



THE PIG

Jonah Sanders



The Pig



Jonah Sanders

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Contents

THE PIG.....	5
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THE PIG

Once upon a time there was a Little boy called Nathan . He was on the way to see his Watcher Mildred Walker, when he decided to take a short cut through Far Lands.

It wasn't long before Nathan got lost. He looked around, but all he could see were trees. Nervously, he felt into his bag for his favourite toy, Mr. Pickle, but Mr. Pickle was nowhere to be found! Nathan began to panic. He felt sure he had packed Mr. Pickle. To make matters worse, he was starting to feel hungry.

Unexpectedly, he saw a kind pig dressed in a yellow shirt disappearing into the trees.

"How odd!" thought Nathan.

For the want of anything better to do, he decided to follow the peculiarly dressed pig. Perhaps it could tell him the way out of the forest.

Eventually, Nathan reached a clearing. In the clearing were two houses, one made from cabbages and one made from sweets.



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Nathan could feel his tummy rumbling. Looking at the houses did nothing to ease his hunger.

"Hello!" he called. "Is anybody there?"

Nobody replied.

Nathan looked at the roof on the closest house and wondered if it would be rude to eat somebody else's chimney. Obviously it would be impolite to eat a whole house, but perhaps it would be considered acceptable to nibble the odd fixture or lick the odd fitting, in a time of need.

A cackle broke through the air, giving Nathan a fright. A witch jumped into the space in front of the houses. She was carrying a cage. In that cage was Mr. Pickle!

"Mr. Pickle!" shouted Nathan. He turned to the witch. "That's my toy!"

The witch just shrugged.

"Give Mr. Pickle back!" cried Nathan.

"Not on your nelly!" said the witch.

"At least let Mr. Pickle out of that cage!"



THE PIG

Before she could reply, the kind pig in the yellow shirt rushed in from a footpath on the other side of the cleaning.

"Hello Big Pig," said the witch.

"Good morning." The pig noticed Mr. Pickle. "Who is this?"

"That's Mr. Pickle," explained the witch.

"Ooh! Mr. Pickle would look lovely in my house. Give it to me!" demanded the pig.

The witch shook her head. "Mr. Pickle is staying with me."

"Um... Excuse me..." Nathan interrupted. "Mr. Pickle lives with me! And not in a cage!"

Big Pig ignored him. "Is there nothing you'll trade?" he asked the witch.

The witch thought for a moment, then said, "I do like to be entertained. I'll release him to anybody who can eat a whole front door."

Big Pig looked at the house made from sweets and said, "No problem, I could eat an entire house made from sweets if I wanted to."



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"There's no need to show off," said the witch. Just eat one front door and I'll let you have Mr. Pickle."

Nathan watched, feeling very worried. He didn't want the witch to give Mr. Pickle to Big Pig. He didn't think Mr. Pickle would like living with a kind pig, away from his house and all his other toys.

Big Pig put on his bib and withdrew a knife and fork from his pocket.

"I'll eat this whole house," said Big Pig. "Just you watch!"

Big Pig pulled off a corner of the front door of the house made from sweets. He gulped it down smiling, and went back for more.

And more.

And more.

Eventually, Big Pig started to get bigger - just a little bit bigger at first. But after a few more fork-fulls of sweets, he grew to the size of a large snowball - and he was every bit as round.

"Erm... I don't feel too good," said Big Pig.



THE PIG

Suddenly, he started to roll. He'd grown so round that he could no longer balance!

"Help!" he cried, as he rolled off down a slope into the forest.

Big Pig never finished eating the front door made from sweets and Mr. Pickle remained trapped in the witch's cage.

"That's it," said the witch. "I win. I get to keep Mr. Pickle."

"Not so fast," said Nathan. "There is still one front door to go. The front door of the house made from cabbage. And I haven't had a turn yet.

"I don't have to give you a turn!" laughed the witch. "My game. My rules."

The woodcutter's voice carried through the forest. "I think you should give him a chance. It's only fair."

"Fine," said the witch. "But you saw what happened to the pig. He won't last long."

"I'll be right back," said Nathan.

"What?" said the witch. "Where's your sense of impatience? I thought you wanted Mr. Pickle back."



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Nathan ignored the witch and gathered a hefty pile of sticks. He came back to the clearing and started a small camp fire. Carefully, he broke off a piece of the door of the house made from cabbages and toasted it over the fire. Once it had cooked and cooled just a little, he took a bite. He quickly devoured the whole piece.

Nathan sat down on a nearby log.

"You fail!" cackled the witch. "You were supposed to eat the whole door."

"I haven't finished," explained Nathan. "I am just waiting for my food to go down."

When Nathan's food had digested, he broke off another piece of the door made from cabbages. Once more, he toasted his food over the fire and waited for it to cool just a little. He ate it at a leisurely pace then waited for it to digest.

Eventually, after several sittings, Nathan was down to the final piece of the door made from cabbages. Carefully, he toasted it and allowed it to cool just a little. He finished his final course. Nathan had eaten the entire front door of the house made from cabbages.



THE PIG

The witch stamped her foot angrily. "You must have tricked me!" she said. "I don't reward cheating!"

"I don't think so!" said a voice. It was the woodcutter. He walked back into the clearing, carrying his axe. "This little boy won fair and square. Now hand over Mr. Pickle or I will chop your broomstick in half."

The witch looked horrified. She grabbed her broomstick and placed it behind her. Then, huffing, she opened the door of the cage.

Nathan hurried over and grabbed Mr. Pickle, checking that his favourite toy was all right. Fortunately, Mr. Pickle was unharmed.

Nathan thanked the woodcutter, grabbed a quick souvenir, and hurried on to meet Mildred. It was starting to get dark.

When Nathan got to Mildred's house, his Watcher threw her arms around him.

"I was so worried!" cried Mildred. "You are very late." As Nathan described his day, he could tell that Mildred didn't believe him. So he grabbed a napkin from his pocket.



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"What's that?" asked Mildred.

Nathan unwrapped a doorknob made from sweets.

"Pudding!" he said.

Mildred almost fell off her chair. The

End

