

The Three Little Pigs – A Sequel (or Squeal)

Time passed and the third little pig and his mother settled back into life- not, perhaps the same life as they had before *The Wolf Incident*, as it came to be known – but one in which they could relax a little, knowing all would be well. But LP3 (his mother's name choice, not his) was becoming um, disgruntled. Not everything in the garden was rosy, not everything in the sty, warm mud and slops.

One day, mummy pig was dozing, a pot of potato peelings and carrot tops bubbling over the fire.

"Oh! You made me jump LP3," his mother said, "put the axe down and come and have a little chat. I don't feel we have had one of our talks for...well, I can barely remember. You seem to be growing so quickly these days, I'll have to change your name to BP3, or BP1, given what happened to your brothers, or..." then she shut up as she realised she was getting into hot water. To coin a phrase.

The third little pig dropped the axe and slumped in a chair.

"Yeah. Whatever." What was it with mother pigs? Always wanted to have 'little chats'. He lay back and waited for the inevitable questions.

"So, did you manage to find some wood?"

"Wood? Oh, yeah, wood. Nah,"

"No?! And why on Earth not? I don't know, LP3, these days--"

"I forgot, OK?! *You* forget fings. Nah, second foughts, y'know, I jus' couldn't be bovered! What's for tea?"

Mummy pig looked at her trotters, her eyes clouding over.

"Well," she said, trying to raise a smile, "it's hot potato peelings for starters, then carrot tops, then cold peelings to finish. Your *favourite!*"

"Crap."

"I *beg* your pardon! What did you say?!"

"Um, *crab*...it would be nice to try some *crab* one day. Uh, got to go out." And with that the little pig hauled himself out of his chair and headed for the door.

"I hope you're not going to see *Little* Bad Wolf. He's a bad influence on you," mummy pig shouted after him.

"Yeah, well *he* lost *his* dad, *in case you've forgotten*, so we understand each other. Know what I mean?" And then he left, remembering, of course, to slam the door as he went.

An hour later, mummy pig was asleep again, the only clue to her being alive a low, contented grunting. The door creaked open, and in came little pig. He snuffled around the room quietly,

eventually finding the old bacon sandwich he'd secreted behind some pots and pans. When he'd finished it he burped, and looked at the clock.

Tea time.

A knock came at the door.

"Wha'?"

"LP3, LP3, can I come in?"

"Yeah, awright."

Little Bad Wolf came in and surveyed the room.

"Aw right? What's for tea?"

"Potato peelings and f'n carrot tops – again!"

"Not for me mate!" said the wolf, eyeing the rocking chair.

"What? Oh, God, if you must," said the pig, and didn't live happily ever after.

500 words