

The Farmer, the Little Piggy, and the Gun

A Poem for Ella McIntyre

Written by her Papa Gerry McIntyre

Merry Christmas, little Ella: it's time to have  
some fun.

Come listen to my story of the farmer with the  
gun.

It's just a little scary; at least that's what I'm  
told,

So I'll sugar coat the piggy's fate since you're  
just three years old.

The night was dark and stormy, the farmer's wife  
was mad:

She couldn't quite remember the last *big* meal  
they'd had:

"This farm is full of vittles but they're still  
walkin' round.

The only meat we ever get is what I buy in town.

Why don't you take your shotgun down to the barn  
tonight?

And bring us home some dinner! (Just be sure you do  
it right).

Those chickens are too skinny one'd barely fill  
a fork.

I'm thinkin' that we really need a good old roast  
of *pork*."

The farmer looked embarrassed: what could the poor man do?

Although his wife was shrewish, her words sure did ring true.

You see, the farmer's heart was soft: he loved those critters so,

He didn't want to hurt them just to feed and watch them grow.

But sometimes you face choices on the journey that is life:

This time he had to choose between his conscience and his wife.

As he went to get his shotgun and a cartridge from the drawer

A tear began to wet his cheek and his heart grew mighty sore.

Out in the barn that stormy night most critters were asleep --

Except for two twin piglets, a lamb and mother sheep.

The thunder had awakened them with one colossal crack

And now they poked around the hay, just looking for a snack.

"I think I hear the farmer," one piggy squeaked with glee,

"I hope he's bringing something good to eat for you and me."

Poor piggy! How was she to know the danger that drew near?

But once the door creaked open she began to quake with fear.

What she'd heard was *not* the farmer. As she quivered on the floor,

Poor piglet came to understand the *Wolf* was at the door!

The *Wolf* a mangy critter, its lips curled back with glee,--

Showed teeth so sharp they'd scare the fluff right out of you and me!

Imagine how scared *piglet* was. Imagine how *you'd* feel!

From thinking she would soon be fed, she'd now *become* the meal!

The door creaked shut quite slowly as the wolf made his advance

The critters in the barn all knew she didn't stand a chance.

The mother sheep was bleating, the lamb just  
squealed in fright  
For none of *them* was very keen to be the meal that  
night.

Meanwhile, the **Wolf** had fixed his eye on the  
plumpest little pig,

"She'll do just fine, won't slow me down, 'cos  
she's not very big,"

The Wolf thought, as he chased the pig around the  
hay-strewn floor.

He was so focused on his prey, he didn't hear the  
door.

The farmer had arrived, you see, and with his gun  
aimed well.

The Wolf had barely heard the shot when to the  
floor he fell.

Back at the house, despite the storm, that shot  
rang out quite loud:

"He's done it," thought the farmer's wife, "That  
makes me feel so proud."

She rummaged through her cookbooks, bound to find  
the perfect dish

To make for next day's dinner now that she had  
got her wish.

"Hmm, let me see: what should I cook a loin  
roast, or a rack  
And with rice, or corn, or taters?" Her lips began  
to smack.

The very thought of roasting pork, you see, was  
such a treat

For it seemed to her an age since they had eaten  
*any* meat.

Back in the barn, the farmer still was reeling  
from surprise

The **Wolf** lay dead and yet the man could not  
believe his eyes.

"I don't reckon killin' critters of *any* kind is  
right,

But I hope the Lord forgives me for what I've done  
tonight,"

He muttered, as he stumbled across the hay-strewn  
floor.

"I shot this beast to save my flock, I won't kill  
any more."

He knew he'd done his duty and yet he still felt  
caught

Twixt his love for all farm critters and his  
wife's big empty pot!

Just then an idea hit him like a bolt from out  
the blue

If a *roast* was what his dear wife craved, wouldn't  
*any* critter do?

When a person gets a hankering for something good  
to eat,

If it's fixed up in a fancy dish, do they care  
what kind of meat?

If a body's *really* hungry and wants a meal that's  
big

Will they turn their nose up 'cos the roast did  
not come from a pig?

The more he thought about it, the more his plan  
seemed right:

So, you might say the farmer saved the piglet  
*twice* that night.

The next day which was Sunday that family  
dined in style.

The farmer's wife served up the meal with one  
enormous smile.

She hadn't quite expected the roast to be so big

So she'd asked all her neighbours to feast with them on pig.

The guests all said the meat was great and really very lean --

In fact, perhaps the finest roast that they had ever seen.

Her taters were so fluffy, and her gravy was so brown

They couldn't have ate better at the big hotel in town.

The End