

Another Pig Tale

By Robert A. Chubon

Once upon a time in a far corner of the forest, 3 little pigs lived with their mother. Well, not really little pigs. Although that was how their mother endearingly referred to them, they were actually approaching adulthood. One day, however, it finally struck mother pig that her little ones had grown up. When they gathered at the supper trough that evening, mother pig asked them to remain after the meal for a serious discussion. When all had finished eating, she told them that they were now old enough to leave home and strike out on their own. Mother pig explained that they were to leave the following morning, and upon departing, they would be given a silk purse containing a nice nest-egg to get them started. She ended, telling them to think carefully about the road ahead and how they would establish themselves.

When mother pig left, the 3 little pigs remained engaged in discussion about what they were going to do. The first little pig said, I'm going to buy a very inexpensive mobile home and use the rest of my money to buy a sports car, maybe a BMW Roadster. They are awesome. How Juvenile, cried the other two pigs.

In turn, the second little pig stated that she was going to buy the nicest looking house she could. I'm tired of living in a pig sty, she

lamented. What money I have left, I'm going to invest in biotechnology stock. I have the inside scoop on a company that has found a way to get pigs to produce genetically altered blood that can be used by humans. The company is going to make a mint and I'll be rich and living in luxury forever.

Gross, retorted the other pigs, you know how those pigs are placed in small cages and later euthanized when they can no longer produce. Don't you have any scruples? The second pig replied, those are domesticated pigs, so they're really not like us. Besides, pigs get what God wills for them. If that's their destiny, so be it. The others shook their heads in disbelief at what they heard, but said no more.

When his turn came, the last little pig explained that in his class at school, there had been a pig with a disability who used a wheelchair. It had sensitized him to the problem of architectural and other barriers such pigs faced. I'm going to build an accessible house, he said. It won't cost that much more, and if I have some friends with disabilities, they will be able to come visit me. Besides, I might even become disabled myself and will be able to continue living there. If I have any money left, I'll probably use it to help homeless pigs.

You're morbid, the other two pigs said in unison. That's something to think about when you get old, exclaimed the second pig. I don't even know any crippled pigs, added the first little pig. We're

healthy as can be. And when did you become a bleeding heart liberal?

Worrying about homeless pigs. Gimme a break!

I don't care what you think. It's what I'm going to do, the third little pig affirmed.

The next morning, the 3 pigs departed in pursuit of their life goals. The first bought an inexpensive mobile home and sports car. Unfortunately, on his way home with his new car, he swerved to avoid hitting a deer jogging in the forest. Of course, he crashed and was thrown from his car because he was not wearing a seatbelt. He landed on a rock, broke his back, and is now paralyzed and in a rehab center learning to use a wheelchair. It has been reported that he is not coping very well with his disability.

The second pig bought a huge mansion and some biotechnology stock. Unfortunately, a competing company developed a blood substitute first and her stock became worthless overnight. Her luxurious home is starting to fall down because she doesn't have enough money to maintain it. If she soon doesn't get some money, it will be sold at public auction for non-payment of taxes.

The third little pig fared somewhat better. He had an accessible house built, but quickly forgot about that fact, not having any friends with disabilities. He had become a volunteer at a shelter for homeless pigs, and

in general, was content with his modest lifestyle.

About this time, the 3 little pigs' grandmother, who just happened to be Ms. Piggy of *Muppets* fame and fortune, had a small stroke that paralyzed one of her legs. This left her reflecting on her life. Realizing that she was not immortal, she decided to get her affairs in order. She had made a fortune in show biz, and decided to set out to determine who among her 3 grandchildren was most worthy of inheriting her wealth. Not having seen them since they left their mother, she set out to visit them in her chauffeur-driven limousine.

Upon arriving at the first little pig's mobile home, she got out of her car and into a wheelchair, which she now needed. Prizing her independence, she instructed the driver to wait in the car. She struggled to propel her wheelchair over the un-mowed lawn to near the mobile home entrance. There were several steps, so she called out to her grandson. However, he was still at the rehab center so there was no response. I can't even reach the door to leave a note, Ms. Piggy thought as she left.

Thereupon, she headed for the second little pig's house. On arriving, she began getting into her wheelchair when her granddaughter noticed her. Feeling sorry for her crippled grandmother, she insisted on helping her into the house. Ms. Piggy protested, but the little pig ignored her pleas to preserve her independence. I think I better take you around to the back of

the house, the little pig said somewhat apologetically, there s only one step there. I think I can push you up it. On the way around the house, the annoyed Ms. Piggy began noticing how run down things were. What a poor caretaker, she thought. When they got inside, the little pig started, I think I need to explain why things look so bad around here..., hoping to work in an appeal for financial assistance.

At that point Ms. Piggy interrupted, I do need to get to a bathroom first, my dear. Well, as you might have guessed, she couldn't get through the doorway of the otherwise elegant bathroom with her wheelchair and abruptly terminated her visit.

About to wet herself, Ms. Piggy urged her driver to speed to the third little pig s house. Upon arriving, she was able to quickly enter the accessible house by herself and immediately raced to the bathroom after getting directions. She then spent a most relaxing and enjoyable afternoon learning of her grandson s volunteer work. She found him to be an exceptionally thoughtful and compassionate pig, which, of course, he was.

When Ms. Piggy returned home it was quite late and she was exhausted. As she eased herself under the bedcovers, she smiled. She had decided exactly what she was going to tell her lawyer, who was to prepare her will in the morning.

The End