

“The Three Little Pigs” retold by comic John Branyan, illustrating the power of rich vocabulary

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, head this impetuous realm! Tarry me far from hearth and home I fear we shall fair *snort* not well!” and so being collectively agreed, but individually impaled, 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 erectus his domicile star-ward and garish structure made from brick entirely. Soon there happened along, as is frequently the scenario of classic protagonist pig or red hooded child – a wolf.

Carnivorous nature in full season, he called out to the straw stanchied 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, “Than steal thyself, little pig! Forthwith shall I endeavor employing means both huffing and puffing to dismantle yon flaxen fortress!” Where upon 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 courters 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 endeavors of animal nor congenial!"

"A thousand pardons!" Squealed two...one..."T'wood seem the beast made from 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.

"Low and behold!" Squealed two, "stand we now amid wooded wreckage, tremulous and vulnerable with nay various strategy for ensuing the canine devour in looming in deadly proximity!"

"Strategy?" Squealed one, "While it is noble to contemplate tactical particularities, pressed as we are with the time restraint for bidding detailed strategical conversations, I would URGE WE RUN!"

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 hailed from the American colonies....

And possessing a vocabulary substantially less robust than impromptu visitors replied, "Say what?"

"Seek we sanctuary!" They implore 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 collapse 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 where we have 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 none to be gained accost the external opponent save our immediate demise!”

“What did you say about my momma?”

House occupants were again engulfed by a benevolent blast of wolfish wind. The foundation shook, the frame rattled, and low, 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 quarried of pig three, “How does, 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.”