

Pig Pals



by Kathy Warnes

Pigs in the Past



Pig Family Gig

Pigs have a family tree like me and you,
Coming from ancient China and old Rome too,
Columbus and DeSoto brought pigs across the sea,
To Cuba and where Florida someday would be.

Pioneers drove their pigs along as they moved west
Many farmers said their pigs were just the best,
Proud farmers helped their pigs grow and root and dig
They worked very hard to raise a better pig!

Brush with the Boars!

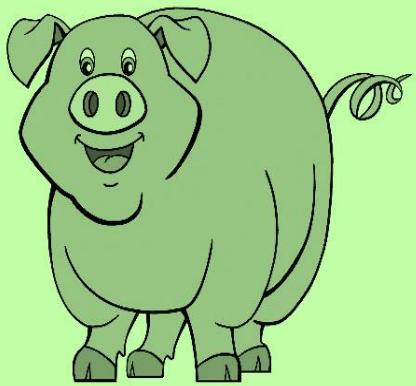
They use them without blushes – What? Boar Bristle Tooth Brushes!



Ancient Chinese people brushed their teeth until they shone,
They used toothbrushes made of bamboo sticks or hard bone,
The bristles made of hair from the backs of wild boars,
Bristles stiff enough to clean teeth, doors and walls and floors!
When traders toted toothbrushes to the unknown west,
Tooth brushers said they didn't make gums feel the best.
So, brushers switched to using horse instead of pig hair,
To brush their teeth shiny clean and fresh as morning air.
Then the twenty years in time centuries came along
Hair of hog bristles toppled to plastic and nylon
Still some people think pig hair toothbrushes fantastic,
Brush their teeth with them instead of nylon or plastic.

Pigs in Profile



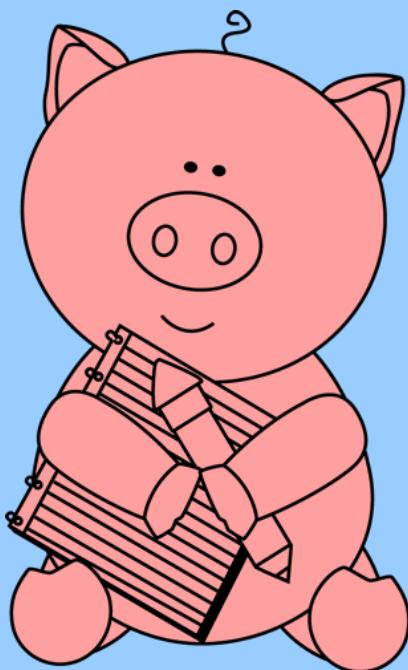


pig

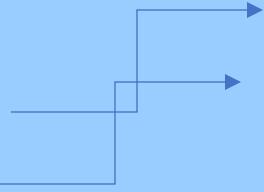
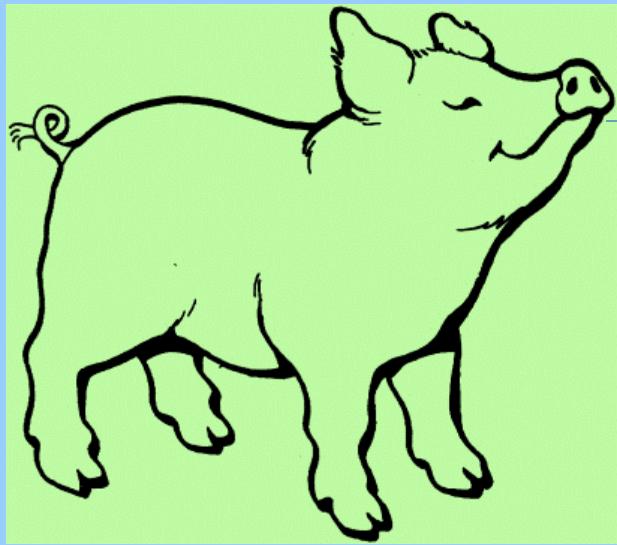
Pigs are usually called “pigs” until they are about ten weeks old. Then they are called hogs. Most people call them by either name at any age!



hog

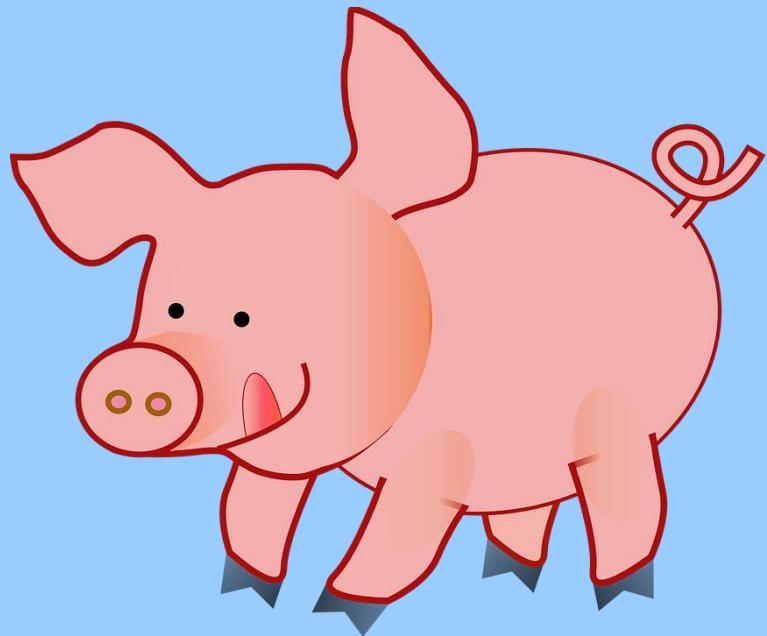


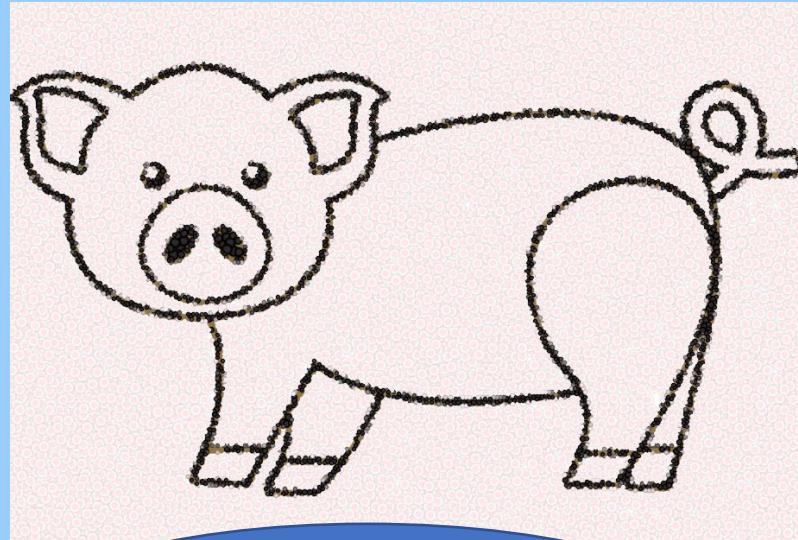
Pigs are as smart as dogs and can be trained to do many tricks.



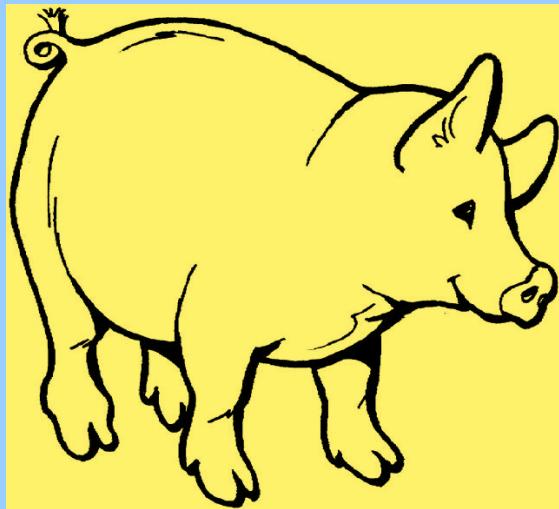
Pigs can smell,
Very well!

Pigs don't make pigs of
themselves by over eating.
They stop when they've had
enough to eat!

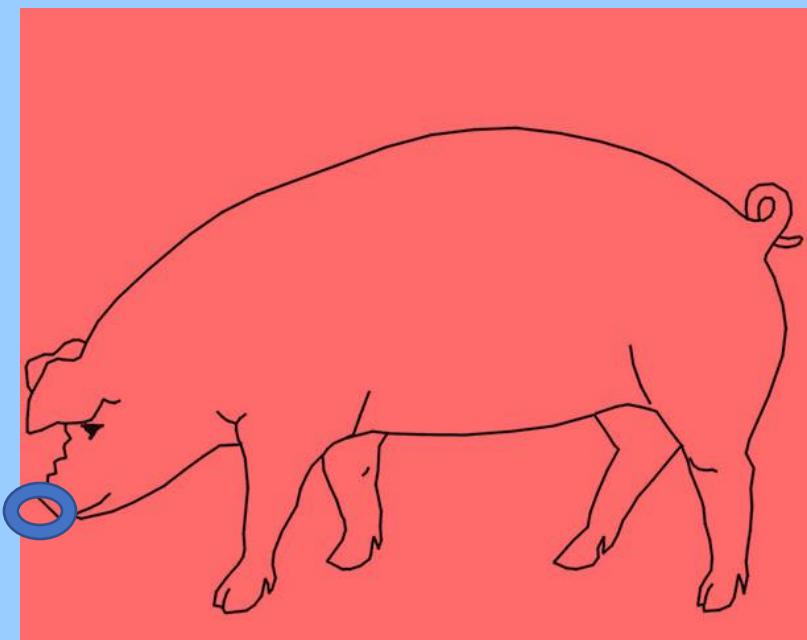




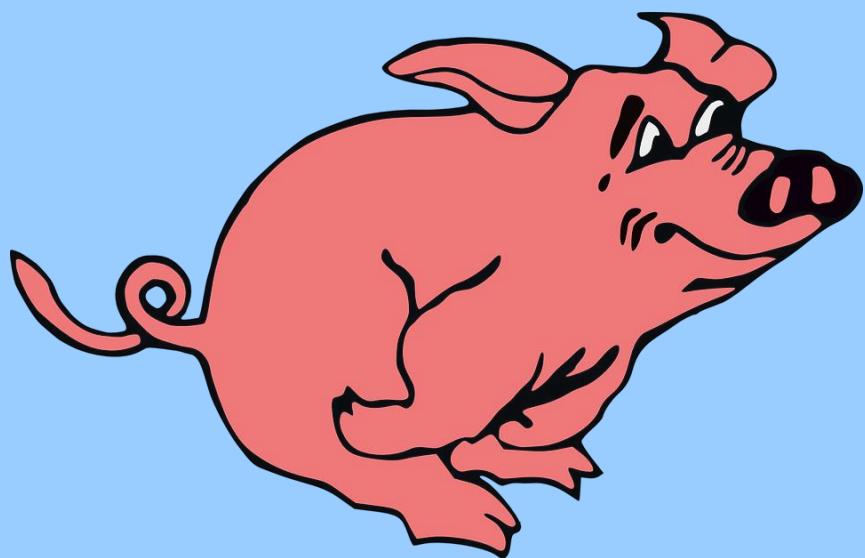
Although pigs have a reputation for being dirty, they are cleaner than most farm animals.



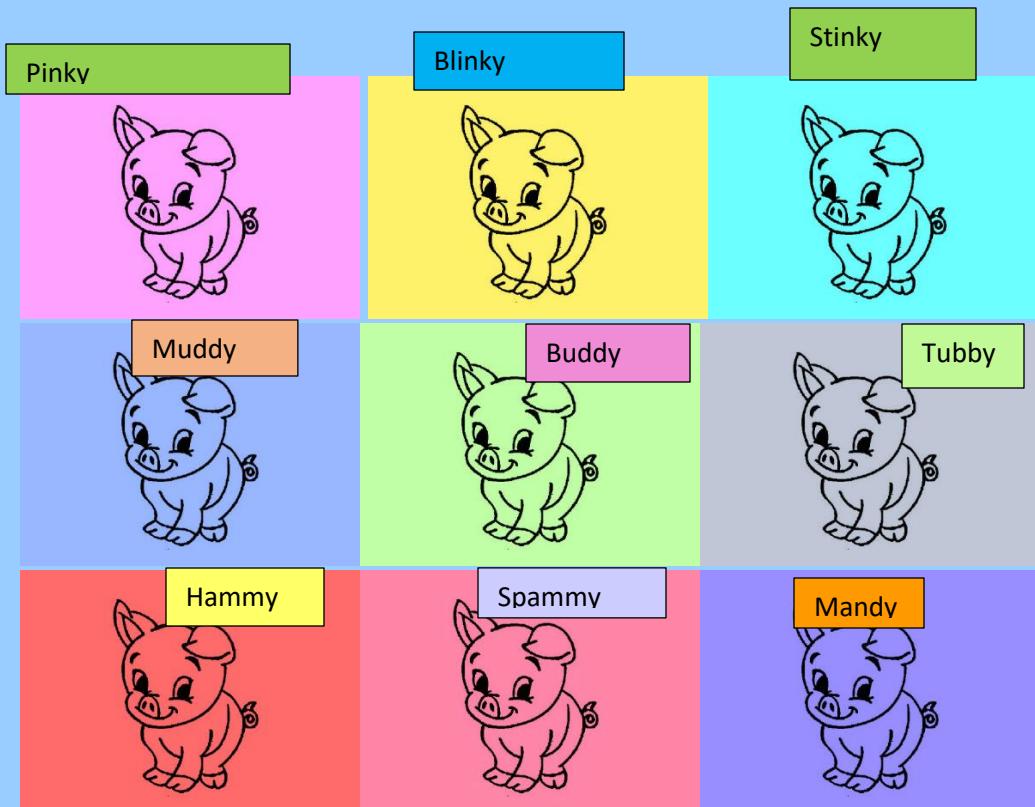
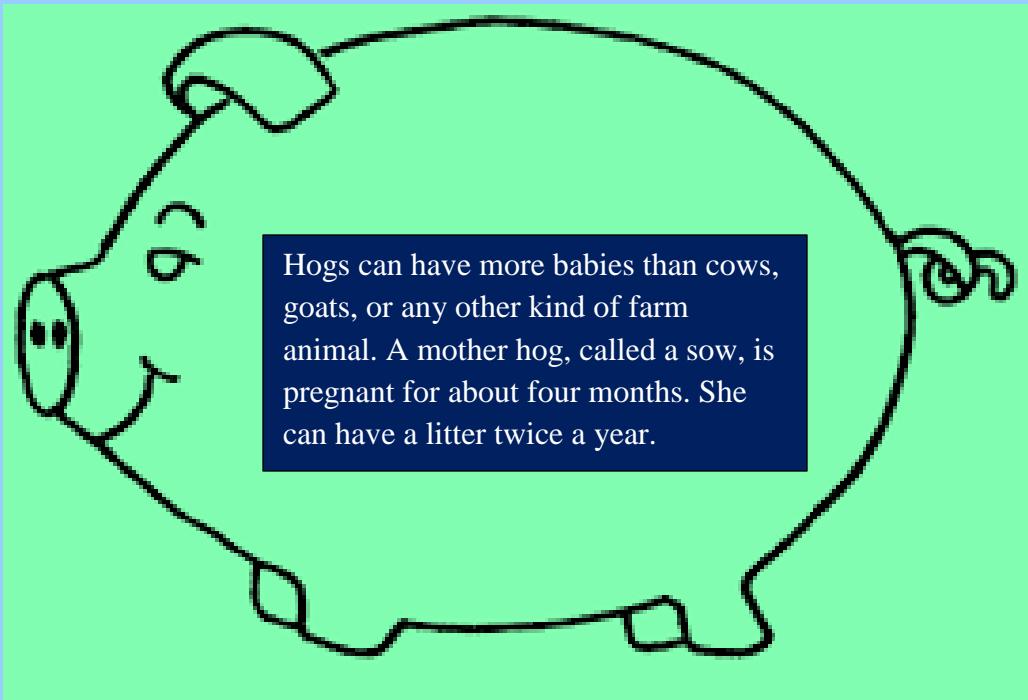
Pigs are very curious and like to keep busy. Some farmers entertain them by giving them beach balls or old tires to play with.



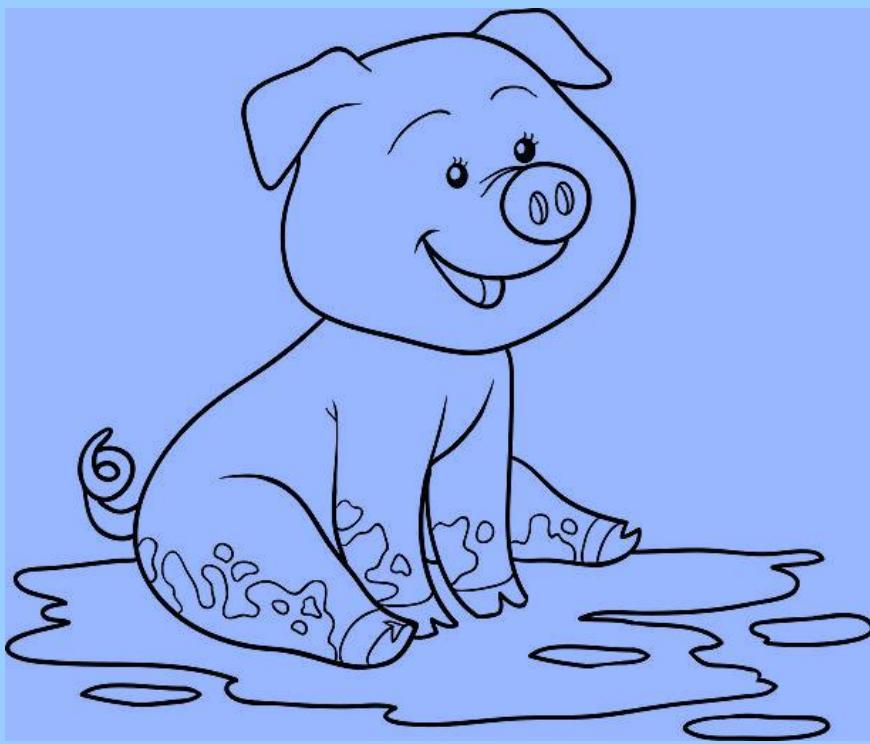
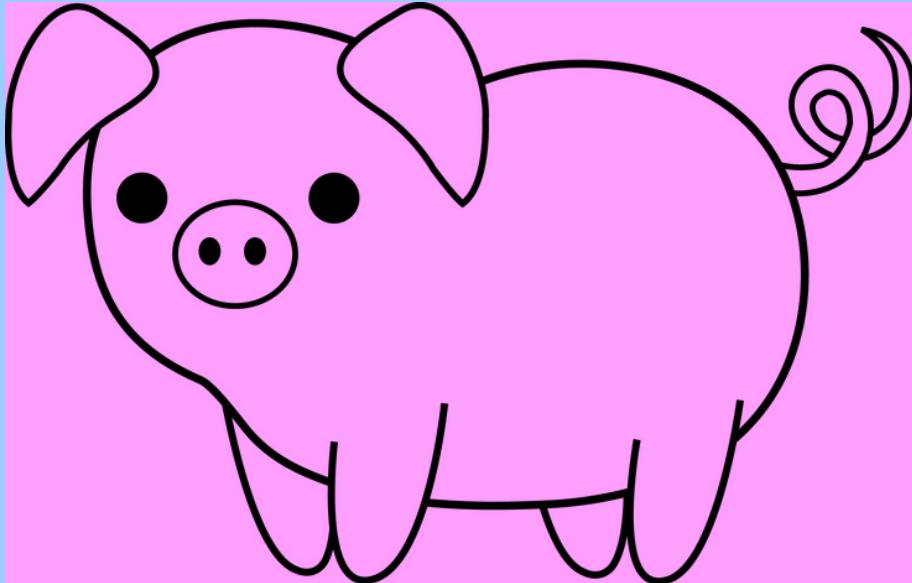
Pigs like to “root” or stick their sensitive snouts into the ground. Some farmers put rings in the noses of their pigs so the pigs can’t root.



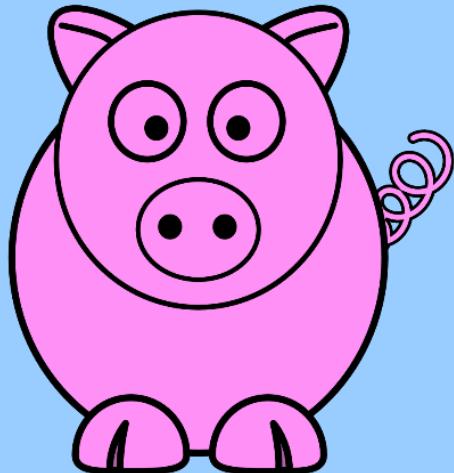
Pigs are sprinters and can reach their top speed in just a few strides. Domestic pigs average a top speed of about 11 miles per hour.



Pigs have small eyes and poor eyesight.



Pigs have no sweat glands. Whenever they can, they wallow in the mud to cool off. Pigs enjoy rain, hose, or bucket showers as well as mud puddles



Pigs have curly tails. Most farmers cut off their tails because other pigs like to gnaw on them!



We eat pigs, but we also use just about every part of their bodies to make 500-plus different products. Medicine, glue, and leather are just a few.

P

Beauty Masks
Shampoo
Soap

I

Sandpaper
Book Covers
Safety Gloves
Brushes
Fabric Softener

G

Ice Cream
Pet Food
Licorice
Energy Bars

S

Farm Animals
Pets



P

Breath Mints
Lollipops
Marshmallows
Cupcakes

R

Wall Paper
Injectable Collagen

O

Gelatin
Bone Meal
Shoe Leather
Train Brakes
Cadmium Batteries

D

Inkjet Paper
Surgical Sponges
X-ray Film
Matches

U

Cell Regeneration
Replacement Human Body Parts

C

Bacon
Ham
Vanilla Pudding
Chocolate Mousse

E

Insulin
Heart Valves
Heparin
Hormones

Pig Pets- of Pot- Belly and Guinea Persuasion



Pot-Bellied Pigs

Pot-bellied pigs occur in many names and numbers. Pot-bellied pigs can be called Chinese, Asian, or Vietnamese pot-bellied pigs, and they originate in Southeast Asia. Fifteen kinds of local breeds make up the pot-bellied pig breed found in the mountains of Vietnam, China, and Thailand while many other potbellies can be found all over the world. Pot-bellied pigs found in the United States trace their family tree to a few varied imported family lines, including a branch imported from Canada.

Pot-bellied pigs have become popular pets. Weighing between 55 and 95 pounds, they are small enough to keep in the house and yard. They are very smart. They can learn tricks like answering the telephone, fetching a ball, playing tag, and swimming with their human families.

Pearl the Pot-Bellied Pig



Pearl and Polly

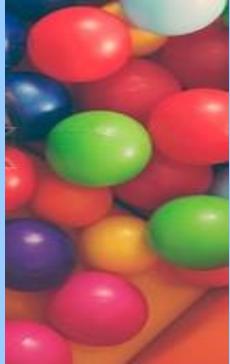
Pearl the Potbellied Pig settled her pink leash firmly in her mouth and carried it over to Angela who was sitting in the blue chair watching the screen in the box. Pearl grunted three short commands at Angela. Angela kept watching the screen, a picture Pearl didn't like that much. Why did humans like Angela watch a screen with a green frog and a pale pink pig on it? Pearl heard Angela talking on her cellphone and telling her friend Lisa that she watched the pale pink pig and frog to keep up with her niece Shelly who was five years old.

Pearl didn't believe a word of it. Pearl was certain that Angela wanted to get one of the pale pink pigs to bring home to live with them. She couldn't let that happen. She had to get Angela away from the pale pink pig on the screen.

Pearl dropped her leash in Angela's lap and oinked another command.

When Angela still didn't pay any attention to her, Pearl decided to do the one thing that did get Angela's attention. She sat down on Angela's foot as hard as she could.

“Ow!” Angela cried jumping up. Pearl’s leash clattered to the floor. “Okay, Pearl, it is time for your walk. And we need to go right now. We have a stop to make.”



Pearl tried to decide what stop Angela could mean. She trotted along beside Angela counting her steps. Fifty steps would mean they were just going over to her friend Lisa’s house. Sixty-eight.... sixty-nine...seventy! They were past Lisa’s house. They were headed toward the Village Square. The Village Square! Pearl upgraded her fast walk into a faster trot. The Village Square meant the Soda Shoppe and ice cream! Angela stopped there every time they went shopping. Pearl smacked her lips. Maybe this time Angela would order butter pecan ice cream for them instead of vanilla. Pearl wanted to taste as many different ice cream flavors as she could.

Eighty...eighty-one.... eighty-two.... Angela and Pearl walked by the school and the playground in back. Pearl turned her head trying to see if any of the balls in the wooden ball pen on the playground matched her pink leash. Pearl pulled Angela over to the edge of the playground fence to get a better look at the colors. Pink balls peeked out from under green, purple, yellow, red, white, and blue balls. Pearl squealed in dismay. She felt tears water in her eyes. Angela was going to trade her in for a pale pink pig. She was sure of it now! Angela would probably give the new pig Pearl’s pink leash to save money!

Pearl yanked her pink leash out of Angela’s hand and ran through the playground gate. She raced to the wooden ball pen, squealed at the pink balls, and grabbed a green and a red ball. Pearl juggled the balls with her nose and then threw them to Angela. “Let’s see that pale pink pig do that!” Pearl squealed.



Angela picked up the green and yellow balls with one hand and shoved them into her pocket. She grabbed Pearl’s pink leash with her other hand. “We don’t have time to play, Pearl. We have to get to the Pet Place,” she said.

Ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one-hundred! Angela had walked past the Soda Shoppe. Pearl oinked urgently and tugged the leash as hard as she could. Angela kept walking. Finally, Pearl took desperate measures. She plunked down in the middle of the sidewalk, landing on Angela’s left foot.

Angela stopped. "What's wrong, Pearl?" she asked, scratching Pearl behind the ears. Normally, scratching her behind the ears distracted Pearl, but today, it didn't. Pearl wanted ice cream more than she did scratching behind the ears.

Pearl got to her feet and pulled the leash and Angela toward the Soda Shoppe.

Angela laughed. "Oh, I know what you want, Pearl. I promise we'll stop on the way back home. We have to go pick up Polly at the Pet Place right now and we're late."

Pearl stopped tugging on her leash. Pet Place! Polly! Who was Polly and why were they picking her up? Question marks swirled through Pearl's mind. Did Angela want another pig more like the pale pink pig on her screen in the box? What would happen to Pearl? Who would take her for walks on a pink leash? Most of all, who would love her like Angela did?

Pearl stuck out her nose and snorted. She would wrap her own pink leash around the pale pink pig and bury her under a ton of yellow, orange red, blue, white, and green playballs. She would get rid of that pale pink pig so that Angela would keep taking her for walks on the pink leash. She had to be sure that Angela would keep loving her and not the pale pink pig. She just didn't know how to begin. She watched the grass green ball bounce out of Angela's pocket and then the idea danced into her head like the leaves dancing in the wind as it blew through the trees in their front yard.

Pearl picked up the green ball in her mouth. She thumped down so heavily on Angela's foot that the pink lease snapped out of Angela's hands. Pearl ran as fast as she could to the park across the street from the Pet Place. The park was on the shore of Lake Laura, but the beach was empty today because all of the children were in school and most of the grownups were working at their daily jobs. As she ran, Pearl looked over her shoulder to be sure Angela was chasing her.

Angela ran so fast that her fingers and feet grabbed the pink leash and it wound around her toes and up her ankle. Pearl held the green ball firmly between her teeth and she and Angela and the green ball all splashed into Lake Laura.



some crabs. As she gobbled them, she swam back toward the shore and Angela and the pink lease. She swam into a group of new friends and they played water games and splashed each other.



new friends and swam back to Angela. She stepped out of the water shaking each paw. Drops of water fell on Angela's hand and joined the stream of water running down Angela's arms and legs.

Angela snapped the leash and collar around Pearl's neck. "Hurry up, Pearl. We have to go to pick up Polly at the Pet Place. We can dry off while we're running there!"

Angela sat down in the water and began unwinding the pink leash. Pearl spotted a man in a boat fishing for crabs. Pearl loved crabs so she swam out to him, taking her gull friend along with her for company.

Pearl squealed at the man until he gave her



Pearl and her new friends were having so much fun that she didn't hear Angela shouting across the water, but she did grab her pink leash as it floated by her. She shook the water out of her ears and then she heard Angela shouting, "Pearl, you swim back here right this minute! Right this minute or we won't stop at the Soda Shoppe!"

Pearl burped. She had eaten so many crabs she wasn't sure she wanted to stop at the Soda Shoppe, but she picked up the leash in her mouth, waved her curly tail a goodbye to her

Pearl was so full of crabs that she didn't run to the Pet Place. She just let Angela pull her along while she oinked and burped and dragged her feet.

They arrived at the door of the Pet Place just in time to see an orange van with purple letters painted across it. The purple letters spelled Pig Catcher. Under the letters was a picture of a pig running with a butterfly net. Angela looked surprised, but she walked by the van still dragging Pinky behind her and opened the door of the Pet Place. Inside the door a man in a white uniform was holding a large butterfly net while a woman in a white uniform untangled a large pink pig from the net.

Pearl knew that pig. It was one of her friends that she had gone swimming with in Lake Laura. Pearl oinked questions at her pig friend.

Angela said to the woman in the white uniform, "We came to pick up Polly. We spoke on the phone this morning." She knelt beside the woman in the white uniform and grabbed a piece of the net.

The woman kept untangling the net from around Pearl's friend. "This is Polly. She decided to duck out for an afternoon swim in Lake Laura, but we found her." She unwound the last piece of net from Polly's nose and mouth and Polly squealed a



a hello to Pearl.

Pearl ran over to greet Polly.

"You two know each other?" Angela sounded surprised.

"How do you two know each other?" the woman in the white uniform asked.

"I think I can tell you how they know each other," Angela said. She didn't sound surprised any longer.

A few minutes later at the Soda Shoppe, Angela and Polly each had a chocolate soda with two straws while Pearl watched them drink it because she wasn't hungry and couldn't stop burping. But when they got home, Angela showed Pearl and Polly their new home and left them to make themselves at home. They did.

Guinea Pigs



Guinea pigs aren't pigs and they don't come from Guinea in Africa. Instead, they are rodents originating from the Andes of South America. European traders introduced the Guinea pig to western society in the 16th Century. They make good pets because they are calm and friendly, and easy to house and feed.

Since the 17th century, scientists have used Guinea pigs to carry out experiments, to the point that the term guinea pig was used to describe a human test subject. In more modern times, mice and rats have replaced them in scientist's laboratories, but they are still used to research medical conditions like diabetes, tuberculosis, and scurvy.

George, the Guinea Pig's Whispering Woods Adventure



One morning George Guinea Pig woke up and ate his breakfast like he usually did. He sat on the wooden fence post, smelling the flowers. Then he looked up and said to his boy Mark, "I'm going home today."

Mark stared at George. "You are home. This has always been your home. What do you mean you're going home?"

"I mean I'm going home to South America. I miss my family. I miss my Aunt Cecelia and my Uncle George. I was named after him, you know. And I miss my mother and father and my brother Jose. I even miss my sister Carmen and she's a pest! I don't have any friends here. I want to go home."

Mark laughed. "George, Guinea pigs came here from South America a long time ago. How do you know your family is still there?"

"I'll find them. I remember where I lived," George said. "This house is your mother and father's house. This house is Mark's House. I want to go home to my house," he said. He stopped smelling the flowers and jumped down from the fence. He scurried into the house and packed a toothbrush and some dry food in a bandana, put a stick through it, and put it on his back. "See you later, Mark."

George plodded down the ribbon road in front of the house. He followed the road which finally led him to the Whispering Woods. He stood still, staring at the trees. He heard the trees whispering, but he didn't know what they were saying. George needed to hear the woods better, so he walked into the woods. He kept walking until his bandana on a stick got so heavy that he knew he couldn't carry it another

minute without stopping and resting. George sat down under a tree and leaned his back against it. He took off his bandana on a stick and laid it beside him.

Stars sparkled in the sky, the moon ship sailed across the trees and anchored above the tree where George rested, but George didn't notice. George was so tired from walking with his bandana on a stick that he had fallen fast asleep.

"WHOOO? WHOOO? WHOOO are you?" The voice sounded as light as feathers, but as strong as the winter wind.

George fluttered his eyes open and stared, but all he saw was a dark shape sitting on one of the lower tree branches.

"Who are you?" he whispered, waiting for the woods to whisper back. The woods didn't say anything, but the voice said WHOOO again.

This time he heard a tree whisper, "Don't be afraid."

George huddled against the tree and looked up through its branches. The moon ship moved the same time he did and George saw that the shape was a hoot owl. Maybe the owl was the same one that lived by Mark's house.

"WHOOO are you?" George asked the owl.

The owl didn't answer George's question, it just kept asking the same question, WHOO? WHOOO?

George finally ignored the owl's question that couldn't be answered and fell back to sleep. But someone else didn't ignore the owl. Someone else followed the WHOO's and woke George up by sniffing his toes. Then the someone growled at George.

"Who are you?" George shivered.

"You don't need to know," the someone said. "I'm going to eat you, so you don't need to know."

This time, George heard the woods whisper. "Run!" All of the trees in the Whispering Woods whispered together. "Run from the fox!"

"Where should I run?" George squealed. He looked in all directions, but he couldn't see anywhere to run.

“Follow me,” a voice said. George squinted, trying to see who belonged to the voice, but the moon ship had sailed behind a cloud. “Hurry up,” the voice repeated. That fox is looking to nibble more than your toes.”

“I can’t see where you are,” George said.

Then he felt a paw grab him and push him up the tree. The paw kept pushing, pushing, and pushing until George found himself on the top branch of the tree, with his toe nails fastened as snugly into the wood as they clung to one of his favorite apples.

“Come on. I’ll show you how to get home,” the voice said.

“Who are you and where are you?” George repeated.

The Whispering Woods heard his question and answered it. “Watch the moon ship,” it said.

George watched the moon ship as it again sailed from behind the clouds and lit up the tree where he sat.

“Come on, I’ll show you how to get home,” the voice said again. This time George could see the owner of the voice, a brown flying squirrel.

“You’ll have to let me help you a little,” the flying squirrel said. “My name’s Fred. Let’s go.”

George the Guinea Pig and Fred the Flying Squirrel flew across the trees in the Whispering Woods. They flew slowly, because Fred flew better than George, although Fred didn’t really fly, he just glided from tree to tree. Sometimes Fred had to push George from tree to tree and it seemed to George that sometimes the tree branches reached out to pull George across the empty air spaces between them. Sometimes it seemed to George that even the moon ship helped pull him along toward Mark’s house and away from the fox.

They finally reached the edge of the Whispering Woods. The moon ship lighted up the last tree and Fred and George slowly climbed down its scaly bark face.

“I’m sorry we had to leave your bandana on a stick, but I wouldn’t go back after it,” Fred told George.

“I won’t, at least not unless I have a friend to go with me,” George said.

“If you can get back to the tree where it is, I’ll help you bring it back to the edge of the Whispering Woods,” Fred said.

They shook paws and Fred glided back through the trees. George heard the trees in the Whispering Woods whisper, “See you later,” as he started to slowly walk down the ribbon road toward Mark’s house.

The moon ship followed him and then its light shone on Mark running toward him down the ribbon road.

“George are you okay?” Mark said, scooping George up and putting him on his shoulder. “I was so worried about you I sneaked out my bedroom window to look for you. Where were you?”

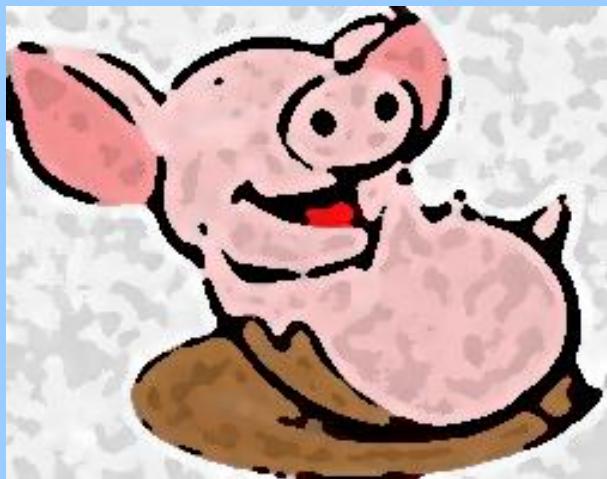
“I’ll tell you all about it,” George said. “But can we go back in the woods tomorrow and get my bandana on a stick? I want you to meet my new friend, too.”

“We’ll go right after breakfast,” Mark promised. “But I thought you were headed home to South America.”

“My family can visit me here” George said. “Let’s go home to our house.”

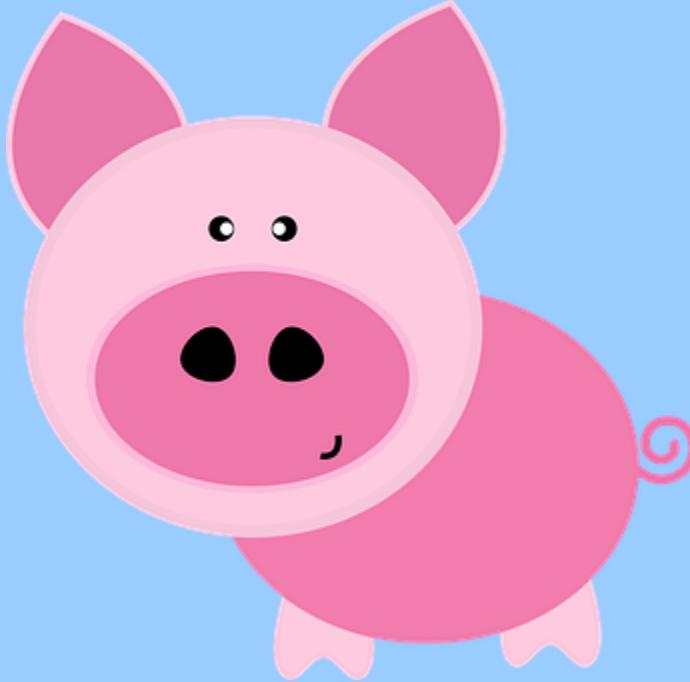
Pigs in Poetry

Mud Puddle Plunk!



A pig named Porky Big
Climbed a maple tree twig
Tap danced an Irish jig!!
He looked down on a dare,
Sneezed on a squirrel hair
Swam through skinny midair.
Hit the ground with a crash
Grinned and jumped in a flash,
Made a mud puddle splash!

Curly Tail

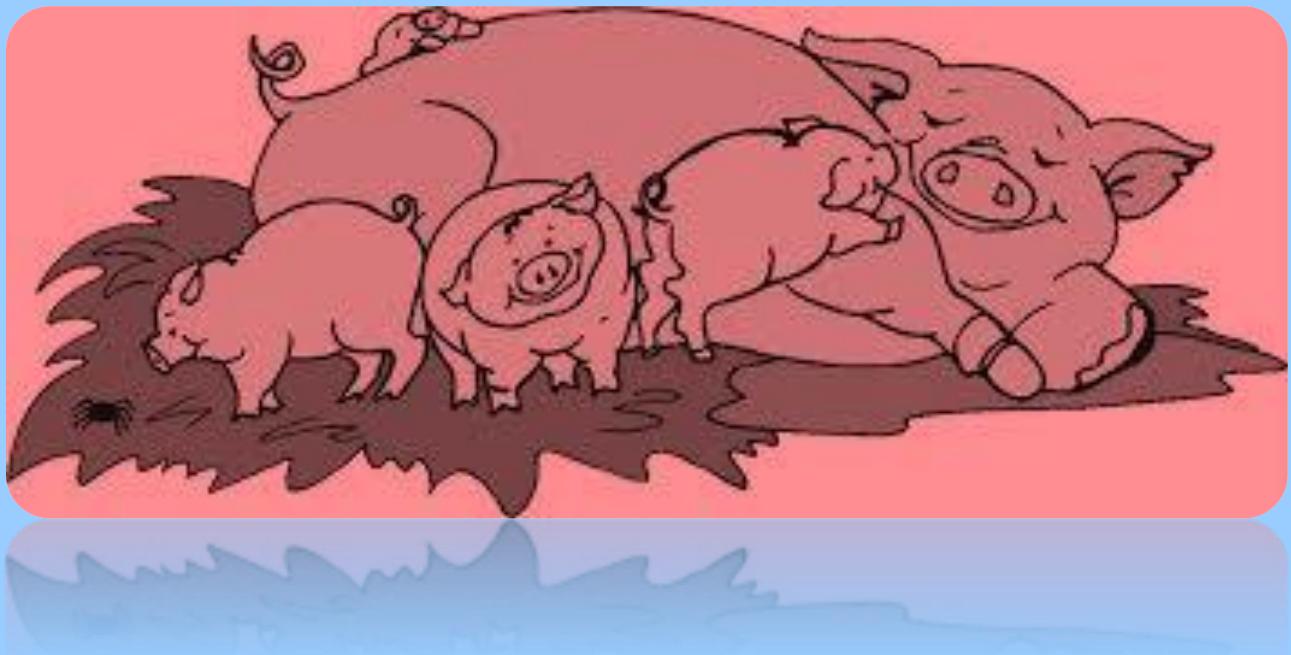


Despite all of my wagging and
wiggling,
My tail still insists upon
squiggling,
It curls around like an “S” rubber
band,
I can’t even straighten it out in my
hand!

I could iron it or press it with a stone
I could use it for a handy brush and comb,
But I’ve decided to keep it twirly,
I’ll like my tail wiggly and curly.



Along for the Ride



Slide, bump, slide, wiggly and glide,
Here we go along for the ride,
Riding Mama's back stiff with pride,
Here we come along for the ride!
While running Mama hits a bump,
Off we slide tangled in a clump
Falling to the ground with a thump,
We get back onboard with a jump
Slide, bump, slide, wiggly and glide.
Happily, along for the ride.

Penny, the Purple Loving Pig



“Happy birthday, Penny,” mom said with a hug,
Penny opened her present with a quick tug,
Mom knew what Penny wanted the very best,
She must have bought that beautiful yellow dress,
They saw it in the store window at the mall,
Penny held up the dress and thought BAWL BAWL!
Mom beamed and twirled it in a huge circle,
“Try it on, Penny, it’s a pretty purple!”
Penny stomped her feet around the kitchen floor,
Penny ran outside, slamming the kitchen door,

Penny cried enough tears to fill the ocean,
She pounded her fists and kicked with emotion
When she opened the door with her tantrum done,
Mom's smile beamed brighter than the noon day sun.

Penny knew it was time to be big pig smart,
Penny knew it was time to show big pig heart,
Penny hugged her mom a grizzly bear hug,
“Mom, you know purple is the color of love.”



Pig Stare



Can you feel the ends of your hair?

Spring up when you feel a pig stare?

Don't panic! All he's trying to do...



Is say hello, and ask, "How are you?"

Pig Plot!



Long and loud and lusty,
One trick is to smile,
And stare warm and trusty.

The best trick is oinking,
With a sweet soothing voice,
We have mud puddles galore,
Grunt and take your choice!

We will conquer
the world,

A country at a
time,

We have our
winning ways,

So, keep them all
in mind.

One trick is to
squeal

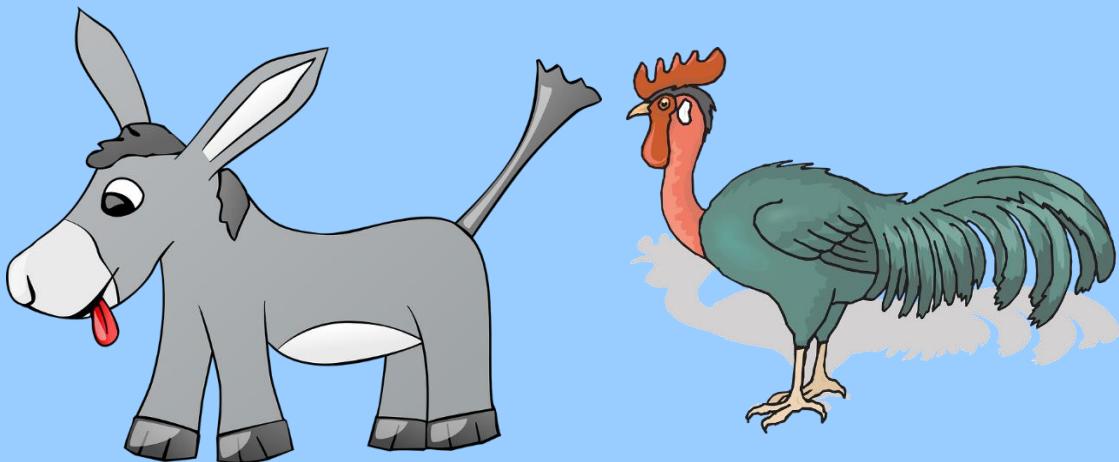
True Friends



Friends help you laugh and help you cry,
Help pull you out of a hog tie,
Friends don't turn cold when life gets hot,
Choose them with care and smile a lot!

When you choose a friend remember,
Both of your hearts are quite tender,
You have to give each other space,
To breathe and walk at your own pace.
Some friend's mothers are called a sow,
Some hairy mothers talk bow wow,
If you squeal a different song,
Doesn't mean you can't get along,
Friends stay by you through thick and
thin,
No matter what the spot you're in,

Soaring Voices



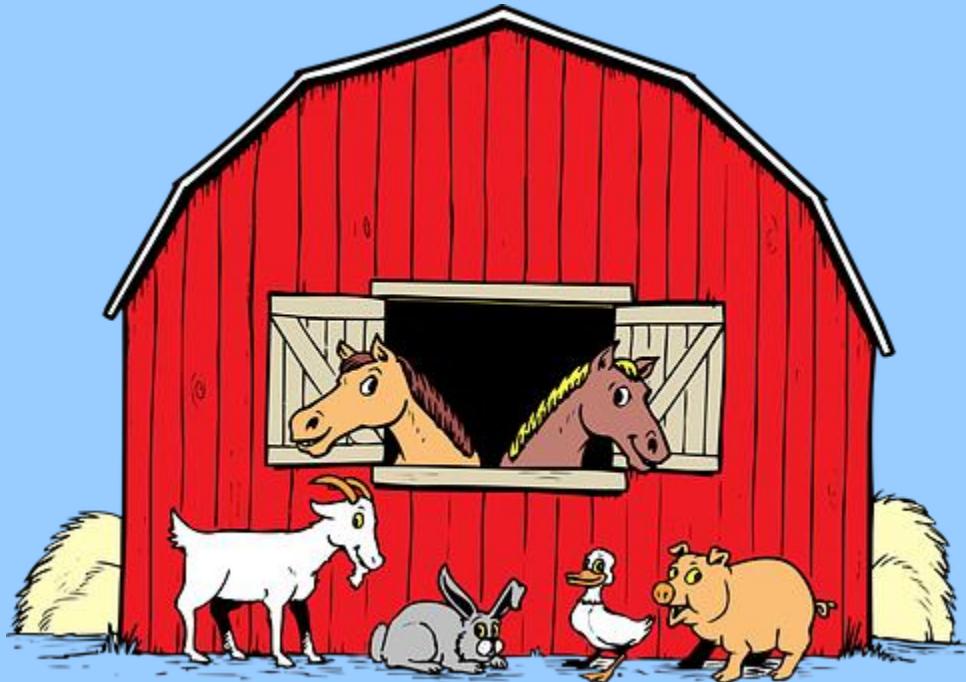
Cock-a-doodle-do and a heehaw too,
When I add an oink what will you do?
Put your hands over your ears and complain,
That our voices are louder than a train?
I like to crow Robert Rooster said,
I like to crow people out of bed,

I like to heehaw added Dan donkey,
Heehawing is the best way to be me,
I oink said Percy Pig to make a point,
People listen to my loud oink, oink, oink!
Sometimes we think things will work better,
If we join voices and sing together
When we choose to combine all three
Our blended voices sing in harmony.



Percy Pig Lived on a Small Farm!

(Sing to the tune of Old MacDonald Had a Farm)



Six happy friends lived on a farm,
They all had rooms in the red barn,
Percy Pig oinked many a song,
He oink oinked all day and night long.
He oink oinked here and oink oinked there,
Oinked up and down and everywhere
Percy Pig lived on a small farm,
With hay piled behind the barn.

Billy goat gulped and swallowed fine,
The overalls on the clothesline.

Billy goat climbed upon the roof,
And hung on with his right front hoof,
He cried Maaa get me down from here,
I promise I won't eat all year,
Billy goat lived on a small farm,
With hay piled behind the barn.

Ruth Rabbit wiggled her pink nose,
She ate all of the lettuce rows,
Ruth Rabbit hopped to the cabbage patch
Ten cabbages she quickly snatched,
With a nibble here and one there,
Cabbage leaves scattered everywhere,
Ruth Rabbit lived on a small farm,
With hay piled behind the barn!

Dolly Duck said quack quack quack,
Please come over and scratch my back!
Dolly Duck splashed in a puddle,
She got her mother in a muddle.
With some muddy mud here and muddy mud there,
Muddy mud splattered in a square,
Dolly Duck lived on a small farm,

With hay piled behind the barn!

Holly Horse and her brother Sam,
Neighed, "Catch us if you can,
We run through the fields and in the creek,
We run with the wind and play hide and seek,
Holly and Sam lived on a small farm,
With hay piled behind the barn!

Inner Pig, Outer Pig



In my inner pig,
I'm not very big
My body isn't pink.
Blue ears suit me, I think.
The hearts on my back,
Show that I have a knack
For living and loving
While pushing and shoving

Safe in my piggery,
Dreaming of what might be.
The green clover brings luck,
Holds mud when I am stuck,
My blue eyes help me see,
Mirror reality.



Pretty Pink Pig



I'm a little pink pig,
Most of me isn't big,
And I don't need to tell
Anyone I don't smell!
My heart travels around,

The world with a bound,
My heart reflects love's ways
In many, many shades.
No matter what you think,
I enjoy being pink!

Taking a Human for a Walk!

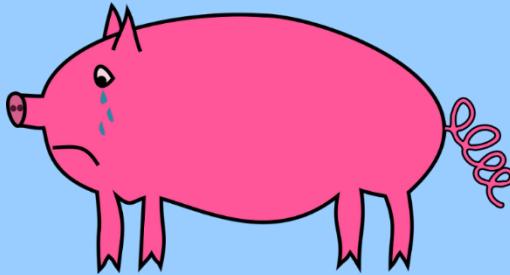


If you're getting tired of the talk,
Just take a human for a walk,
Humans will walk without a leash,
And they don't wander out of reach!
One thing to do is make a plan,
So, the human doesn't get out of hand,
When the pig decides to have some fun,



Taking his human for a run!

Pig Perseverance



Tears roll down my face,
I'm in a dark place.

Now what do I do?

I cry. Wouldn't you?

I hear mother say,
“There's just the one way,

To dry up those tears,

Stay firm on your feet,

Don't you dare retreat,

Face your bad deal,

And oink and squeal!

Squeal loud and long,

Sing a squeal song,

Then oink yourself still,

Use your stubborn will,

Root the mud away,

Dig a smiley day!”

When life seems all sad,
When things seem all bad,
My tail's curly,
My brain squirrely,

Pig Possibilities?



Pigs are smart, and I surely know the score,
All animals and I know what a manger's for,
A manger is a crude feeding trough, you see,
A dinner plate for poor animals like me!



Who would believe that I, a tiny pink pig,
Would be there to witness a story star big?
A story of the birth of a baby boy,
With shepherds watching and angels singing joy.
His parents, Mary and Joseph, let me stay,

They smiled and didn't order me away,



"Would you just make room for Him?" they said,
"May our new baby use your table for a bed?"



We all arranged the straw into a soft heap,
We laid the baby down and he fell asleep.
We watched over him the animals and I,
We answered with love his every small cry.
Then his parents lifted him from our manger,

Into a life of struggle and danger,

We watched Him live his message of God's love,

We nosed straw below and heard angels above.

I'm a small pig with a tiny oink, it's true,

Sometimes I forget as all animals do,

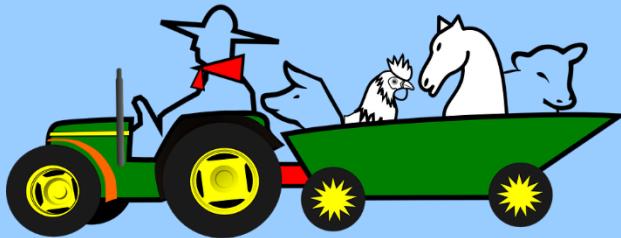
The main thing to remember is above all,

Be kind as a pig and persistent as straw!



Polite Pig Riders

Riding in a wheelbarrow,
Right behind a pig, snort hello!
If his ears need a steady scratch,



A cow giving milk by pail,
Shares with the pig without fail,
The farmer on a tractor green,
Should promise never to be mean
To pledge," I'll be kind as I can
I'll never change you to a ham!"

Bend all your fingers to the task.
Or if you only have a beak,
Give his bristles a steady tweak.
A horse running with speedy pride,
Needs to race the pig alongside,

Little Pig, Big Pig



Mom, I'm snorting right at you,
There's something I have to say,
When I grow out of our pen,
Will you make me go away?

Now I'm just a little pig,
Will you love me when I'm big?

Now when I meet a puddle
I don't get much wave motion,
Each year that I get bigger,
I can splash down the ocean.

Now I'm just a little pig,
Will you love me when I'm big?

Mom, I like to eat and sleep,
Every day I like to roam,
You said if I eat this way,
I'll eat you out of our home.

Now I'm just a little pig,
Will you love me when I'm big?



Will you love me when I'm big?

Mom, I'm growing and changing,
Our lives are rearranging,
If squealing I would stop time's
flight,
I would squeal day and night.

Now I'm just a little pig,

Mom hugged her worried baby,
I'll love you come what may be,
No matter how big you grow,
I will love you more and so,
Bring me flowers if you doubt,
And I will kiss your sweet snout!

Snug as a Pig in a Puddle



People can keep their hugs in a huddle,
I'll take my wallow in a mud puddle,
The mud is slimy, and warm and so wet,
I'm as contented as I'll ever get!

Planting and Preparing



I like to sit and smell the flowers,
I sniff and sniff and sit for hours,
I do watch them grow with colors bright,
They are such a beautiful sight.
Flowers like people sometimes need rest,
To glow and grow at their very best,
While sitting I keep remembering,
I have to plant more seeds in the spring.

Pig Pose



Touching a pitch fork very quickly brings,
The twinging of a sharply, Ouchy sting!
It's much wiser to grab the handle end,
And pose for a pig picture with a friend.

King Styward Looks Skyward



I might have been born in a pig sty,
But I was born with one plus one eye,
I will always climb, I will always try,
I will always look up at the sky.

Pig Friends



A big question in my mind is,
Who are those pigs under the trees?
Where are they from, where will they go?
Will they move along with the breeze?
How can I tell them I'm a friend?
Can I ask them to come nearer?



Then I hear them whisper to me,
Come closer; look in the mirror.

Piggy Bank Change?

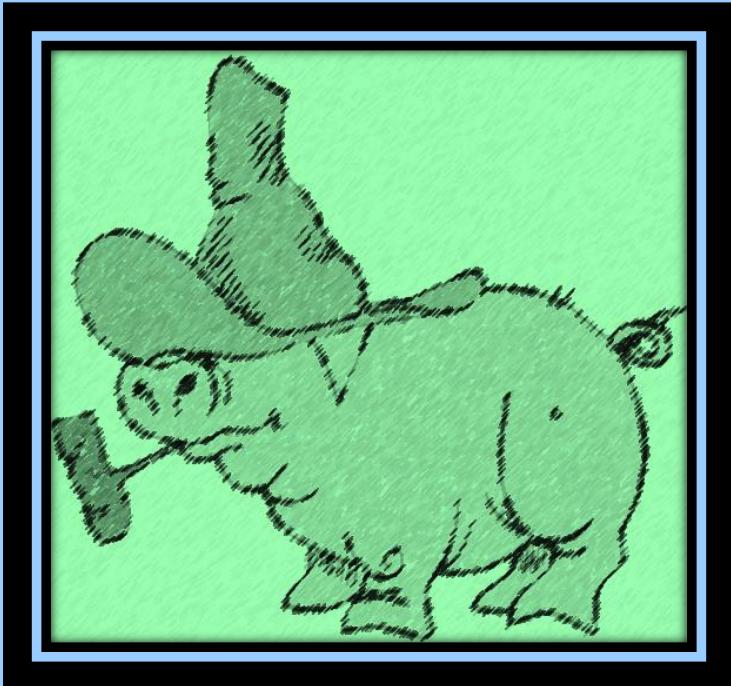


I feel like a big green tank,
But I am just a piggy bank,
I'd like to be a girl or boy,
Instead of someone's money toy.

I'm green but I'd like to be blue,
I'm quiet, but I like noise too!

I'll give my feet enough traction,
Change my wishing into action!

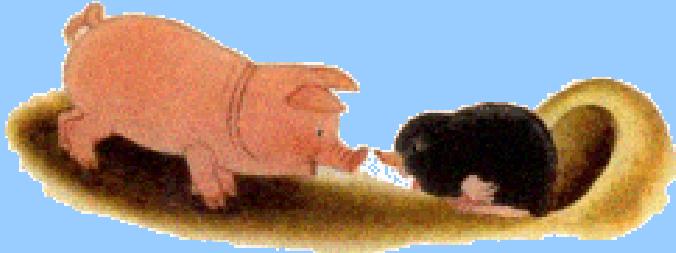
Pig in a Wig and a Pipe!



I keep it on my head every season,
I don't take off my hat for any reason,
You understand that a respectable pig,
Can't let anyone see he's wearing a wig.

I always wait until the star's shine at night,
and everyone is sleeping to smoke my pipe,
No matter how quietly I sneak about,
Someone sees me and I have to blow it out!

Pigging and Digging



Rooting all around the yard for their food.

Farmer Dave hired Paul Pig to turn ground,
Paul rooted and turned the dirt all around.

Then Paul said, "I'm resting because I'm tired."



Farmer Dave cried, "I'll hire me a pig,
I have a vegetable garden to dig,
Pigs dig deep, pigs dig long, and pigs
dig good,

please,"

Paul and mole dug a tunnel garden with ease.

The told Farmer Dave he would have to share,
Before they'd bring the vegetables up for air!

Farmer Dave said, "That's not why you were
hired.

You have to finish this entire patch,
And all of your rows and furrows must match."

"I have to think of something," Paul said,
Closing his eyes and scratching his head,
He opened his eyes and through a dirt funnel,
He saw his friend Mole digging a tunnel.

"Help dig Farmer Dave's garden, help me

Pigs DO Fly!

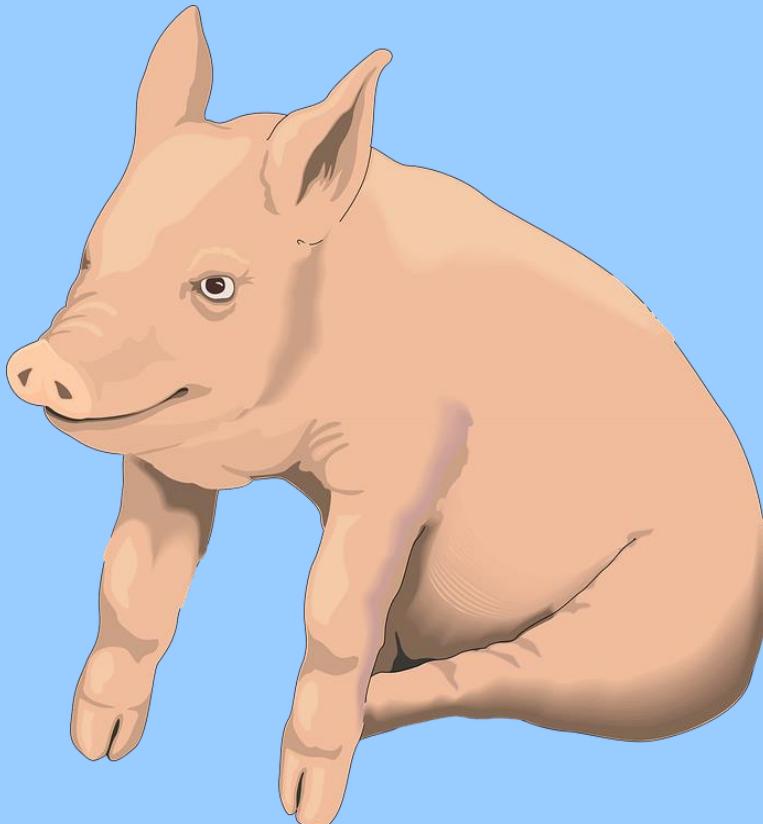


I 'll never tell the reason why,
The pigs I know secretly fly,
People call it a silly thing,
To think of pink pigs on the wing.
We just let people have their say,
Journey through the air anyway,
Because in spite of all the talk,
Sometimes we'd rather fly than walk!

Playing with Pigs!



Pig Plays- Eyes, Nose, Oink, and Toes



Can you both wink and close
your eyes?

I can touch both of mine,

How many noses on your face

Can you feel and find?

Bend down and wiggle your
big toe,

Look ahead and behind,

Search under trees and rocks
to see

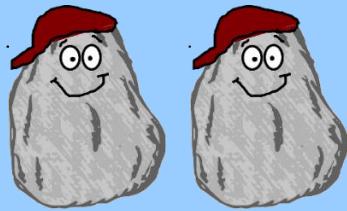
How many oinks you find.

HOW MANY TREES?

HOW MANY ROCKS?

HOW MANY OINKS?

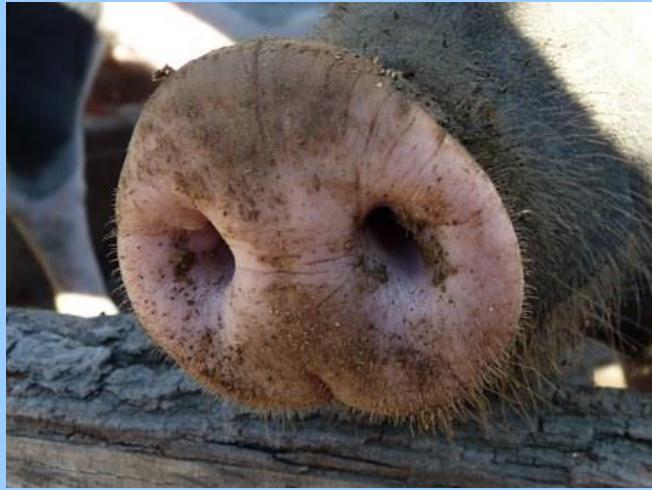
OINK



OINK!!!!

OINK!

Off Goes the Pig Nose!



take nose off face)

Put it in another place.

I will uncurl my tail, (uncurl tail)

Put my nose on for a sail, (put nose on tail)

Then I move it to my knees, (Put nose on knees)

It stays there until I sneeze, (Sneeze)

Then it blows up to my cheek, (Put nose on cheek)

And sticks out like a bird beak. (Make nose stick out like beak)

I oink counted one to four, (Oink one to four)

Then I sneezed and sneezed once more, (Sneeze twice)

My nose flew up, landing splat, (Bring nose up)

I oinked a glad welcome back! (Put nose back on face and oink a welcome back)

How on earth do you suppose?

Can I reach to touch my nose? (touch nose)

My feet are so far away, (spread hands wide apart)

Finding it will take all day.

I will move it from my face, (try to

This Mother Piggy



Mother pig feeds her babies,
Counts her babies just for fun,
Mom, make him stop touching me,
Cries her piggy number one.

She's eating more than me, mom,
Cries her piggy number two,
When do I get to eat more?
What do you want me to do?

Piggy number three yawns wide
Pigs kept me awake all night,

I need to take a long nap,
Before my breakfast tastes right.

Mom, says piggy number four,
Mom, I think you are so----
Mom pig stops her with a snort
Stop talking with your mouthful!

I'm off to smell the flowers,
Feel the sun, said pig five,
I'm off to roll in the mud,
What a day to be alive!

Pig number six runs over
Mom Pig, I'm sorry I'm late,
The leftovers from breakfast?
I know they will taste just great.

Pig About Town



I'm a well-dressed pig about town,
With enough scarves to go around,
One got wet in April showers,
But dried off in May flowers.



I gave two scarves to winter friends,
To warm their necks and finger ends,



In fall keeping head and neck warm,
Helps shut off the winter alarm!



When far summer comes close again,
My scarf and I fly with the wind!

Pig Pens



Three little pigs,
Snuggle in their pen,
If you knock three times,
They'll invite you in.
Three little pigs,
Want to move away,

Leave loud brother home,
Is what they all say.



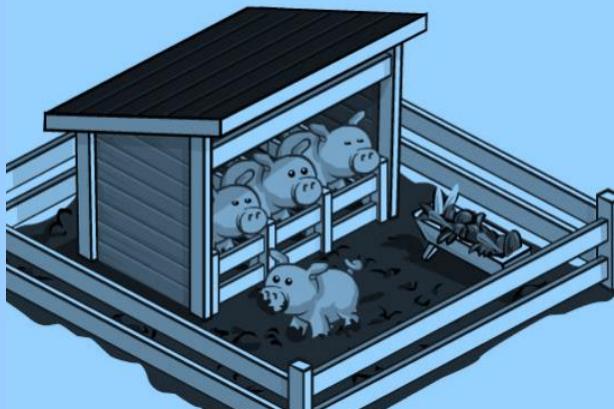
Three little pigs,
Neatly cleaned and combed,
Serve tea and tell you
Dreams of a new home.
Three little pigs,
Each in a new place,



Looking straight ahead
Six tears on each face.
Three little pigs,



Ignoring the din,
Glad to be back home
Together again.



Guinea Pig Gift



I'm looking for Christmas,
As far as I can see,
My friends all have found it,
All of them except me.

My good gingerbread friend
Sits on a Christmas toy,
I have to find a gift,
For my good friend, the boy.

What is there to give him?
He has everything,
He says no when I ask,
What it is I can bring.

I offer my lettuce,

My exercise wheel,
He says he wants a gift
That shows how I feel,
What is there to give him?



A gift that is most big,
For Christmas I will give him,
The heart of this Guinea Pig.

Give a Pig a Poke for Pig Joke!

Who is the
smartest
pig in the
world?

Ein-swine!

What do
you call a
pig with no
legs?

A
groundhog.

What do you
get when you
play tug-of-war
with a pig?

A pulled pork.

Why was the pig thrown out of the football game?

For playing dirty.

What do you
call a pig
thief?

A
hamburglar!

What is a
pig's favorite
color?

Mahogany!

How do pigs
write top
secret
messages?

With
invisible
oink!

Why did the pig cross the road?

He got BOARed!

OINK!!!



What do you call the story of The Three Little Pigs?

A Pig Tail!

How do you take a sick pig to the hospital?

In a hambulance!

What do you get when you cross a pig and a cactus?

A Porky-pine!

What happened when the pig pen broke?

The pigs had to use a pencil.

What do you call a pig that drives recklessly?

A road hog!

What is a cross between a dinosaur and a pig?

Jurassic pork!

What do you call a pig that does karate?

Porkchop!

What do pigs get when they're ill?

Oinkment

What's the difference between bird flu and swine flu?

If you have bird flu, you need tweetment. If you have swine flu, you need oink-ment!

What magazine does “The Big Bad Wolf” like to read?

Porks Illustrated

Why did it take the pig hours to cross the road?

Because he was a slow pork!

Why should you never tell a pig a secret?

Because they love to squeal!

What do you call a pig that's wrong?

Mistaken Bacon!



Where do pigs get together?

The meet market.

What do bad pigs like to do?

Squeal the spotlight.

What do you get when you cross a pig and a centipede?

Bacon and legs!

What would happen if pigs could fly?

The price of bacon would skyrocket!

What happens when you put a pig in a musical?

It squeals the show!

Why did the farmer call his pig ink?

Because it always ran out of the pen!

What do you get when a pig mixes two colors?

Pigment.

Do you want to
hear a dirty
joke?

A pig fell in the
mud.

Do you
want to hear
a clean
joke?

A pig took a
bath.

Where do flying
pigs go?

Hog Heaven.

Why did the farmer
make the pigs do
paperwork?

Because it was grunt
work.

What did the
piglet want from
his mother?

A piggyback ride.

What do you call
a pig who talks all
of the tie?

A Boar!

What do you call
a black pig
standing in the
sun all day?

Smoked sausage.

How do you stop
a wild boar from
charging?

Take away his
credit card.





What was the pig's favorite book?

Hamlet

What happened when the pig pen broke?

They switched to a pencil.

What sport did pigs invent?

Mud Wrestling.

How do you fit more pigs on a farm?

Put up a sty-scaper.

What do pigs call the creation of the Universe?

The Pig Bang Theory.

What do pigs dress as on Halloween?

Frankenswine.

What did the pig say when the wolf grabbed his tail?

That's the end of me.

How do pigs greet their parents?

With hogs and kisses!

What do pigs do on nice days?

They go on picnics.

What kind of trucks do pigs drive?

Pig-ups.

Pig Playing

Find the Pig Words

D	Z	E	H	P	P	V	W	P	S	T	M	D	U	V		PIG	PORK
U	M	V	I	O	I	O	R	O	I	W	U	J	R	H		PIGTAILS	HAM
M	F	G	J	P	G	G	R	N	R	G	S	Q	Q	E		HOG	BACON
H	Z	H	A	M	G	O	T	K	Z	R	P	T	X	I		SOW	SQUEA
Z	D	O	V	S	Y	N	S	A	M	G	A	E	Y	M		BOAR	L
G	L	E	H	K	B	O	O	T	I	Q	N	F	N	R		FARROW	
I	S	B	W	R	A	R	W	C	Y	L	R	U	K	A		PIGPEN	
N	J	G	F	J	C	I	B	Q	A	R	S	Q	X	G		STY	
E	P	A	O	P	K	G	J	L	D	B	Q	Z	Y	F		BABE	
V	K	C	I	H	S	I	A	F	I	O	O	K	I	G		MUD	
O	C	S	N	R	F	P	B	O	Y	Z	A	A	S	X		PLAY	
R	W	P	K	C	L	A	E	U	Q	S	D	J	R	S		PIGGYBAC	
I	T	G	K	N	W	C	U	R	L	Y	T	A	I	L		K	
P	Y	K	E	B	A	B	Q	Y	T	Z	X	G	X	S		PIGIRON	
G	L	K	H	C	E	F	M	A	P	L	A	Y	B	C		CURLYTAI	
															L	OINK	

Pig Blanks

1. Mom did not believe our story and called it _____.
 2. Tina wears her hair in _____.
 3. Charles carried his brother _____.
 4. My father, a radio operator, works with a short-wave radio.
 5. My stubborn sister is _____.
 6. The driver taking up two lanes of traffic is a _____.

road hog
pigheaded
ham

Famous Pigs

Can you name these famous pigs?

1. This pig was friends with Charlotte the spider in Charlotte's Web.

2. This pig is in love with Kermit the Frog. _____
3. This warthog in the Lion King is a friend of Simba. _____
4. He is Winnie the Pooh's best friend. _____
5. These pigs fought a huffing, puffing wolf. _____
6. This pig was raised by sheep dogs. _____
7. This Piggy Bank is in Toy Story 3. _____
8. The father of Peppa Pig. _____
9. She is the main character in the Olivia series. _____
10. He appeared with Miss Piggy. _____

Dr. Julius Strangepork

Olivia the Pig

Daddy Pig

Hamm

Babe

The Three Little Pigs

Wilbur

Piglet

Miss Piggy

Pumbaa

If Pigs Could Fly



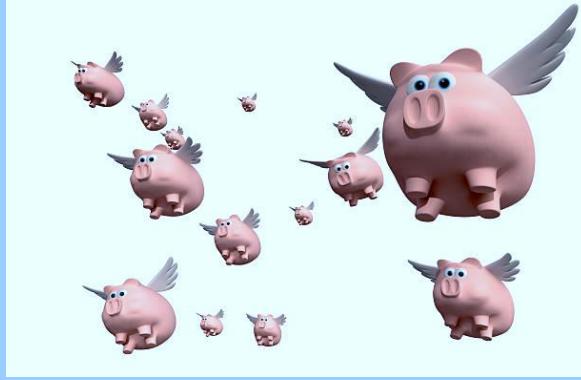
- If pigs could fly, chickens would rule the earth. Alana
- If pigs could fly, it would be bacon on the go. Jaryd
- If pigs could fly, why can't I? Kristen
- If pigs could fly, anything would be possible. Birds could have gills, fish could walk on earth with no waters, horses would have wings, and cats would have wheels. Atelyn
- Wouldn't it be weird if pigs could fly? If pigs could fly the sky would be as pink as a colorful flamingo flying in the sky. Elsa
- If pigs could fly, I'd never eat them again. The population of pigs would grow like money on a tree. Airline tickets would be much cheaper if pigs could fly. Trevor
- If pigs could fly, the price of bacon would go way up. Ethan
- If pigs could fly, I would buy one and have it as a pet. We could fly to the moon and the stars and get home in time for dinner. Having a flying pig would be fun.
- If pigs could fly, I would always take an umbrella with me if I were going outside. Esmeralda
- If pigs could fly, they would drop mud bombs. Clean up on aisle three! Marshall
- If pigs could fly, they would never be dinner again. Dana
- If pigs could fly, I would get a moon bounce and jump on it so I could fly with them. We would fly over the clouds and restaurants. Carmen
- If pigs could fly, they could take people places. They could even get lost and fly away from their farm. Maybe if they land in the woods a wolf might eat them. If pigs could fly, they could land on the top of houses. Maybe they could land in your front or back yard. Madelyn,

- If pigs could fly, that pig would probably by accident bump into a power line and fall on the ground. When he fell on the ground, he would probably wake up a bear. When he wakes up a bear, the pig would probably fly to his home and eat his magic food so that he could fly again. But when the farmer came and threw away the magic food, the pig wouldn't be able to fly anymore and so would probably have to run as fast as he could so that he wouldn't get eaten by the bear. That's what the world would be like if pigs could fly!
Sophia,
- If pigs could fly. I would need a special net to catch one. I would ride one through the sky. They would need traffic control so they don't have any pig accidents. They could fly anywhere in the world that the non-flying animals can't reach. The pigs and birds would fly together and become best friends. I would love it if pigs could fly. *Crissy,*
- If pigs could fly, I would keep one. She would take me anywhere. When people ask how I got there. I'd say I traveled by pig. When my mom and dad say, "You can have that when pigs fly," well, I'd just pull out my pig and get whatever I want! *Sydney*
- If pigs could fly, they would go to the flea market and get some shirts and pants because they never had clothes at the barn. They would want to look good to themselves and the other pigs. They wouldn't want to be in that stinky, sloppy barn and eat all that left-over food. They will go out to eat. If pigs could fly, they would go to Florida |and see their other brothers and sisters. *Mark*



- If pigs could fly, they would go to the mall and get some |clothes, because they don't have clothes on the farm. Then they would stop at McDonalds and eat French fries. They are probably hungry, because they don't like eating slop. Then they would go to Lake Erie to swim because they don't get to swim on the farm. The pigs would have fun. *Isiah*
- If pigs could fly, they would fly out of their smelly barn and go swimming. At Thanksgiving they would fly to China because China doesn't have Thanksgiving. They wouldn't get eaten. They would fly to McDonalds to get pop and French fries. Pigs would go somewhere where they would | like it. *Taylor*

- If pigs could fly, I think they would go to play in the mud. If pigs could fly, I think they would go to the park and sit by the shade and get warm. I think pigs would go to the city to get food and find somewhere to live. I think the pig will find another barn. I think they would go somewhere that has fresh air They would eat corn and eat healthy foods. If I were a pig, I would go to another barn that doesn't smell. Dominique



- If pigs could fly, they would go to McDonalds to get some pop. If pigs could fly, they would go to play in the park. If pigs could fly they would go swimming If pigs could fly | they would go to the mall so they would get some clothes.
If pigs could fly, they would go to school to learn. Sandy

- If pigs could fly. If I were a pig I would fly to heaven. Pigs | look like guinea pigs If I were a pig, I would eat mush. They could fly to the park. The pigs could fly through the clouds. My pig likes to play in the mud. My pig sniffs my | shoes every day. I think pigs are funny My pig loves me. My pig flew to the mall. Deanna
- If pigs could fly, they would fly to the jungle. They would see lions, tigers, and bears They would have a big green body with a blue and red snout. Then it would have a purple pie head. Shakaira
- What if pigs could fly. My pig would go to the zoo. My pig |eats meat and mashed potatoes My pig likes my brother. My pig wears pants. My pig wears a shirt. My pig is cute. My pig has hair. My pig likes kids. My pig is eight months old. My pig is messy. My pig likes teachers. My pig eats shoes. My pig eats my hair. My pig loves me. Jasmine
- What if pigs could fly... Pigs could Fly to a farm. They could have a golden ring above their head and have wings. They could fly above the water They could fly through the clouds My pig will live in the ocean My pig will run, run, run and then fly My pig loves me! Gage
- If pigs could fly, our country would be called Pigsville. Mary
- If pigs could fly, pork would be high! Lisa.
- If pigs could fly, I would ride the pigs. Mona
- If pigs could fly, they can go place to place. They'd fly around the entire earth then fly back to the mud and go to sleep. Michael

Pig Flying Gig

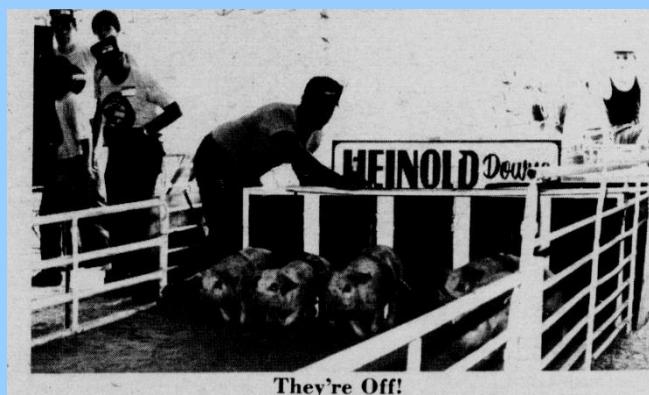


Roaring and soaring about the clouds,
Wheeling and squealing so long and so loud,
That earthbound people tired of our bellowing and blowing,
Shout to us to keep on going!

Racing Pigs



Some people enjoy pig racing, the sport of training and encouraging young pigs to race each other around or across a small race course with a dirt, sod, or gravel track. Pig races can be watched for entertainment with betting on them included for even more excitement. The races often are run at county fairs, but can also occur in small town celebrations or even backyard courses. Pig races happen in all 50 states and internationally.



Racing Pigs Highlight Festival This Weekend

Greenville Ohio Daily Advocate
September 15, 1981

The famed Heinold racing pigs, complete with two half-sisters of the world's record holder, will be featured at the annual Preble

County Pork Festival at Eaton, Sept. 19 and 20. The 25 pigs in the Heinold stable will participate in 22 races each day, approximately 20 minutes apart. Those attending the festival will be able to bet free - of -charge on the pigs.

The Heinold Hog Markets and Heinold Commodities originated pig racing in 1977 at the Farm Progress Show in Iowa. It proved so popular that the two companies continued to train two groups of pigs a year. In 1980 over 400,000 people bet on the racing pigs during 14 days of racing at three different major farm shows.

Thirty pigs are trained at a time at a barn equipped for the purpose near Galva, Illinois.

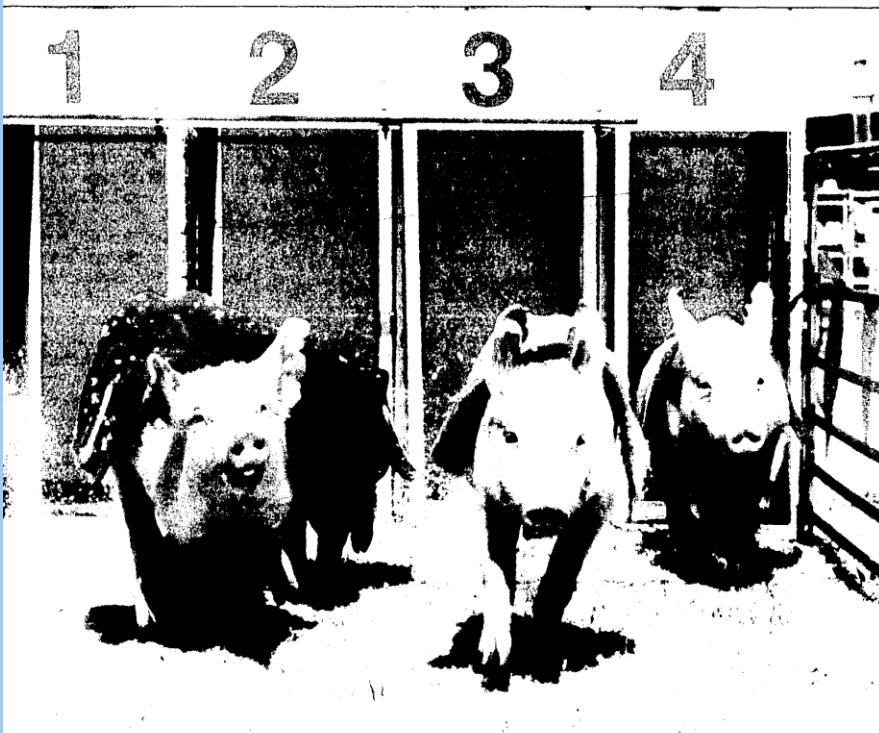
Only 25 pigs, however, make the travelling team. The balance is consigned to the "bacon bunch," or scrub group. Included in the group that will appear at the pork festival

are two half - sisters of Beliybust, the pig that set the world's record for pig racing. Beliybust covered the distance in 3.51 seconds, equivalent to running a mile in four minutes flat.

The Heinold pig track, called Heinold Downs, includes an electric scoreboard which flashes the numbers of the winning pigs, and a photo finish camera that records the finish of every race. Some races are so close that the photo is necessary before the winner can be determined.

The racing pigs have been featured in National Geographic Magazine, on national television, and most of the nation's major newspapers and television stations.

Blytheville Courier News, Blytheville, Arkansas. August 14, 2001.



The Ham Bone Express will bring pig racing back to Blytheville during the Mississippi County Fair at Walker Park. Races will be held each night of the fair from August 21-August 28, with race times announced daily.



Robinson's Racing Pigs & Paddling Porker Show. Fort White, Florida.

In 1984, Paul and Carlota Robinson started racing pigs and by 1985, they were taking their racing pigs to the Florida State Fair. Eventually, their racing pigs appeared at fairs all over the country and they appeared on major television networks. When the Robinsons passed away in the late 1990s, Randy and Sharon Ross *continued* their legacy and created the Paddling Porker Show. Their pigs swim and race four abreast and finish the race by diving into a 24-

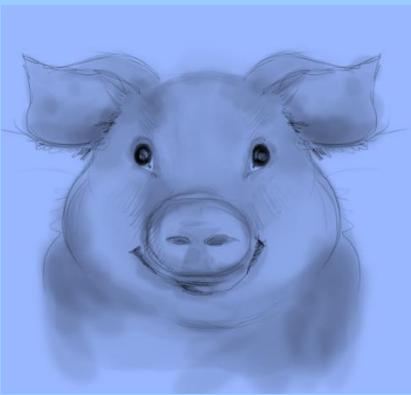
foot swimming pool they call the hogwash. Sharon and Randy offer the dream trophy for the pig winner: an Oreo cookie!

Pig Tales

Pinky the Pig, Jeb the Boy, and the School Program

“Pinky, be a good pig and roll over!” Jeb scattered hay over the barn floor in front of Pinky. She wouldn’t roll over on anything but hay. She poked around with her nose until she had arranged the hay to her satisfaction. Then she flopped on her side and started to roll over. “Oh, no,” Jeb sighed. This was one of the times when Pinky just couldn’t make it all of the way over. Her stomach was so round that she teetered back and forth like a rock on the edge of a cliff. Jeb put his hands against her side and pushed. “Try Pink, try!” he urged. Pinky grunted and squealed, but this time she rolled all of the way over.

“Good Pinky. Now, let’s practice sitting up. Sit Pinky, sit.” Pinky sat. Then Jeb fed her a half-eaten blueberry muffin that he had saved from breakfast. “Now heel, Pinky, heel,” Jeb said. He showed Pinky the wrinkled apple that Ma had given him. Pinky heeled so well that her snout nicked Jeb’s shoe. Jeb hugged her. You’re the best pig in the world, Pinky!”



Pinky grunted. Jeb scratched her ears. “You’ll beat ‘em all in the school program tomorrow, Pinky. I know you will.”

“What are you doing with that pig now?” Tim came into the barn so quietly that Jeb didn’t hear him. “We’re practicing.”

“Practicing for what?”

"For the school program tomorrow. Pinky has a part in it."

Tim laughed. "You're crazy, Jeb. I don't remember Miss Snider giving Pinky a part."

"She gave the part to me, but I'm sharing it with Pinky."

"Forget about Pinky and help me with the chores before Pa gets itchy fingers for his razor strap."

Jeb jumped up, brushing wisps of hay from his pants. "Come on Pinky, let's go back to your cage."

Tim snorted. "I don't see why Pinky can't stay in the pigpen with the rest of the pigs."

I want her to get used to the cage so I can get her to school and back without any trouble," Jeb said. He grunted as he lifted Pinky into the square wooden cage hanging from a hook in the big south window of the barn. "Whew, you're heavy Pinky!"

"Does Miss Snider know you're bringing that pig?"

"I'm going to surprise her," Jeb said. "It's a good thing she always helps Ma in the house after school until bedtime or I wouldn't be able to surprise her."

"She'll be surprised all right," Tim agreed. "I'd better warn her about this."

"You ain't going to tell her, Tim!"

"Who says I'm not?"

"I'll keep you from telling."

"What'll you give me not to tell?" Tim demanded.

"How about my agate and my best shooter?"

"Naw, I got enough of those."

Jeb swallowed hard. "How about my slingshot?"

“Naw, I don’t want your slingshot.”

“What do you want, Tim?”

“If you do the chores for five nights in a row, I won’t tell,” Tim bargained.

Jeb thought about it. Tim drove a hard bargain. “All right,” he agreed.

Tim wasn’t taking any chances. “Spit on it.”

“Spit on it,” Jeb agreed.

He and Tim spit into each other’s hands. Then Tim shoved the milk pail at him. “I already fed the chickens and the rabbits. All you have left is the milking.”

Jeb was late for supper because it took him longer than Tim to milk.

“Where have you been, Jeb?” Ma asked as she slipped a piece of crisp fried ham on his plate to keep the mashed potatoes and peas company.

“I was milking,” Jeb mumbled. He ducked his head and said grace. “The milk’s in the pantry, Ma.”

“You were milking?” Pa asked. “Tim, that’s supposed to be your job.”

“I’ll be doing it this week,” Jeb hurried to explain. “Bossy’s milked, Pa. It just takes me a little longer than it does Tim.”

“See that the wood box is always full,” Pa said sternly. “Just because you and Timothy make a deal doesn’t mean that we don’t need to have wood for the stove.”

“Yes, Pa,” Jeb sighed. Pa hadn’t said the deal was off. Things might work out yet.

The next morning, Jeb got up before dawn and crept down the ladder, careful not to wake Miss Snider. He had to do the chores and feed and wash Pinky before breakfast. Pinky liked taking a bath, so that shouldn’t be any problem. He heated water in the wash tub and shook in some of Ma’s scented salts. He carried the tub out to the barnyard and plunked Pinky in the middle of it. Pinky wriggled with pleasure as the warm sudsy water dribbled down her back. Jeb took her out of the rub and towed

her dry with a clean flour sack. He tied a blue bow around her neck. Pinky smelled like Ma's flower garden.

Jeb put Pinky back in her cage and went back to the house. Ma stood at the cook stove frying griddle cakes and salt pork. Jeb wrinkled his nose. "That smells good, Ma."

"Sit down and eat, Jeb. Did you practice your part for the program today?"

"I practiced, Ma."

"Good. I'm anxious to hear you recite this afternoon."

"Has Miss Snider left yet?" Jeb asked Ma.

"She left about five minutes ago. Why? Do you want to catch up with her?"

"No, I can talk to her at school," Jeb said.

"Chores are a lot easier in the morning," Tim said as he slid into his seat at the table.

Ma smiled. "What did you give Jeb to persuade him to do your chores? Your Christmas nickel?"

"No, I just gave him something he needed," Tim said.

"What could it be?" Ma wondered.

Before Jeb could say anything else, Pa came in to eat. In the bustle of filling his plate, Ma didn't have time to ask Jeb any more questions. After breakfast Jeb grabbed his slate and books and ran to the barn. He eased Pinky's cage from the hook, grabbed a pail of food for her, and headed for school.

"Take it easy, girl. We're almost there," Jeb assured Pinky as she squealed her displeasure at the bumpy ride. "It's a good thing it's only a mile and a half to school or you'd squeal yourself hoarse," he told Pinky.

Whew! There was the school house up ahead and no one was in sight. Jeb hurried to the front steps and set down the cage. Peeking over his shoulder to be sure that no one saw him, he slid the cage under the schoolhouse and pushed it back out of sight.

He scattered half of the food over the bottom of the cage and dumped the rest into a little pile alongside it. Then he took the bucket and hurried down to the creek to get Pinky some water. Hurrying back, he opened the cage door and set the bucket inside.

“There you are old girl. That ought to hold you until noon.”

Jeb patted Pinky’s head. He put the cover back over the cage and backed out from under the schoolhouse. He heard a “mew” like the new of a cat bird. Al was coming and he didn’t want her to know about Pinky, at least not yet. You could never tell about girls and secrets, even if the girl acted like a boy most of the time like Al did. Jeb edged as far away from Pinky as he could get.

“Do you know your part?” Al shouted as she skipped up to him. “I sure do. Pork is an important staple of the homesteader’s diet. And my Ma showed me how to salt down pork too.”

“Wpff!” Al whistled. “I’ll bet your part is going to be the best in the whole play.”

“It is,” Jeb said modestly. “I...” He was interrupted by a long, loud squeal.

“What was that?” Al asked.

Jeb squealed. He hoped it sounded enough like Pinky to be convincing. “I was just practicing for the program.”

Al laughed. “You have a good squeal.”

The rest of the children arrived and thanks to Al, Jeb had to do his pig squeal for them too. Luckily for Jeb, Pinky didn’t answer the squeal. She must be busy eating, Jeb figured. But he had relaxed too soon. After the morning spelling bee was finished and Miss Snider was hearing second grade recitations, Pinky let out a SQUEALLLLLL!

“SQUEALLLLLL!” Jeb echoed.

“Jeb Smith, why did you do that? “Miss Snider had a smile in her voice.

Jeb hung his head. “I’m sorry, Miss Snider. I was saying my part to myself and I forgot I was in school.”

“See that you don’t do it again, Jeb.”

“Please Pinky, don’t do it again,” Jeb begged her silently. Pinky did it again. This time she waited until Jeb’s class was reciting. He was in the middle of naming the seaports of England when Pinky said, SQUEALLLLL!

“SQUEALLLLL!” Jeb said.

This time Miss Snider didn’t have a smile in her voice. “Jeb, you may stay in for noon recess. Go on studying your lesson and be QUIET.”

“Yes, Ma’m.” Jeb was worried. Pinky might stay quiet until noon, but as soon as the sun shone straight overhead, she’d be squealing up a storm for her dinner. Now that he couldn’t go out for noon recess, who would put more food in her cage? He’d have to let his friend Corey in on the secret or Pinky would squeal the school down.

As Corey passed Jeb’s desk on the way to noon recess, Jeb nudged him with his slate. “I gotta talk to you NOW,” was printed on it in big letters. Corey nodded. He walked over to the dictionary in the corner of the room. “I have to look up a word before I go out,” he told Miss Snider.

“All right Corey, but don’t be long.” Corey stood by the dictionary until everyone was outside. He even looked up a word. Then he came over to Jeb’s desk.

“What’s going on?”

“Cross your heart you won’t tell?” Jeb said.

“Cross my heart.”

“You gotta do me a favor, Corey.”

“What favor, Jeb?”

“Feed Pinky for me.”

“You mean you want me to walk all of the way to your farm and feed your pig? That’s a long walk, Jeb.”

“Listen, Corey. She isn’t on our farm. She’s here under the school house.”

“Under the school house? What’s she doing under there?”

“She’s gonna be in the program with me this afternoon. It’s gonna be a surprise for Miss Snider.”

“It’ll be a surprise all right,” Corey said. “Where’s the food?”

“It’s in a pile by her cage. If she doesn’t get it pretty soon, she’ll start squealing so loud I’ll never be able to make Miss Snider think it’s me.”

Corey laughed so hard that his face turned red as a beet. “That was Pinky squealing instead of you? You sounded just like her. You’d make a good pig.”

Jeb pushed Corey towards the door. “Will you feed her before she starts squealing?”

Corey left to feed Pinky and Jeb settled in his eat. Now Pinky would sleep for three hours like she did every afternoon after lunch. By the time she woke up, it would be time for the program. He was safe!”

But Jeb had forgotten about Pinky’s snoring. Usually no one but Jeb heard Pinky snore because she slept in the barn. But now she was sleeping under the school house and making a noise that sounded like Pa’s saw going in and out of a board. The snoring grew louder, Quickly Jeb dropped his head in his arms and snored. He sounded like a fly buzzing on a windowpane. The snoring grew even louder. Jeb kept pace with Pinky until he sounded like the fly was sitting on the end of his nose. By now everyone in the school was laughing. Miss Snider frowned at Jeb. “Jeb Smith, you may remain after school tonight for an hour.”

Jeb hung his head and mumbled, “Yes, Miss Snider.”

Jeb felt sad and happy too. The big boys were moving the benches around and the first graders were practicing for the program. He didn’t have to worry about Pinky making too much noise any longer. The parents began arriving. They sat in solemn rows on the benches.

Miss Snider dismissed regular classes and lined everybody up for the program. “Walters County, its History and Development,” was the subject of the program. Jeb’s part in it was telling how the hog industry got started and progressed. Jeb figured that Pinky would be a good example of a Walters County hog, but he still

had to get her inside the schoolhouse and keep her quiet until it was their turn to recite.

Jeb inched his way carefully along the wall, hiding behind backs and sinking into seats whenever Miss Snider looked in his direction. Finally, he made it out the door and crawled under the schoolhouse. Pinky was sleeping. If only she would sleep until it was their turn on the program.

Carefully Jeb eased Pinky under his jacket. She opened an eye, but he patted her. She put her nose under his arm and went back to sleep. He crept back into the schoolhouse and sat down. No one had missed him yet.

The program began. Melanie Erickson told about Ole Johnson and his wife and four children. They had been the first settlers to arrive in Walters County. Pinky stirred and Jeb was so busy telling her “Shhhh,” that he almost missed Miss Snider calling his name. His ears caught the word, “Smith.” It was their turn! “This is it Pinky,” Jeb whispered.

He felt Pinky squirming inside his jacket. “I have a good example of a Walters County hog right here,” Jeb said. He unbuttoned his coat and pulled Pinky out. She blinked in the sudden brightness. Even though Jeb had interrupted her nap, she was in a good humor. She did her tricks expertly and squealed at Miss Snider. Miss Snider looked dazed. Maybe she’s never had a pig squeal especially for her before,” Jeb thought.

Everything went as Jeb planned until Big Jack decided to get into the act. Even though Jeb had helped him learn how to read, Big Jack was always looking for something mean to do to Jeb. Now he saw his chance. Quietly Big Jack got the water bucket from its place in the corner. He made the slurp, slurp, slurping sounds that mean it’s time to eat to all hungry pigs. Pinky’s ears twitched. She walked away from Jeb to investigate the slurp, slurp.

“Pinky, come back here!” Jeb ordered. The laughter from the audience got louder. Jeb hollered louder. “Pinky! Come back!”

Pinky got to Big Jack and nosed the water bucket impatiently. Why didn’t this human pour the food from the bucket into her pen like the other humans in her barn did? Big Jack hadn’t thought beyond ruining Pinky’s performance. Now he didn’t know what to do with a bucket that was being slapped back and forth by a hungry pig. Each time Pinky nuzzled the pail, Big Jack backed away. Every time he backed

away, Pinky followed him. They crossed the room. Big Jack stepped backwards and stumbled over his feet. Pinky eagerly pursued the bucket. Now they were at the front door. "Pinky!" Jeb yelled.

Pinky ignored him and worked harder for the bucket. Big Jack backed over the doorstep and fell flat on his back. The bucket landed on his stomach. Pinky followed the bucket and clambered up on Big Jack's stomach to reach it. With a grunt of anticipation, she poked her nose into it. It was empty Pinky climbed back down and rooted in the dust on the path.

Jeb ran over to Big Jack. "You aren't hurt, are you?"

"I ain't hurt, but that pig's gonna be when I get my hands on her," Big Jack snarled.

Big Jack dusted off the seat of his trousers and ran after Pinky. Pinky was delighted. She and Jeb often raced like this and she usually won. She wasn't at all afraid that this clumsy human would catch her. Everyone crowded in the school house doorway watching Pinky and Big jack race. "Go Pinky, go!" they cheered until Pinky and Big Jack were out of sight.

Jeb was worried about what his folks would think. He watched them out of the corner of his eye. Pa was wiping tears from his eyes. He was smiling. Everything seemed to be all right with them, but what about Miss Snider? He walked over to Miss Snider. "I'm sorry, Miss Snider. Pinky was behaving real well until Big Jack started making noises like a slop bucket."

"I know, Jeb. You've done a good job teaching Pinky manner. We just have to keep working on Big Jack."



Andrew and Sampson Take a Bath



“Andrew, it’s time to take a bath!”

Before Mom could call him again, Andrew ran and hid under his bed and scrunched into the darkest corner closest to the wall. Now all he had to was stop breathing, and maybe Mom wouldn’t find him. He hated taking a bath in the washtub in the yard in the summer and winter was even worse. In the winter Mom asked Dad to haul the washtub into the kitchen and put it on the stove. Then she filled it with water and tested the water with her elbow until it got hot enough. Then, Dad picked up the bucket, set it on the floor.

“Andrew, your bath water’s ready,” Mom said. “It’s nice and warm and clean. Hurry up!”

Meanwhile, out in the barn, Sampson the pig’s mother called him. “Sampson, it’s time to take a bath!”

Out in the barn, before mother pig could call him again, Sampson ran and crawled under the hay in the pigpen. He covered his head with an extra layer of straw. Now all he had to do was stop grunting, and maybe mom wouldn’t find him. He hated

taking a bath in the mud puddle in the barn year in the summer and when the weather turned cooler, it was even worse. Then, mother collected a pan of water from the large trough in the barn. She set the pan of water on the wood stove that the humans kept to keep the animals warm. After she had let the water heat for twenty minutes, she tested the water with her right front foot to see if was warm enough. Then, father pig picked up the pan and set it on the floor. Mother pig mixed some of the warm water with some hay and dirt from the barn floor.

“Sampson, your bath water’s ready,” mother pig said. “It’s nice and warm and dirty. Hurry up!”

Inside the kitchen, Andrew held his nose and Andrew scrunched his toes. He threw a bar of soap and a squeeze toy in the water. He closed his eyes and put one foot in the water. Then he stopped and looked over his shoulder. If mother had gone, he could get out and dry off and just pretend he had taken a bath in that horribly clean water.

Mother stood there, tapping her foot and pointing to the tub of water with one hand and holding a wash rag in the other. Andrew put his other foot into the tub and sat down. He would have to splash through this bath. He took the wash rag from mother’s hand and started to wash his face.

“Don’t forget to hang your towel and washrag on the clothesline,” Andrew’s mother said.

As soon as she had walked out of the room, Andrew reached up and picked up a chunk of soot from the stove. He dropped it into his bath water and watched it tinge the water dark for a few seconds. He wanted all of his bath water to turn sooty.

Inside the barn, Sampson held his nose and Sampson wiggled his toes. Sampson threw sponge that the farmer had left in the barn into the water. He picked up some of the floating pieces of hay and dirt and threw them on the floor. Maybe he could clear them all out of the water. He stooped and looked over his shoulder. If mother pig had gone, he could get out and dry off and just pretend that he had taken a bath in that horribly dirty water.

Mother pig stood there, tapping her hoof and pointing to the pan of water with one hand and holding a wash rag in the other. Sampson sighed. The white washrag had a smudge of dirt in each corner.

“Don’t forget to hang your washrag and towel on the clothesline,” mother pig said.

After mother pig left to tend to his brothers and sisters, Sampson took the wash rag in both hands and began to strain some of the dirt out of the water.

When he had finished with his sparkling water bath, Andrew hung his washrag and towel on the clothesline in the backyard. When Sampson finished with his dirty water bath, he hung his washrag and towel on the clothesline in the backyard.

As they turned to leave, they ran into each other and fell backwards into the towels. Smack! The towels wound themselves around their heads.

“MRGGGG!” said Andrew and Sampson together. Andrew pulled the towel off of Sampson’s head and Sampson pulled the towel off of Andrew’s head. Streaks of dirt and streaks of clean water spread across Andrew’s face. Sampson ‘s eyebrows were penciled over with streaks of soot.

“Now I’ll never get clean,” Sampson cried. “I’m a pig and pigs like to be clean, but now I’ll never get clean. Mom always makes me take a mud bath, and now even my towel is dirty.”

“I have it worse than you,” Andrew complained. “I like to take mud baths sometimes, but my mom always makes me take clean baths. And look at my towel! Even my towel is clean!”

“I have an idea,” Andrew said. “We can work together to get what we both want.”

“I have another idea,” Sampson said. “We can work together and send our mothers a message.”



Andrew’s mother stepped out of her kitchen door onto the back porch, shook out her dish towel, and hung it over the railing. She stared at the clothes line. She decided to walk across the yard and climb to the top of Andrew’s tree house near the edge of the woods so she could watch the sunset. On the way to Andrew’s treehouse, she saw Andrew.

Mother pig stepped out of the barn she had finished tucking Sampson's younger brothers and sisters into their straw beds. She stared at the clothesline. She decided to walk to the edge of the woods to gather some acorns from the oak trees for breakfast the next morning. On the way to the oak trees, she saw Sampson.



"My, my, said Andrew's mother. I don't know why that boy of mine likes to take his bath in dirty water. You'd think he was a pig."

"My, my, said mother pig. I don't know why that boy of mine likes to take his bath in such clean water. You'd think he was a human."

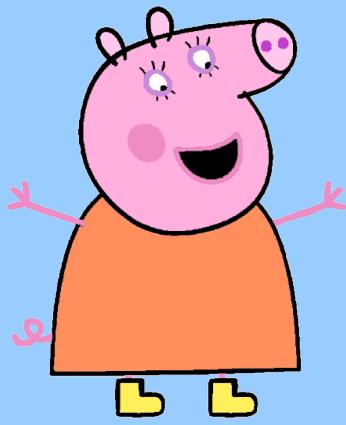
The two mothers looked at each other and together they shrugged their shoulders before they walked their separate ways.

The next day at bath time, Andrew's mother filled the wash tub with soot and then filled it with water. She watched Andrew splash happily and smiled.

The next day at bath time, mother pig filled the pan with water so clean it sparkled in the sunshine flooding through the haymow window. She watched Sampson splash happily and smiled.

Patsy Pig Runs Away from Her Pigpen

“This house is a mess. It looks like a pigpen!” Mama Pig stood in the doorway with her hands on her hips, glaring at Patsy and her brother Ben. “It’s about time to help me clean. Let’s start with the kitchen.”



“I have to go to baseball practice,” Ben said. I can’t miss it or the coach will kick me off the team.”

“This house always gets dirty so fast,” Patsy complained. “I’m tired of house chores. And you never make Ben help. I’m going to find another house besides a pig pen.”

Mama pig sighed. “What kind of house do you want?” she asked Patsy as Ben ran out the back door with his baseball glove.

“I’d like to have a house that we didn’t have to clean much,” Patsy Pig said.

“You won’t find that kind of house around here,” Mama said.

“Then I’ll go on the road and find one. It will serve Ben right to have to do my chores, too,” Patsy said.

“You have to help me clean the kitchen before you go on the road,” Mama told Patsy. But she sighed again and Patsy could tell that Mama was thinking about something. After Patsy finished mopping the kitchen floor, she got ready to go on the road.

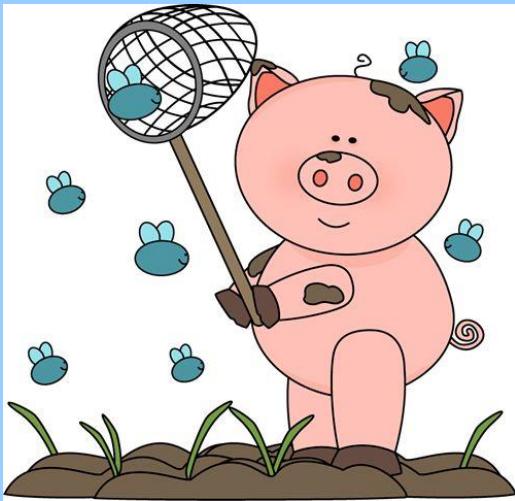
“Don’t you want to say goodbye to Ben?” Mama asked.

“Isn’t he back from ball practice yet?” Patsy said.

“He came back, but now he’s out chasing bees,” Mama told her.

“Why is he chasing bees, Mama?”

“He’s chasing bees because they were chasing him,” Mama told her.



Patsy sighed. "I have to go on the road. I have a lot of houses to find."

"Just as Patsy was closing the front door, Ben came back from chasing bees."

"You're not really going on the road, are you? Girls need to stay home and clean house," he said.

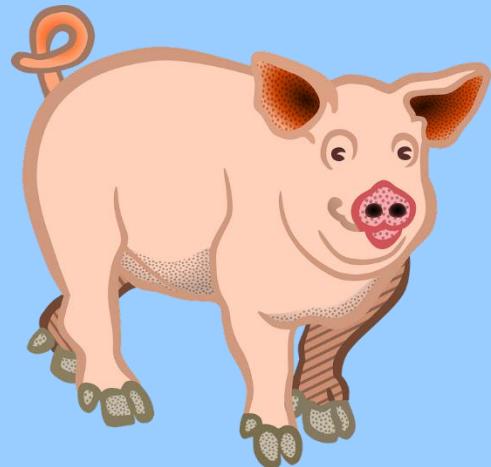
"I'm going on the road to find a house we don't have to clean," Patsy said.

"What are you doing wearing my hat?" Ben wanted to know.

"I needed a disguise, so I took one of your hats." Patsy slammed the door and ran down the path to the windy wide dirt road. She traveled along the wide dirt road until her hat and knapsack felt like they weighed as much as father pig's 200 pounds. Finally, she saw a

small creek winding alongside the road and she plopped down under a tree beside the creek and leaned back against it. Patsy closed her eyes and she fell fast asleep.

A loud oink oink and a tap on shoulder woke Patsy with a jerk.



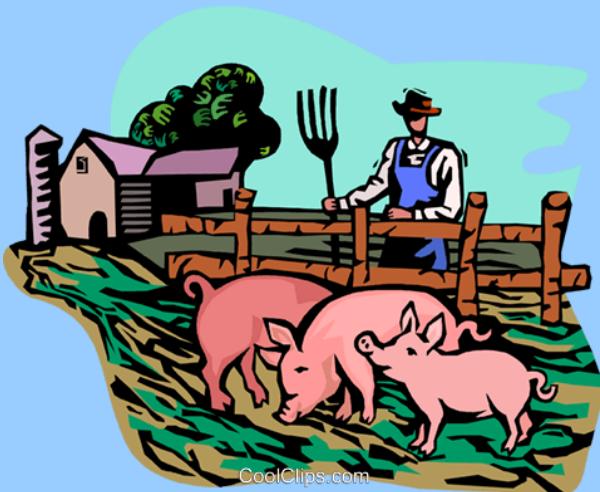
"Why are you sleeping here and where are you going? I'm Thomas, who are you?"

"I'm sleeping because I'm tired. I'm going to find a different place to live than a pig pen than where I live, and my name is Patsy," she said.

"Why don't you come to my house for a visit?" Thomas asked Patsy. "I live in a pig sty. Maybe you would like my house."

"Thank you, Thomas. I think I will," Patsy said. She followed Thomas's curly tail down a dusty, dirt road, until he turned into a farmhouse leaning against a hill.

Thomas led Patsy behind the leaning farmhouse to a wooden rail fence with a farmer holding a rake leaning against it. Inside the wooden rail fence, three pigs were eating, “Thomas, where have you been?” the farmer said. “You’re just in time for supper.”



Then the farmer saw Patsy. “Oh hello! I see you brought a friend to dine with you,” the farmer said. “Hurry and push yourself into a place.”

Thomas pushed a place for Patsy and for himself, shoving the other pigs out of the way. “Hey, quit shoving,” his brother Timothy squealed.

“Thomas is the rudest pig in our family,” his sister Tillie informed Patsy.

Patsy didn’t know what to say, so she just chewed some apple peels into applesauce while she watched Thomas and his brother and sister. She noticed that each time they moved around in the pig sty, the ground got muddier.

“There’s no way I’m going to mop this ground floor,” Patsy said. “I’m moving on to the next place. Thanks for the dinner, Thomas.”

Patsy trudged down the winding, wide dirt road, watching the sun slip down behind the trees. Darkness crept from around and under the trees and seeped slowly over the road. Patsy shivered. She wasn’t sure if she was cold or scared or both. Now, Mama Pig and her brother Ben and the pigpen house didn’t look quite as bad as they had that morning.



Suddenly, Patsy heard loud squealing and grunting that seemed to be coming from the bushes growing alongside the road. She walked to the edge of the road and parted the bushes. There in the middle sat a little pig, caught in a bush root and squealing at the top of his voice.

Patsy put her arm around the crying pig. "What's wrong little piggy?" she asked.

"I'm stuck and I can't get out," the little pig sobbed. "I want to go home. I want my mother and my brother and sister."

"Stop crying little piggy. I'll take you home," Patsy promised. She shrugged out of her backpack and put her nose down deep into the bush root. For five minutes, Patsy dug here, Patsy dug there, Patsy dug everywhere. Finally, she felt the bush root loosen around the little pig's right foot and she pulled it free. For five more minutes, Patsy dug here, Patsy dug there, Patsy dug everywhere. Finally, she felt the bush root loosen around the little pig's left foot and she pulled it free.

Patsy picked up the shivering little pig and put him in her backpack. She tucked one of her sweaters around him and soon he stopped his shivering. "Than-kk you," the little pig gulped.

"Can you tell me where you live?" Patsy asked the little piggy.

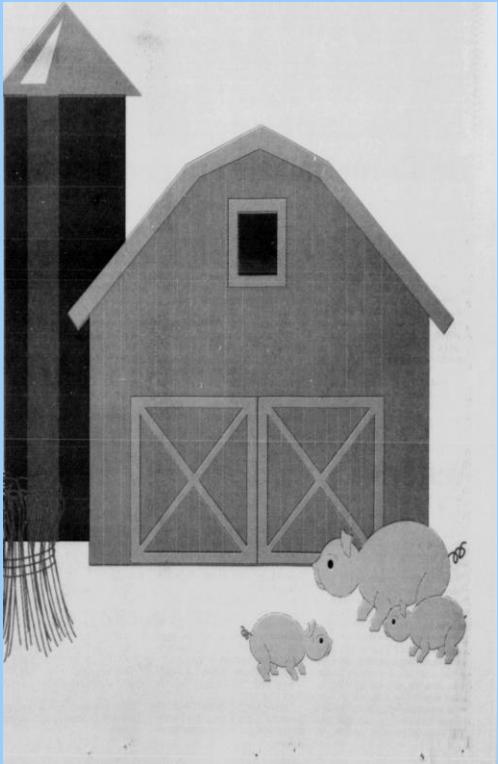
"Down this road and then down the road by the school," the little piggy said.

"You'll be home in a snort of a pig's snout," Patsy said, putting on the backpack and getting back on the road. She followed the moon pale as the inside of a pumpkin and twinkled back at the stars as they followed her. She listened for the little piggy in her backpack. He had stopped crying. "Did you fall asleep little piggy?" she asked.

A snore answered her question.

Long after Patsy's feet had gotten so tired, she couldn't feel her toes or her knees and she could hardly force them to move together, she saw a white schoolhouse gleaming through the walls of darkness on the left side of the wide winding road.

Patsy turned down the road by the school and wished on a star that one of them would shine brightly enough to light her way to the little piggy's house. Suddenly, a star brighter than the others seemed to shine in front of her and moved along with her tired steps.



A pencil shaped silo with a barn attached to it shone in the starlight and then Patsy heard a frantic squealing, “Leon, where are you? Answer me, Leon!”

Patsy’s backpack jumped up and down and back and forth and Leon’s joyous, “I’m here, mama. I’m coming home!” shattered the dark silent night like a train whistle. Patsy spotted the Mama Pig and two little pigs standing in front of the barn, but before she could lift Leon out of the backpack, he had jumped out and run over to his mom, and hugged her. He even hugged his brother and sister. “Thank you for bringing me home, Patsy,” he said. “Mama, wait until you hear how Patsy helped me.”

“You and Patsy can tell me about it in the morning, Leon’s mother pig said. “There is an extra straw bed in the barn and now it’s bedtime for everyone and I want everyone to sleep in tomorrow morning so I can too!”



Leon’s mother pig opened the barn door. She smiled at Patsy. “Welcome to my pig parlor,” she said. Leon’s brother and sister and Leon grabbed Patsy and pulled her over to four beds filled snugly with hay and covered patchwork quilts and plump white pillows “You can sleep with Wally my teddy bear,” Leon told Patsy, slipping a shaggy brown teddy bear into the bed in front of her.

The little pigs washed their paws and faces in a bucket of warm water standing beside the potbellied barn stove, got into the warm beds. Patsy could feel the hay scratching her toes, but she felt so warm and comfortable that she let her head sink into her plump white pillow and she snugged under the patchwork quilt and soon she fell asleep.

Sunlight shooting laser arrows through the haymow window and Leon tugging at Wally on her pillow woke Patsy up the next morning. “Wally always eats breakfast with me,” Leon, holding Wally under his arm.

“Breakfast? What do you eat for breakfast?” Patsy asked.

“I made some hot cornmeal mush this morning,” Mother pig called from the other side of the stove. All of you piggys come over to the table. It’s in the bowls ready to eat.”

Patsy followed Leon and his brother and sister to the table on the other side of the stove. Mother pig stood there pouring milk on the cornmeal mush and a plate of wheat toast and pumpkin slices stood in the center of the table. All of the little pigs ate several bowls of cornmeal mush, two pieces of wheat toast and three bowls of pumpkin slices.

Instead of fighting over who would wash the dishes like Patsy and Ben did, Leon and his sister and brother took turns washing, drying, and putting the dishes away. Then they helped mother pig sweep the straw off of the wood floor and polish the potbellied stove. When they were finished with their chores, she sent them out to the barnyard to play.

By the time they were through with chores, Patsy had decided she didn’t want to live in a barn, no matter how clean. She had also decided that she was going to start home before lunch.

Leon’s mother tried to convince Patsy to stay another day until father pig returned from the next farm to escort her home through the woods, but Patsy was anxious to get home. She wanted to see Ben and Mama Pig and tell them some of her ideas about chores.

Leon made Patsy promise to come back and visit at the farm every week and Mama Pig stuffed her backpack with peanut butter sandwiches, and she and Leon and his brother and sister whose names she had found out by now, his brother Mickey and sister Julie walked Patsy to the wide windy road Everybody waved goodbye until the schoolhouse on the hill hid them from view.

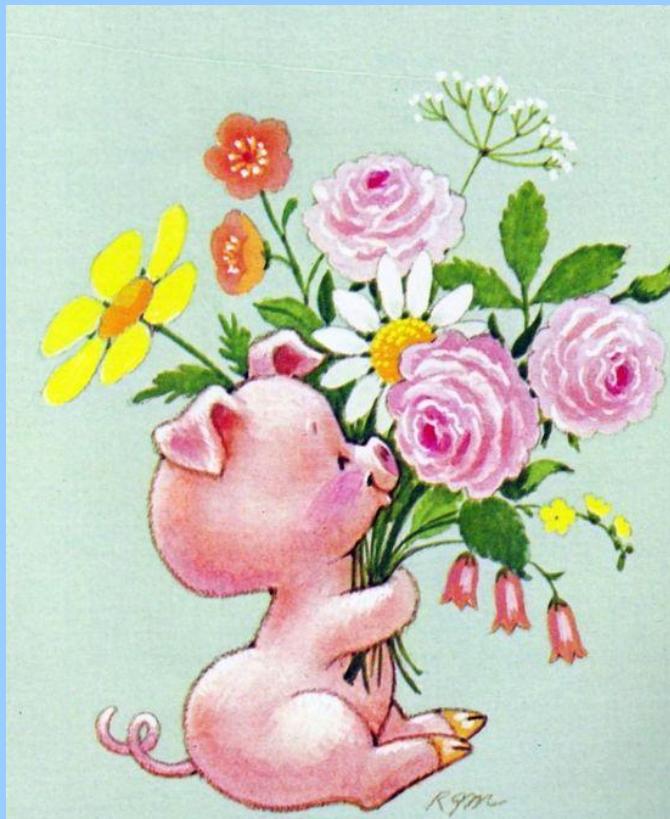
Patsy ate peanut butter sandwiches all of the way home, and by the last bite of her 12th peanut butter sandwich, she was standing at the front gate of the pigpen where her family lived. Suddenly, the gate opened and Ben stood in front of her.

“Where have you been?” he demanded. “Mama sent Papa out looking for you.”

“I’ll tell you about it while we’re doing our cleaning chores,” Patsy said.

“What cleaning chores?” Ben asked.

“I’ll tell you about it while we’re doing them,” Patsy told him. “Right now, I have to tell Mama I don’t want to live in a pigpen and you and I are going to make sure that we don’t.”



Pig Posse



Diary of a Pig Posse

The Pigs

We won't say for sure whether or not we are THE Three Little Pigs, Let's just say that we are part of the immediate family, and you can be certain the wolf is the same mean, toothy, wolf waiting to grab us. We are going to GET THE WOLF FIRST!

The Wolf and His House



I'm not apologizing for blowing down their houses. After all, I am a wolf and that's what I do. They have to see my side of things. It took a lot of energy to huff and puff and blow down three houses! I still need a nap every day. Now those pigs are living in a new house, just one house and not three separate shacks. Huffing and puffing and blowing down this new house are going to take three times the breath to blow down than the last three did. Why should I apologize? That just takes more energy. And right now, I need a nap!

The Pigs and Their House



While the wolf sleeps, we're surveying his house to figure out the best strategy to blow down his house. We want to make sure the wolf is in it when we blow it down. Or up. Whichever way, as long as it works. We will identify ourselves by number instead of name so no one can trace us.

The Pigs



Pig #3: Let's tiptoe over while he's sleeping and huff and puff and blow his house down.

Pig #2: So, we tiptoe over to the wolf's house. Here we are. You cover the back Pig #1, and you cover the right side, Pig #3. I'll stand here in front and when I say huff, puff, and blow, we'll all huff, puff, and blow together."

Pig #1: That's what we did. We all huffed and puffed and blew together at least fifty times. I think we moved a rock on the roof an inch to the left. And we made so much noise, we woke up the wolf. Remember?

The Wolf



Yeah, I was sound asleep and having the weirdest dream. I dreamed I left the back door open and a breeze was blowing through the house. Just a tiny breeze, but a breeze. I woke up and went to close the door, and then I saw him. A pig was

standing there in the back of my house doing something with his cheeks. I said, “Hey, what do you think you’re doing?”

“I don’t think, I know what I’m doing,” the pig says to me and he proceeds to blow a feather in my face. I don’t mean a real feather, I mean a feather of wind. I swear to you, it felt like a feather. I just laughed at him and slammed the door in his face. “Now go away and leave me alone,” I yell out the window. He went away.

The Pigs



“That didn’t go too well,” Pig #3 said as they trudged back to their house on the other end of town from the wolf’s house. We have to come up with another plan.

“Why don’t we tunnel in?” said Pig #2.

“How do we tunnel into the wolf’s house?” Pig #3 said.

“I think I know how to tunnel into the wolf’s house. I just don’t know if it will work or not,” Pig #1 said.

“How do we do it?” the other two pigs asked.

“Here’s how we do it,” said Pig No. 1. “We wait until after dark and we go around to the back of his house. We take our hammer and chisels and shovels and we take out as many stones as we can. We dig a tunnel right through the stones into his house and then we huff and puff and blow through the tunnel. That will work a lot better than blowing around the house.”

“We’re going to have to take a flashlight,” Pig #3 said. “It gets pretty dark out there at night. And you have to see to dig a tunnel.”

“I have a flashlight,” Pig #2 said.

That night, the pigs, with Pig #2 holding the flashlight and Pigs #1 and three carrying the hammer and chisel, tiptoed their way to the wolf’s house and crawled around to the back door. Grunting and tugging, Pigs #1 and #3 managed to pull out three heavy rocks while Pig #2 held the flashlight. “Ouch!” Pig #2 hollered when Pig #1 dropped a rock on his toe, knocking the flashlight from his hands.

“Shhh! Tone it down,” Pig #1 hissed. “He’ll hear you!”

All three pigs held their breaths and stood still, waiting for the wolf to open his back door and stick his nose out into the night air and sniff for the smell of fresh pig. After a minute, the wolf opened his back door, stuck his nose out into the night and sniffed for the smell of fresh pig.

The three little pigs dropped flat on the ground and held their breaths. The flashlight, hammer, and chisel dropped flat on the ground with them, but with a loud clatter.

“Is that you, Sarah Jane?” the wolf hollered.

“Yeah, it’s me,” Pig #1 said in a high squeaky voice. I’m on my way home, and I dropped my purse. I didn’t mean to scare you, Wolfy. Go back in the house. It’s cold out here!”

“Are you sure?” the Wolf said. “You don’t sound right.”

“I’m freezing and I want to go home by the fire,” Pig #1 told him. “See you tomorrow.”

All three pigs held their breaths and sharpened their ears, waiting for the sound of the slamming door. Slam, went the door. The Wolf had gone back inside his house.

The pigs spent the next three hours hammering and chiseling rocks and digging through hard packed dirt. Finally, their chisel hit loose dirt and a wall, and they burst into the wolf’s kitchen.

“Hurry up before he hears us,” Pig #3 said.

“HE ALREADY HEARD YOU,” the Wolf roared. You don’t think I fell for that high voice trick, did you? Now, I’m going to huff and puff and blow all of you and your tools right back down the tunnel.” And he did just that, as well as hitting them with some small rocks as a parting shot. Pig #1 picked up one of the rocks and put it in his pocket. “I need to look at this in the light,” he muttered.

The three pigs picked themselves and their tools up from the ground and ran back to their house. None of them slept well that night and by the next morning at 7 o’clock, Pig #1 sat at the kitchen table looking at the rock he had taken from his coat pocket. “Magnetic rock. I thought so,” he said thoughtfully.

“What does magnetic rock have to do with our huff, puff, and blow problem?” Pig #2 said.

“We need to blow that Wolf clear up into the sky,” Pig #3 said.

Pig #2 snorted with laughter. “We don’t have enough hot air to blow down the wolf’s house, even if we huff and puff bigger and better than him.

Pig #3 said, “We need to think of another way to get rid of him and his house.”

Pig #1 said: I think I have an idea. I know I have an idea! Science class!

Pig #2 asked, “What do you mean science class?”

Pig #3 scowled. “We don’t have time for your nerdy science projects. We have a problem to solve.”

Pig#1 said, “We can huff and puff and blow the wolf’s house down by using my nerdy science.”

Pig #2 asked, “How do we do that?”

Instead of answering, Pig #1 pushed back his chair and went to his science closet. He pulled out a cardboard box the size of a moving crate and pulled two huge magnets from it. Then, he pulled his cell phone out of his pocket and made a call. Pig #2 and Pig #3 couldn’t hear the conversation, but Pig #1 sounded happy with the conversation. “Let’s go,” he said to the other two. We have a job to do.”

The three pigs made their way to the wolf's house, lugging the magnets behind them. They also left a trail of small rocks behind them, because they couldn't hold the magnets entirely off the ground, so they gathered small stones as the pigs walked along. The pigs arrived at the wolf's house and dragged the magnets and rocks around to the back door. Each pig took a magnet and held it up to the sides of the house. Soon, each magnet had a long tail of rocks gathered from the sides of the house.

The magnets had attracted so many rocks that the back door fell outside, leaving a large hole in the wall. The three pigs huffed and puffed and blew with the force of a vacuum cleaner hose. The hole got bigger, but the house didn't fall down.

"Let's go home before the Wolf comes out, Pig #3 said.

The pigs picked up their magnets and had turned to go when The Wolf emerged from around the corner of the house, carrying a bucketful of rocks.

"What have you done to my house?" the Wolf said. Before he could say anything else, he and the bucketful of rocks shot through the air and landed smack on the end of the magnet that Pig #3 was carrying.

"I'm going to get you for this!" the Wolf shouted, his legs dangling in the air.

But before long, he changed his shout to "Get me down from here!"

"Not until we talk about a peace treaty," Pig #1 told him.

The wolf growled no, no, no. He growled his nos for another hour before he finally agreed to listen to the Pigs and Pig #3 put down his magnet, while the other two held on to theirs, just in case the Wolf changed his mind. Then Pig #2 pointed to the sky with his magnet-free hand. "What is that? A hot air balloon? What's a hot air balloon doing here?"

"I called my friend Bernie who owns the place," Pig #1 said. "We need to hold our peace talks with the possibility of blowing. We need to explore all of the blowing possibilities. Get in everybody!"

Everybody got in and Bernie arranged the ropes and the balloon soon floated above the wolf's house. The three pigs and the wolf stared at each other for a minute and

then looked away. They studied the view from the sides of the balloon. “It’s beautiful down there,” Pig #3 said.

“My back door used to be beautiful,” the Wolf said.

“So did my house,” said Pig #1.

“So did my house,” said Pig #2.

“So did my house,” said Pig #3.

“Let’s talk,” said Pig #1.

“I’ll talk,” said Pig #2.

“Well, maybe...” said Pig #3.

“Okay,” said the Wolf.

The wind huffed and puffed and blew the hot air balloon across town to the three pig’s house and then back to the Wolf’s house and the wind carried the sound of voices.

Wolf and Pig-Dog



Wolf's Story

I do have a name, but you can call me Wolf. Or, if you really must know my name is Brownie. Do I look like a Brownie to you? I don't look like a Brownie to me. I look like a Wolf.

My life story isn't that unusual except for one thing-my best friend is a Guinea Pig. Her long name is Guinea Pig, but I just call her Pig. We met at the vet's office and we didn't start out as friends. At first, I didn't even want her to be a Guinea Pig. I didn't even KNOW she was a Guinea Pig. Here is the true story of our first meeting.

One day at home I found this soft and furry treat that my boy left under his bed and I ate it. It tasted starchy and stringy, but I kept chewing and finally swallowed the whole thing. I had an awful belly ache and finally my belly hurt so bad that my boy and his mother and father took me to the vet.

I shiver when I think about what happened next. A person in white grabbed me, stuck me with a needle, and that's the last thing I remember until I woke up. My tummy hurt and I couldn't only look straight ahead because somebody, probably that doctor, the vet they called him, had put a stiff thing, something like a collar with walls over my head. I howled. I cried, I barked, "take it off." Nobody answered me. I felt so lonely and miserable that I cried. Then I heard this soft voice in the next cage. The voice said, "Calm down there, fella. I'm here to help."

She helped me. She told me everything would be alright. She told me my tummy would feel better. She told me my boy would come and taken me home. She listened to me without laughing at me. She said her name was Greta. Her voice was as smooth as the sock that I had swallowed. In fact, she was the one who told me I had swallowed a sock. She had heard the vet tell the boy the size of the sock – extra-large!

By the next day, Greta was my best friend. We tapped Morse Code against the walls. The woman in the white coat took us out into the backyard and walked with us. Greta walked besides me the whole time we were out there. We slipped notes under the door. Greta was my friend. She listened to me, she talked to me, she cared about me. I was so happy I wanted to hug Greta, but I couldn't get the cone off my head. I bumped around my cage so hard trying to get it off that the woman in the white coat came running.

The woman in the white coat must have told my boy about me and Greta because the next day when he came to visit me my boy put my paws on his knees. He looked me straight in the eye and said, "I hope you know what Greta is. "Brownie, Greta is a Guinea Pig."

I tail wagged my signal for I don't care. I wondered what he meant by a Guinea Pig.

I asked her about it later.

"What's Guinea Pig?" I asked Greta.

"I'm not a Guinea Pig, I'm a Guinea Pig dog," she said.

I didn't even know what a Guinea Pig dog was and I didn't care. I wanted to talk to Greta more than I wanted to wonder, so I talked to Greta some more. I asked her questions and she told me answers.

"No, I don't come from Guinea. Pig is part of my last name because I have a full figure. Some people say I am fat like a pig, that's why pig is my last name. But I'm not really that fat and I'm not really a pig, I'm more like a dog. I'm a Guinea Pig Dog. And I'm not from Guinea in Africa. I'm not even from Africa. "

"Where are you from?" I managed to bark.

"My family tree started in the Andes Mountains in Peru in South America. The Guinea in my name refers to the South American Country called Guyana."

"Woof! You are a classy Guinea Pig," I woofed. "I'm just a humble mutt from Massachusetts who used to belong to Grandpa Tim, according to my boy."

"My Aunt Polly told me that the Guinea in Guinea Pig started when sailors brought them from South America and sold them for a guinea. Uncle Stephen says that's not true. They argue about it all of the time."

"What's a Guinea?" I asked her.

"Aunt Polly says it's an old English coin."

"I have a coin," I told her. I had noticed it in the corner of my cage. My boy must have dropped it when he visited me today."

I handed Greta the coin. "It's your own guinea," I told her. Yes, I lied to her about the coin, but she won't know the difference. Nobody in this country uses guineas anymore.



Greta jumped up in the air so high, she hit the side of my cone. "I blinked and shook my ears as far as they would do without hitting the sides of my cone. Watch it. What are you doing Greta?"

"I'm popcorning," Greta said. "Guinea Pigs always do that when they're happy. I'm happy, Wolf. I'm

happy with my guinea. I'm happy that you're my friend, Wolf. I'm happy!"

I wagged my tail about boy hip high. At least I can still do that. In wolf language wagging my tail hip high means I'm happy tail wagging. I means I am very happy and contented. You make me feel that way, Greta. I'm happy that you're my friend, Greta Pig-Dog!"

Greta and I should have walked off from the vet cave, tails wagging and paws prancing. We didn't. Instead, we each ran in different directions, crying. Here's what happened. It all started with a yawn.

Greta's Story

Yes, I lied to him about being a pig-dog. As long as he has to wear the cone and just look straight ahead, he won't know the difference as long as I don't stand directly in front of him.

I wasn't standing in front of him when Wolf's boy yawned. I was sitting in front of my cage watching his boy visit him and wishing that I had a boy to love me too. The boy looked tired and pretty soon he yawned. Almost as soon as he yawned, Wolf yawned too. The boy walked way, maybe to find a place to take a nap and still yawning, Wolf came to the front of his vet cage and said, "Greta, are you there?" Then he yawned again. Before I knew it, I was yawning too and I didn't want to be yawning. I had lots of things to get done before I could go to bed. This yawning business irritated me, but I couldn't help yawning. Wolf saw me yawning.

"That's the way it happens with people too. You see one yawn and you want to add a yawn of your own. You yawned too, Greta Pig Dog. Good friends yawn together."

"What if we aren't good friends, Wolf?" I shouted. After all, what could a Wolf and a Pig-Dog have in common? Lies?

I couldn't take it anymore. I think I got angry because I didn't want to hear my lie anymore, so I wanted to get rid of the person who kept repeating it, even though Wolf didn't know it was a lie. I knew it was a lie, though.

"I don't want to be your friend anymore," I yelled at Wolf. I ran away crying.

"You make me so sad," he said, running away and crying.

His boy ran after him and brought him back to his vet cage. The vet came and brought me back to my vet cage.

“I didn’t mean to lie to you,” I yelled at Wolf.

“I didn’t mean to lie to you,” Wolf yelled back at me.

“You what?” I said.

“You what? Wolf said.

“I have something to tell you,” I told Wolf.

Wolf howled a low, ashamed howl. “I have something to tell you,” he said.

Before I could say anything else, the vet took the cone off of Wolf’s head. Wolf turned his head and looked straight at me, then crooked, and then straight again. I looked straight at him, then crooked, and then straight again.

“My name isn’t Wolf, it’s Brownie,” he said. “And I’m not a Wolf, I’m a dog.”

“My name is Greta and I’m not a Pig-Dog, I’m a Guinea Pig,” I said.

“Are we still friends?” we said together.

“I’m happy tail wagging,” Brownie said.

“I’m popcorning,” I said.

And then we hugged each other.

Paul, the Peaceable Pig and Freddy the Fighting Frog



“Warning! Better watch out,” Paul the Pig’s best friend Freddy Frog croaked at him from the edge of his lily pad floating in the Lily Pad Pond.

“What are you warning me about, Freddy?” Paul asked.

Hannibal the Horrible Hog is marching to our pond with his three Brothers Boarish again and this time he told me to tell you that he is going to take over Lily Pad Pond and kick us both out into the world.

“I don’t want to go out into the world, Freddy. I like living here with you.”



“If you want to keep living here with me, you’re going to have to fight Hannibal the Horrible Hog and his brothers,” Freddy said.

“I don’t want to fight them. I don’t even know how to fight,” Paul said.

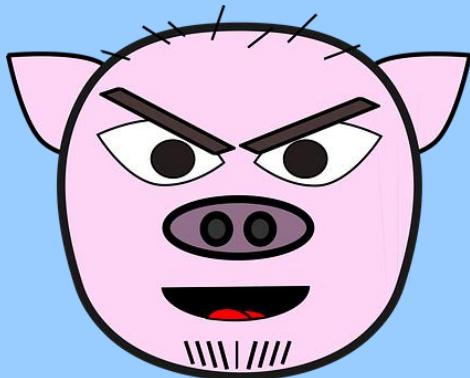
“I can show you how to sock them in the snout and throw water in their faces.”

“But that won’t make them go away for good,” Paul said. “They might go away for a little while, but they’ll come back and we’ll have to do it all over again.”

“Not if we hit them hard enough,” Freddy argued.

“There’s got to be a way to get rid of them for good,” Paul said. Then he scratched his head. “I just have to figure out what it is.”

Paul figured and then he figured some more, but he still didn’t get any ideas. One day while he sat beside the Lily Pond figuring, Hannibal the Horrible Hog and his three brothers marched down the bank and stood over him. They all scowled at him.



“We came to fight,” Hannibal the Horrible Hog,” said.

“I’ll go first,” Mean said. He splashed water in Paul’s face.

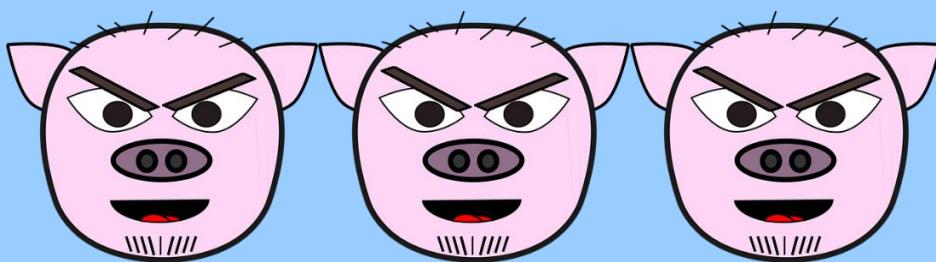
Paul sat with his hands folded in his lap. “I’m not going to fight with you, Mean,” Paul said.

Suddenly, a jet of water shot up in Mean’s face. “So, you do want to fight with me,” Mean said.

“I didn’t splash you,” Paul said.

“Well, somebody did,” Mean growled.

“I did!” Freddy jumped onto a lily pad. “Go away or I’ll splash you some more.”



Mean

Meany

Big Meany

Meany stood in front of his brother Mean. “I dare you to do that again!”

Freddy backed to the edge of the Lily Pad and then splashed an even bigger jet of water on Meany than he had splashed on Mean. He even stuck out his tongue, the length that he used to catch flies, at Mean.

Then Big Meany stepped in front of Meany and Mean with a pail of water in his hand. He dumped the pail of water over Freddy Frog and Paul. "This is just the first of the fights we're going to have with you," Big Meany told them. "And we're going to win everyone of them. We'll be back tomorrow for fight number two."

Big Meany picked up the empty pail and grabbed each of his brothers by the one ear. "Come on you two. We have plans to make."

Freddy shook the water off his head. "Come on Paul. We have plans to make."

Paul shook the water off of his head and back and each leg. He watched Hannibal the Horrible and Mean, Meany, and Big Meany walk away passing the pail between them and splashing water on each other.

"What kind of plans are we making, Freddy?"

"I was just going to ask you the same thing, Paul."

"Let's sit down and think about it," Paul said.

Freddy and Paul sat. Freddy caught flies and Paul thought. And thought. And thought. But he couldn't think of a way to make Hannibal the Horrible and his brothers go away without a fight.

Suddenly, Paul felt something hard hit him on the snout. "Ow!" he cried, rubbing away the sting and picking an acorn off his nose. "Quit throwing nuts at us, Squirrel."

"I'm not throwing them at you, Squirrel said. I throwing them on the ground so I can dig a hole and bury them. I need to eat them this winter and there are so many nuts, so little time to bury them."

"I'll help you bury your nuts if you promise not to hit me in the head with them," Paul said.



"I can use all of the help I can get," Squirrel said. "When are you going to start helping me?"

"Right now," Paul said.

"Be careful you don't run into any geese when you're rooting around looking for acorns," Freddy warned Paul. "They're grazing around the pond today instead of at

the farm and you know how they are. They would just as soon hiss at you and chase you away before they even look at you."

"Hmm...chase me away," Paul said thoughtfully.

"I can hear you thinking. What are you thinking?" Freddy demanded.

"I'm thinking that if geese see pigs rooting for the acorns they want, they just might chase them away."

Freddy laughed. "All you have to do is get the acorns, the pigs, and the geese together. How are you going to do that?"

"Here's how we're going to do that, Freddy. You said you'd help and you're going to be a big help. You're going to get the lily pad pond P.A. system going."

"What's the lily pad pond P.A. system?" Freddy asked Paul.

"It's when you get all of your family and friends to sit on every lily pad in the pond and croak "Acorns! Acorns!" as loud and long as you can," Paul explained. "The geese will hear that there are acorns and they will come flying, if they aren't already here."

"How will we get Hannibal the Horrible Hog and his brothers to come back?" Freddy asked.

"I am going to go oak tree shaking and they're going to find me and help me," Paul said.

"How will they find you?" They don't understand the lily pad P.A. system," Freddy said.

"Come with me and I'll show you how they will find me. You have to help me," Paul told him.

Paul led the way to Oak Grove, the grove of oak trees that grew near the far corner of lily pad pond. “We need more acorns. I’ll start shaking trees over here and you take the ones in the next row.”

Freddy stopped hopping alongside Paul and croaked at him, “You expect me to climb a tree and shake it for acorns? I’m a frog, remember?”

“I expect you to jump on the lower branches and shake down some acorns,” Paul told him. “You said you’d help. Put some jumping behind your words.”

“Jumping?” Freddy croaked.

“Jumping,” Paul said.

“You can jump up and knock down acorns, and I can shake branches and knock down acorns.”

“I can’t jump branch high,” Freddy said.

“You can do your best. And I think your distant cousin the tree frog up there will help you by throwing down some acorns,” Paul said.

“My cousin, Phil? I only see him about once a year and that’s only in spring!”



“He’s up on branch number four of this tree, ready to throw down acorns. Ready Phil!”

“Ready!” A soprano croaking song drifted down and then an acorn plopped down beside Freddy. “

“I’ll help too,” Squirrel said.

“Let’s collect acorns, Freddy.”

Freddy jumped to the lowest branch on the tree and started throwing acorns to the ground. Freddy and Paul made so many piles of acorns that the ground under the trees looked like a family of moles had been at work piling up mounds of dirt under the trees.

Then Paul stopped piling acorns. “Now comes the next step,” he said. “That means I have to go home for a time. “I’ll be back in about an hour. Keep piling acorns, but listen as sharp as a thorn. When you hear me and Hannibal and his brothers coming, you and Phil throw as many acorns at them as you can.”

Freddy and his cousin Phil kept piling acorns. Paul put handful of acorns in his pocket and hurried to his sty. He made a sign, using red poster board and colored markers. The sign said:

Hannibal and the Mean brothers live in a shed,
Couldn't find an acorn if it hit them in the head!

Drawing the final flourish on the shed with a brown marker, Paul fastened the sign to a broom handle and marched to the Hannibal and the Mean brothers shed. Paul stood in front of the shed with his sign. "Hannibal lives in a shed instead of a sty, He doesn't want to tell anybody why," Paul shouted. He took an acorn from his pocket and threw it against the shed door.

Hannibal opened the door and shook his fists at Paul. "I'll get you for this!" he shouted.

Paul shouted, "Hannibal and his Mean brothers live in a shed,
Couldn't find an acorn if it hit them in the head!"

Paul threw another acorn at Hannibal, hitting him in the head this time.

"Hannibal squealed in rage. "Come on boys," he yelled to his brothers. "Let's get him."

Hannibal and the mean brothers burst out of the shed door aimed at Paul like arrows seeking their target. Clutching his sign and acorns, Paul raced toward Oak Grove. Occasionally, he stopped long enough to throw acorns at Hannibal and his Mean brothers. Through the grunting and snorting of racing pigs and the plunk of acorns hitting their pig targets, Paul heard geese honking. The Lily Pad P.A. system had worked. Now it was up to Paul to make the rest of his plan work. He had to coordinate the geese and pigs to come together at just the right moment. And what were the frogs doing?

Paul ran as fast as he could feeling his sign bob up and down and occasionally slap him in his front legs. He listed for the geese, but he couldn't hear them honk honking any longer. He reached the edge of the grove of oak trees, but he couldn't hear any geese honking. While he tried to decide what to do, Paul waved his sign in front of him like a battle flag in front of Hannibal and his brothers:

"Acorns, acorns everywhere, crunchy, fat, and big,
Acorns, acorns everywhere, but not one for a mean pig!"

Paul threw a handful of acorns in front Hannibal and his brothers. “Bet you can’t pick them up one by one,” he taunted.

“Bet we can. Then we’re going to tie you to one of those trees and throw them at you,” Hannibal threatened.

Paul threw another handful of acorns at them. He reached in for more and his hand closed over empty air. “What am I supposed to do now?” Freddy, where are you?” he muttered. Hannibal was getting closer and closer. Paul could see that Hannibal’s eyes were blue with spots of red. He was getting ready to hit Hannibal over the head with his sign, when a shower of acorns hit Paul, Hannibal, and the Mean brothers and scattered and spattered off their backs.

“Acorns to eat,” Mean yelled, galloping toward them with his mouth open.

“Get out of my way!” Meanie yelled, pushing Mean down and jumping over his back.

Big Meany didn’t say anything. He just plowed through his brothers like a cement truck and headed for one of the piles of acorns.

As Paul stood watching them, a heavier shower of acorns splattered around them. Freddy and Phil were adding another shower for a safety net. Then Paul heard geese honking and a flock of especially healthy and fat Canada geese exploded into the clearing, their necks outstretched. “Go away! Those acorns are ours!” The geese hissed at Hannibal and his brothers who were still gobbling acorns.

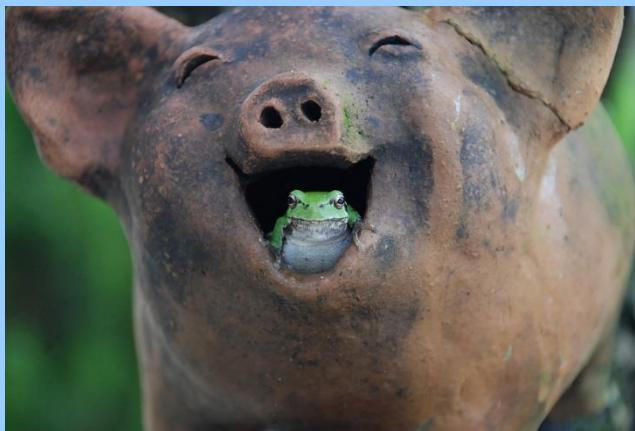


Hannibal and his brothers were so busy gobbling acorns that they ignored the geese. The geese didn’t ignore them. The geese stretched their necks out even more and hissing, they charged the pigs. One goose grabbed Big Meany by the tail and pulled it like it was a worm. Another goose grabbed Meanie by the

leg and dragged him under a tree. Freddy and Phil hit him with a shower of acorns. Still another goose grabbed Mean’s ear, pulled him over to a pile of acorns, and sat him in the middle of it. The rest of the geese piled acorns over him.

“Okay, Freddy and Phil. We have to decide how to get rid of Hannibal and the mean boys when the geese get through playing with them. How are we going to do that?” Paul asked them.

Paul answered his own question. "We are going to chase them," he said. "You and Phil and Squirrel are going to hop from tree to tree and throw acorns at them and I will chase them on the ground. All three of us and the geese should be able to run them out of Oak Grove. "Let's go!" Paul said. He grabbed his sign, and charged Big Meany. The geese ran after Hannibal the Horrible Hog, Mean, and Big Meany. Squirrel, Freddy, and Phil threw acorns on the backs Hannibal and the Mean brothers. Hannibal and his brothers ran squealing out of Oak Grove and back to their shed, slamming the door behind them.



Paul left a pile of acorns on the porch. Then he and Squirrel, Freddy and Phil, and the flock of geese made their way back to Oak Grove. The geese ate their way through the piles of acorns that were left. Then their leader took his place ahead of the V in the sky and they flew away toward the South, honking a goodbye. Squirrel and Phil each picked an oak tree to climb and

said goodbye to Paul and Freddy.

Freddy shivered. "It's getting cold out here. I think I'm going to hibernate tonight."

"I'll help you get warm before you hibernate," Paul said.

And he did.