

## **The Three Bigoted Pigs**

**by Lee Holden**

Once upon a time a wise wolf was elected president of the United Woodland Creatures of America. He knew that the other animals could not survive the perils of the wild without his help and promised that they would have food, clothing and shelter without working hard. He did all of this by keeping the tax rate well under 60 percent which allowed the creatures to keep nearly half of anything they earned.

In one forest, three little pigs lived with their right-wing mother who misled her children into believing that they could make it on their own without the wolf's government.

One day, their mother sent them out into the world to make a living for themselves.

She said, "Watch out for the big bad wolf. He will keep taxing you until it no longer seems worthwhile to work, and if you aren't careful, he will eat you anyway. Build your houses nice and strong so that you will be safe from him."

The three little pigs went their separate ways. The first little pig saw the wolf on TV demonstrating how quick and cheap it was to build houses out of straw and promised, "Don't worry. I'll take care of you." So, the first little pig built his house of straw very quickly and went to play midnight basketball.

The second little pig read in the newspaper that the wolf said that smart creatures should build their houses out of sticks. The wolf would help by providing a subsidy to build strong stick houses. When the second pig wondered where the money would come

from for the subsidy, the wolf said, "Don't worry little pig. I'll take care of you. Trust me." So the second little pig built his house out of sticks very quickly and went to play midnight basketball.

The third little pig wanted to build a house out of bricks, mumbling some rhetoric about sound foundations. The wolf explained that bricks were expensive and the third little pig would have to work long and hard while his brothers were playing. In spite of the wolf's obvious logic, the pig built his house out of bricks.

One day the wolf came to the first pig's house, knocked at his door and said, "Little pig, little pig, you must pay more taxes to help creatures less fortunate than you. Let me come in."

The pig said "Eat me. I won't let you in, not by the hair on my chinny chin chin."

"Well," said the wolf, "okay, if that is what you want."

Sometime later the second little pig heard a knock at the door.

Wolf cried, "Little pig, little pig, you must pay more taxes to help creatures less fortunate than you. Let me come in."

The pig said, "Eat me. I won't let you in, not by the hair on my chinny chin chin."

"Well," said the wolf, "okay, if that is what you want."

Then one day the third little pig heard a knock at the door. When the wolf used the same approach on the third pig, he replied, "My tax accountant advised me not to let you in, not by the hair on my chinny chin chin."

So the wolf huffed, and he puffed, and he puffed and he huffed, and he huffed and he puffed, but he couldn't blow the house down!

The frustrated wolf said, "Little pig, little pig, there's a nice field of turnips at Mrs. Rotham's farm. We can go there together tomorrow at nine o'clock."

"I'll be ready."

The next morning the pig got up at eight o'clock, went to Mrs. Rotham's farm and got all the turnips he could carry, returning home before nine.

When the helpful wolf came around at nine o'clock sharp the little pig said, "I've already gone to the field to fetch some turnips, but thanks anyway."

The wolf was naturally peeved that the little pig was so insensitive, but in a calm voice he said, "Very well then. By the way, I know where there is a nice, ripe apple tree in the orchard across the field. I will come tomorrow at eight o'clock and we can go together to pick some juicy sweet apples."

"I'll be ready."

The next morning the little pig got up at seven o'clock, ran to the apple tree in the orchard, and started picking apples. Suddenly, he saw the wolf coming.

The wolf said, "How are those apples?"

"Great, here catch one!" He threw it far away. While the wolf was going after it the pig jumped out of the tree and sprinted home.

Finally the frustrated wolf said "Little pig, you have hurt my feelings so often that I had to see a psychiatrist. Let me in."

The pig said, "Eat me. I won't let you in, not by the hair on my chinny chin chin."

So the wily wolf climbed up on the roof and started down the chimney.

But the pig made a giant fire and put a big pot of water on it. Just as the water started to boil, the wolf slid down the chimney and fell into the pot.

The little pig claimed that he acted in self defense, but Judge Lobo ruled that the pig had no right to assume that the wolf meant him harm. So the little pig was convicted of murder. Other wolves took the pig's property and lived happily ever after.