



Those pesky pigs

Lucia Alesiani

Retold Fairy Tales

You know, those 3 little pigs were asking for it. I mean really, they are the biggest pains. I'm just sorry I didn't get to scare them more. I know I was always threatening to eat them, but can I tell you a secret....I'm actually a vegetarian...shhhh, don't tell anyone, it's not very wolf like, I know. I have my reputation to uphold. But all meat products in my world have a face (and talk) so it's a bit hard to enjoy your meal, when you've had conversations (however unpleasant) with them at the post office.

So this vegetarian business is not by choice. I'm a wolf, we are meat eaters. I think that's probably why I'm so grumpy a lot of the time. I miss eating meat, but what can I do. I'd last five minutes in this village if I went around doing what wolves do naturally, so I don't. Because I like it here. I like my house, I have a nice garden and I'm close to the shops and close to the woods when I want to explore. It's the perfect life really, except for the part where I don't eat meat,....but what's a wolf to do?

Growing up, I was a disappointment to my father. He would take me and my two brothers out to hunt. I hated it and would always find a way to 'accidentally lose the target'. I was quite fine with eating the meat that my father and brothers caught as I wasn't the one who had to do the killing. Hypocritical I know, it's still food with a face, but I'm not a vegetarian for moral reasons, I just can't bring myself to hunt. One day while out hunting, my father said to me, "Right, you're a disgrace, don't come back until you have captured and killed some food for the family."

I couldn't, so I never went back.

Before you get all sentimental on me, don't. I'm fine. I think my father thought that tough love was the only

way to cure me from my condition. I'm sure they expected me to arrive home with a ravaged bloody carcass between my teeth and then father would have told me he was proud of me. My brothers would have stopped teasing me and my mother would have been happy that her gentle son was now part of the 'pack' and wouldn't have to feel left out or insecure.... Yeah well, it didn't happen like that. What? Do you think this is a fairytale or something?....please... Anyway, I have a happy life, if only those pesky pigs would leave me alone.

Now, here I am in jail, because apparently you don't go around threatening to eat people and damage their homes. Pfttt, if they knew how those pigs had tormented me, they wouldn't be so quick to condemn.

Those 3 pigs come across all innocent like, but they know. They've never said so, but I know they know, I can't eat them. So they play on that and tease me mercilessly. Most of the time I can ignore their taunts or scare them away, but sometimes it really gets to me. (Don't tell anyone this, wolves aren't supposed to care).

So this is what happened.

I was weeding my front garden when the first little pig idled past my house. We nodded politely to each other and he turned the corner and continued walking. When I went to get the hose from the side of the house to water my dahlia's, I see him picking corn out of my veggie patch in the back yard. Now, this isn't the first time, I've caught one of them doing this, but I was determined it would be the last.

So there he was, fat round bottom in the air, half over my fence, trying to pull out a stalk of corn. I'd chased his brother out from there yesterday. The older pig, the one with the brick house, seems to be the most sensible one. He never gives me any trouble, but he certainly doesn't seem able to keep these two in line.

So I'm standing there with the hose. It's not really surprising what I did, you would have too. I turned the tap on full pelt, aimed at the pig's bottom and pulled the trigger on the nozzle. You should have seen it! It was such a good shot and the pig topples into the veggie patch. He's squealing..... like a pig does, I guess and I'm doubled up in laughter until I drop the hose and it fishtails in the air before landing at my feet, squirting me in the face. The pig jumps the fence crying and cursing. I don't even care about my smashed corn on the cob. It was worth it to see the little pig squeal.

I finish my gardening and go back inside, still chuckling every time I think about it. I thought that would be the end of it. I had no idea what chain of events would unfold.

That night, while in bed reading, I hear a sound on the roof. It sounds like rain, but as it becomes louder, I'm

certain that it's not. I peek through the window. I can't see anything but I can still hear noise on the roof. I walk to the front door, grabbing a torch on the way, open the door and step out onto the porch. I shine the torch around the front yard but there's no one here that I can see. I'm about to turn back inside when whack! A flying object hits me square in the face. I put my paw to my nose, thinking I'm bleeding, but although it's oozing, I don't think it's blood. It has a funny smell and as I shine the torch on my hands, I realise that I've been egged.

Before I have a chance to process that, another egg hits the back of my leg and then another hits my cheek. I see movement in the bushes and I'm sure it's those pesky pigs. "Why you little.....," I yell, and run after them, but I drop my torch. By the time I retrieve it, they have disappeared into the darkness. I scope out the area anyway, but they're gone. Besides, there's only so long you can walk around covered in egg before you start to smell. I retreat inside and shower, trying not to think about how i'll need to get on the roof in the morning and clean off those eggs. I know I can't prove it was the pigs, as I didn't see them, but I know it was. I also know that this means war. They'll be sorry they messed with the wolf, vegetarian or not.

The next day, after a couple of painstaking hours on the hot tin roof hosing and scraping eggs whilst trying not to burn my paws, I thought a lot about how I would get my revenge, but nothing I thought of seemed quite right.

Afterwards I sat on the front porch, with a glass of red, trying to relax and not think about it anymore, when I spot 3 portly figures walking down the lane. It's those pesky pigs.

The one with the brick house was leading the way, walking briskly, denim cap shadowing his face, occasionally turning around to sternly tell the other two to hurry up.

As they neared my house, the two younger pigs spotted me and started snickering and poking each other. The pig in front was doing his best to ignore them. As they walked past my house, the denim capped pig nodded and said, "Good evening".

"Good evening" I responded, trying not to catch the eyes of the other two pigs. But then I couldn't help myself. As they strutted past my house, I turned and glanced backwards. I really shouldn't have. They were poking their tongue out at me and gesturing rudely. I know, I know, I should have ignored them. But I was a wolf with a possible iron deficiency, a little heatstroke, lack of sleep and a burnt paw from the hot tin roof. I was bound to combust, it was just a matter of time.

And I did. Anger bubbled inside and then erupted like Vesuvius. I sprang up, sending my glass of red flying, jumped over my fence and ran after them howling like only a wolf can. I have never seen them so scared, which made me happy. Although the older pig hadn't done anything to me, but what can you do?

The 3 pigs squealed and scampered up the road. I was gaining them. Wolves are much faster than pigs. As they reached the brick house, two entered and I grabbed the tail of the last little pig but it slipped through my paws and his brother managed to pull him inside before I could have another go. I'm not really sure what I would of done if I had of caught him. I remember I banged on the door, yelling and screaming and tried to get in the window and I think I threatened to blow their house to smithereens or something like that, I can't remember. I'll have to look at the police report.

I tried to tell them about what the pigs had done to make me behave that way, but it mustn't have come out right. So I'm here in this cell overnight to cool off. They said I can make a statement in the morning. At least I have all night to think of a way to get revenge that doesn't involve me ending up in jail. I won't let those pesky pigs get away with this. As I gaze out the cell window at the full moon, an idea begins to form.

Read more fairy tales on Fairytalez.com