

The Three Little Pigs

This version by Bob Wilson at autoenglish.org

A sow is the name for a mummy pig and this sow was quite old to be a mummy pig. Nevertheless, she had three healthy piglets called George, Terence and Billy. Sadly, she had so many bills and so many taxes to pay the politicians, that she didn't have enough money to look after the three little pigs now that they were all grown up.

Some people say that pigs are greedy but they are really really generous compared to politicians, who make everyone suffer so they can eat in expensive restaurants, have houses in London and travel in business class.

Living at home had been great for the three little pigs. They got free meals and all their clothes washed and ironed. But it was no use, the sow was decided.

"Sorry boys," snorted the sow, "you gotta go."

"I'll gedda job tomorrow, Ma," the three little pigs answered back all together.

"George, off ya go," said the sow, not unkindly.

"But Ma, what am I gonna do now?" He was shocked and confused.

"Go travel, son." And the sow gave George a gentle but perhaps overly firm push out of the front door.

And so, George was on the road. No matter, he was a romantic and the idea of adventure appealed to his poetic heart.

George was really really handsome but rubbish at school. He was, nevertheless, a great guitar player and not bad at surfing. When he was a piglet, George was a star on a really really famous TV show. His co-star, his sister on the show but not in real life, was a real bossy boots, so people said. Anyway, he made a fortune, I mean tons of money. Unfortunately, George's father stole it all and ran away and was never seen or heard of again, although some said he was in Saudia Arabia where he felt safe.

George decided to head for the beach and there he built himself a hut out of straw and palm tree leaves. In more ways than one, as we shall find out later, George had built his house on sand. Anyway, so George would sit in the doorway of his beach hut in his favourite old jeans and his favourite old tee, playing guitar, especially songs by the Beatles. George was happy enough, although perhaps a little too thin.

The second little pig, Terence, had spent most of his time in his bedroom playing computer games and listening to music, especially the Doors. He was pale, ate too many savoury snacks and chocolate bars all downed with sugary fizzy drinks laced with caffeine and never ever did any exercise. Nevertheless, Terence was clever and loved old movies and reading and playing on his drum kit.

When the sow announced that Terence had to leave, he was shocked and confused. Maybe he could get a job somewhere in IT, which means using computers. His destiny however, at least for now, was data entry. He moved to the outskirts of town, not so far away from George's place, although not on the beach, and rented a house of sticks. Yes, a low rent district. The money he earned from his data entry job was enough to pay the rent and an internet connection and to keep him in savoury snacks, chocolate bars and sugary fizzy drinks laced with caffeine. Terence was fat pig.

The third little pig was called Billy and he was very different to his brothers. He was brilliant at school and very good to his Mum. His hobby was playing the piano, especially ragtime. Being asked to leave home by his mother was no big deal to Billy. In fact some people say the whole thing was Billy's idea in the first place. Perhaps he didn't like the way his mother did so much for his lazy brothers who would do nothing in return, not even mow the lawn for goodness sake! Mow the lawn means to cut the grass. Perhaps Billy also thought it was time George and Terence went out into the world.

When Billy left his mother's house, he already had planning permission to build his brick house on the rocks on a cliff. The house would have spectacular views of the ocean and the shore and actually he could see George's place down on the beach below. Indeed, starting at eight in the morning, George could hear the building work from Billy's cliff-top mansion from his beach hut, his house made of straw on the sand.

George and Terence teased their brother Billy about his being so perfect but Billy didn't mind. The three little pigs loved each other very much and often played music together: George on guitar and vocals, Terence on drums and Billy on keyboards. Maybe you've heard of the song the three little pigs sing the most.

"Who's afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?"

<Alexandra sings>

The Very Hairy One heard that there was a guitar-playing piggy living in a straw hut at the beach.

"Mmmm," thought the Hairy One, "organic pork."

The Hairy One had a terrifying appearance. "My, what big ears you have," Little Red Riding Hood had said to him in the past, "and all covered in hair."

Black hair poked out of his shirt and out of his sandals. Even his neck was really really hairy and so he was known by all as Wolfie. He told everyone he was vegetarian unless the meat was organic, so he was really really excited to hear about the pig living on the beach.

One afternoon, Wolfie turned up at George's place. He was sniffing a lot. He did that when he was hungry. And when Wolfie was hungry, he was also in a terrible terrible mood.

Now George, although a bit useless, was a really really nice guy and because of this, made lots of friends wherever he went. And so it was, that George's friends had warned him that Wolfie was in the hood and looking for organic pork. In other words, George was ready when Wolfie rocked up to his beach hut. In fact, George had been sitting in his doorway watching the beach through his rusty but trusty binoculars and he spotted Wolfie moving along on the sand. George got up and locked himself in. Five minutes later he heard the sniffing: a sniff-sniff sniffing all around his hut.

"Little pig, little pig, come let me in," said Wolfie outside the door of the straw building.

"Not by the hair of my chinny-chin chin," returned the little pig, respecting the original lyrics.

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!" snarled the Wolfie.

So he huffed and he puffed and he blew the house in; which was easy because the house or rather the hut, was made of straw, and built on sand. In an instant, the whole hut was bits of chaff, which is a word meaning small bits of straw, flying out to sea on an ocean breeze. But the little piggy was long gone. He had already sneaked out the back and run off with his rucksack, guitar and rusty binoculars and was like totally out of sight.

"Curses!" said Wolfie in a bored way. Somehow he kind of knew the pig had already escaped. His tummy was making gurgling sounds because he was so hungry. He suffered because he was always hungry.

Nevertheless, the Hairy One was well-informed. He had done his homework and he guessed the little pig had run to his brother's house, which was made of sticks and not so far away in the outskirts of town in a low rent zone. Wolfie bounded after the little piggy, sniffing and sniffing as he went.

Soon Wolfie found the house of sticks. Music was coming out through the window. It was *Echo Beach* by Martha and the Muffins. Cool or what?

Wolfie adjusted his sunglasses and thought, "Let's hope these piggies have good taste in more ways than one." And he chuckled to himself before taking a deep breath to utter the words:

"Little pigs, little pigs, come let me in."

The little pigs turned off the music.

"Sorry. What?" said Terence.

Wolfie was thinking. He knew that George was thin and that Terence ate too many savoury snacks and chocolate bars all downed with sugary fizzy drinks laced with caffeine. Trash basically and not organic. He had his mind on Billy, the clever pig who had just finished his brick house on top of the cliff. Billy was macrobiotic and pleasantly chubby. Roasted he'd be unreal. Wolfie licked his lips and realised that blowing down Terence's house was just a way of getting to Billy. Not really bothering to hide his boredom, he cleared his throat.

"(cough) Little pigs, little pigs, come let me in."

"Not by the hair of our chinny-chin chins." The piggies were getting ready to run.

"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house in!" yawned the Wolfie.

At the first puff the windows blew out and shards of glass crashed onto the sidewalk and shattered. On the second puff, the roof shot high into the air and the walls made out of sticks fell in, one by one making a really really neat pile.

“Curses,” said the Wolfie, pretending to be annoyed. He followed the trail of the pigs back towards the coast, sniffing and sniffing as he went. They were headed for Billy's new place: the brick house at the top of the cliff.

"Organic pork", thought the Hairy One and he salivated uncontrollably because Billy, the macrobiotic pig, was the one he really wanted.

“Jeeez, it’s a castle!” said Wolfie when he saw Billy’s house. “I can’t blow that house down. It’s made of bricks and it’s built on rock at the top of a cliff. This pig Billy is a practical pig. I’ll come back tonight.”

And Wolfie went home to get his specialist equipment.

So the three little pigs had a great time at Billy’s place. They had a jam session in the afternoon, which means they played their instruments together, just playing whatever came into their heads. George was on guitar and vocals, Terence on drums and Billy on keyboards. They finished up with an extended version of the song the three little pigs sing the most.

“Who’s afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?”

After dinner, which had consisted of miso soup, whole grain rice and seitan, the full little piggies lay down on Billy’s beautiful cream coloured sofas and listened to *The White Album* just as Wolfie, down at the bottom of the cliff, fired up a grappling iron, which is a kind of hook attached to a rope for catching onto things so you can climb up. The grappling iron made a clanking sound as it landed on the patio of the house at the top of the cliff. Wolfie pulled the rope so that the iron fixed itself onto the metal railing at the edge of the patio. An electric winch, a device for pulling things, took Wolfie up the cliff to the patio. And then Wolfie got in to the house through the dining room window. There were candles burning.

“Good evening,” said a beautiful security guard who was also a master of many martial arts, “we’ve been expecting you.”

Wolfie was about to jump out of the window and go back down to the bottom of the cliff when his nose stopped him. “Mmmmm, that smells like miso soup. And what’s this?”

“Wild mushroom vegetarian lasagne,” replied the beautiful security guard, “Please take a seat.”

And so the Wolfie sat down to a splendid meal. He even got homemade chocolate mousse made by the piggies' mum for dessert. It was sugar-free of course and stunningly good. And he felt utterly stuffed by the time he got onto the goat’s cheese at the end. He loved goat’s cheese. And then, he could eat no more. And that was precisely the piggies' plan.

“Come,” said the beautiful security guard, beckoning him with an index finger. He was shown through to the lounge where the three little piggies were relaxing and, as I told you before, were listening to the White Album by the Beatles. Piggies was playing, which was a song by George Harrison.

“Piggies,” said Wolfie, “how apt.” Which means “perfect for the occasion”.

“Too obvious,” said Billy.

“We hear you play bass,” said George. “It's over there.”

The Wolfie and the three little piggies jammed until dawn and then Wolfie decided to walk home along the beach and enjoy the sunrise. He was in a really really great mood.

Billy built a bar-restaurant-club type thingy at the beach called Piggy's near where George's beach hut made of straw had been. It did a roaring trade, which means it was full every night. His brother George was the barman, serving cocktails to tourists from the UK and Germany. Terence ran the software for the accounts and did all the electrics for disco nights and concerts. Wolfie was resident chef – vegetarian and all organic – although occasionally customers found long black hairs in their food. Wolfie was never hungry again, George put on a little weight and Terence was eating better and cut down drinking fizzy sugary drinks laced with caffeine to just one a week.

The customers loved dining at Piggies as the Sun went down and afterwards typically enjoyed a little ballroom dancing til midnight, especially the cha-cha-cha and fandango.

Although Piggy's was a strange name for a vegetarian restaurant, the dessert menu was truly excellent, their mother's homemade chocolate mousse being the customers' fave.

At weekends Billy came by with the sow their mother. He had built her a little condo on the rocks so she could be near her boys and they could keep an eye on her. She was especially glad the condo didn't have a lawn.

After living happily ever after for about six months, the local politician became jealous of the pigs' success. He told Billy he'd have to close Piggy's because it made too much noise or because it was too close to the ocean. I can't remember which.

So, Billy had to build the politician a luxurious home on the beach further down the coast and then the politician stopped bothering them. Just as well Billy was a practical pig.

After living happily ever after for a whole year, it was time for a celebration: Piggies first anniversary.

There was a special dinner and concert by Wolfie and the Three Little Pigs. Of course they played Whose afraid of the Big Bad Wolf for the fans. George's sister from the TV show was there for the occasion and got on stage to do a duet with George: Black bird from the White Album. She was a little out of tune at times but it didn't matter. Their last song of the night, the encore, was a song they were playing for the first time, All You Need is Love by The Beatles. The crowd went wild.

“Love is all you need,” thought Billy with a very large smile, “if you gotta a brother like me.”

There was a fishing boat anchored in the sea and a cormorant was sitting on it quietly and he could see the restaurant all lit up with pretty lights which looked like beads of coloured stones and he could hear across the water ob-la-di, ob-la-da.

The music stopped. It was late and the lights of Piggies were turned off and everyone went home to bed.

Now just the gentle sound of the surf washing up on the sandy shore was all that could be heard and the cormorant's eyes were closed til morning when the first customers would come for croissants and chocolate chaud when the bird will stretch out his wings and start a new day. And so this story has reached its finish. Good night, sleep tight and see you in the morning.