

The Three Little Pigs – a contemporary version

Once upon a time there were three little pigs and the time came for them to leave home and seek their fortunes.

Before they left their native pigsty, their mother told them: “Whatever you do, do it the best you can, because that's the way to get along in the world”.

The first little pig built his house out of straw, because it was the easiest thing to do. He was a very lazy pig and instead of spending some quality time and effort on building a decent house, he was more interested in wasting his time playing with a shiny new Playstation 2 he had bought himself with his first very own paycheck. His house was therefore very shabby and non-earthquake resistant.

The second little pig built his house out of sticks. This house was a little bit stronger than a straw house. He was not a lazy pig per se, but you see, he was a very heavy drinker and by the time he had finished building his house he had double vision. In spite the weariness he managed to make his house earth-quake resistant, but forgot to make it resistant against heavy gusts of wind.

The third little pig built his house out of bricks. He was neither lazy nor a drunkard and made his house both earthquake and wind resistant. Because he was aware of the fact that the world is not a very safe place to live in, he also installed state of the art security devices to protect his privacy.

One night the big bad wolf, who loved to eat fat little piggies dearly, came along. Seeing the first little pig in his house of straw, he said “Let me in, let me in, little pig or I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down!”

“Leave me alone”, said the little pig. “I am busy playing games!”

The wolf was enraged because of such treatment and blew the house down. The first little pig had to run away to his liquored up brother.

The wolf then came to the house of sticks.

“Let me in, let me in little pig or I'll huff and I'll puff and I'll blow your house down!”

“Go away! I've got a terrible hangover”, said the second little pig while the first one was giggling begrudgingly. But the wolf blew that house down too, and the two little pigs had to run to their brother.

The wolf then came to the house of bricks.

“Let me in, let me in” cried the wolf. “Or I'll huff and I'll puff till I blow your house down!”

“You can blow as much as you want, ” said the pigs. “You'll never blow a brick house down”.

Well, the wolf huffed and puffed but he could not blow down that brick house. After some time the pig with the brick house grew tired of the wolf's huffing and puffing and he called his friends. After a few minutes a big, black stretch limousine drove up. Out came two massive pigs in pinstriped suits and fedoras. They went over to the poor wolf and beat him up so much, that he was not able to eat solid food for the rest of his life.

After the second little pig went through the Alcoholics Anonymous rehabilitation program, the little pigs lived happily ever after.

Moral of the story I: It does not really matter whether one has a solid house, as long as one has a relative who “knows people”.

Moral of the story II: Being a vegetarian may not be very fun, but at least it does not cost you your teeth.