

The Three Little Pigs



A Tale freely adapted by Benoît Forget

Translated by Nathan Morse

Editor's Note

The origins of this story are lost to the mists of time. Our three little pigs may have emerged in Europe at the dawn of the eighteenth century, maybe earlier, but there are no remaining eyewitnesses — neither porcine nor human — to set the record straight. Nevertheless, this traditional tale has traversed the centuries, albeit in different forms. Each adaptation remains unique, and therefore, in keeping with this tradition, I, your devoted servant, shall tell you the tale of...



the three little pigs



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Once upon a time, as all the good stories begin, three little pigs decided to leave the home of their parents, in order to discover the world.



The first of the three brothers met a peasant on his path. The peasant came from the field, pulling a cart filled with very fresh straw. The piglet had an idea! He spoke to the man in these terms: “Well hello, my good sir! Your cart looks too heavy to pull, and I just happen to need straw in order to build a beautiful home that gleams like golden wheat under the summer sun! Could I relieve you of a few bundles? Please, mister peasant?”

Touched and relieved by the little pig's request, the man decided to accept the porcine proposal. The piglet got to work, and in no time at all, a beautiful house of straw stood before him! Because, as everyone knows, it takes little time to build this kind of house.

Proud of himself, the little pig sang and danced around his beautiful house... but he attracted an uncouth wolf who was prowling around. Upon seeing the wolf, the piglet took refuge inside the flimsy building. His bacon shaking in fear, he heard the wolf speak thus: “My regards, your porkiness! Look at you; I could just eat you up! Relax: I'm just a bit of a blowhard!”



The little pig, taking little comfort in these words, replied in the following manner: "By the pink of my snout, you will never enter!"

"Then so be it!" said the misguided wolf. "I'm going to blow away that bundle of straw you call a home!"

Like a tornado, one breath from the wolf was enough to blow away the house and the pig with it! Unfortunately, little piggy's first flight ended in the wolf's mouth...



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The second of the three pig brothers met a lumberjack carrying planks of wood on his shoulders. Although he was of a robust nature, the man was growing fatigued under the weight of his burden. The piglet had an idea!

He spoke to the man in these terms: "Well hello, my good sir! Those accursed boards seem to be hurting your shoulders, and I have great need to build a beautiful wooden house, as is done in the Arctic countries. Can I relieve you of some of these lovely planks? Please, mister lumberjack?"

Touched and relieved by the little pig's request, the man decided to accept the porcine proposal. The

piglet got to work, and in no time at all, with a few whacks of a hammer, a beautiful house of wood stood before him!

But all this noise attracted that terrible wolf, who was still prowling around. Upon seeing the wolf, the piglet barricaded himself inside his little wooden hut! The wolf approached him and said: "What a beautiful house, your serene baconness! It would be a pity to ruin it should I ever want to eat you... Relax: I'm just a bit of a blowhard!"

The little pig, sure of the strength of his building, replied thus: "By the fat of my hock, I will not end up in head-cheese!"

"Then so be it!" Said the misguided wolf. "I'm going to blow away this ridiculous hut that serves as your home!"

The wolf blew hard... but it was not enough. Only a few nails flew away. So the wolf blew a second time, creating such a hurricane that he blew away everything in its path, including the pig, who inopportunely flew into the wolf's mouth...



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The last of the three pig brothers met a mason transporting a wheelbarrow laden with bricks. The sun was at its zenith, making the man's task that much more difficult. The piglet had an idea!

He spoke to the man in these terms: "Well hello, my good sir! Those heavy bricks make your trip painful, and I have great need to build a brick house, red like fire, and solid as stone. Could I relieve you of a few briquettes? Please, mister mason?"

Touched and relieved by the little pig's request, the man accepted the porcine proposal. The piglet got to work, and after a few days of hard work, his beautiful brick home was completed!

After having extensively digested his last meal, the wolf passed by, and wondered: "Well, what is this aroma that reminds me of my last dinner? Let's take a closer look..."

That big fat wolf knocked on the heavy door and said: "What a solid edifice you have there, lord ham! It would be a pity for it to collapse under the power of my breath! Relax: I'm just a bit of a blowhard!"

Calmly, the little pig laughed at this smooth-talking wolf: "By my corkscrew tail, I scarcely tremble before your paltry lungs!"

Fairly irritated by the piglet's words, the wolf huffed once... twice... three times! But nothing moved... Since the wolf was less stupid than he was gutsy, he decided to lure the pig thus: "I know a field not far from here in which delicious turnips grow. Wouldn't you love to sample them? Let us rendezvous right here, around six o'clock tomorrow morning, and I'll take you there."

The little pig accepted the wolf's proposition, but not without a few ideas in his little pig head...



The next morning, the wolf pointed the tip of his muzzle toward the porcine home. To his great stupefaction, the house had doubled in size! All in one night! But a little note had been left to the attention of the distraught wolf: "Dear Mister Wolf, unable to wait any longer, I went alone to the turnip field you'd heard so much about. They were delicious! After picking them, I used the time that I had left to enlarge my building. So, now I am very tired... I would thank you not to bother me."

Furious at having been duped, the wolf pounded on the door with all his might, and woke the little pig from a deep sleep.

"Mister Wolf, is it you again? What do you want?" The wolf expressed his deep and and insincere disappointment to the little pig. He complained of not being able to feast in the company of this charming representative of heavenly pork products...



The little pig's plan was in place... He proposed that the wolf join him for dinner: "Dear friend, I can not leave you in this state, after you informed me of such a fabulous turnip field. Right now, I am extinguishing the hearth's fire so I can remove a great big pot of those delicious vegetables. Come back later so I can prepare you a sumptuous feast!"

Unable to wait any longer, the wolf decided to climb onto roof of the house. And yes! The little pig had said too much: The chimney flue was the sole entrance into this fortress of bricks. Without a second thought, the wolf slipped into the chimney. Sure of himself, he dropped down in order to surprise the little pig. But it was a very bad move, because the devious piglet had not removed the pot from the fire! Despite himself, the wolf plunged into the boiling water... The little pig put the lid on the pot, thus completing his angry wolf stew.



Since that time, the pig has become an outstanding mason, whose buildings are known for their resistance to breath. Every pig in the countryside appealed to him. Thus, the wolves, very distraught, have had no choice but to follow a strict diet... of turnips.



the end





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