

The Wolf & Pig Report

*The True Story
of the
Three Little Pigs
and the
Big Bad Wolf*



• Rob Peters •

The Wolf & Pig --- Report

By Rob Peters

*With Research Assistance by:
Simone T. Hailmen III
Suzy D. Helmsien
Norman P. Orkmanshire, Esq.*

*Photography courtesy
Diego V. Demas and the Daily Crow Journal*

Rob
PETERS

*An Evaluation of the
Three Little Pigs and the
Big Bad Wolf*

*A case study into the societal
ramifications resulting
from the combination of a
lack of lupine morality and
substandard workmanship in
porcine housing structures. In
other words, this is a big, scary
scholarly-type book thing.*

Chapter 1

In Which We Examine the Naming Habits of Wolves and Consequences Thereof.

He didn't start out being such a bad guy, in fact he was quite a pleasant, happy child. He always shared his toys with his friends and always said "please" and "thank you." As he got older, things definitely got worse.

Maybe the problem lies in his name. You see, wolves aren't known for being particularly good at naming their children. If he had been named Clarence or Walter, things might have been different. Wolves

have the odd habit of using names like “Large Thoughts,” “Rather Slow,” “Very Tall,” or even “Mildly Redundant.” This poor guy had perhaps the worst name of them all. His mother named him “Big Bad” — Big Bad Wolf.



Imagine going through life with a name like that: No matter what you do, people expect you to act like your name suggests. Sometimes this turns out all right. Really Smart Wolf became a rocket scientist and Oddly Humorous Wolf wrote children's books. Large Mouth Wolf became a politician and Good Looking Wolf became an eye doctor. But not poor Big Bad—as you can expect, he grew up to be the meanest, grumpiest wolf ever. In a word, he was BAD. In two words, he was BIG BAD.

Now he did have some really good qualities. He was a superb dancer and an accomplished musician—he played the tuba. He won the 4th grade spelling bee three years in a row. But none of that really mattered to him.

The one true passion in Big Bad's life was making lists. You must be thinking that this is really an odd thing to be passionate about—but that is primarily because you're human and cannot possibly understand the

passions of animals. As far as most of the rest of the animals in the forest were concerned, Big Bad's list making affections were quite normal. Now Oomlot Ostrich (Ostriches were worse than wolves when it came to naming) was fascinated with the plastic tips on shoelaces. Everyone knew that was nutty.

The problem wasn't in Big Bad's list making, but in what he listed on the lists he made. He had a list of all the animals he had



been mean to. He'd scared the sheep, attacked an ostrich, and offended the elephants. He'd terrorized frogs and bats, birds and tigers. He'd even bothered a little girl in a red hood, but that's a different story for a different day.

Big Bad had a second list for all the ones he hadn't been mean to. This list was much shorter than the first. Actually, there were only two lines left on it. The first was "Chameleons" but Big Bad had trouble finding any to terrorize. Below that, his list said "LITTLE PIGS" in big, blue crayon. Not just any pigs, but little pigs, which are quite different than either big pigs or pot-bellied pigs, as anyone will tell you.

Now there were three little pigs in the area: Peabody, Herbert, and Mayfield. Little pigs were famous for their names. But more than that, they were famous for their houses. While most animals were content to live in trees or caves, little pigs built their own homes. As you can imagine, it is very

difficult to build your own house all by yourself, and sometimes the pigs got a little lazy. It's said that a little pig two forests over made his house out of Styrofoam. But, thankfully for us, none of our pigs were lazy. In fact, these were three of the hardest working little pigs ever born, which was really part of the problem.



Chapter 2

*Wherein We Learn the
Importance of Scheduling
and Warn Against the Use of
Inferior Building Materials.*

Peabody Pig was very busy. He had an electronic day planner filled with events and meetings. He had speeches to give and concerts to attend everyday. There were books he had to read and things he had to see. And everyone in the forest wanted to talk to him. House building just didn't fit into his schedule. So, as it is with busy people, Peabody couldn't spend at much time building his home as he had wanted. It wasn't that he

hadn't planned for it— he had. It was in his day planner on the third Tuesday in June from 2:15-3:00: Build House. As you already know, building a house is a huge project. Forty five minutes is not near enough time to do so, especially if you're Peabody and your speech to Monkey Mothers Against Drunk



Diving (MMADD) ran fifteen minutes late. So Peabody had only thirty minutes with which to build his house.

Peabody had expected not to have enough time to finish everything. He expected to leave off the marble pillars and possibly dig the pool at a different time, but he hadn't even bought the wood or bricks yet. The line at the lumber yard was extraordinarily long and Peabody couldn't wait.

Maxwell's Discount Straw Warehouse was across the street and had no line at all. This is not to say that there was anything wrong with the hay sold there or to slight Maxwell's skills in managing such an establishment. Although Maxwell's Discount Straw Warehouse catered to the working class animals, primarily those of the horse variety, it was a thriving establishment and Maxwell himself was quite the pillar of popular society. It seems that 2:30 on this particular Tuesday was just a slow period at Maxwell's. This

was due, in part, to the recent layoffs at the glue factory which left many horses cautious of their financial situations. Rest assured, the glue factory was merely going through a slight slump, and, as everyone needs glue, the layoffs proved temporary and most of the workers returned to their jobs by the end of the week.

By now Peabody was getting quite anxious, the preceding paragraph had taken far too long, and he was running out of time. So he bought a few bundles of straw and a few yards of bailing wire. He was in and out of the store in 3.4 minutes. As anyone knows, given Maxwell's unquenchable desire to share gossip, that is quite the record.

Peabody was feeling fairly confident as he returned to his plot of land. But it doesn't matter how confident you are when you're building with straw— even straw of Maxwell's high caliber. Straw bends. Straw breaks. Straw irritates your nose and makes

you sneeze. One sneeze can knock out a side wall. True, the bailing wire helped to provide some structure— but bailing wire is not like duct tape and cannot work miracles.

But if anyone could accomplish such a task, it was Peabody. In fact, there were very few things that he could not achieve. Peabody held 14 degrees on virtually every topic imaginable, from mathematics and advanced physics to philosophy and basic shoe repair. He was considered one of only five in the world who understood Professor E. Woodlouse's theories on artificial mono-techrach replenishing systems, an achievement not even Professor Woodlouse could claim. So you might say that he had a better-than-average chance of building a quality house out of straw in less than half an hour.

He was, in fact, doing a fairly good job. Twenty minutes into the project and he had nearly completed everything with time to spare. He hit a slight difficulty in the

bathroom, when he discovered that straw bathtubs do not properly hold water. But pigs are not generally known for their cleanliness anyway, so Peabody did not consider this to be a serious problem.



Disaster struck at 2:51 as Erma Bovine walked past the nearly completed house. Now Erma had been on the popular Fat Cows diet for the last month, and had lost quite a bit of weight as a result. She was, in fact, back to the weight she was when she married her late husband. He wasn't dead, just constantly late. In fact, he was supposed to pick her up at the bank two hours ago but never showed up, which was why Erma was walking in the first place.

It should be noted that she didn't realize that Peabody was building a house, for Erma had never even considered building a house out of straw. In her mind, straw was simply a very delicious food. In fact, it was her favorite food but it was too high in carbohydrates and, therefore, not on her diet. It was just a momentary lapse in self-control. Before Peabody could stop her, Erma had eaten the spare bedroom and half of the library. She was very apologetic.

Even with all his skills, Peabody's house was not much to look at. In fact, it only vaguely resembled a house. But it was the best that Peabody could do without being late for his 3:00 appointment with the Citizens for Better Grass Clipping and General Lawn Care. He was scheduled to speak on fertilizer. So he penciled in half an hour in late December to put up something more permanent.

