

The Pig and the Weasel – A Fractured Fable

Once upon a time there was a large pig named JD that was given the run of the farm. He was always eating or wallowing, frightening all the other animals. He thought he was even more special after he slipped on a cow pie, landing head first in a pile of horse apples. Strangely, the manure turned his bristles a funny shade of orange. By the end of the week, most of the bristles fell out and those that remained grew long. He combed them in a swirl around his head and told anyone who would listen that it was a gold crown, “Now I’m king of the farm and can do anything I want. No one can stop me, not even the farmer.”

No one’s food was safe. He continued to gorge and grew bigger and bigger. There were some like the mole Mistchi, the weasel Arress, and the lemming Lendsy that tried to flatter him, whispering in his ear when and where the farmer was feeding the other animals.

It was clear that something had to be done, especially after JD purposely rolled over on Stokar, the barn cat. Barry the bat, his nighttime spy, fluttered down, whispering, “Just eat her and no one will be the wiser.”

The next morning, when Stokar didn’t appear for her bowl of milk, a search was made. It was the dog, Bobby, who found the end of her tail in a corner of the pig sty. The farmer could only shake his head but the rest of the animals knew.

They decided to call in a parliament of barn owls. That night on the far side of the north windbreak 9 owls from the neighboring farms convened and heard the evidence. After two hours of deliberation a verdict was given. They decided that since there were no witnesses of the purported crime, having cat hair in your bristles while damming was not enough to find him guilty. The majority cited precedents. On the other hand, they would not find fault if a pigeon or mourning dove would coo in the farmer’s ear that the pig had been exposed to the flu and would soon infect the rest of the animals.

The butcher came two days later. After conferring with the farmer, he and his helper lassoed the pig, who started trumpeting from both ends in fright. Most of the farm animals made themselves scarce but Kannee, the queen of the hen house, forced the rooster, Dicer, and three other hens, Ka-ka, Es-es, and Ess-gee, out of the chicken coop in the hope that they would make enough of a racket to enable JD to escape. Her trick failed and he was hauled off in the butcher’s truck still trumpeting.

PROVING that greedy pigs should not be given free reign.

Mistchi and Lendsy went on vacation. Arress bought himself another beaver top hat and scurried around the farm whistling, “I’m the new king,” from whence this fable gets its name.

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