Shakespeare’s The triad of Diminutive Swine – John Branyan

In time passed, though not long ago, there lived three pigs; in stature, little, in number, three, who being of an age both entitled and inspired to seek their fortune did set about to do thusly.

When they had traveled a distance, pig numbered first spake saying, “Harken brethren. Heed this impetuous realm! Tarry we far from hearth and home I fear we shall fair \*snort\* not well!” and so being collectively agreed, but individually impelled, the diminutive swine sought each to erect himself an abode.

Pig numbered one did construct his house of straw. Pig numbered two did likewise, though rather not from straw but instead from sticks. Meanwhile, unique in his imaginings, pig numbered three did erect his domicile, stalwart and garish, a structure made from brick entirely. Soon there happened along, as is frequently the scenario in classic tale of protagonist pig or red-hooded child, a wolf.

Carnivorous nature in full season, he called out to the straw ensconced swine saying, “Pray thee, little pig, grant me entrance.” But Pig One recalled with sage foreboding that “he is mad who trusts in the tameness of a belly pinched wolf” and responded immediately, “Nay! It shall NOT be! Indeed, not by wit or whiskered jowl!”

Prepared for this most expected response, the wolf replied immediately, “Then steel thyself, little pig! Forthwith shall I endeavor, employing means, both huffing and puffing, to dismantle yon flaxen fortress!” Whereupon there issued forth from the wolf an exhale of gale proportions that quickly rendered straw hovel to dregs and dross and carried aloft piglet and shattered quarters both.

Exposed now to claw and fang, Piglet One made haste, wolf in pursuit, to the stick festooned sanctum of peccary secondary, causing Pig Two to cry out in dismay, “Well, this knocks my knickers! The marshaling of feral wolf on my doorstep is nowhere among those circumstances amenable nor congenial!”

“A thousand pardons!” squealed One…“T’would seem the beast’s maim-full breath has purged me of home and sound judgment alike!”

The mighty maelstrom of the wolf’s exhale splattered second swine’s shack and shortened his sanctimonious scolding simultaneously.

“Lo and behold!” squealed Two, “stand we now amid wooded wreckage, tremulous and vulnerable with nary a strategy for eschewing the canine devour looming in deadly proximity!”

“Strategy?” squealed One. “While ‘tis noble to contemplate tactical particularities, pressed as we are with the time restraint forbidding detailed strategical conversations, I would URGE WE RUN!”

Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee!

Whether by their own fleet-footed competence or the wolf’s windless attitude, the diminutive swine arrived at their ultimate kindred neighbor’s inexpugnable brick ingress unscathed. Upon the third pig’s door with urgent hooves they pounded, calling out, “Unbar this entrance and with haste, we beseech thee!”

The third pig haled from the American colonies…and possessing a vocabulary substantially less robust than his impromptu visitors replied, “Say what?”

“Seek we sanctuary!” they implored on the verge of hysteria, “lest we fall forthwith to the ravenous appetency of yonder approaching carnivore!” Still confounded by their importunate words, Pig Three did render ajar his portal, whereupon One and Two spilled through and collapsed beyond the threshold, enervated.

“Y’all just wanted to come in? You could’a said that.”

The sinister hiss of the wolf could once again be heard outside, “Pray thee pigs, grant me entrance!”

“The wolf!” said One and Two.

“Wolf?” said Three. “What’chya suppose he wants?”

“He seeks to gain purchase within, indeed he would occupy this very alcove were he afforded the most meager of opportunities!”

“Right…I’m just gonna go ask him what he wants.”

“Under no circumstances!” squealed Two, flinging self bodily against the portal. “There is naught to be gained accosting the external opponent save our own immediate demise!”

“What did you say about my momma?”

House and occupants were again engulfed by a malevolent blast of wolfish wind. The foundation shook, the frame rattled, and lo, to the astonished eyes of piglet and encroaching scoundrel alike, stood the third pig’s lodging undaunted.

Good news for you, pig fans.

Aghast and dismayed, Pig Two queried of Pig Three, “How, against such relentless and torrential onslaught, does this domicile endure?”

Pig Three, puffed out chest, tapped a hoof to the hearth and responded, “It’s American made.”

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