig, and I will be merciful. If not, I will huff, and I will huff, and I will blow your house down. Then I will make your death the worst."

Shiggy snarled back at him from inside the house,

"You betta take a hike wolfboy! I got a genuine high carbon steel sword that I keep nice and sharp just for situations like this!"

The wolf began to circle and he said,

"Alright then. I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll BLOOOOOWWWW your house down!" And the wolf blew most of the hosue down, but part of it was still standing, so he had to catch his breath and blow again. This time, however, he was thorough, and the house blew away.

The battle began. Every time Shiggy would lunge with his sword, the wolf would ~~do~~ge away and circle. The wolf bit one of Shiggy's ankles. He crouched and bit and circled and dodged. The fight wound up on Tiggy's doorstep.

"Let me in Tiggy! The wolf is winning! Open the door and let me in!"

Tiggy was listening right at the door, but he didn't want to open it because then the wolf might come in and kill him too. He watched the fight through the peephole. Shiggy swung wide and missed with the sword and the wolf ripped open his neck. The sword clattered unto Tiggy's doorstep.

The big bad wolf dragged Shiggy away a short distance and Tiggy quickly grabbed the sword and brought into his house. But these were three little pigs, so the big bad wolf was still not full, so he began to sniff around the base of Tiggy's house of bricks.

"I smell a little pig. Come out little pig and I will be merciful. If not, I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow your house down!"

Tiggy chimed back,

"Yeah all you are is a blowhard! You can't blow down a house made of bricks you retard!"

So the wolf said,

"Alright then, I warned you." And he began to huff and puff and he BLEEEWW with all his might, but he only loosened one of the shutters and a shingle from^{on} top of the roof. He crouched and caught his breath. Then he BLEEEWW with all his might, but the house of bricks stayed put. Then he noticed a trellise leading to the roof and a chimney on the roof. The big bad wolf chuckled to himself and said,

"Your'e dead meat little pig!" And so he climbed the trellise up to the roof and began getting his balance on the pitched shingled surface. He almost slid off, so he was careful.

Tiggy, inside, could hear the big bad wolf scratching and pawing his way on the roof, so he went to the fireplace, and wedged the sword sticking straight up in the pile of firewood sitting there.

The wolf, up on the roof, said,

"Here I come little piggy!" And he began to slide down the chimney. When he reached the bottom, and the sword stuck into him, he tried to climb back up, but Tiggy the little piggy grabbed the wolf's tail and pulled down hard. The sword went all the way in.

So Tiggy cut apart the wolf and gave his brother's remains a decent burial and he buried his mother's kidneys too. He roasted the wolf and pigged out. Then he sang,

"Who's afraid
of the big bad wolf?
The big bad wolf?
The big bad wolf?
Who's afraid
of the big bad wolf?
Tra la la la la!"

One day not long after, Tiggy met a young beautiful sow wearing lipstick that had escaped from Farmer Bill. Well the two fell in love and lived happily ever after, and had lots of children and grandchildren.

And so the heroic Tiggy went down in history as the little pig who conquered the big bad wolf.