

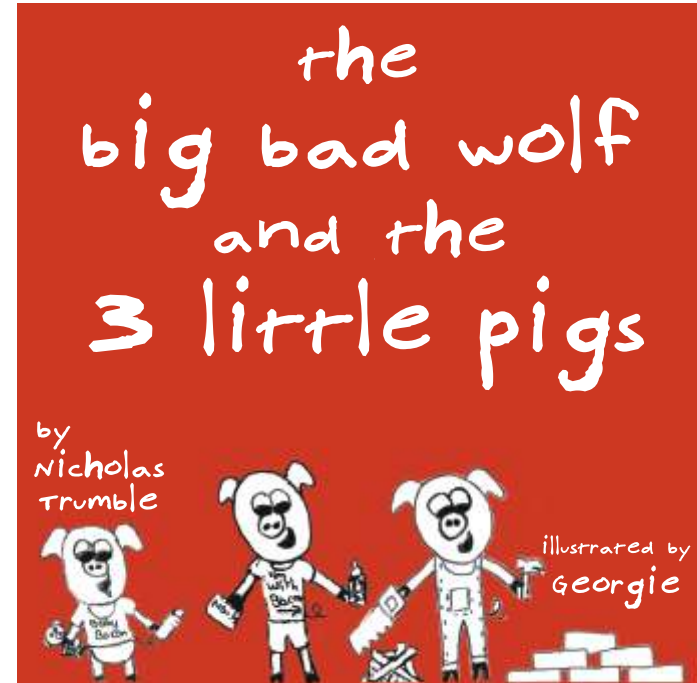
Any similarity between any of the characters depicted in this verse and any actual pigs or wolves, living or dead, is entirely intentional.



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The Big Bad Wolf and the Three Little Pigs

This is the story of the three little pigs,
Who got too big for their parents' digs,
So their Mother told them all one day,
To pack their bags and move away.

The first little pig was none too smart,
Not much brain but a great big heart,
And he built a house from bails of straw,
With no proper roof and a flimsy door.

His brother, piglet number two,
Had better things he liked to do,
He gathered up some planks and nails,
And though much sturdier than bails,
The walls of this substandard sty,
Had holes, through which a wolf could pry,
And as the pig would later learn,
A wooden house is good to burn.
But piglet brother number three,
Considered that security,
Would ensure he slept most sound,
So put foundations in the ground,
And thereupon he laid his bricks,

Four feet tall and two rows thick,
With sturdy windows and a big oak door,
A solid house from roof to floor.

The Big Bad Wolf, you've heard of him,
Had spent the day at his local gym,
And on returning home that night,
Beheld the most amazing sight,
Not one, not two, but three little lunches,
(And lunches rarely come in bunches,)
Had, just like Red Riding Hood,
Moved into his neighbourhood.
And as he was a cultured fella,
He chose a good wine from his cellar,
Set his table, washed his hands,
And set about his evil plans.

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"Hey Straw House pig, come out, come out!"  
The Big Bad Wolf began to shout,  
"Not by the hair of my chinny chin chin,"  
Said the pig "Let the huffing and puffing begin."

"OK," said the Wolf, with a puzzled frown,  
"Then I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down."

So he blew down the house and the pig ran away  
To the house of his brother, how cliché.

The stick house pig felt quite secure,  
But his straw house bruv was not so sure,  
"That wolf has quite a lot of puff,  
I doubt your house is strong enough."

But the Big Bad Wolf was getting thinner,  
"Hey little piglets, what's for dinner?  
I've brought matches and a knife and fork.  
What say we have some roasted pork?"

And so, with that, he lit a match,  
Lobbed it on the roofing thatch,  
Stood well back and watched it burn,  
(Now here's a lesson we should learn),

The second little Piggy's house,  
Had no automatic douse,  
And as the wood was dry as tinder,  
Soon there was no house, just cinder.  
The piggies ran off double quick,  
To see their brother in his house of brick,  
"Hey Bro the Big Bad Wolf is true.  
Do you mind if we stay with you?"

So they lit a fire and boiled some water,  
Hoping to avoid pig slaughter,  
They locked the doors and windows, too,  
To ensure the wolf could not come through,

"Hey pigs, I'm very hungry now,  
I really need some bacon chow,  
I don't need to huff and puff,  
I've got some new explosive stuff."

And, with this most violent ruse,  
He stood well back and lit the fuse,  
Of a great big stick of TNT,  
Threw it; counted one two three.

Then BANG!

The house was blown to smithereens,  
And three little piglets and their screams,  
Ran down the hill to their Mother's place,  
In the final wolf and piglet race.

"MUM!" they shouted, loud and clear,  
And as she saw them drawing near,  
With the wolf close on their tails,  
She took a scoop of rusty nails,  
Then, with little further fuss,

She loaded up her blunderbus,  
(Just one of her many guns),  
Took careful aim to miss her sons,  
And BANG! She fired her shot,  
Which hit the bad Wolf in the bot.  
"Ow!" he yelled, "Oooooowwwwww!  
I don't think I want bacon now."  
And so he went to see the nurse,  
Who told him that, "It could be worse,  
If the nails had hit your head,  
I think that you would now be dead."

The Big Bad Wolf has changed his ways,  
No chasing piglets nowadays,  
No longer such a scary'un,  
In fact he's vegetarian.

And you can see him if you want,  
At his favourite restaurant,  
Where he is welcomed every night,  
(No more do people run with fright,)  
"Bonsoir Monsieur Grand Mauvais Loup,  
You want your usual lentil soup?"

**THE END**

