

Three Little Pigs

Authors note.

I apologise in advance if the language or content of the following story offends you. This story is definitely not intended for children. I am writing this while stuck in a hotel room in the town of Novara in the north of Italy. It might be a wonderful place for those people who live here but for an English speaking foreigner who has to work here week after boring week trying to fix a malfunctioning mass spectrometer in a Chemistry lab, it ain't much fun. Believe me. I have had a particularly bad day today so I intend to swear a lot in this story in the forlorn hope that it may cheer me up a bit. You never know, it might do the same for you too.

One morning, the three little pigs were sitting down to eat breakfast with their mother and father.

Their mother stood up and began to speak to them.

"Your Father and I have decided that it is time for the three of you to go out into the wide world and fend for yourselves," she said, "Isn't that right dear?" She looked across at their Father who just nodded and continued eating his boiled egg.

"But Mum, said the second little pig, "We are only six months old."

"Be that as it may," said their mother, "The time has come and there will be no arguments. Our minds are made up." She crossed her arms and began tapping her foot.

The three little pigs knew there was no point in protesting further so they got their things together and prepared to depart.

As they left the house, their mother kissed them on their heads and handed each of them a small package.

"Here is some money for you to get started in your new lives," she said. From upstairs they heard their Father's voice.

"Hurry up my dear," he called, "I've got something big, pink and hard waiting for you."

"Coming Darling," she shouted back then ran off up the stairs giggling like a little schoolgirl. "Oh, by the way," she called back over her shoulder as she went, "Watch out for the big bad wolf and don't forget to shut the door behind you."

"Bollocks." said the first little pig as he slammed the door behind them.

"Well, I must say that was a little unfriendly of her," said the second little pig in his very poshest accent.

"I wouldn't say unfriendly exactly," said the first little pig, "They just wanted to get rid of us so's they could spend all day shagging each others brains out."

"I cannot believe that," said the second little pig, "Our parents would never do anything so absolutely disgusting."

"You really are a naive little twat aren't you?" said the first little pig, "Where

do you think we came from? They didn't just find us under some gooseberry bush you know."

"Don't be silly." said the second little pig, "The Stork brought us. Mummy told me."

The third little pig finally decided to speak. He didn't do so very often as he preferred to carefully think everything through before making a comment.

"You know," he began in his slow drawling voice, "Our brother is probably right. It must be rutting season by now."

"Rutting season?" said the first little pig, listening to the grunting and groaning coming from the open window upstairs, "It's more like a free-for-all Shagfest."

The second little pig didn't like the way this conversation was going so he decided to try and change it's direction.

"What shall we spend our money on?" he asked.

The first little pig couldn't believe his ears.

"What sort of question is that?" he asked, "You know damn well what we are going to spend our money on. You are going to buy a load of sticks. Lucky Bastard over there is going to buy some bricks and muggins here gets stuck with a load of friggin' straw. It says so in the story. How the Hell am I supposed to build a viable house out of straw anyway; it's got no tensile strength."

The third little pig looked as if he were about to answer so the first little pig waited impatiently for him to start.

"It is quite possible to build a perfectly usable shelter with straw," he said, "It's just a case of using the stems in such a way that they supply each other with mutual support similar to the way that the red Indians have done since time immemorial."

"You're talking about a wigwam aren't you?" said the first little pig, "You expect me to live in a fucking tepee? That's not what I call a proper house. The sort of thing I have in mind has four bedrooms, a proper kitchen and a hot tub."

"Mind you," he continued, "I've just had a thought. We all have the same amount of money don't we?"

They all counted their money and found that they did indeed have equal amounts.

"Right then," he said, "Consider this." He paused briefly for theatrical affect. This was a story after all.

"How much do you reckon it should cost to buy enough bricks to build a half decent house. You'll also need cement, sand, windows, Lintels, roof struts and tiles. Not to mention all the tools. No don't bother working it out." he looked meaningfully at the third little pig who was already punching keys on his lap top computer, "It was a rhetorical question."

"However much it costs," he continued, "you must have just about enough or there would be no point in even having it in the story would there?"

The third little pig nodded his head. The logic was inescapable.

"Right then, think about this. How much straw do you think I could buy for the same price? I reckon it would be about enough to cover a football pitch to a depth of twenty feet or so. What the fuck would I do with that much straw?"

"And another thing," he was on a roll now, "How are you planning to build a house out of bricks? I mean, what do you know about brick laying anyway?" After a suitable pause the third little pig replied.

"In anticipation of this day," he began, "I have been engaged in a series of lectures and practical lessons at night school and am now confident that I can erect a quite respectable dwelling place with the aforementioned building materials."

"Bloody typical," muttered the first little pig.

"Shouldn't we be happily skipping along singing who's afraid of the Big Bad Wolf about now?" asked the second little pig.

"Bollocks," said the first little pig.

They walked in silence for a while toward the town where they all planned to buy their building materials.

"I've got it," exclaimed the first little pig, "I know exactly what I'm going to spend the rest of my money on."

"We all know what you are going to spend your money on," said the second little pig, "straw."

The First little pig made a rude sign by putting the tips of the index finger and thumb of his right hand together to form a circle and then twisting his wrist rapidly back and forth.

(I know pigs don't have fingers and thumbs. Call it artistic license if you like. Anyway pigs don't really talk or build houses either do they? Look, nobody is forcing you to read this fucking story. Is there somebody holding a gun to your head?)

When they reached the town the first little pig disappeared into a pawnbrokers shop. He came back holding a long thin package in a white canvas bag, complete with shoulder strap. It was about two feet in length and looked for all intents and purposes like a two-part snooker cue.

"Right then," he said, "Let's get over to B&Q (*That would be Lowes or home depot to those of you in America*) to buy our house building stuff. I hear they deliver for free."

Several hours later, the first little pig guided the B&Q trucks back up to the site that he had chosen for his house and supervised the unloading of all his equipment. The white canvas bag was never far from his hand.

He had bought an enormous pile of straw, several do-it-yourself UPVC replacement windows and a very large mysterious crate filled with five litre cans. There were also some furniture and some sheets of plywood.

In the woods nearby, the Big Bad Wolf watched the strange goings on as the first little pig began to build his house. He was going at it in a very unusual way. He seemed to be making large trays from flat sheets of wood and then carefully laying straw in them. He was then pouring some sort of liquid over the straw. A little later he would turn the tray upside down and tap the back of it all over with a mallet. The result of this was that a kind of straw panel would fall out

onto the floor. The first little pig was making hundreds of these panels. Some were different shapes and sometimes he would put a window in the centre of the tray before adding the straw.

The Big Bad Wolf had absolutely no idea what was going on. All he knew was that it was taking ages. He couldn't just walk up to the first little pig and eat him; it wouldn't be right. He had to wait until the house was finished and the pig was inside. It was the proper protocol you see.

"Oh well," said the Big Bad Wolf to himself, "I suppose I might as well go and check out the houses that the other two little pigs are building. This little bugger is going to take weeks at this rate."

Off he went through the woods to the site that the second little pig had chosen to build his house.

When he first saw the house, he had to bite his tongue to stop himself laughing so loudly that he would give himself away. He immediately regretted doing this. (Wolves have very sharp teeth you know) With one hand over his mouth to contain the blood flow as much as to stop himself screaming in pain, he raced back into the woods. When he was far enough away he removed his blood soaked hand (paw for the purists among you) from his mouth and uttered a stream of obscenities.

"BUM, WILLY, ASSO, TIT, BREAST, PISS, POO, SHIT, BUGGER, DAMN!" he screamed, closely followed by the much less imaginative but possibly more satisfying, "FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, FUCKIN FUCK!"

The taste of fresh blood made him feel ravenously hungry even if it was his own. He couldn't wait to sink his teeth into a nice joint of pork.

As soon as he had managed to control himself, he again crept silently up to the clearing in which the second little pig was making such a balls up of a relatively simple project.

In the centre of the clearing stood a strange structure that resembled an upside down bird's nest.

The Big Bad Wolf wasn't sure that stood was the correct word for it; lurked or maybe squatted would be more accurate, he felt.

The second little pig was walking around the structure scratching his head. The Big Bad Wolf wondered what he was doing, then he realised what the trouble was. The stupid little twat had forgotten to put a fucking door in it so he couldn't get inside.

The Big Bad Wolf was still giggling to himself when he reached the Brick house being built by the third little pig.

This was more like it. This pig was playing by the rules. He had already laid an impressive foundation of concrete using a rented JCB and a truck full of ready-mix and was now just finishing off the sixth course of bricks. The frames for the front and back doors were already in place and the ends of pipes stuck up through the concrete. This little bastard's even going to have indoor plumbing.

The Big Bad Wolf turned around and went back into the woods. He was very tempted to go straight back to the home of the second little pig who would be easy pickings but he reluctantly decided to go back and wait for the first little pig.

"You never know," he thought to himself, "that dopey little git with the wooden thing (He couldn't quite bring himself to think of it as a house) might figure out how to get inside of it by the time I get around to him. Fuck! My tongue hurts. I am going to get him for that."

When the Big Bad Wolf got back to the house of the first little pig, he began to understand what it was that he was doing.

The First little pig had hoisted several of the smaller straw panels into vertical positions around the edge of a very large straw panel which obviously acted as a floor. He was fixing them into place somehow and then painting them with something.

"Weird," thought the Big Bad Wolf, "whoever heard of painting a straw house."

It was quite obvious that the first little pig wouldn't be finished for a long time yet so the Big Bad Wolf decided to head over to the other side of the woods where he could take the piss out of Little Red Riding Hood's granny for a while. She didn't half sound funny when she had her false teeth out.

It was a couple of days later when the Big Bad Wolf came back to the straw house of the first little pig. He was pleasantly surprised to find that the house was completely finished. This little pig worked fast. It was the strangest straw house that the Big Bad Wolf had ever seen and he had seen a lot of them in his years on the job.

They were usually funny little things that resembled wigwams. This one, however, was built on two floors. It had at least four bedrooms, a veranda and even a swimming pool. To finish it off, there was a neatly thatched roof. The walls were quite obviously made of straw; he could see the stems all over the building. Reassured, he made his way up the winding path to the front door. Something about this house didn't look right. Straw wasn't meant to be shiny like that, he was sure of it. And when it came to straw houses, he considered himself a bit of an expert. After all he had huffed and puffed and blown down hundreds of them. Something about this one looked a little too substantial though. The Big Bad Wolf suddenly began to have doubts as to whether he had enough huff and puff to actually blow this one down.

He walked up and rapped on the straw door. It was rock hard.

"Who is it?" came a voice from inside.

"It ith I, the Big Bad Wolth," thed (I mean said) the Big Bad Wolf. His tongue had swollen up considerably over the last day or so. He wondered if it might be going septic and hoped to hell that he hadn't given himself Tetanus or Rabies. He had read somewhere that wolves were often carriers of some pretty nasty diseases such as Canine Distemper. By far The worst part of it was that Little Red Riding Hood's granny had fallen about laughing when he had tried to frighten her then she had deliberately taken out her false teeth and quite accurately imitated his lisp. She had actually taken the piss out of him. It had been completely fucking humiliating.

"Open the door and let me in," he continued

"Fuck off!" said the first little pig, "I'm not in the mood."

The Big Bad Wolf was completely taken aback. It wasn't supposed to go like this. The pig was supposed to say something about the hair on his chinny chin chin. He had never completely understood that line but up until now every little pig had said it, word for word.

The Big Bad Wolf had no idea what to do so he did the only thing he knew how. He knocked on the door again and repeated his line.

"It ith I," the Big Bad Wolph," he said, "open the door and let me in."

"Get fucking stuffed," said the first little pig, "I've had a bad day and I'm completely knackered. Just leave me alone alright?"

The Big Bad Wolf was starting to become frustrated now.

"Look here pork chop," he said, "Jutht open the fucking door. I hathen't got all day you know."

"Oh for fuck sake, don't you ever take no for an answer," said the first little pig from some distance inside his house, "Don't make me come out there or you'll regret it. Anyway, what the fuck is a Wolph?"

This was just too much. Even the pig was taking the piss. Now he knew exactly what he had to do and he was just about angry enough to do it. He delivered his final ultimatum.

"Open up thith fucking door you nathty little rather of bacon or..." said the Big Bad Wolph (I mean Wolf).

"Or what? interrupted the first little pig.

"Or I will Huthh and I will Puthh and I will blow your houthe in," said the Big Bad Wolf.

"Yeah, right," said the first little pig in a mocking voice, "course you will you great overgrown hearth rug. Have you had a good look at these walls?"

The Big Bad Wolf reached out and touched one of the walls. It was as hard as rock and a bit sticky in places.

"What the fuck hath you done to thith thtraw?" asked the Big Bad Wolf.

"Epoxy resin," answered the first little pig, "Glass fibre in other words. You can Huth and Puth till you're blue in the face. This house is going nowhere so why don't you just save yourself the trouble and BOG OFF!"

"Oh Bollocth," said the Big Bad Wolf, "That'th fucking cheating that ith."

"Tough," said the first little pig, "Deal with it!"

The Big Bad Wolf turned around and slunk back into the woods with his tail between his legs. He was beaten for the moment and he knew it. It would be completely pointless to try and blow the house in and anyway his fucking tongue was killing him.

Over the next day or two, the Big Bad Wolf kept a close watch over the house of the first little pig. The little bastard had to come out sooner or later. His patience was eventually rewarded when the first little pig came out of his front door, a shopping basket in one hand and a strange object in a long thin white canvas bag in the other. The Big Bad Wolf waited for a few moments to see which way the first little pig would go and than sneaked around through the woods to pop out in front of him.

"AHHHA!" Shouted the Big Bad Wolf, "Now I've got you."

"Oh Fuck!" said the first little pig to himself, "It's the bloody talking fur coat again."

"I'm glad to see your tongue is better today," he said in politest voice.

"Why thank you very much," said the Big Bad Wolf, "It is much better. I must say I'm awfully glad that I haven't given myself Rabies or Tetanus. I was also very worried for a while about Canine Distemper."

While the Big Bad Wolf was talking, the first little pig had opened the white canvas bag and taken out the item inside. There was an ominous ch-chk sound and the Big Bad Wolf found himself looking down the business end of a pump action shot gun at point blank range. Something wet trickled down the inside of his thigh and a nasty smell began to emanate from inside his trousers.

"Oh Fuck, Oh Shit, Oh Fuck, Oh Shit," said the Big Bad Wolf.

"Let's see this get better then," said the first little pig as he pulled the trigger.

The back of the Big Bad Wolf's head exploded like an egg in a microwave oven. Bits of brain and blood sprayed every tree for twenty feet or more. His body toppled backward into the woods and out of sight.

"That'll teach the vicious bastard not to pick on helpless little pigs." Said the first little pig.

The first little pig skipped happily off into the woods toward his brother's house to see how the stupid little twat was getting on with those sticks he had bought. The first little pig had tried to warn him that the sticks ought to be at least six feet long but he had insisted on buying two-foot lengths instead.

"Oh well," said the first little pig to himself, "It should be good for a laugh anyway."

The End.